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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It is a long time since we have had the offer of a new system of theology. We have it now. It is a system of theology. It is new. And it is expected to last. The title of the comparatively small book in which it is contained is *The Ultimate Belief* (Constable; 2s. 6d. net).

The author is a layman. There is no surprise now in that. He is also a journalist. Until quite recently there would have been some surprise in that. But one of the things which we have witnessed of late, sometimes with hope and sometimes with fear, is the easy way in which the journalist slips into the language of religion. The author of the new system of theology is Mr. Arthur Clutton-Brock, B.A., Art Critic of the *Times*.

Mr. Clutton-Brock does not seem to have been sure, as he wrote his book, that he would call his system a theology. Throughout the book he speaks of it only as a philosophy. It seems to have been when he completed his system and had to find a title for it that he called it a theology. But a theology it is. We may just as well understand once for all that when Mr. Clutton-Brock speaks of philosophy he means theology.

Why did he begin by speaking of a philosophy? Possibly because the very first thing he had to do was to distinguish between the flesh and the spirit. His theology is of course a theology of the spirit. But he could not well speak of a theology of the flesh. So he began at once by saying that there is a philosophy of the spirit and there is a philosophy of the flesh, and the philosophy which is to become 'the ultimate belief' is a philosophy of the spirit.

But we are not away yet. How do we know the spirit, and how do we know the flesh? Mr. Clutton-Brock says that we know them both by their desires. And that is all that he says about it. St. Paul said something of the same kind, but he said also that we know the one from the other by their fruits. Probably Mr. Clutton-Brock would agree. His business, however, is to offer us a new theology, the theology of the spirit, and he leaves the flesh alone.

Well, the theology of the spirit tells us that the spirit desires three things. It desires to do what is right; it desires to know the truth; and it desires to appreciate beauty. Moreover, it desires all these things for their own sake. If it should desire any of them for some other end, then it is not them that it desires but that end. If, for instance, I aim at goodness so that I may profit by it, it is no longer goodness that I aim at, but profit.

Now St. Paul tells us that they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, and they that are after the spirit the things of the spirit. Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK says the same, but in his own way. He says that no life is worth living if it is lived for its own sake. The life that is worth living is lived for something higher than life itself. It is lived for the right, for truth, and for beauty. For the spirit has three activities and only three—the moral, the intellectual, and the æsthetic. And the man who lives as he ought lives that he may exercise these three activities, and for no other reason.

Is this really new? For a moment Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK hesitates. 'All this, perhaps, will seem commonplace to the reader.' But immediately he proceeds to show that hitherto both theology and philosophy have recognized only one activity of the spirit—that we must do good for the sake of doing good. The originality of his own theology lies in adding to that the activities that are intellectual and æsthetic. Or, if theology has not hitherto ignored these activities, it has, at least, made them subordinate to the moral activity. Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK makes them co-ordinate. We must realize, he says, and we must teach, that the value of truth is absolute no less than the value of goodness, and that the value of beauty is as absolute as the value of the other two.

Look at it as a matter of conscience. There is in all of us, says Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK, an intellectual and an æsthetic conscience, as well as a moral conscience. The demand is made upon us—made upon us by the spirit—to be right intellectually and æsthetically as well as morally. And we can be so only as we obey the intellectual and the æsthetic as well as the moral conscience. Not only so; we cannot obey the moral conscience unless we also obey the other two. For the universe is one, and we cannot turn away our eyes from its beauty while we are enjoying its righteousness or its truth. The moral faculty works rightly only when it is enriched and directed by the other two faculties of the spirit, each exercised for its own sake.

There is surely originality in this. For we have been taught, and experience has appeared to confirm the teaching, that goodness and intellectual ability are often in direct disproportion. The clever man is the bad man. But Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK holds that they agree together much more frequently than we think. He reminds us that it was the man of the one talent who did no good with it.

That, however, is not the point. The point is that the intellectual ability we have, be it great or small, is to be used just as our moral ability is to be used, and in utmost harmony with it.

For there is a real kinship between goodness, truth, and beauty. 'The philosophy which insists upon that kinship is not mere empty theorising; it is based upon the universal experience of mankind, and attempts to emphasise and explain a fact of that experience. We do feel always that there is something good in truth, something beautiful in goodness, something true in beauty. And the reason is that all three are the aim of spiritual activities, all three are desired for their own sake and not as means to something else. Directly we attempt to desire any of them as means to something else, we cease to desire them and cease to be aware of their true nature.'

This is 'the ultimate belief.'

The sum of all the commandments is this: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.' But if we were using modern language we should alter one word. We do not now speak of one another as 'neighbours,' unless we really live beside one another. A modern Pharisee, putting the question to our Lord, would say, 'And who is my brother?'

Why have we changed 'neighbour' into 'brother'? No doubt because we have discovered that we are all indiscriminately the sons of one Father. No doubt also it is a friendlier word. A generation or more ago they could say 'neighbour' and be very friendly indeed. Look into 'Silas Marner' for it. But they had not discovered the universal Father then. Mrs. Dolly Winthrop could not make a nearer approach than 'them as are above us.' She would have been utterly shocked at the suggestion that she might call God Father. We are not shocked at all. But Mrs. Winthrop was right.

The Bishop of Norwich says so. He does not say so in so many words. He is concerned with the word 'brother.' He is quite convinced that we are using brother, and have been using it for a long time, in a way that we have no right to use it. We have been using it of all men indiscriminately. And it is clear enough that we have taken to that use of the word 'brother' because we have taken to the indiscriminate use of the word 'Father.'

What is the harm in speaking of God as if He were the Father of us all, and of men as if they were all our brothers? The chief harm is that it is not true. For it is not Christian, and what is not Christian is certainly not true. The Bishop of Norwich has gone through the New Testament, and he has found the word 'brother' used quite frequently, but he has not once found it used indiscriminately for all men. He has written a book about it—*The Brotherhood of Man* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 3d. net). It is not a large book, but it is enough. Dr. Bertram Pollock shows quite clearly in that book that when we say 'brother' to any man we meet we are contradicting the New Testament.

Who would have prophesied that the war would offer us a great argument for the Christian doctrine of Atonement? Yet there it is. And the men who have discovered it are not those who went out in search of it. They are the men to whom it has brought a great surprise; and not only a great surprise but, for the moment, something like theological consternation. For they did not believe in the doctrine of Atonement.

A volume of addresses on *Ethical and Religious Problems of the War* has been edited by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter (Lindsey Press; 2s. 6d. net). The author of the first address is Professor Gilbert Murray. This is what Professor Murray says: 'As for me personally, there is one thought that is always with me as it is with us all I expect—the thought that other men are dying for me, better men, younger, with more hope in their lives, many of them men whom I have taught and loved. I hope you will allow me to say something that is in my mind, and will not be in any way offended by it. Some of you will be orthodox Christians, and will be familiar with the thought of One who loved you dying for you. I would like to say that now I seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loves me, has died, and is dying daily for me. That is the sort of community that we now are—a community in which one man dies for his brother, and underneath all our hatreds, all our little angers and quarrels, we are brothers who are ready to seal our brotherhood with blood. It is for us that these men are dying, for us the women, the old men and the rejected men, and to preserve the civilization and the common life which we are keeping alive and reshaping, towards wisdom or unwisdom, towards unity or discord. Well, ladies and gentlemen, let us be worthy of these men, let us be ready each one with our sacrifice when it is asked. Let us try as citizens to live a life which shall not be a mockery to the faith these men have placed in us. Let us build up an England for which these men lying in their scattered graves over the face of the green world would have been proud to die.'

It is not merely vicarious suffering that has been discovered. It is the suffering of the innocent for the guilty. And it is not merely the suffering of

the innocent for the guilty. It is the redeeming power of such suffering. Another of the authors in this volume is Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD. This is what Professor MUIRHEAD says: 'It is the suffering of the innocent far more than of the guilty that is the redeeming power in the world as we thus learn to know it. It is not merely that the sufferings of the innocent as in the present case awaken in others the sense of an outraged moral order, but they have the power of touching if anything can the conscience of the guilty themselves.' Again he says: 'In speaking of Christianity Hegel makes use of the phrase the "guilt of innocence" to point to the impossibility of complete withdrawal from the strivings and the errors of the world without thereby incurring a new form of guilt. This may suggest to us to ask whether the dogma of vicarious suffering which to so many has been a stumbling-block to the acceptance of Christianity in any form is not in reality the one central and vital truth which it is fitted to teach us.' And again: 'There are thousands at the present moment as innocent of the war as you or I (probably enough far more innocent) who are facing wounds and death and making them splendid for themselves and the world by conceiving of them as for the defence or redemption of their country. Is it an arm-chair philosophy that leads some to go a step deeper still into the meaning of present hardship and suffering by conceiving of it as for the redemption of mankind?'

These men do not claim absolute stainlessness for the innocent who have given their lives for the guilty. 'The innocent themselves,' says Professor MUIRHEAD, 'are not without their share of responsibility.' Between Christ and them the difference is incommunicable. All that these authors do is to express their frank surprise that vicarious suffering is so sure and so regenerating a fact of life.

When we turn to the men who have given their lives vicariously, we do not forget that they also must 'lean on our fair father Christ.' But that does not weaken the argument for the Atonement. For it was as one of us that He made it. And it seems that He could not have made it otherwise. We take their sacrifice therefore as a proof, not of vicariousness only, but of oneness also, that spiritual, that sacrificial oneness which gives us our hope in Him, our pride in them, and our own responsibility.

Mother, with unbowed head,
  Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
  The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

To keep the house unharmed
  Their fathers built so fair,
Deeming endurance armed
  Better than brute despair,
They found the secret of the word that saith,
'Service is sweet, for all true life is death.'

So greet thou well thy dead.
  Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
  Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done;
For evermore their life and thine are one.

The twenty-sixth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles is one of the most dramatic chapters in the Old Testament. It contains the complete history of Uzziah, king of Judah. If we may follow it—and, in spite of the edifying aim of the Books of Chronicles, the history in this chapter has been accepted as reliable—we can see that Uzziah was one of the greatest of the kings who ever reigned in Jerusalem.

He was a successful general. He defeated the Philistines and laid low the walls of three of their best cities, Gath, Jabneh, and Ashdod. He raised and maintained a powerful army. He strengthened the defences of Jerusalem, and made use of 'engines,' the invention of 'cunning men,' to shoot

'arrows and great stones withal' from its towers and battlements. He encouraged agriculture also, hewing out cisterns in the wilderness and planting vines in the mountains, for 'he loved husbandry.' His fame went far and wide, 'even to the entering in of Egypt.'

But just when his glory was greatest the blow fell. He was suddenly smitten with leprosy. The report was that one day he had gone into the Temple and had insisted on offering incense, and that there and then, with the censer in his hand, the leprosy broke out upon his forehead. He had been hurried out of the Temple, it was said; 'Yea, himself hasted also to go out.' And for the rest of his life he lived, in 'a several house,' the living death of a leper.

The calamity made a great impression throughout the kingdom. It was all the more mysterious and unexpected that Uzziah had never been a Godless warrior. Even the Chronicler, with the tragedy before him, says that 'he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord,' and attributes his greatness to his having been 'marvellously helped.'

Isaiah was approaching manhood. He had spent his youth in Jerusalem and in close association with the court. A hero-worshipper, it is easy to see how readily Uzziah took the place of hero with him. The blow fell upon him as well as upon Uzziah. It did not destroy his hero-worship. The sin was too incomprehensible; the punishment was too unmerciful. Was it possible that Uzziah would die with his leprosy on him? Day after day we may see Isaiah pass that separate house and look up at its dark walls concealing the darker tragedy within. It must have been impossible for him to believe that Uzziah would die there.

But Uzziah died there. The word came one day that he was dead. All hope was at an end. Isaiah did not blame Uzziah. How could he blame the dead who had suffered so? He blamed the living God. Openly and outrageously, we may be sure, for Isaiah was not the man to hide his feelings in his heart or to be content with some commonplace expression of them; openly and outrageously he called God to account for an event of incredible and now irreparable cruelty. It was with a keen memory of what he had been guilty of that he afterwards said, 'I am a man of unclean lips!'

You are thinking of the death of Lord Kitchener? Do so. The parallel is most striking. Not that Lord Kitchener was ever guilty of Uzziah's sin. They who knew him best are most emphatic in freeing him from all presumptuous pride. But he was a nation's hero, like Uzziah. He was the hero of every generous-hearted young man among us. And he seemed so indispensable. When his death came, suddenly, mercilessly, mysteriously, we had our dark thoughts of the providence of God, and some of us uttered them aloud outrageously.

Let us think of Lord Kitchener. Let us think also of any one who has been taken from us by this cruel war, at a time when his life seemed so necessary to us, and when perhaps it had only just begun.

Is it so? Yester-eve, did you say,
He was taken away,
Without semblance of mercy or ruth,
In the bloom of his youth,
Away from the hopes and the fears
Of young passionate years,
And the promise of strength as he grew
To his prime—is it true?
And to you who are not narrow-brained
Does it seem unexplained,
Unsolved, like a riddle, this end,
This death of our friend?

Now such an experience as this is often the turning-point in a man's life. It was the turning-point in the life of Isaiah. His 'call,' he tells us, took place 'in the year that King Uzziah died,'

and every expositor has understood that he connected the two together—the death and the call. It was the turning-point in his life. Did he turn to the right hand or the left? What is it that will cause a man to turn to the right hand or the left? It is often his upbringing. It is the home in which he has lived. When the blow fell, Isaiah cast the blame upon God. His bitter disappointment expressed itself in bitter resentment. But when the perplexity remained, he went to God Himself for its solution. That is how family life tells.

Isaiah went to God. The way he went to God is not our way; nor is the way God's answer came to him ours. We should go in thought, in reading, in private prayer perhaps; and the answer would come to us along such quiet and 'Western' avenues as these. Isaiah went up to the Temple.

The sacrifice was offered. The prayers were ended. The people departed. Isaiah was left alone. The earthly Temple became the heavenly. He saw God sitting upon His throne, high and lifted up. His train filled the Temple. The Seraphim stood above, each one with six wings. He heard their song: 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.' The foundations of the thresholds were moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

The imagery is not ours. But it is marvellously suggestive even to us. God is on His throne, in active sovereignty over all the events that are taking place on the earth. The Seraphim describe Him as the Lord of hosts, which is not merely to claim Him as the Leader of the armies of Israel, but Ruler of all principalities and powers, and of all the forces of nature. And His train fills the Temple—fills it—there is no part unreached by its folds; it overflows even into the court of the Gentiles. So, wherever and whoever they are,

God's children cannot wander beyond reach
Of the sweep of His white raiment. Touch and hold.
And if you weep, still weep where John was laid
While Jesus loved him.

Isaiah had learned his lesson. There is a God. Probably Isaiah had never doubted that. That lesson is for us. There is a God, and He is forever working out His will on earth. Nothing occurs beyond His knowledge, nothing occurs in spite of His will. And His will is good. There is no creature who escapes His loving care. It is the lesson learned by Whittier:

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;
'All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good.' Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will,
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

Is it enough? It is enough for resignation, but is resignation enough? When Job's calamities came upon him, he said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' That was Job's resignation to the will of God. But he had many an argument after that, both with his friends and with God. It is something to be resigned to the providence of God. When Carlyle was told that a certain clever lady had resolved to accept the universe, his remark was, 'Gad! she'd better!' It is something to rest in childlike trust upon God's will, but it will not 'suffice us.' We must get into harmony with His will. We must stand beside Him and see what He is doing. We must rejoice with Him over every act of His providence. We must see that He does all things well, as heartily as they saw and said it about Jesus.

We must stand beside Him. Now He is high and lifted up. He stands upon the mountain of His holiness. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of

the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?' The answer is not 'He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.' That is not the first answer. Job put that answer first and suffered for it. He demanded an opportunity to reason with God in order to prove his uprightness. He would bring the widow and the orphan into the council chamber of the Most High to plead for him. But Job learned better. He learned to say, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? The first answer is, 'He that is of a contrite and humble spirit.' We must come down before we go up. Isaiah's first thought, as soon as he saw that God is great and good, was of his own impurity. 'Woe is me!' he said, 'for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips.' Such repentance as this is more than resignation. It is abasement. And just because it is abasement it is to take the place where God dwells. For God not only dwells in the high and holy place, He dwells 'with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.'

Then the second answer comes. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? 'He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.' Isaiah mounts to that place beside God. 'Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he touched my mouth with it, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.'

And now, as Isaiah stands beside God, what does he see? He sees that there is far more sorrow and suffering in the world than he ever knew. His sympathy is no longer confined to the narrow circle of his own interests. The range of his understanding is wider. And what he sees he feels.

What is the effect of it? There are a few persons who see and feel the suffering of the world, and it makes them bitter. Omar Khayyám was one of these:

> Ah love! could you and I with Fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire?

It had not this effect upon Isaiah. He stood beside God and saw. He saw that in spite of the sorrow and the suffering God had not let the world out of hand. He saw that the sorrow and the suffering were His own creatures, the instruments of His hand for the salvation of the world. He saw that sorrow and suffering, even death itself, were together working for good. And he had a strong desire to work with them.

Isaiah saw that even death itself is no calamity, but a messenger of God for our good. It was good for Uzziah. Did he see that clearly? Not so clearly as John saw it. Not so triumphantly. How do we see it?

> 'He died unnoticed, in the muddy trench?'
>
> Nay, God was with him, and he did not blench;
> Filled him with holy fires that naught could quench;
> And when He saw his work below was done,
> He gently called to him: 'My son! my son!
> I need thee for a greater work than this:
> Thy faith, thy zeal, thy fine activities,
> Are worthy of My larger liberties.'
> Then drew him with the hand of welcoming grace
> And, side by side, they climbed the heavenly ways.

Isaiah did not see clearly that it was good for Uzziah that he was chastised and then taken. But he saw very clearly that it was good for himself. For now he had work to do. And he was ready to do it. 'Also'—observe that word 'also'; it is more than addition, it is consequence; it is

the righteous outcome of the repentance and the understanding—'Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.'

The work may be the very work that Uzziah was doing. At the beginning of the war, when one brother was taken another stepped into his place. We saw it again and again. At every stage of the war, when one mother lost her son she gave herself to the comforting of other mothers, and the healing of other mothers' sons. It was good for Isaiah that Uzziah was taken. For it is work that makes us. It is service for others that creates character. The work—God will see to that. But we must have our share of the work, otherwise it is not well with us.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read.
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray:
And, man by man, each helping all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power.
There is no better way.

Providence and the War.

By the Rev. W. P. Paterson, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland recently appointed a Commission on the spiritual and moral issues of the war. The instructions given to the Commission were wide and far-reaching, and its labours are destined to issue in a national mission with a comprehensive religious and ethical programme. Among other directions the Assembly has advised that steps be taken to forward the understanding of the things which God has been speaking from heaven through the visitation of the war, and it has suggested that the Presbyteries of the Church should meet in conference and seek for more light upon this deep and solemn subject. The writer was present, as a representative of the Commission, at the first of these Presbyterial conferences; and the present paper represents the way in which, after interchange of thought with his brethren, the field of debate was mapped out in his mind, and it also makes the attempt to state and weigh the chief contributions which have been offered towards the solution of the great Providential problem.

The scene of the conference was well suited to a meditation on war and peace. The place of meeting was a sequestered village which nestles at the foot of a range of hills bordering the upper valley of the Forth, and which looks across a broad plain to the towering masses of the Grampians. The panorama that spread out before us reminded us how much of the story of Scotland has been the chronicle of wars. The distant Bens that guard the region of the Trossachs, and Stirling with its river that 'bridled the wild Highlanders,' recalled the ancient feud and the bloody reprisals of the Gael and the Sassenach. There were the landmarks also, in the Wallace Monument and the castled crag of Stirling, of the more famous conflict in which Lowlander and Highlander were comrades in arms, and threw off the yoke of the English kingdom. A mansion in the neighbourhood, in which Prince Charlie once dined and slept, brought back the year in which Scotland last knew the tumult and the agony of civil war. Of the present struggle there was a reminder in the aircraft which hovered like giant birds over the Carse, and exulting in their wings (as Homer says), rose and dipped in the air, and headed for their nests. But there, too, were evidences that war is an episode in the history of nations, and that their settled habit is peace. The broad strath which

lay at our feet, once a waste of swamp and bog, had long since been reclaimed by human industry and skill, and with its teeming cornfields and its tinted orchards it seemed beautiful, in the sunny glimpses of the summer morning, as a garden of the Lord. The atmosphere was like that of a Sabbath, falling in the midst of the reign of the Prince of Peace; as we wended our way, a goodly company of ministers, to the village church on the tree-clad slope and, after a lesson from a prophet and a prayer in the name and the spirit of Christ, took up the first part of our duty, and essayed to trace the hand of the Almighty in the dark dispensation of the world-war.

The discussion was naturally on much the same lines as the speeches in the Book of Job. As in Job, the text was a stupendous calamity, and the problem was to find a satisfying explanation. In the conference four distinct voices made themselves heard. One was an echo from the world, being repeated mainly for the Church's consideration, while the other three started from the axiom that God is the ruler of history, and sought to expound the chief end of the divine permission of the war.

I.

The first voice reported the purely secular explanation, which is satisfied with finding causes, and disclaims the assumption of a higher purpose. The only explanation which need be looked for, it protests, is that a great nation felt the need of more breathing-space and elbow-room, and that the impulse arising from its wants was intensified by its ambition. Germany has a population of 65,000,000, which has been increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year; it was driven by a natural necessity to seek new outlets and additional means of subsistence; a very intelligible sentiment made it wish to have colonies in which its sons would remain German in blood and speech; its exaggerated sense of its greatness led it to form extravagant dreams of dominating Europe, and building up a new world-Empire; its unparalleled military strength gave it confidence to embark on a career of conquest; and the present European chaos is the result of its collision with other nations which were no less vitally interested in opposing and frustrating its designs. The war, in short, was what was to be expected of human nature under the aforementioned conditions, at least if to need, cupidity, and opportunities we add the dangerous ingredients of a morbid vanity and a morbid suspiciousness and anxiety for the future; and to go in quest of a purpose, which even from the religious point of view has often been thought to be presumptuous, may well appear to the ordinary man to be foolish and fruitless.

The kind of explanation which is offered by the secular voice is, of course, essential to the understanding of historical events, but it is not exclusive of the supplementary explanation of a higher providential purpose. In the ordinary affairs of life men perform many actions which are dictated by private motives, and directed to narrow personal advantages; and their doings are nevertheless embraced in, and are made contributory to, larger schemes, which may lie outside of their intentions and even of their knowledge. In a great city, for example, we see multitudes of persons going about their daily business, and scarcely conscious of working for anything save their own interests, or those of their dependents; while yet the outcome of the haphazard self-seeking is that they are fitted fairly well into the social mechanism, and that they help to make, not indeed an ideal, but at least a surprisingly effective, provision for meeting the numerous and complex wants of the community. Perhaps an even more impressive illustration is the way in which a presiding power, working through passions and instincts which are themselves blind, takes order for the perpetuation of the human race, and for the suitable education of the units of the successive generations. When a building is erected we do not suppose that the whole process is explained by giving a list of the workmen who have had a hand in the labour, and showing what reward each expected for his work. The still more important agents are the person or persons who desired that a building of a particular kind should be erected, and the architect who was entrusted with the design. And similarly it is very conceivable, and indeed most credible, that the temple of humanity, though reared by human hands, originated in the mind of a master-builder, has progressed under his direction, and will one day be finished in accordance with his plan.

But here the secular voice protests: 'The analogy of the building is more damaging than helpful. There may be some evidence of a mind at work on a large scale, but those who erect houses do not arrange to have the work inter-

rupted. It does not enter into their designs to contrive that dissension will break out among the workmen, or that these will deface and even destroy the edifice which they are employed to erect.' This is obviously true; but the analogy helps us to understand how God might at least foresee and permit the evil without thereby ceasing to be the master-mind of history. The human builder may foresee that there will be trouble among the workmen, and may nevertheless resolve to proceed with the work in the assurance that the difficulties will be overcome, and that the plans will in the long run be executed to his satisfaction; and similarly it is entirely credible that God should have begun and should carry on His work notwithstanding His foreknowledge of the occasional episodes of rebellion and outrage. Furthermore, it is now generally agreed that an employer is better served by a body of free workmen, even if their liberty may assert itself disastrously, than by a gang of slaves; and it is similarly believable that God will eventually win a nobler result from a world of free human beings, even if they occasionally perpetrate the most insensate acts, than He would have secured from a world of beings who rendered Him mechanical obedience and service. In the light of the analogy of the builder we can therefore see reasons why God should have permitted and accepted the conditions of human life from which the present catastrophe has sprung; and further, since God's interest in mankind is much more intimate and many-sided than that of an employer of labour, we may reasonably suppose that He has some other purpose which is served in the permission of such a visitation. What are we to say of this further purpose?

II.

At this point a second voice strikes into the debate. It is the voice of Amos of Tekoah, of John the Baptist, of the Scottish Covenanter. Its fundamental certainty is that the tragedy of the war, while rooted on the earthly side in human wickedness, is in a real sense the act of God; and it feels no greater dubiety as to the meaning and purpose of the appalling visitation. The war, with the sufferings which it involves, is the judgment of God upon the sins of the nations of Europe: by reason of their love of the world, their carnal excesses, their covetousness, their pride, and their ungodliness, they have provoked the wrath of the Almighty, so that He has returned to trample them in His fury, to drench the earth with their blood, and to fill their homes with woe and lamentation. For our own country, the voice proceeds, the providential dispensation has the same intention. We have provoked God by our heinous national sins, the guilt of which is aggravated by the unique favours and privileges enjoyed by our people; and out of the darkness and the whirlwind there comes to us the call to repent of our sins, if haply it be not too late, and to implore of the avenging Judge that in the midst of wrath He would remember mercy.

This voice is entitled to a most respectful hearing —and not merely because it is in this way that our spiritual ancestors would have construed the situation, and appealed for support to the Old Testament. Their explanation at least founds upon a fact which is not open to question—namely, that the war, regarded in its broadest aspect, is the consequence and the penalty of human wickedness and folly. It is because Europe, while Christian in name, has remained essentially pagan in its public policy—its nations instinctively following the natural lusts, and only playing with the principle of human brotherhood, that the Continent which was the chosen home of civilization has been transformed into a chaos and an Inferno. We are also manifestly being punished for the failings of the rulers of the earth. It will seem incredible to a later age that there was not enough wisdom in the diplomacy of Europe to come to some arrangement which would have averted the cataclysm. It does not appear that the general situation was ever thoroughly discussed by those who were responsible for controlling it. Our own leaders have their full share of responsibility. If they had told our people to prepare, or rather compelled them to prepare to use the full might of Britain, in self-defence and on the side of righteousness in the event of aggression, there would probably have been no war; and their only plea is—and this can be said of both political parties—either that they were too ignorant and blind to see what was coming, or that they had not the courage to propound a policy of national armament which would be likely to prove unpopular at a General Election. But can we take the further step, as the prophetic voices urge, of declaring the war to be the punishment of our national sins — as drunkenness,

impurity, profanity, religious indifference, and such like? What is true is that sins are always being punished, and that because of our many and flagrant national sins, the life of our people has been considerably weakened and tainted, and its hands have been less strong than they otherwise would have been for grappling with the heavy business of war. But there was as much reason for saying that God was afflicting us for our sins in 1913, as there is for saying that He is afflicting us in 1916, and there is no reason for regarding the calamities of the war as a more direct and special measure of retribution. We are being punished for our sins, inasmuch as we are always being punished for them, but we are not to think of ourselves as the victims of a heaped-up and retarded vengeance. The general mind refuses to accept the theory of a special penal judgment, and it has a justification. When our nation entered the war, we hold with a good conscience, it followed a call of duty, and put aside a temptation to which it would have been easy to yield—the temptation to avoid the appalling risks, spare the lives of our fellow-countrymen, and gather riches out of the agony of the Continent. It therefore seems more just, as well as more charitable, to say that our calamities are on the whole sufferings which have come upon us because we were found in the way of righteousness, rather than that they come from the vials of wrath which God has poured out upon the heads of our people because of their multiplied and impenitent wickedness.

III.

Here, accordingly, the third voice takes up the parable. It is the same voice which, by the mouth of Elihu, declared to the patriarch Job that the purpose of his sufferings was, not to expose and punish a wicked man, but to make a good man a better man. It also has support in the teaching of those Old Testament prophets who declared that while God in His anger chastised the nation for its sins, He selected those forms of chastisement which were likely to make of Israel a holy and righteous nation. And the message of the third voice is that the essential providential purpose of the war is that it may be a means of blessing to our people, by the purification and ennoblement of its character and life.

Who does not feel to-day, it proceeds, that our people as a whole has risen in the scale of moral dignity? In our national history there has been much that seems merely calculating if not sordid: to the end of time this chapter of our history will shine with a lustre of a heroic age which shrank from no sacrifice, and which showed less of self-interest than of duty and chivalry. A moral regeneration is traceable among all classes: it has been realized, as never before, that the self-centred life is as unworthy as it is unproductive of happiness. Commonplace souls have risen to heights of grandeur in action and suffering. Sympathy has been born or re-born in many a callous or hardened heart. Many who had been living without God, and without any vision of the things that lie beyond the senses, have awakened to the reality of the unseen and eternal world, and have groped their way back from the far country to the eternal home of the soul.

To many the message of this comforter does not seem wholly convincing. He has shut his eyes, they say, to one-half of the facts. 'Was it a blessing that millions of men were torn from their peaceful and beneficent occupations, and hurled back into the conditions of savagery—with anger, suspicion, and hatred as governing impulses, and the maiming and slaying of men as their trade? Is it common sense to say that the nation is substantially improved by an event which is sweeping away tens if not hundreds of thousands of men who were the flower of their generation and the hope of the future? And is there not an incalculable moral loss? In a world in which everything has been turned upside down, how easy must it seem to many to dispense with the guiding principles even of elementary morality. How many souls have been blasted and destroyed by despair. How many have sought forgetfulness or relief in the consolations of the flesh. How many have been tempted to curse God and die.' The rejoinder is weighty, and it is a seasonable corrective of the optimistic sentimentalism which asks to have it all its own way. Though the third voice is right in affirming that our people as a whole has been lifted by the war to a higher plane, the tale of loss is so heavy that we feel something more to be wanting by way of compensation for the tremendous sacrifices, moral as well as material, which have accompanied the partial regeneration. And this brings us to the cognate, but really supplementary, message of the last interpreter.

IV.

The meaning of the visitation, says the fourth voice, is that it comes as the dawning day of new opportunities. The purpose is, not merely that we may become better, but that better things may be done. It may even be that many are sacrificed in soul as well as in body, to the end that a brighter day may be ushered in. Future historians will probably date a new epoch from the world-war of the twentieth century. It doubtless marks the beginning of the end of the chronic curse of war, for it has been demonstrated that war has become not merely too horrible, but also too expensive, to be a permanent institution of our earth. If the present struggle is to be the operation that is to remove the deadly disease which has afflicted the race from its infancy, it does not seem, from the point of view of general history, that the fee was too heavy for the cure. It is also to be expected that after the war a stronger faith will be cherished in the possibility of coping with other malignant evils. We have learned what a great people can do when it devotes itself with one heart and mind to the organization of victory; and it will seem a matter of course that the same energy, earnestness, and method should be applied to the perennial warfare with ignorance and destitution, vice and crime, and that the spirit of brotherhood, so signally exemplified in arms, should be equally realized in the arts and the avocations of peace. The Church for its part, we hope, will see things in new proportion and perspective, and will forget many ancient controversies in the light of the tasks of the present and the future. To many an individual it has come and will come with the haunting message of Robertson of Brighton: 'There is a past that is beyond recall, but there is a future that is still our own.'

Such are the messages of the interpreters of the visitation. I am of opinion that those who see in it a providential judgment upon the nations mistake an incidental feature for the primary purpose, and that those who expound it as a remedial discipline, and still more those who are conscious of the openings of fresh doors of opportunity, have a deeper insight into the purpose of the Ruler of History. Sure at least I am that they are right who hold that God rules, that He brings good out of evil, and that triumphantly, if also slowly and tortuously, He is guiding His world to higher levels. The building in which we met for prayer and meditation bade us cherish this faith. The place on which it stood looked as if it might have been a primitive camp before it became the site of a house of God. Such a transformation has often taken place in Scotland, and one recalled a sonnet which, founding on the like observation, draws from it a lesson of trust in the God who has been the tutor and guide of our struggling race:

When nature with her tools of ice and flood,
Sculptured the peaks and spread the meadow-ground,
She chiselled in the dale a rugged mound
And sprinkled it with earth, and sowed a wood;
Then wild men camped there since the place was good
For thrusting back a foe with gaping wound,
And at the last God's house arose, to sound
The praise of Christ, and love's redeeming blood.

O mighty Power, who by Thy patient art,
While æons ran their course, didst shape our land,
And rear man from the brute, and teach his heart
The glory of the climb and upward view,
I do not pray, I know, that Thy strong hand
Will build Thy Kingdom, and make all things new.

The Chinese Hastings' 'Dictionary of the Bible.'

By the Rev. D. MacGillivray, D.D., Editorial Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for China.

When Dr. Hastings' Five-volume Dictionary of the Bible began to appear in the year 1900, it was at once perceived that it marked a great advance on its predecessors, and many a missionary longed to see such parts of the work as were suitable for the use of the Chinese turned into their own language and placed at their disposal. Of course the books contained much that would be wholly indigestible to the Chinese, even apart from many of the new theories which naturally would be ill-adapted to our theological atmosphere. A few trial articles were translated and appeared

in our Society's church magazine, *The Christian Review*. But those were pre-revolution days when progress was slow, and nothing further was done at the time. But the Chinese Church was constantly increasing in quantity and quality. It looked to us to give them the best we knew. Then came the Revolution and the establishment of the Chinese Republic. Progress became more rapid. The needs of the preachers immersed in a new atmosphere became more clamant. As if further to urge action, in 1906 appeared the DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS, which is the very department most necessary for the Chinese Church. After that came the opening volumes of the great ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. This was an embarrassment of riches. Our long-cherished idea of producing a new Bible Dictionary seemed blocked because of the voluminousness of the Hastings' material. But when in 1909 the one-volume Dictionary appeared, that provided for us a much more manageable standard of size. Other Bible Dictionaries were urged upon our notice. But there was really nothing to compete with the fullness of the Hastings' material, and the Christian Literature Society, after a consultation with Dr. Hastings, who gave valuable advice, decided to adopt the one-volume Dictionary as the basis. They did this the more readily because the Indian churches were already in possession of a Hastings' Dictionary in the Tamil language.

Two general editors were appointed, Rev. W. Hopkyn Rees for the Old Testament articles, and Rev. D. MacGillivray for the New Testament articles. Although they ear-marked about half the Dictionary for translation by themselves, it was obvious that the work would be more speedily done if the assistance of other missionaries was secured. Ready promises of help from theological professors and others came in. At the end it was found that 15 English missionaries, 16 American missionaries, and 3 Chinese had contributed articles to the work. According to denomination there were 10 Presbyterians, 8 Methodists, 7 Anglicans, 4 Baptists, 4 Congregationalists, and 1 English Friend. By this means the work was not only hastened, but also very much enriched.

As the enterprise would involve a large preliminary outlay, the Society was still further encouraged by the receipt of £200 from a Canadian friend who had heard of the proposed work. This money came nine months before the European War broke out, and was throughout a sheet-anchor in the time of storm.

We prepared rules for the guidance of our co-workers. The following extracts will show how we proposed to deal with the problems before us :—

'The general object of the work is to provide the Chinese pastors and readers with the best aids known to devout scholarship for the reverent study and understanding of the Sacred Scriptures. Hence the work will be constructive, not speculative. The chief aim is practical, and the emphasis will therefore be on the New Testament. In the carrying out of this object much consecrated common sense and hard work will be necessary, but we owe it to the churches to make the attempt.'

'As Chinese theological students are only just beginning to study Hebrew and Greek, much matter discussing the original languages must be omitted.'

'Suitable material may be drawn from any of the Hastings' Dictionaries. If constant reference is made to these other sources, the resultant Dictionary ought to be richer and better adapted to its purpose than the literal translation of any one original.'

Suffice it here to say that on the whole our co-workers did their work in the spirit of these directions, and while it is not to be expected that the views of some of the articles will meet with universal acceptance, the new Dictionary, we may well believe, will meet a long-felt want. There is room for another Dictionary to be made, to satisfy the views of those who disagree with Hastings.

In order to increase the value of the Dictionary to the Chinese, the following original articles appear in it :

Ancestral Worship in China.
Baptism of the Holy Ghost.
Chinese Idea of Holy Man.
Chinese Versions of the Bible.
Christianity and Socialism.
Church in Relation to the State.
Confucianism.
The Being of God.
Lawsuits.
Mohammedanism.
Self-support in the Bible.
Taoism.
Transmigration.
The Trinity.

Our faith was small and we considered that an edition of 2000 copies would last a long time. Accordingly we ordered paper to this amount from London. We spent some anxious time until this cargo came safely through the Mediterranean, where about that time the Bible Society had lost heavily. But our weak faith was rebuked, when in answer to our advance offer, we received over 4000 orders. Even Korea inquires for the Dictionary, and Japan is yet to hear from.

The significance of these large orders for such an extensive work is most heartening to all the friends of missions. It shows faith in the original series, and in the likelihood that the Christian Literature Society would not belie its long-established reputation for producing good books. The Chinese pastors and helpers were evidently waiting for it. In 1912 there were reported to be in China 650 ordained native workers, together with over 6000 workers of all classes. Thus it is evident that practically all those workers who could benefit by such a book have applied for it. The libraries of these workers are pitifully meagre, and consist chiefly of volumes costing a few cents. We offered our book for $2, a large sum considering their small salaries. In return they will obtain a book of some 900 pages, a whole library in itself. It is certain that very few of the pastors at present possess a library of books making such a total of pages if you counted all their books. These orders also show how keen the men were to obtain a book which would help them in the study of the Bible. It is safe to say that no volume of this size on any other theme would have met with such a reception. We expect that the book will not only give an impetus to Bible study, but also greatly raise the standard of sermons preached by every one of these men. The usefulness of such a book at the present time of change in China, when so much more is demanded from the pulpit, can scarcely be over-estimated. Even close students of the growth of the Chinese Church were surprised that it could so speedily absorb so many copies of such a large work, with future sales to continue in a steady stream, at least for a generation to come.

Solid work done in Western lands will sooner or later influence the East, and this extension of Dr. Hastings' influence is a notable example of this truth. And all this goes on notwithstanding the world-war. God still rides upon the storm.

Literature.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES.

Two volumes have been published of an important work on Mythology. The work is to consist of thirteen volumes. Each volume is to be written by a single author, or by two authors, or at the most by three. The general editor is Dr. Louis Herbert Gray. The title of the series is *The Mythology of All Races* (Boston: Marshall Jones).

In the Preface to the first volume Dr. Gray states unreservedly what purpose he hopes to accomplish by the issue of this great work. 'Mythology,' he tells us, 'is a very real phase—perhaps the most important primitive phase—of that eternal quest of Truth which ever drives us on, though we know that in its full beauty it may never be revealed to mortal eye nor heard by ear of man—that quest more precious than meat or raiment—that quest which we may not abandon if we will still be men.'

The mythology of a race is therefore the history of its earliest thought. It tells us how primitive man looked at the problems of life and sought to shape his conduct thereby. It is the earliest chapter of the history of civilization, and is of inestimable value.

Mythology is Science in its infancy. It rests upon a series of hypotheses, and so does the most exact science of to-day. Again, it is an important part of Religion. 'Religion consists of at least three parts—the attitude of soul, which is religion *par excellence*; the outward act of worship, which is ritual; and the scientific explanation, which—in the very highest and noblest sense of the term—is myth.'

Thus it is in the interests both of Science and of Religion that these volumes are to be published. The myths which they contain will be selected and interpreted. But the selection will be representative of the whole body of the particular race's

mythology; and the interpretation will be in close touch with what may be called its mythological genius. Dr. Gray has no doubt impressed upon his contributors the necessity of sympathy in the presence of the most obviously bizarre of myths; he now impresses his readers with the same necessity. Superciliousness will ruin all.

The volumes now published are the first and the tenth. The first volume deals with Greek and Roman mythology. It contains lxii + 354 pages, together with 63 full-page plates of illustrations and 11 illustrations in the text. The author is William Sherwood Fox, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Classics in Princeton University. The tenth volume deals with the North American Mythology. It contains xxiv + 325 pages, together with 34 full-page illustrations (many of them coloured) and two illustrations in the text, also a coloured map of the Linguistic Stocks of North America. Its author is Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Nebraska. A valuable addition to both volumes is the Bibliography. It is representative and it is accurate. In the Greek and Roman volume a list is given of the articles bearing on Greek or Roman religion in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. It gives the titles of seventy-four articles out of the eight volumes that are as yet published of that work.

LINCOLN.

Perhaps it is needless now, but if there are still any among us who are despondent about the war let them read the biography of *Abraham Lincoln* which has been written by Lord Charnwood (Constable; 6s. net). It is one of the new series entitled 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by Mr. Basil Williams. And we may say at once that the editor of that series is not in the least likely to make a hit like this again. If he has discovered Lord Charnwood, he may claim one considerable achievement, and his series will benefit from the discovery, whatever the succeeding volumes come to. We have read biographies of Lincoln before, and the character of the man as well as the history of his time seemed fairly intelligible to us; but we have read this new biography slowly from beginning to end, and it has opened our eyes.

Lord Charnwood may or may not have served a literary apprenticeship. It is certain that his style of writing has the strength that is necessary to carry complicated motives and movements without evident effort and almost always with most evident success. The biography is also a history, as we have said, but not of events, rather of purposes and ideas seen fulfilling themselves in events, or failing. And the biography itself, clearly as the man stands before us, according to Lord Charnwood's carefully acquired conception, is really a group of biographies, with Lincoln in the centre, each figure of the others being drawn with microscopic conscientiousness. We see, moreover, that the other men could not have been themselves without Lincoln; and that Lincoln, simple, masterful, eternal, could not have been himself without them. It is the way he has with Chase, Stanton, and Seward that enables us to see him as he is.

The book is good reading, we have said, for the despondent. And all the better if the despondency is due to overmuch faith in newspapers. There are pleasant touches, like this: 'The *New York Tribune*, which was edited by Mr. Horace Greeley, a vigorous writer whose omniscience was unabated by the variation of his own opinion, was the one journal of far-reaching influence in the North.' But so far as the present war is concerned, the great lesson for us to learn is an appreciation of Lincoln's determination to carry on *his* war until the South submitted unconditionally.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

Professor George A. Barton, the well-known Semitic scholar, was at one time Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. He used his opportunity well. He has never written since then without illuminating his writing with some of the results of exploration. He has sometimes written on Palestinian life alone.

It was therefore to be expected that one day he would write a book covering the whole ground of Biblical Archæology. He has written it; and it is all that we expected of him. No part of the wide subject is altogether neglected; some parts are handled fully and with great skill. The literature of the subject, immense as it is, has evidently been

read from top to bottom. In that connexion it is a pleasure to quote what Dr. Barton says about Professor R. A. S. Macalister's work. 'Professor R. A. Stewart Macalister should, perhaps, be singled out for an especial word of gratitude, for in Chapters VI.–XI. of Part I. his work of excavation has been quoted more frequently than any other. This apparent partiality is due to the fact that Gezer was excavated more completely than any other Palestinian site; that, because of its early and long-continued occupation in ancient times, it reveals a great variety of civilizations; and that, in *The Excavation of Gezer*, Professor Macalister has presented the results of his work with a completeness and a degree of intelligibility that no other excavator in Palestine has approached. He has made his work a model of what such a publication should be, and has thereby made us all his debtors.'

Professor Barton never forgets that his purpose is to illustrate the Bible. He has chapters on Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, on the Song of Songs, and on the Prophets, giving parallels from Babylonian and Egyptian sources. It is striking to notice how little can be done by way of illustrating the Prophets. They stand practically outside, let us say rather above, all contemporary thought. They are the great argument for inspiration. Dr. Barton with all his knowledge can do no more than quote a few texts which are in some respects parallel to prophetic thought, or which illustrate the practices which the prophets abhorred.

The volume, of which the title is *Archæology and the Bible* (Amer. S. S. Union; $2 net), is a handsome one. It contains a fine series of plates illustrating every aspect of its contents.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is writing a history of the war. He has published the second volume. Its title is *A General Sketch of the European War: The Second Phase* (Nelson; 6s. net). It is occupied entirely with the Battle of the Marne.

It is a large book for a single battle in a war in which there have already been so many great battles. But the Battle of the Marne is in Mr. Belloc's opinion the decisive battle of the whole war, and one of the few really decisive battles of history. If the Germans had won at the Marne, they would have won the war. Losing at the Marne they lost the war. That is why he tells the story so minutely. And if one reads slowly, examining the many diagrams, it is possible to obtain a vivid and memorable picture of the whole operation, and see clearly what in Mr. Belloc's judgment were the deciding factors.

Can the author's opinion be given in a few sentences? Let us try.

The Germans had driven the French and the British before them till Paris seemed to be theirs for the taking. Instead of taking Paris, however, von Kluck, who commanded the most westerly of the German armies, resolved to bring his forces round and envelop the French armies, and so, by a greater Sedan, end the war in the West. In the beginning of September he commenced his enveloping movement. He knew that there was a French force on the right of him, and he left a small force to check it. That French force, however, was stronger than he knew, and as soon as he had passed south and east in his enveloping movement, it attacked the small force which he had left and pressed it so hard that word was sent to him that his communications were in danger of being cut.

Von Kluck returned at once. He swung his men back west and north. In doing so, he drew away from von Bülow, who commanded the German army on his left. To maintain contact, von Bülow moved west and north and drew von Haeren, the next commander, after him. The centre of the German line was occupied by the Imperial Guard. The Guard was split in two. Half followed von Haeren towards the west, half were compelled to move to the east on account of a demand for reinforcements on the eastern frontier. A gap was made in the German line. Foch, who commanded the French army facing the Guards, saw the gap, sent a strong detachment to drive a wedge through it, succeeded and compelled the whole German command to retreat. The Battle of the Marne was won.

Unlike other historians, Mr. Belloc gives the whole of the credit to General Foch. The British were not in it. He thinks there was some misunderstanding as to time, and the decision was obtained before Sir John French got in contact with the enemy. But he admits that much is still obscure and that others who are very capable of judging judge otherwise.

CITIZENSHIP.

In 1910 groups were formed in various centres in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa for studying the nature of citizenship in the British Empire, and the mutual relations of the several communities thereof. In course of time others were constituted in the United Kingdom, India, and Newfoundland, and they all came to be known informally as 'Round Table Groups,' from the name of the quarterly review instituted by their members as a medium of mutual information on Imperial affairs.

The task of preparing a comprehensive report on the subject was committed to Mr. L. Curtis. 'Preliminary studies were distributed to the groups for criticism, and their criticisms, when collected, were printed and circulated for their mutual information. On the basis of materials so gathered, the final report was projected in three principal parts. In Part I. it was proposed to deal with the question how and why the British Commonwealth came to exist, to trace the causes which led to its disruption in 1783, and to the establishment of a separate commonwealth in America. The subsequent growth of the dismembered Commonwealth was to be dealt with in Part II. In Part III. it was proposed to examine the principles upon which, and the means whereby, the members of its widely scattered communities can hope to retain their present status as British citizens in a common state.'

That first part has now been published. It is a large and extremely handsome volume of over seven hundred pages, richly (one might say lavishly) furnished with maps and plans. Its title is *The Commonwealth of Nations* (Macmillan).

Those who have seen 'The Round Table' will have little difficulty in imagining the nature or the wealth of material for a study of Imperial relations which the volume contains. Those who have not yet become acquainted with that quarterly with its first-hand and fully informed reports from every end of the earth, and its cleverly impartial articles, will consider any language extravagant that tries to estimate the aims of this vast undertaking and the success which has already attended it. Nothing less than a volume of this magnitude would have satisfied conditions, for nothing less would have offered an at all adequate 'Inquiry into the Nature of Citizenship in the British Empire, and into the Mutual Relations of the Several Communities thereof'—as the title-page has it.

What are the subjects discussed in it? The General Introduction shows that the British Empire is a unity—in all proper respects a State. With the first chapter we are taken back in history to the earliest recorded intercourse between East and West. The chapter ends with the entrance of England, and leads to the second chapter, which describes the English Commonwealth. The title of chapter iii. is 'The Opening of the Seas,' and of chapter iv. 'The Commercial System.' 'The Inclusion of Scotland in the British Commonwealth' is the subject of chapter v. In the next chapter are described the rise and loss of the American Colonies. The seventh is given to Ireland. A long, difficult, and judicial chapter is the eighth, on the American Commonwealth. The volume ends with a short chapter on the relations between Britain and America. Near the end of the last chapter you will read this sentence. 'If the world's freedom, rather than national exploits, is the true goal of political endeavour, the schism of the Commonwealth in the eighteenth century was a failure second to none.' The Commonwealth is the British Commonwealth, and the schism is the breaking away of the American Colonies.

RACE HUNTING.

If you wish to enjoy a thorough race hunt read *European and Other Race Origins*, by Mr. Herbert Bruce Hannay (Sampson Low; 21s. net). It is the work of a barrister, who is also Advocate of the High Court of Judicature in Calcutta. There are few occupations more fascinating than the hunting up of European and other race origins, and Mr. Hannay enjoys it. He enjoys it so thoroughly and he enters so thoroughly into the mazes and mysteries of it, that he compels us to enjoy it after him. He knows what he is about. His books of reference are perhaps a little out of date, but he does not rely upon them so as to vitiate his arguments. He has a sufficient knowledge of the necessary languages. And above all else, he lets us see what he is doing all the time, and if he goes wrong we need not go wrong with him.

Take an example. Take the Prussians. To hunt up the origin of the Prussians we begin, as we do for the origin of most things, with the Book of

Genesis. There we read that Ishmael had twelve sons, which means that twelve tribes sprang from Hagar, Abraham's concubine. They dwelt 'from Havilah unto Shur that is before Egypt, as thou goest toward Assyria.' Two of these 'sons' or tribes are next mentioned in the First Book of Chronicles. They were then dwelling in the country east of Gilead, along with the Hagarites or Hagrites, probably a name for the whole race derived from Ishmael's mother. Now in those days the merchandise of Arabia passed through this district, Arabia Petræa let us call it, on its way to Smyrna, whence it proceeded by regular caravan services to a great city of Bithynia on the north side of Olympus and five-and-twenty miles from Nicæa, whose name is variously spelled Broussa, Boursa, or Prusa. The inhabitants of Arabia Petræa had followed this trade, for in Prusa there was a Nabathæan colony, and probably the city was altogether Nabathæan; and 'Nabathæans' is just the Greek form of Nebaioth, the eldest of the twelve 'sons' of Ishmael.

The inhabitants of Prusa then were Ishmaelites.

In the reign of Caligula, that is about 40 A.D., the Nabathæans abandoned Petræa and travelled towards the north-west. As they approached more western parts they were known as Saracens, or 'the people from the East.' After some years of wandering they amalgamated with their kinsmen of Prusa, and under the name of Borussi or Prussians they continued their progress westward, came into collision with the Goths on the shore of the Baltic Sea, held their own through methods of warfare which the Goths considered uncivilized, settled there about the third century A.D., and have continued there until now.

The Prussians are not Germans. The Germans (Deutsch, that is, Diot, 'people') were the inhabitants of the land when the Prussians arrived. They called themselves proudly Germans, Deutsch, that is, 'the people'; or else they were so called contemptuously by the invading Prussians, 'the people of the land.'

In another chapter, if we would follow further, Mr. Hannay shows that the British are the Bethsak, or 'Children of Isaac.' It is folly, therefore, of the Prussians to claim kinship with us. The kinship is no nearer than that both nations sprang out of the loins of Abraham, we being descended from 'him that was born after the Spirit,' while they come from 'him that was born after the flesh.'

In his book on *Group Theories of Religion and the Individual* (Allen & Unwin; 5s. net), Mr. Clement C. J. Webb, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, offers a powerful and convincing criticism of 'certain theories as to the nature of Religion put forward by a group of French scholars, of whom the most prominent are M. Durkheim and M. Lévy Bruhl, as stated in such volumes of their organ, *L'Année Sociologique*, as had been published up to the time at which these lectures were composed, in M. Lévy Bruhl's *Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures*, and in certain articles contributed by M. Durkheim to the *Revue de Métaphysique et Morale*, one of which has since been for the most part incorporated in a book called *Les Formes Elémentaires de la Vie Religieuse*, which was originally published at Paris in 1912, and has lately appeared in an English dress.'

What are the theories? They are brought together by Mr. Webb himself into this clear paragraph: 'Just as the individual human consciousness, although resulting from the co-operation of many distinct brain-cells, has yet its own laws, which constitute the subject-matter of Psychology, and which could not be deduced or inferred from the physiological laws determining the nature of the separate cells, but must be ascertained by observation of the behaviour of individual human beings; so, too, there must be recognized a collective consciousness, resulting from the co-operation of individual human beings, which has in turn laws of its own, laws which are not to be inferred from those of individual psychology, but to be discovered by observation of the behaviour of human groups or societies. These laws of the consciousness of groups or societies constitute the subject-matter of Sociology.'

Thus what Mr. Webb does is to put up a great —and we say successful—fight for the value of the individual as regards both this life and that which is to come.

If we are to believe Mr. M. W. Keatinge—and whom are we to believe rather than the Reader in Education in the University of Oxford?—there is an urgent necessity for a rebellion against the aims and methods of our day in education. Mr. Keatinge would gladly head the rebellion. But

he has little hope of finding a sufficient following. The education of our day is an education that 'pays'; and an education that pays is to Mr. Keatinge an abominable thing.

His protest comes at a good time. For there are ample signs that we are about to encourage the education that pays as we never encouraged it before. In his *Studies in Education* (A. & C. Black; 5s. net), Mr. Keatinge speaks of Education and Biology, Education and Æsthetic, Freedom in Education, and Imagination—think of it! Why, it is Education and Chemistry, Education and Dye-stuffs, Education and Toy-making that we are all setting our faces towards.

The Very Rev. H. C. Beeching, D.D., D.Litt., Dean of Norwich, has written a long biographical and literary Introduction to an edition of *George Herbert's Country Parson*—a most desirable edition, published by Mr. Blackwell in Oxford (1s. 6d. net).

A reliable and readable introduction to the psychological study of religion has been written by Mr. K. J. Saunders, and it has been published by the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Adventures of the Christian Soul* (3s. 6d. net). The book has other excellences besides reliability and readableness. It is the work of a man who knows theology as well as psychology, a man, moreover, who has faith in God and reverence for the Christian soul, whose adventures he describes. The Dean of St. Paul's introduces the volume. And in introducing it he says one thing that is worth noticing. He says: 'Wordsworth's well-known lines about the infant who comes "trailing clouds of glory" from God who is our home, are popular with all child-lovers. But I doubt whether they are justified by observation. The poet himself was never at home with children, and probably drew mainly upon his own rather unusual experience, perhaps antedating it. The child certainly takes naturally to prayer; but his religion is generally based on simple acceptance of what he is told to believe, combined often with an innocent wish to make remarks which will be interesting and pleasing to his elders. A genuine interior life of devotion does not, I think, often develop before adolescence, when it sometimes begins suddenly, especially if young people have been taught to expect such an awakening. The poetry of religion—visions of the Platonic Ideas or of the objects of devotion—belongs as a rule to youth and early middle age.'

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., has republished a series of papers which he contributed to the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. They have all to do with the war, and they have all to do with religion. So the title is *The War and the Soul* (Chapman & Hall; 6s. net).

Mr. Campbell says: 'One of my fiercest opponents in the theological field said years ago that I possessed the fatal gift of lucidity—or was it the gift of a fatal lucidity? I forget. I believe he added that it was about the only gift I did possess—but that is neither here nor there. I took his remark as a compliment because he was supposed to be something of a judge in such matters, and still is.' Now Mr. Campbell has the gift of lucidity—there his critic was right. But he has other gifts besides—there his critic was wrong. He has the gift of sympathy—a very noble gift. Does he speak here of the soldier or the sailor, the patriotic or the stricken mother, the 'nervy' Londoner, or the nerve-scorning Anzac? He sympathizes with them all. And so his papers are true. They touch reality. And when they offer consolation it is strength that they convey. The topics range all over the religious problems which the war has raised—Prayers for the Dead, Pessimism, Pacifism, If I were God, What is Hell?

What is the difference between liberty and freedom? The answer is given by 'W. B.' at the very beginning of his thick pamphlet on *Freedom* (Oxford University Press; 6d. net). He says: 'Freedom is the watchword of England, and, through her, of all English-speaking peoples. The watchword of Rome was Law; of France, it is Liberty. Freedom combines the two contradictory principles of law and liberty.' Then he says: 'Neither of the subordinate principles is good by itself. Law ends in tyranny: liberty, in anarchy. From neither tyranny nor anarchy can any advancement of civilization be expected. Freedom, or the compromise between the two, in which neither has a decided predominance, is the sole condition of progress.' Thereupon 'W. B.' discusses Freedom in three chapters: (1) General Principles; (2) Practical Applications; (3) International Freedom.

There is an extraordinary amount of information

for so small a book in *The Village Gods of South India* (Oxford University Press; 2s. 6d. net), and it is extraordinarily interesting information. The volume belongs to the series entitled *The Religious Life of India*, which is due to the editorship and enterprise of Dr. J. N. Farquhar. The author is the Right Rev. Henry Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Madras.

The religion of South India has been less studied than that of North India, much less; and there is great need for such a volume as this, a volume of first-hand and well-sifted knowledge on the religious life of the South Indian villages. The common fault of the writers of small books on great subjects is to be content with generality and even superficiality. Dr. Whitehead covers the whole ground and yet selects so carefully that the minutest peculiarity of ritual or belief is made known to us. In all future work on South Indian theology this book must be referred to.

The Rev. N. F. Robinson, of the Society of Saint John the Evangelist, has written an Introduction to the Study of Modern Hellenic and Slavonic Monachism and the Orthodox Profession Rites, together with a Greek Dissertation on the Monastic Habit, done into English, with Notes. The title of the book is *Monasticism in the Orthodox Churches* (Cope & Fenwick; 2s. 6d. net). It is really two books in one, but of course the History and the Rites of Eastern Monachism lie comfortably enough together in one volume. There are some illustrations, especially of the Vestments, which help to the understanding of their description.

'What must we do, that we may work the works of God? This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.' For that belief sets the nature right, and then the work that follows is right. But right work must follow. The Rev. Will Reason, M.A., shows us in *The Issue of Personal Faith in Social Service* (Memorial Hall; 6d. net) what the work is and where we may find it.

At the Memorial Hall, London, there is published a small book on *The Validity of the Congregational Ministry* (6d. net). It is written by Professor J. Vernon Bartlet and Dr. J. D. Jones. And there is added to what they write on that subject a paper by Dr. P. T. Forsyth, on 'Church, Ministry, and Sacraments.' The names carry weight—where are the names that on these subjects would carry more weight? And the argument as they develop it is of tremendous force; nobody will deny it. But why argue about it at all? Because in the words of Dr. Bartlet, 'the very genius of the Gospel of Christ and His Apostles' underlies the issue.

Swedenborg has been a sealed book for want of a key. The key is now put into our hands by Mr. John Howard Spalding. In *The Kingdom of Heaven as seen by Swedenborg* (Dent; 3s. 6d. net), Mr. Spalding confines himself strictly to an exposition of Swedenborgianism; and, as he has mastered the doctrine—or as nearly mastered it as a plain man can—and as, further, he can write clearly and orderly, it will be our own fault henceforth if Swedenborg does not yield us the inspiration that is in him. It is needless to add that Mr. Spalding is an admirer. Not otherwise could he have entered himself, far less have given entrance to other people. He is an admirer, and he believes that Swedenborg has a most appropriate message for our day, but he would not have bound him up with Isaiah.

A small volume on *Sermon Reading* (Boston: Gorham Press; $1 net) contains three essays, one on the Origin of Sermon Reading, one on Sermon Reading in America, and one on Prominent New England Preachers. The essays were written by Mr. W. Spooner Smith when he had passed his eightieth year. The volume is illustrated with portraits of Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and others.

The same publishers issue another book by the same author. It is a selection of the sermons which Mr. Spooner Smith 'wrote' during the American Civil War. The title is *How one Church went through a War* ($1 net).

The Quakers have a committee sitting on 'War and the Social Order.' Its first Report is issued. It contains papers and discussions on the causes of war. They are Race Antagonism, Class Interests, and Trade Rivalry (with varieties of each). The bibliography is excellent. The title of the pamphlet is *Whence come Wars?* (Headley; 1s. net).

The Rev. William Ernest Beet, M.A., D.Lit., has just issued another volume of ecclesiastical history. This time it is one of the 'Manuals for Christian Thinkers' (which have been raised in price to 1s. 3d. net each volume). Its title is *A Thousand Years of Papal History* (Kelly). It is quite a pleasant little book to read, and yet the men and the movements of the thousand years are within its 144 pages. Everything is worth doing if it is done as well as this.

Every one knows something about the Armenians, but there are few who will not get a surprise when they read *Armenia Past and Present*, by Mr. W. Llew. Williams (King; 3s. 6d. net). It will be a surprise to discover that the history of Armenia is so honourable. It will be a surprise to learn that the Armenians are still so many in number and have such exalted ideals for their future. 'At a moderate estimate, 500,000 Turkish Armenians are safe in the parts of the vilayets of Van and Erzeroum, now in Russian occupation, and as refugees in Russian Armenia and Azerbijan. Further, all over the six vilayets and Cilicia there remain, hidden in the mountain fastnesses, tens of thousands of Armenians—in the gross a total neither small nor unimportant—who will venture out when this time of bitter persecution is past—a remnant of the race clinging to the soil of their Homeland with the same tenacity they have displayed through the centuries of Turkish misgovernment.'

What do they desire? Three things: good government first; next, the repatriation of the population under reasonable conditions; and thirdly, an opportunity of developing their industrial capacities and the economic possibilities of the land. Now none of these things can be secured under the rule of the Turk.

A Textbook for Secondary Schools on *Medieval Civilization* has been written by Roscoe Lewis Ashley (Macmillan; 5s. net). It has been written manifestly by a man who understands what the Secondary School is capable of. The writing is without ornament; there is no room for superfluous epithets. Every paragraph is in its place; every sentence fulfils its purpose and finishes. At the end of each chapter there is often a Chronological Table, there are always General References, Topics, Studies, and Questions. The book is illustrated throughout, and plentifully furnished with maps, sometimes in the text, more often full page, on special paper and in careful colouring. We strongly advise teachers not to miss this compact, complete, and far from costly textbook.

Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers of a new series of Historical Reading Books which have been prepared under the editorship of Mr. Richard Wilson, B.A., D.Litt. The books are arranged on 'a graduated overlapping system, beginning with the legendary lore upon which history is based, and leading the pupil nearer and nearer to his own time.'

The first book (called Stage I.) is filled with *Pictures of Long, Long Ago* (1s.). The language is simple, and the purpose is evidently to touch the imagination and open the mind to further instruction through greater wonder. The illustrations are taken from Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, and other sources. Some of them are in quaint old-world colouring.

The second book gives *Peeps into Old Books* (1s. 2d.). It is a history of the art of writing, told in relation to events and adventures, such as that of Bruce and the Bloodhound, and again illustrated plentifully and sometimes in colours that are bright but harmonious.

The third book takes the pupil into reliable history, the history of his own country. Its title is *Decisive Days in British History* (1s. 4d.). The story of the Roman occupation is told in language of greater range but of no complexity. It is aided by pictures of Romans at home and abroad. There is a charming reproduction in colour of a Roman eating-house from Pompeii. Then the Sea-wolves come; and after them Augustine, to turn them into the sheep of God's hand. The book goes as far as the 27th of September 1825, the birthday of railway travelling.

The fourth book is *The Story of the United Kingdom* (1s. 6d.). The mind is now able to entertain ideas, to connect events with causes, to understand the direction of movements. It is able also to appreciate character, to compare Pitt with Fox, Nelson with Napoleon.

The fifth book is Imperial. There seems to be no great difference in the demand made on the intellect; it is simply called upon to take a wider scope. The title is *Children of the Seven Seas* (1s. 9d.).

The sixth book is a great advance. It ought to be possible for the pupil now to estimate motive, recognize the ends of providence, see the difference between the right and the wrong in public as in private life. The scene is the world of nations. Thus the horizon has widened till at last humanity itself is made an object of interest. But the love of country is preserved in the love of all mankind. The title is *Britain and European Liberty* (2s.)

One way of helping the Red Cross—the Red Cross in France—is to purchase a copy of *Red Cross and Iron Cross* (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). It does not tell us what the Red Cross has done or is doing. Better than that, it tells us what need there has been and is for its service. The scene is a French village, shelled, destroyed, devastated, the church alone left intact, and that church filled with wounded. The old village doctor has no morphia or other drug of any use to soften pain. A British doctor arrives, and his experience among the wounded is the story. It is told vividly enough; one sometimes hopes to be able to forget.

The Rev. D. C. Owen, M.A., is evidently a careful thinker as well as a discriminating reader. There would be little use in him or any man writing down again the things that have been written down innumerable times already on the Incarnation, Sin, Forgiveness, Faith, Prayer, and the like, unless he had something to say that would guide or encourage us in the present distress. Every word is directed to our strengthening and deliverance. If this book is an index to the average minister's mind, then indeed 'the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new.' The title of the book is *Some Truths of the Kingdom of God* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has published the Report of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Committee on *Revision of the Prayer-Book Psalter* (1s. net). To the student of the English Bible it is full of interest, chiefly because of the remarkably conservative attitude of the Report. We are creatures of habit, especially in our devotions; we move, but we move slowly. It is a great pity that the Church could not simply adopt the Psalter of the Revised Version.

Mrs. Edward Trotter has, after twelve years, issued a reprint of her prophetical book *Undertones of the Nineteenth Century and After* (Stock; 2s. 6d. net). Her method of interpreting prophecy, especially Apocalypse, is the historical method, for which this may certainly be said, that in good hands it yields the best lessons for everyday life.

The Rev. F. P. Argall has made his 'first essay at publishing.' Are we to encourage him to make another? Yes, if he takes as much trouble as he has taken this time to understand and interpret the will of God in this war. The volume of sermons is called *The Prophet in War Time* (Stockwell; 1s. net). The 'Prophet' is Isaiah, from whom all the texts are taken. The last three are on Waiting—Waiting upon God (Is 40^{31}), Waiting for God (Is 33^{2}), and Waiting with God (Is 30^{18}).

In the interests of Moral Education (a welcome movement when it does not commit the folly of trying to replace religion) a book has been written on kindness. The author, Mr. W. M. Gallichan, probably commits the folly referred to, for he calls his book *The Religion of Kindness* (Watts; 1s. net). But the folly is in the title; the book is an earnest, persistent, and powerful plea for the exercise of kindness in the family and in the State.

In *German, Slav, and Magyar* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net), Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson has many a bitter word for the British Government. But if, when the war is over, the British Government sees that all the things are done which Dr. Seton-Watson says ought to be done, the past will be forgiven and forgotten. The book is in two parts, one dealing with Austria-Hungary and the Southern Slavs, the other with the Pan-German Plan. There is the confidence and strength of knowledge on every page.

But what are the demands? They are six in number: '(1) Poland, freed from its long bondage and reunited as a State of over 20 million inhabitants on terms of close union with Russia, will be able to develop still further her great natural riches, and to reconstruct her social system on the lines of Western democracy. (2) Bohemia, who has been the vanguard of the struggle against Germanization for eight centuries, and has proved herself the most modern, the best organized and educated, and the most virile and persistent of all the Slav races, will, as an independent State possess-

ing natural frontiers, strong and self-supporting industries, and keen national consciousness, become one of the greatest assets in the struggle against Pan-Germanism. (3) The small and land-locked Serbia of the past will be transformed into a strong and united Southern Slav State upon the eastern shore of the Adriatic, no longer seething with unrest as the result of Magyar misrule in Croatia and Austrian economic tariffs, but free at last to develop a national life which has resisted five centuries of Turkish oppression. As a second line behind these three Slavonic States we should aim at creating (4) independent Hungary, stripped of its oppressed nationalities and reduced to its true Magyar kernel, but for that very reason emancipated from the corrupt oligarchy which has hitherto controlled its destinies, and thus enabled to develop as a prosperous and progressive peasant State; and (5) Greater Roumania, consisting of the present kingdom, augmented by the Roumanian districts of Hungary, Bukovina, and Bessarabia. Behind these, again, would stand Greece and Bulgaria as national States, the latter purged of her evil desire to exercise hegemony over the Peninsula. (6) Finally, Russia would control Constantinople and the Straits, thus restoring the Cross to its true place upon the Golden Horn, and at the same time satisfy that longing and need for an access to the open sea which has underlain Russian policy for at least two centuries. As a free port for all comers, Constantinople could only gain by a Russian protectorate, and the special rights of Roumania in the Black Sea and the Straits would receive the fullest recognition.'

The Covenant-Conception in the First Epistle of John.

By Professor the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, D.Sc., D.D., New College, Edinburgh.

It has long since been recognized that the thought of the Fourth Gospel is steeped in the religion of the Old Testament. I assume in the present paper that the same mind stands behind the Fourth Gospel and the First Epistle of John, and I shall attempt to show that at a crucial point the influence of the Old Testament has a dominant place within the briefer compass of the Epistle.

The conception of the Covenant embodies one of the profoundest ideas of the Old Testament. It expresses the conviction, born of some far-reaching religious experience on the individual or the national scale, that God has been graciously pleased to enter into intimate relation with men in order to fit them for being His people. One has only to recall the mention, on the one hand, of a 'covenant' made with individuals like Abraham (Gn 15^{18} $17^{1ff.}$) and David (2 S 23^{5}), on the other, of the national 'covenant' associated with the law-giving at Sinai (Ex 24^{8}), to realize that the idea emerges from some spiritual crisis in which the Divine operation as a disclosure of mercy and condescension was overpoweringly felt. In the earlier period the impression of the initiative of a gracious God is primary. The 'arrangement' is altogether His doing. Men have no rights in the matter. But the approach of God to men involves obligations on their part, pre-eminently the obligation of obedience to One who has made them sure of His loving interest in their history. From the nature of ancient society, the covenant with the community would be paramount in its influence. As soon as the idea arose, there must have gathered around it a ritual appropriate to preserve its validity. The existence of such ritual would tend to externalize the significance of the covenant. The performance of certain stated actions would be regarded by many at least as discharging *their* obligations. And when, at a later time, the Law was looked upon as a complete exhibition of the will of God for men, the notion of a *quid pro quo*, a definite contract with a Divine and human side, was inevitably formulated.

At the Last Supper, in the most solemn circumstances of His career, Jesus used the Covenant-conception to represent the new order established by His redeeming love. Here as elsewhere, He seems to have particularly in view the profoundly spiritual interpretation of Hebrew religion given by great prophets like Jeremiah and Deutero-Isaiah. Quite probably He may have emphasized Jeremiah's forecast of the 'new covenant' in the instruction of His disciples. In any case the use He made of it in His closing hours must have

stamped its significance upon the consciousness of the primitive Church. So that we are not surprised to find the Christian dispensation described both by Paul (2 Co 3^6) and the writer to the Hebrews (9^{15}) as the 'new covenant.'

But the fundamental ideas of the Covenant may be discerned even where there is no employment of the term. Indeed, a comparison with parallel phenomena in the New Testament suggests that more or less incidental allusions reveal a wider range of influence than explicit references. I venture to think that such hints present themselves in this Epistle, and illuminate important elements in its writer's thought.

In the Old Testament, the conception of the Covenant was bound up with that of the religious community. Hence it becomes inherently probable that when this conception is developed in early Christianity, the covenant-idea will also find expression, the new situation involving large modifications of the earlier representation. A prominent feature of the opening paragraphs of the First Epistle of John is the stress laid by the author on *κοινωνία*, 'fellowship.' I cannot attempt to discuss the various problems suggested by this rich and difficult term. But a consideration of $1^{3.\ 6.\ 7}$ enables us without difficulty to determine its meaning for this writer. 'What we have seen and heard,' he declares, 'we announce also to you, that you on your part may have fellowship with us, and this fellowship of ours is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. . . . If we say that we have fellowship with him [God] and walk in darkness, we lie and do not practise the truth; but if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another.' These passages plainly presuppose the existence and value of the Christian community. The proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ creates a society, whose bond is communion with the Father and the Son. This society stands prominently before the writer's mind throughout the Epistle. In $2^{12\text{-}14}$, its constituent elements are directly addressed, first, in general, as 'children,' whom the author can appeal to as their spiritual guide, then, in two main groups, as 'fathers' and 'young men.' It is further ($2^{18\text{-}20}$) set in sharp contrast with those whom the writer calls 'antichrists,' a term of stern condemnation applied to persons who had once associated themselves with it and afterwards withdrawn. They are regarded as 'antichrists' because they deny that Jesus is the Messiah (2^{22}): the loyal members of the Christian community have been anointed by the Holy One, and possess the true knowledge (2^{20}). The supreme criterion of the Christianity of the individual is his attitude towards the community: 'We know that we have crossed from death to life because we love the brotherhood' (3^{14}, Moffatt). An uncompromising distinction is drawn between those within and those without the society: 'They belong to the world, therefore they speak as inspired by the world, and the world listens to them: we belong to God—he who knows God listens to us, he who does not belong to God does not listen to us' (4^5, Moffatt: cf. 5^{19}).

This dominant idea of a society constituted by fellowship with God in Christ at once calls up the Covenant-conception of the Old Testament. Here is the realization of the ideal of the Hebrew community. Yet, in view of these data alone, we might hesitate to say that the Covenant-conception was influential for the mind of the writer. But the evidence bears on the point more directly. Let us complete a passage which has been partially quoted: 'If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship with one another, *and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanses us from every sin*' (1^7). Unquestionably the clause italicized comes in as a surprise. And it is not convincing, as an explanation of the connexion, to be told as, *e.g.*, Haupt tells us, that 'the light is the sphere in which Divine life rules, *i.e.*, on earth the kingdom of God, the community of which Christ is the Head. But if this community is founded only through the death of Christ, if its life, that is to say, has its existence and basis in the blood of Christ, then the man who *ἐν φωτὶ περιπατεῖ* comes thereby into direct contact with this blood, and when the light influences him, that means that the blood of Christ exercises its activity, *i.e.*, cleanses him from sin' (*Der erste Brief d. Johannes*, p. 38). It may be possible to arrive at such a concatenation of thought on the ground of the author's general standpoint, but it certainly involves the supplying of a number of connecting links of which the passage itself does not afford a hint. But it is far simpler to explain the connexion by means of the covenant-idea. The cleansing of which he speaks is carried on within the Christian society. It is a cleansing not 'from all sin,' as our version translates it, but 'from every sin,' from individual

transgressions which stain the soul and interrupt its fellowship with God: which thus weaken the spiritual life of the community, but do not necessarily break it up, because they may be repented of. Surely we are at once reminded of the situation depicted and provided for in the Pentateuch. The Covenant was reduced to a dead letter if the people proved disloyal to God through their disobedience. To meet the case, the sin-offering of the Day of Atonement was prescribed. This offering atoned for the guilt of members of the sacred community, cleansed them from that impurity which would make it sacrilege to approach the Holy One. It is noteworthy that the term *καθαρίζειν*, used here and repeatedly in Hebrews to denote this purifying of the consecrated community, is regularly employed in the LXX to translate טָהֵר, the technical ritual term for cleansing the Old Testament congregation by the sin-offering of the Day of Atonement (*e.g.*, Lv 16^{30}). Here is the clue to the writer's grouping of ideas. The New Covenant has a sacrifice which continually avails for the sins of those who are under it, that corresponds to the atoning sacrifice of Old Testament ritual. This offering the writer designates 'the blood of Jesus his Son.' The description of Jesus as 'his Son' suggests the infinite value of the sacrifice.

But if we should hesitate to adopt this interpretation, all doubt is removed by $2^{1.2}$: 'If any one sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; he is himself the propitiation for our sins, though not for ours alone but also for the whole world' (partly Moff.). Here again we are moving among the terms of the ritual for the Day of Atonement. Jesus is represented as the ἱλασμός, a word used more than once in the LXX (*e.g.*, Lv 25^{9}, Nu 5^{8}) to translate כִּפֻּרִים, which belongs to the very heart of the covenant-ceremonial. Only, the writer rises to the larger Christian vision of an atonement 'for the whole world,' thereby reminding his readers of the limitations of the earlier order. The covenant-reference is confirmed by the statement which follows: 'This is how we may be sure that we know him, by obeying his commands' (2^{3}, Moffatt). In Ex 24^{7}, which describes the inauguration of the old covenant, the people pledge themselves to it in the words, 'All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient.' Our author seeks to impress upon his readers that under the new covenant also obedience is indispensable for its maintenance.

In this connexion, however, it ought to be observed that Old Testament thought concerning the covenant always presupposes the fidelity of God. Indeed that constitutes the basis of all that is meant by this relationship. And even after their disloyalty has robbed the covenant of its real significance, the members of the community are still ready to confide in the Divine faithfulness. It is this confidence which lies behind the inspiring vista of the Messianic Hope. Hence, in a context pervaded by the covenant-conception, the author emphasizes this aspect of the attitude of God. 'If we confess our sins,' he writes, 'he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from every form of unrighteousness' (1^{9}). Under the new covenant as under the old, the fidelity of God is the impregnable rock on which the penitent can take his stand.

Towards the close of the Epistle, the idea of the Covenant asserts itself once more. The writer has been urging upon his readers the efficacy of submissive prayer ($5^{14.15}$), and then he proceeds: 'If a man see his brother committing a sin which does not lead to death, he shall ask, and he will give him life, that is, in the case of those whose sin does not lead to death. There is a sin which leads to death. Not regarding that do I mean him to pray' (5^{16}). Westcott justly interprets 'death' in this passage as 'final exclusion from the Divine society' (*ad loc.*). That is the opposite of 'life,' the Johannine term which sums up all the blessings of salvation. By far the most illuminating New Testament parallel is He 10^{26-29}: 'For if we sin deliberately after receiving the knowledge of the truth, there is no longer any sacrifice for sin left, nothing but an awful outlook of doom, of that burning wrath which will consume the foes of God. Any one who has rejected the law of Moses dies without mercy, on the evidence of two or of three witnesses. How much heavier, do you suppose, will be the punishment assigned to him who has spurned the Son of God, who has profaned the covenant-blood with which he was sanctified, who has insulted the Spirit of grace?' (Moffatt). In this passage spurning the Son of God is identified with profaning the blood of the covenant, and the sin is plainly that of apostasy. There can be little doubt that the same sin is hinted at in the enig-

matic words of our Epistle. The solemn warning of Hebrews and the verse before us recall Jesus' description of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit as a sin which shall not be forgiven (Mk $3^{28.29}$). But the ultimate background of both statements is to be found in the Old Testament, within the sphere of covenant-ideas. In Nu 15^{22-29} provision is made for an atonement in the case of those who have sinned 'in error.' Such sins necessarily interrupt the covenant-relationship, but the atoning sacrifice procures the Divine forgiveness, and thus the maintenance of the relationship. 'But the soul that doeth aught with an high hand . . . the same blasphemeth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people' (Nu 15^{30}). Here we have the Johannine application of this Old Testament idea. The presumptuous sin *par excellence* within the Christian community is denial of the Son of God. Under the new covenant also the penalty is 'exclusion from the Divine society.' That exclusion is final, and is therefore equivalent to death in its largest significance.

In the Study.

The Seven Words.

I.

Christ the Intercessor.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' —Lk 23^{34}.

Behold the scene! The Cross is laid on the ground. Our Blessed Lord is stretched upon it, His arms are extended, and the cruel nails are driven first through His hands and then through His feet. It was probably whilst this torture was being inflicted that the first word was spoken, and unlike the other words it was repeated again and again, for the Greek word (ἔλεγε) which is translated 'said' is in the imperfect tense, and signifies 'He kept on saying.' As the cruel blows of the hammer drove the nails through the tender flesh and muscles, He kept on saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

The Cross was lifted up from the ground and dropped into the hole prepared to receive it, terribly increasing our Lord's suffering; but He went on with His prayer, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

All sin was gathered round Him there: the envy and jealousy of the priests, the moral cowardice of Pilate, the callous cruelty of the executioners, the brutal and heartless curiosity of the mob. Our Lord, as He looked down upon the upturned faces, read in them as in hideous characters every sort of sin.

What could He do? For three years He had gone from one end of the land to the other on missions of love, preaching to sinners; but He could do that no longer, for His feet were nailed to the Cross. For three years He had done works of love, laying His hands in healing and blessing on their sick; but His hands were nailed to the Cross, so that now He could do that no longer.

There is one thing left; His tongue is still free, He can pray for them.

¶ Jean Paul Richter says this mode of death includes all that death can have that is horrible and ghastly; dizziness, cramp, thirst, tetanus, starvation, sleeplessness, fever, publicity of shame, mortification of untended wounds, all intensified just up to that point at which they can be endured, but stopping short for long weary hours of the point which gives to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. Now, mark the first evidence of 'the mind of Christ.' The cruel custom of binding up the mouth of malefactors, that they should not inflame the populace with declamations from the cross, was omitted in His case. He will speak. What will He say? He has been hanging there three hours crucified by those He made (Jn 1^{3}). Surely there will come now some word of tremendous malediction. Listen! Turning His weary eyes up to Heaven, He says, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'[1]

¶ We see Him, our High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, taken from among men. As in the old sacrifice no angel went into the Holy Place, no angel put on the long white garment, no angel wore the breastplate, but a man taken from among men, so too our High Priest is One that is taken from among men, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who is in all points tempted like as we are. He is lifted up, the Priest and the Sacrifice and the Offering, and He makes intercession for the transgressors. 'Father, forgive them.' He asks for forgiveness for the transgressors —that is what the transgressors want. He makes intercession for the transgressors. What the high priest did of old

[1] B. Wilberforce, *The Power that Worketh in Us*, 130.

in the Highest Place, who sprinkled all the vessels with blood, He, having sprinkled His murderers and those that executed Him with blood, makes intercession for the people.[1]

II.

For whom was this Intercession made?

1. First—it was made for His actual immediate murderers, the Roman soldiers, and for the imperial people of Rome generally, whom they represented. They knew not what they did. As St. Paul afterwards said (1 Co 2^8), 'None of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.' 'So foolish were they and ignorant, even as beasts before thee.' The gracious tender Saviour of men interceded for their sin of ignorance.

2. Again, it was offered for the Jewish people, who had impiously imprecated His blood on themselves and their children. Now we know they had space to repent for forty years before the destruction of Jerusalem. We know too how, in the past, many came to drink in faith the blood which they had shed when 'they knew not what they did.' And we know, for the future, that God has not cast them utterly away, for 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.' How many thousands of these people from the Day of Pentecost onwards were the fruit of that prayer, the great Day will reveal.

3. It was offered for the multitude 'that came together to that sight'; and St. Luke tells us the result—'beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.' And may we not trust that it was offered even for the Priests and Scribes and such Pharisees (like Saul of Tarsus) as were not hypocrites, for, in Ac 6^7, St. Luke tells us that at the time of the ordination of Deacons a great company of the Priests were obedient to the Faith.

4. Lastly, all sinners come under conditions within the compass of this Intercession. For we must connect the Saviour's word with the Saviour's act: both have a universal and an eternal significance. As He is dying, a sacrifice for the sins of the world, so He is pleading for the forgiveness of the sins of the whole human race. The word is said at the beginning of the last act in our Saviour's suffering life. He has endured many gross insults and outrages which by their sinfulness might have brought down God's vengeance. This is the crowning act; after it there is nothing more that man can do, or the Saviour suffer. And so now the one oblation for the sins of the whole world is being offered, the atonement is being made. The Priest pleads in word the sacrifice of Himself which He is offering in deed. Father (He seems to say), accept this sacrifice of Myself, forgive the sins, for which I am now dying. He is pleading that His blood may not be upon us for our destruction. He is pleading that this great sin—the sin, not of individuals merely, or of a nation and generation, but of the whole human race of all time, may not have death as its wages. Yes, and He is doing infinitely more than that: He is pleading that the blood of His willing sacrifice may be upon us, one and all, for our cleansing and redemption. John the Baptist had a few years before looked on Jesus as He was walking, and had said to his disciples, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Our Lord in His first prayer seems to repeat John the Baptist's word. He speaks to His Father in heaven, and says, Behold the Lamb of God, the sacrifice for all. Look upon it, O Father, and forgive man.

¶ Jesus prayed in anticipation for all those who still crucify Him. This petition is so exceeding broad as to cover the entire area of fallen humanity. The sins that murdered Christ were ignorance and selfishness, envy and pride, the fear of man and the love of money; and one or more of these sins is in every human soul. All of us are doing every day what makes us need an interest in the Redeemer's dying prayer.[2]

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the weapon bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.

[1] *Father Stanton's Last Sermons in S. Alban's, Holborn*, 144.

[2] C. Jerdan, *For the Lord's Table*, 188.

III.

The Plea.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' What a world of tenderness and compassion it opens out! No thought of anger or impatience; no thought of bitterness, least of all of revenge; no pleasure in the knowledge that a punishment was in store for all this cruelty and malice; only a prayer that they might be forgiven—an excuse for them that they knew not what they did: they did not know the wickedness and ingratitude of their cruelty.

1. It is wilful, deliberate, conscious transgression for the forgiveness of which the Crucified Saviour pleads. The soldiers, Pilate, the Jews, the sons of men—all are responsible, all have disobeyed conscience, all have wilfully trifled with their souls. The soldiers make their game of an unoffending prisoner. Pilate condemns a man whom he knows to be innocent. The Jews have rejected the Holy One. But none of the actors in that great tragedy—save only, as it would seem, Judas the son of Simon, of whom the Master said, 'It had been good for that man if he had not been born'—had made evil his good and thus crucified the Son of God. All were betrayed, seduced, deceived into sin—the soldier by his love of brutal sport, the governor by his fear of the people, the Jew by his lust of worldly power—of all it was true that they knew not what they did.

Their ignorance did not arise from want of education. Christ's most active enemies, the men through whose agency He was condemned and crucified, were among the most learned of the age. Nor did it arise from their lack of knowledge of Him as the Son of God. In the Saviour's life He Himself, His Father, the Angels, His forerunner John, His mighty works and words, all testified of Him. That they rejected their testimony proved a want, not of knowledge, but of understanding. It was an ignorance of the heart, rather than of the intellect. It was the ignorance of the spirit, rather than the mere details of the events of His life and death. Herein lies the revelation of man's true state. The ignorance of man today, whereby he crucifies afresh unto himself the Lord of Glory, is an ignorance of spirit which can be overcome only by a great spiritual awakening.

¶ The prayer, 'Forgive them,' is the finest blossom of Christ's own teaching, what makes forgiveness of enemies a reality to all time and a possibility for every man. It was the creation of a new thing in the world—love deeply wronged daring to love, unashamed, in the face of the enormity that wronged it; and the new was to be a creative thing, making the apotheosis of revenge for ever impossible. But the miracle of tenderness is the reason—'they know not what they do.' Passion is blind, hate sees only the way to gratification, not whither it tends or what it means. Christ does not extenuate the ignorance, but He allows the ignorance to lighten the sin. It does not cease to be a sin because done in ignorance,—the very ignorance is sin—but Christ wishes, as it were, that everything personal to Himself should perish from the Divine view of their act. The prayer may be said to embody the feeling of God as He looks down upon man, sinning in fancied strength, heedless that Omnipotence lives, Omniscience watches, and Righteousness rules, just as in the crowd about the Cross we see man, untouched by the wondrous Divine pity, going on his mocking way, vengeful to the bitter end.[1]

2. But is ignorance itself guiltless? If ignorance quite obliterates the guilt of sin, and if the sinner can always say boldly, 'I knew not'—then there would have been no need for this intercession of the Mediator. But, at the same time, if ignorance did not mitigate guilt, He never would have used the plea. 'Ignorance,' says an old writer, 'does not *deserve*, but often *finds* pardon.'

Ignorance gives no man a claim on God; ignorance is not our Foundation; ignorance is not that which taketh away the sin of the world; we are not to say, 'Being justified by ignorance, we have peace with God.' Ignorance is the name of that false pilgrim the sight of whose fate at last made the Seer exclaim, 'I saw that there was a way to hell from the gates of heaven'; ignorance is not innocence, it is often a sin; and one sin is no salvation from another. 'We must account at the day of judgment,' says Matthew Henry, 'not only for the knowledge we had, and used not, but for the knowledge we might have had, and would not.' Could not the Holy One have summoned the crucifiers to His bar for this very ignorance of Him? Theirs was ignorance in the land of revelation; ignorance owing to shut eyes; ignorance which, in the moment of His prayer, was doing despite to the spirit of His grace, and flinging out in a rage all the hateful venom of fallen souls.

Sins of ignorance are yet sins, if knowledge was within our reach. The neglect of the poor who lie at our gates, complicity in unjust treatment of the workers who supply the luxuries which many of us

[1] Samuel Cox.

enjoy, carelessness to inform ourselves as to the opportunities of work and prayer which life presents to each of us—these may all spring from ignorance, but yet are they sins of ignorance, for we might have known. They are sins, and need God's forgiveness and the grace of Christ for amendment; they are among the sins which He bore on the Cross.

¶ The intention does not alter the act, but it qualifies the guilt. *Ohne Wissen*, says the German proverb, *ohne Sünde*, 'Where there is no knowledge, there is no sin.'

The rule holds in the affairs of common life. You remember, for example, how Shakespeare's King Henry v. explored the camp at Agincourt *incognito* in the darkness, and the soldier Williams hectored him and picked a quarrel with him, and took his glove for a gage and wore it in his bonnet. By and by came the *éclaircissement*, and Williams was charged with treason. 'All offences, my lord,' he pleaded, 'come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. . . . Your majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.' 'Here,' cried the king,

> 'fill this glove with crowns,
> And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
> And wear it for an honour in thy cap.'[1]

IV.

The Teaching of the Prayer.

1. We are here taught, in the first place, the simple and primary duty of forgiveness of injuries.

That sweet lesson of forgiveness we need. It seems to be quite lost sight of that our Lord is almost more exacting, if that were possible, in relation to forgiveness than in relation to purity. Few of us, perhaps, have really very much to forgive. An unkind letter, an implied taunt, a social slight, some worry, real or fancied, about money—that is generally all *we* have to pardon. We should ponder what possibilities of forgiveness there are in the Christian life from the first word of the dying Lord. All is included in St. Paul's loving exhortation—'forgiving one another, even as God in Christ forgave you.'

¶ In Cologne Cathedral is the tomb of Archbishop Engelbert. When first I saw it, I stood by it, unable to tear myself away. The figure of the Archbishop is beautifully sculptured, lying on the tomb. Of the angelic beauty of that face no words of mine can give an idea. Nothing of classic sculpture comes up to it. The old Greeks carved beautiful faces of well-proportioned features, but in this face there is more than beautiful proportions, a soul pure as that of an angel, a heart burning in its Christian love seems to have moulded and illumined and sanctified the human face. It is the face of an angel that looks on God. Well!—this Archbishop Engelbert was cruelly murdered by a robber knight, in 1225. He died like his Master, praying for his murderers, in his Master's words, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'[2]

2. Christ Himself had said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And yet this was greater; for He laid down His life for His *enemies*, for those who murdered Him. His love was so great that not even the horrid crime they committed could kill it. He looked around upon the faces of the mob—faces stamped with the marks of every crime, some distorted with envy, hatred, and anger; others bearing upon them traces of sensuality, cruelty, and violence. He saw around Him faces upon which were imprinted every crime which can defile the soul. Still He loved them; and why?—Because they were men, made in the image of God; and beneath that horrible overlying surface of sin He saw the piece of silver stamped with God's image, worthy of God's love—the human soul.

From this first word of our Lord, then, we learn the supreme virtue of supernatural love: that we are to love people not merely because they love us, or because they are lovable; but because God loves them, because they are creatures of His hand; because under the unattractive exterior there is a soul for which Jesus died; and because we cannot love God without loving our neighbour. If we have this love we shall forgive those who have wronged us, and pray that God may forgive them and bring them to possess that light and love which in His mercy He has vouchsafed to us.

We shall pray, as we think on the Saviour's prayer of forgiveness, first, for a forgiving heart, and then for grace to enlighten that darkness of ignorance which is the root of sin. We shall pray, and in the order which the Litany teaches us to pray, first, 'That it may please God to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts'; and then, 'That it may please Him to give *us* true repentance; to forgive us all our

[1] D. Smith, *Christian Counsel*, 165.

[2] S. Baring-Gould.

sins, negligences and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of His Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to His Holy Word.'

¶ There are few grander stories in history than the tale of Fra Giovanni Gualberto. He was a cavalier of Florence. His brother had been put to death in a duel by an enemy, and in accordance with the custom of the time it became his duty to avenge his brother's death. All his mind was given to tracking out the slayer of his brother that he might slay him in turn. For some time he sought for him in vain, until at last, one Good Friday morning, as he was riding up a hill opposite Florence, at a turn in the road he suddenly came face to face with the man whom he had so long been seeking. He leapt from his horse and drew his sword. His enemy, being entirely unarmed, could only fall on his knees and extend his hands and implore pardon. Gualberto raised his sword above the head of his foe, and as he did so he saw a crucifix set up to mark the road for pilgrims to the church. As his eye caught the figure on the cross he was struck with the likeness between it and the man who knelt with outstretched arms before him. He paused, drew back his sword for a moment, and, gazing still on the crucifix, he seemed to see the figure on the cross bow His head towards him. He caught the meaning of the lesson and sheathed his sword, and flung his arms around his enemy's neck and pardoned him. They swore eternal friendship, and there and then agreed to withdraw from the world with all its malice and hatred, with all its ungodliness and untruth. They withdrew from the world, and founded the great monastery of Vallombrosa.[1]

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[1] Mandell Creighton.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

October.

A TIME OF HOPE.

'Rejoicing in hope.'—Ro 12[12].

I should like to take you with me one of these October afternoons to a field in a certain parish in Scotland where I feel sure you would see potato-gatherers busy. That field is associated in my mind with a very interesting memory. Long, long ago I stood in it and watched two women at work lifting potatoes. A boy was helping. He had been given an afternoon off from school for this special purpose.

The two women had thin brown arms. They wore the common colourless dress of outworkers, but one had a red napkin tied round her head, and the face of the other was hidden by an old print sunbonnet. I was very young at the time; they did not seem to mind my standing beside them, and they went on talking just as if I had not been there.

Three or four boys came along the road which ran past the field, and shouted to their potato-gathering companion. He looked up at his mother without speaking. 'Surely gang, laddie,' she said. 'Jamie's a clever laddie,' she said to her companion, as she stood watching him disappear. 'I couldna' keep him back. . . . There he is up the maple tree, the rascal!' She looked proudly to a field on the other side of the road. 'He's first of them all. . . . He got the prize for singing sol-fa, just the other day. "Mother," he said to me last night, "the maister says that I'm to get on

to be a pupil teacher, so this week I'll ha'e gathered my last tattie. Four ither tattie liftins, an' I'll be settin' out to the college. Then I'll buy ye a silk gown. Ye would like that, wouldn't ye, mother?"' So she rambled on, although her companion gave no response. There was hope in that autumn field; and there was love. People who have been brought up amongst country folk know the love they have in their lives, and how they can hope even when things look pretty black.

I have spoken to you more than once of the great French artist Millet. He was the son of a French peasant, and he loved to go to the fields for picture subjects. 'The Gleaners,' 'The Potato-Planters,' and 'The Angelus' are the names of three of his well-known pictures. The peasant women he paints may look tired, but somehow I always imagine them talking to each other about beautiful things; a little about their Sunday dresses, perhaps, and a great deal about love.

Then I feel sure that occasionally their conversation would be about religion. How could they help it? In Millet's 'Angelus' there are only two figures—a man and a woman. It is twilight. Like most working people, at the end of the day, they are healthily tired. They have been bending their backs to field labour. But in the picture the man stands with bared head and solemn mien: the woman reverently—as if in prayer—beside him. They have heard the Angelus calling them to pray to their Father in heaven. Some of us can remember a time when the older people used to speak to their young friends about having 'the blessed hope.' Millet's field workers had it. Sometime, when you boys and girls have a little money to spare, you should buy a small copy of Millet's 'Angelus' to keep as your very own. It will do you good to look at it.

I am reminded of another picture I saw not very long ago. It was called 'Potato-Gatherers.' But, as I dare say some of you bigger boys and girls know, there are artists who think more of colour than of putting any meaning into their pictures. The one who painted the potato-gatherers would, I know, have despised preaching a sermon. Yet he did it. The autumn air seemed to be full of leaves fluttering to earth. But there were birds, and they looked as if they were singing ones. The light was too fresh, and the sky too bright for sadness. Through the thin foliage of the trees a brown field could be seen. On it two horses drew a plough. Wasn't the painter unconsciously preaching that Autumn is a time for preparation as well as hope; not only for ingathering but for ploughing?

Go, chilly autumn,
Come, O winter cold;
Let the green stalks die away
Into common mould.

Birth follows hard on death,
Life on withering;
Hasten, we will come the sooner
Back to pleasant spring.[1]

You are back to school. Your holidays are a thing of the past. You enjoyed them, I know. Even when father and mother were sad, you felt that it was good to live. But those holidays were preparation for the school year that is before you. Autumn should be full of the best kind of hope in a boy's or a girl's life. What is in your mind? Like Jim, the potato-gatherer, think of October as a month when you ought to take big steps forward.

Did you ever hear your father or your mother speak of the Autumn of a person's days? That is old age. A famous poet wrote a very fine poem on this subject. He makes an old Rabbi speak and tell what he thinks of the Autumn of life. Listen to the first verse:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'

If you grow up to be good men and women, you will be able to be full of hope all your days. But you need God's help to keep good even in the playground. The whole verse from which your text is taken, says, 'Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.' *Continuing instant in prayer.* That means praying always. Don't forget.

II.

Nettles.

'Nettles.'—Pr 24^{31}.

I think everybody, even the tiniest body here, will be able to remember the text to-day—first

[1] Christina Rossetti.

because it is only one word long, and second because if you have ever met it and shaken hands with it you won't have been able to forget it. Now I wonder what the text is? Well, if you turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Proverbs and look at the thirty-first verse, about the middle of the verse you will find it. Now can you guess? Yes, the word is 'nettles.' We are going to take 'nettles' as our text to-day.

If you look at this verse and the one before it you will see that the writer is describing the field or vineyard of the lazy man. And I'm afraid that field was a very sad sight. The wall was all broken down in places and the ground was covered with weeds. Thorns choked the corn and the poor vines couldn't get room to breathe for nettles. If you have a garden of your own I hope it isn't a copy of the field of the lazy man, because I'm afraid you won't be able to grow very many flowers in it if it is.

Now, I think hardly anybody has a good thing to say about the nettle. We call it 'that nasty nettle' or 'that horrid nettle.' When we see one we carefully avoid it, and if we don't see it—well, it soon lets us know where it is! Hardly anybody has a good word for the nettle, but before we have done with it to-day I hope you will think it isn't quite such a bad sort after all.

We are going to begin with its faults first, and of course its biggest fault is its sting. How does the nettle sting? If you look at it you will see that the leaves and the stem are covered over with fine hairs. These hairs are hollow, and at the place where they are joined to the nettle there is a little pocket filled with poison. The points of the hairs are sharp and hooked. When we touch the nettle lightly these sharp points prick our skin, then the poison flows down the hairs, gets in under our skin and forms those white blisters which are so painful. But now comes the interesting part. Why do you think the nettle has those poisonous hairs? It isn't just to annoy you when you go picking wild flowers. No, it wears them for very much the same reason as the bee and the wasp carry their stings—just to protect it. If it were not for the sting the nettle would be eaten up by rabbits and other animals, but these creatures have learned to avoid a plant that blisters their tongue and their lips, and so the nettle goes on its way flourishing.

Now there are some people very like nettles. They have sharp, stinging tongues and they say things that hurt and rankle and make their friends feel sore for long after. Well, I hope there aren't any of those people here, but if there are, I want to say to them that there is just one thing they must do. You know if you want a nettle not to sting you, you must grasp it firmly, and if we want our tongues not to sting we must keep tight hold of them too. It will be hard work sometimes, because if we've got that kind of tongue, it often stings in spite of us, but if we have Jesus on our side holding hard too we are bound to win in the end.

But now I want to say something nice about the nettle, because nettles have their uses like everything else. Some people make very good, nourishing soup out of them and others use them as a vegetable which tastes not at all unlike spinach. But that was not the use I was really thinking of. It was something much more wonderful. Do you know that the nettle is a sort of protector of other plants. Shall I tell you how?

Have you ever seen a plant called a dead nettle? It has a white flower and it generally grows among the stinging nettles. Perhaps you mistook it for an ordinary nettle, and if it was not in flower, that was not surprising, for the dead nettle has made itself look so very like the stinging nettle that it is difficult to distinguish them. The only difference between them when they are not in flower is that the leaves of the dead nettle are a little lighter in colour, and that the stem of the dead nettle is square while that of the stinging nettle is rounded.

The dead nettle has no sting and it is really quite a different plant from the stinging nettle, but why do you think it pretends to be like it? Just to protect itself from being eaten by animals. When a rabbit comes along he says to himself, 'Oh, there's one of those horrid stinging things. Catch me touching it! No, no, I know one better than that.' So off he hops to the nearest clump of clover little knowing what a treat he has missed.

Do you see how the stinging nettle protects other plants? It takes all the blame so that they may go scot free. Don't you think that is rather a decent sort of thing to do? I'm afraid none of us are very ready to take the blame for other people; sometimes we aren't even ready to take the blame for our own foolishness or wickedness. But I think it's a fine sign when a boy will stand up and take the punishment for another rather than get him into a row.

And I think the nettle in this way is very like Jesus Christ. He took the blame for us. He stood between us and the consequences of our sins. But there is one difference, and it is a very big one. The nettle is at fault itself—it has a cruel sting, and it is taking the blame for its own faults as well. But Jesus was utterly blameless. He did no sin, and yet He took the whole burden of our sin upon Him so that we might go free. I want you to understand and remember that always—Jesus took the blame for us. We can never, never repay Him for that, because it is so big a debt that nobody could ever pay back the thousandth part of it. But there is one thing we can do, and it is the thing He wants most of all. We can love Him, and in loving we can serve Him all the days of our life.

Point and Illustration.

From the War.

The Rev. J. E. Compton has kept beside him the good stories and other illustrations of Scripture texts which the newspapers of the last two years have contained, and now he publishes a selection of them in *True Illustrations from the War* (Allenson; 1s. net). How shall a selection be made from so good a selection?

I.

A Man who lost his Nerve.

Mark xiv. 66–72.—Peter's denial.

Acts iv. 13.—'Now when they saw the boldness of Peter. . . .'

The true story of a soldier who was afraid, yet afterwards proved himself to be a hero, was related yesterday by Professor J. H. Morgan in a lecture at University College, London, on his experience with the British Expeditionary Force.

A sergeant in the Expeditionary Force, the lecturer said, 'lost his nerve and ran away. He was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. But in the interval between the sentence and its confirmation the famous attempt of the Prussian Guard to break through our line was made, and every available man was rushed up in support of the British. They included the prisoner's guard, and the prisoner, of course, followed suit.

'He had recovered his nerve, and not only fought well, but performed an act which in ordinary circumstances would certainly have brought him a medal for gallant conduct, and probably the V.C. As a result the man's sentence was quashed, the record expunged, and he got back his stripes and an absolutely clean record.

'That sergeant,' added Professor Morgan, 'was responsible for an Act of Parliament, for it occurred to the authorities that if there was one such case there might be others. The result was that the Attorney-General rushed through the House a special Act applying to court-martial the principle of the First Offenders (Probation) Act.'

II.

'How tender Brave Men are!'

Romans xv. 1.—'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities ("bear with the weaknesses," Weymouth's trans.) of the weak, and not to please ourselves.'

I will tell you a very beautiful story which I heard this morning from a great surgeon going his rounds of the hospital. It is a story which helps one to understand the British soldier.

A certain officer who had taken part in the storming of Hill 60, and who lay for thirteen hours on the ground grievously wounded, was brought eventually to this London hospital, and was visited by my friend the surgeon. The surgeon asked him, 'How did you feel, now, lying there unattended for thirteen hours?' The officer replied, 'I'm ashamed to tell you. I behaved very badly. I groaned for hours.' Then his eyes shone, and he said, 'I felt so ashamed that I apologized to the wounded Tommies near enough to hear me. And do you know what they said to me? They said, "You go on groaning, sir; it eases you; never mind us; you were not brought up hard as we were; we know that; it's easier for us to bear pain than what it is for you." And that wasn't all. Do you know, some of those splendid fellows crawled up to me in the darkness on their hands and knees, in spite of their wounds, they did really, and—well, they kissed me.'

The surgeon looked at me as he finished. 'How tender brave men are!' he said gently; and added, 'You remember, Nelson asked Hardy to kiss him.'

Conscience.

Mr. Claud Field has compiled an Anthology on Conscience and called it *The Dweller in the Innermost* (Headley; 2s. net). He has called it so after Watts' great picture with that title. The picture is reproduced together with the explanation of Mrs. Watts: 'From the mysterious depths of the heart of nations and of men, a voice has ever cried out against things evil. This picture is a vision of that inward protest, a steady celestial light is on the forehead—the eyes pierce through the many shams to the truth of things. One day with no uncertain sound the trumpet will proclaim them.'

The book is introduced by Mr. Gilbert Thomas And the introduction by Mr. Gilbert Thomas on Conscience is as well worth its place in the Anthology as any quotation it contains. Here is the heart of it: 'I would say, then, that a man's conscience is entitled to liberty just so far as it inspires him to live according to a scheme of life which, if universally adopted by his fellowmen, would tend towards the stability and health of human society; and that, on the other hand, you have a perfect right to interfere with a man's so-called conscientious beliefs, if those beliefs cause him to live according to a scheme of life which, if universally adopted, would obviously tend towards the crippling and disintegration of human society.' But what if the welfare of society should demand the sacrifice of some particular nation? 'The answer should, I think, be challenging and clear. Either, as I see it, we must take a frankly materialistic view of life and deny Conscience altogether, or, recognizing its sovereignty, concede to it the liberty even of endangering the physical safety of a particular nation. It may be a hard saying, but where is the alternative?'

Enough of Mr. Thomas. Out of the Anthology itself take this from Mazzini: 'Upon a day in the sixteenth century at Rome some men bearing the title of Inquisitors were assembled to decree the immobility of the earth. A prisoner stood before them. His brow was illumined by genius. It was Galileo. The old man shook his old and venerable head. His soul revolted against the absurd violence of those who sought to constrain him to deny truths revealed to him by God. But his pristine energy was worn down by long suffering and sorrow; the monkish menace crushed him. He strove to submit. He raised his hand—he too—to declare the immobility of the earth. But as he raised his hand, he raised his weary eyes to that heaven they had searched throughout long nights to read thereon one line of universal law; they encountered a ray of that sun they so well knew, motionless amid the moving spheres. Remorse entered his soul; an involuntary cry burst from the believer's heart. "*E pur se muove!*" ("And yet it moves!").'

Silent Prayer.

One of the subjects of fresh interest and hopefulness at the moment is silent prayer. This is what the Rev. A. A. David, D.D., Headmaster of Rugby, says by way of encouragement in *Twelve Short Meditations for Intercession Services* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net).

'We have seen that words and phrases are necessary when men meet for supplication, and agree as to their petitions. We have seen that they help us by touching the imagination, by kindling faith, by opening new avenues to God.

'But it is a mistake to depend wholly on words, and to follow only when and as they lead. When we *think about* God, words cannot guide us beyond a certain point. God cannot be contained in buildings of human handiwork. "Behold, heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have built!" So also He cannot be restricted to the narrow limits of human language, or fully described by the phrases we use of one another.

'In the same way when we *think towards* God, words can guide, but they cannot carry us. Prayer is a movement of ourselves, a turning towards Him, where He is ever to be found, close by our side; a coming to Him, a breaking away from something, across some boundary; a penetrating through some separating screen; a meeting, for on the other side of it He stands. Now all these are matters of effort and impulse, and they depend not on words, but on wills.

'Let us essay these flights of the spirit, for they are essential to intercourse with God. "Come unto me," says Jesus, and we must move before we speak. But let us also remember that for every feeble step we take towards Him, He moves with a hundred times more strength and speed towards us.'

Central America.

The series entitled 'Handbooks to Ancient Civilization' is published by Mr. Lee Warner. It is a series of handsome volumes, thoroughly illustrated, and written by scholars. The volume on *Central American and West Indian Archæology* has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas A. Joyce, M.A., and it could not have been placed in more reliable hands (12s. 6d. net). Not even in America itself, with all that the Government of the United States has done and is doing to encourage the study of the ancient civilizations of the American continent, and with all the special students whom that encouragement has discovered, could an author have been found more able or more willing than Mr. Joyce to do justice to this difficult subject. The book which he has written is without doubt the best handbook to the customs of the Indians of the Centre and the West that has been published.

Mr. Joyce is a student of other students. How much of his book is 'original' we cannot tell, but certainly he has not gone in pursuit of originality. He has made himself acquainted with the work of specialists. He knows who they are, and how to use them. This for a successful handbook is as it *must* be.

For an explanation of that important word *Zemi* he goes to Mr. Fewkes. But, first of all, this is what he says himself about the healing of the sick among the Tainan: 'One of the chief functions of the priests was that of healing the sick. They were expert herbalists, and many of their remedies were of real value, but they relied for the most part upon trickery to gain the confidence of their patients. There were local variations in treatment, but the principal features were the use of tobacco and the application of massage. Sickness was regarded for the most part as due to the anger of some zemi, to whom the sufferer had, perhaps unwittingly, given offence, and who had shown his displeasure by miraculously inserting some foreign body in the anatomy of his victim. It was first necessary to ascertain the reason of the malady, and for this the patient was brought to the doctor, who endeavoured to attain a sort of physical sympathy with him by adopting the same diet and by dressing as far as possible on the same lines. Both doctor and patient were freely dosed with tobacco, and the priest during his state of ecstasy was supposed to hold converse with the zemi and ascertain the cause of the sickness. In serious cases the priest would visit the invalid, having prepared himself by blacking his face and concealing in his mouth a pebble or small bone wrapped in flesh. All children and unnecessary individuals were turned out of the hut, and strict silence was preserved. The priest purified himself by taking an emetic, prepared from a certain herb wrapped in the skin of an onion, and then seated himself in the middle of the hut with the patient, and proceeded to massage his limbs in a downward direction, as if forcing something from his body. Then pretending to hold something in his hands, he ran to the door and cast it out, exclaiming, "Begone to the mountains or the sea." Returning to the sufferer, he proceeded to suck at certain parts of his body, finally producing the object which he had concealed in his mouth, and which he triumphantly displayed as the cause of the trouble. If it were a stone, it was believed to be a charm of great value, especially serviceable in childbirth, and was kept wrapped in cotton and given portions of the owner's food, like the other household zemi.'

Who are the Zemi? Fewkes explains the word in this way:

'The name was apparently applied to gods, symbols of the deities, idols, bones or skulls of the dead, or anything supposed to have magic power. The dead or the spirits of the dead were called by the same term. The designation applied both to the magic power of the sky, the earth, the sun and the moon, as well as to the tutelary ancestors of clans. *Zemis* were represented symbolically by several objects, among which may be mentioned (1) stone or wooden images, (2) images of cotton and other fabrics enclosing bones, (3) prepared skulls, (4) masks, (5) frontal amulets, (6) pictures and decorations on the body. Of these classes the first probably represents the element of nature-worship in the native religion, the second and third the element of ancestor-worship, while the fifth and sixth may be regarded in the light of protective magic. The nature-zemi had various functions, some presided over agriculture, and of these different types promoted the fertility of different food-plants. Many of the fertility-zemi were buried in the fields, and the habit was so strong that, in the early days of the Spanish occupation of Santo Domingo, the natives stole

the images from the churches and interred them in their plantations. Others brought luck in hunting or fishing, and others again had control of the rain or of the winds. Each man had his personal zemi, and there appear to have been family zemi and tribal zemi also, the latter being kept in a hut apart which was owned by the Cacique.'

The Adventure of Death.

The Christian teacher has long taught that death is not to be dreaded. Now the medical man comes to teach the same. *The Adventure of Death*, by Robert W. Mackenna, M.A., M.D. (Murray; 3s. 6d. net), is from first to last an argument in favour of the easefulness of Great Death. It is a delightful book to read. On any subject Dr. Mackenna would write delightfully. Into this subject he pours the joy of his heart as well as the powers of his graphic pen.

He says: 'After the South African War I had many opportunities of talking the matter over with some of the men who fought through it, and I obtained ample confirmation of the opinion which I had already formed from my reading, that, in the heat of battle, the fear of death is absolutely obliterated. These men told me that the most testing time was the five minutes before the action began. Then there was tense anxiety, and a curious sense of uncertainty, sometimes accompanied by a feeling of thirst; but once the heavy guns had commenced to roar their challenge, and hurl their death-dealing shells, all fear of death was forgotten, swallowed up in the excitement of battle. Even the wounding or death of a comrade close by did not suffice to reawaken the dread of death, and some who were wounded have told me that at the moment of their injury they were unaware that they had been hurt, and did not realize that they were stricken men till they were overcome by weakness. But after the fight was over, and the din of battle had ebbed into a great and vague silence, as they lay on the veldt and longed for the arrival of the ambulance-men, worn out by loss of blood and tortured by thirst, they tasted in apprehension the bitterness of death.'

'A young Welsh officer told me quite frankly that when he first came under shell-fire he felt tempted to turn and run; but he was arrested by the thought that he must set his men a good example, and this spirit of *noblesse oblige* which has saved the honour of our Empire upon many a stricken field enabled him to steady himself and stick to his post. How this traditional spirit of the British officer reacts upon his men was made clear to me by a Gordon Highlander who was inured to battle on the retreat from Mons. He confessed to a feeling of extreme uneasiness until he noticed how calmly and collectedly the officers were going about their duties. He drew immediate encouragement from this observation, and made up his mind that, come what might, no action of his should tarnish the honour of his regiment. At a later date he received promotion for consistently brave conduct in the field, and, though many times in very dangerous situations, he assured me that no fear of death or anxiety for his personal safety ever worried him after his first baptism of fire. He was severely wounded by machine-gun fire at Neuve Chapelle, and as he lay in the "no-man's-land" between the opposing trenches he had so little thought of danger that he raised himself on his elbow to admire and applaud the magnificent charge of a territorial battalion of his regiment. His movements apparently attracted the attention of an enemy sniper, and the arm on which he had raised himself was shattered, but even then he felt no fear of death.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

IV.

Izaak Walton.

There are few books so fit for the quiet hour, few that have such power to make the hours quiet, as the little volumes that we owe to Izaak Walton. In reading them we seem as remote from the strife of tongues as at Bemerton with George Herbert, or at Little Gidding with Nicholas Ferrar. Less than two years before the first edition of *The Complete Angler* was published, the narrow streets of Worcester city were choked with the dead and dying, who fell when Cromwell won his 'crowning mercy'; yet perhaps nowhere in the whole world of books are such utter gentleness and peace to be found as in Walton's quiet page. It is rather surprising, therefore, to find so good a judge of books as Dr. George Saintsbury dismissing Walton with such curt and tepid praise. He admits, of course, his wide popularity, and the engaging character alike of the man and of his writings; but as literature he does not rate his books very high; they are, he thinks, 'neither above nor below the better work of their time in literary form.'[1] But this is a case in which, as Mr. Birrell would say, 'it does not matter a dump' what the Professors think, the fraternity of book-lovers, like the fraternity of anglers, has long ago made up its mind regarding honest Izaak, and in the hundred and sixty separate editions or issues of *The Complete Angler* which the industry of Mr. R. B. Marston has discovered,[2] it has registered a judgment from which there is no appeal. If there be such a thing as immortality for the writer of books, Izaak Walton can never die.

I.

Of Walton's life there is little to tell. Born in the same year as George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar (1593), he outlived the former by fifty, and the latter by forty-six years. Yet his long life—he died in 1683 at the age of ninety—has left but scanty material for his biographers. When he was born Elizabeth was on the throne; he lived all through the great Civil War; he saw the rise and fall of the Commonwealth, the execution of Charles and the death of Cromwell; when he died the Restoration was twenty-three years behind, the Revolution but five years ahead. But the fierce storms of the time, whose fury we can trace through the life of the century, as we trace the path of a tornado, seem to have left Walton almost wholly untouched. He made no secret of the warmth and strength of his Royalist sympathies; they find frequent voice in his books; but for the most part he was content to leave it to others to argue and scheme and fight. When the wild winds were laying low many things that he counted sacred and dear, he turned for solace to his rod and his pen, his books and his friends. Indeed, so retired and uneventful was Walton's life that his disciples to-day, in the absence of anything more exciting, are still disputing among themselves whether the shop which he kept in Fleet Street was a haberdasher's or an ironmonger's! It was probably the latter, but after all what matter which?

There are a few simple memorials which those who love Walton's memory will for his sake seek out as opportunity serves. A bust in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, recalls the place of his birth and his baptism. His shop in Fleet Street, two doors west of Chancery Lane, was long ago pulled down, but hard by is the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, where his friend John Donne was vicar, and, as a tablet on the outer wall records, himself for a time a vestryman. In the south transept of Westminster Abbey is a tablet to Isaac Casaubon, a scholar for whose rare learning Walton had a profound admiration, and scratched upon the stone may still be seen his monogram, with the date 1658. Of still greater interest is the tablet

[1] *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 441.

[2] See his excellent and cheap edition issued by the Oxford University Press, 1915.

to his second wife, in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral, the inscription of which was written by Walton himself, the original manuscript draft having been found on the fly-leaf of his Prayer-book. It runs as follows:

'Here lyeth buryed so much as could dye, of Anne, the wife of Izaak Walton, who was A woman of remarkable prudence and of the *Primitive Piety*, her great and generall knowledge being adorn'd with soe much *Christian meekness*, as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument. She dyed (Alas that she is dead!) the 17th of April 1662, Aged 52. Study to be like her.'

Walton himself is buried in the cathedral at Winchester, where a statue in the great screen witnesses to the affection of 'the Fishermen of England.' But perhaps the dearest spot of all, at least to those who 'go a-angling,' is Charles Cotton's little Fishing House—*piscatoribus sacrum*—in a bend of the Dove in Derbyshire, where two centuries and a half ago Cotton and Walton 'smoked their pipes and fried their trout, heedless of king's-man and Puritan and of all the civil strife which embroiled that unsettled period.'

But after all their pious pilgrimages it is always to Walton's writings that his disciples will turn to find his true memorial. Two small books—the *Lives* and *The Complete Angler*—have secured for him an abiding place in our literature, and of each of these something must now be said.

II.

The *Lives* consists of five short biographies written at widely separated intervals:

1640, John Donne.
1651, Sir Henry Wotton.
1665, Richard Hooker.
1670, George Herbert.

In the last-named year these four lives were collected and printed in one volume. Then, in 1678, when Walton was eighty-five, and when, as he justly says, age might have procured him 'a writ of ease,' the Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson was added.

These five miniature biographies, it is no exaggeration to say, have a place by themselves in our literature. Dr. Jessopp brackets together Walton's Life of Donne and the Life of Agricola by Tacitus as books that can never be superseded.[1] This does not mean, of course, that Walton's work is without spot or blemish. If he is discovered to be sometimes inaccurate in detail, that is only what might have been expected. As Dr. Jessopp admits, Walton was a hero-worshipper, who could not help idealizing his heroes. A few may even agree with Sir Leslie Stephen, who finds in Walton 'just a touch of the unctuous,' and 'a rather excessive subservience to the respectabilities';[2] and still more perhaps with Dean Church when he says that 'Walton's idea of humility and meekness, charming as are the pictures in which it is embodied, had in it something which often strikes a modern reader as one-sided and unreal.'[3] Nevertheless, when a completer knowledge has corrected his errors, and criticism has said its last word, Walton's supremacy in his own line remains unchallenged even by the critics themselves.

Dr. Johnson's admiration of the *Lives* is well known; it was, Boswell tells us, one of his most favourite books. In his last illness he used often to recite the pathetic request with which Walton concludes his Life of Bishop Sanderson: 'Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his, for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age: but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may: and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say—Amen.' But the most delightful tribute to Walton's *Lives* that I know is to be found in George Gissing's *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, and I venture to transcribe the whole passage confident that if this be not sufficient to send the reader back to Walton for himself, nothing that I can say will be of any avail:

'Sitting in my garden amid the evening scent of roses, I have read through Walton's *Life of Hooker*; could any place and time have been more appropriate? Almost within sight is the tower of Heavitree Church—Heavitree, which was Hooker's birthplace. In other parts of England, he must often have thought of these meadows falling to the green valley of the Exe, and of the sun setting behind the pines of Haldon. Hooker loved the country. Delightful to me, and infinitely touching,

[1] See his *John Donne* in the 'Leaders of Religion' series, p. ix.

[2] *Hours in a Library*, vol. iii. pp. 185–186.

[3] Introduction to Book I. of *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, p. viii.

is that request of his to be transferred from London to a rural living—"where I can see God's blessing spring out of the earth." And that glimpse of him where he was found tending sheep, with a Horace in his hand. It was in rural solitudes that he conceived the rhythm of mighty prose. What music of the spheres sang to that poor, vixen-haunted, pimply-faced man!

'The last few pages I read by the light of the full moon, that of afterglow having till then sufficed me. Oh, why has it not been granted me in all my long years of pen-labour to write something small and perfect, even as one of these lives of honest Izaak! Here is literature, look you—not "literary work." Let me be thankful that I have the mind to enjoy it; not only to understand, but to savour its great goodness.'

To which of the *Lives* shall we accord the first place? Dr. Johnson gave his vote for the Life of Donne. So also does Dr. Jessopp: 'Walton's Life of Donne,' he says, 'is the masterpiece of biographical literature.'[1] Gissing, on the other hand, seems to yield the palm to the Life of Hooker; and after a further re-reading, I agree with him unhesitatingly. But there! What matter our little likes and preferences? Let us read and enjoy all that Walton has given us, thankful, as Gissing says, that we are able not only to understand, but to savour its great goodness.

III.

Yet great as is the charm of the *Lives*, they probably get but one reader where the *Angler* gets ten.[2] It is said that Dr. Johnson once took Bishop Percy's little daughter on his knee, and asked her what she thought of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The child said that she had not read it. 'No?' replied the Doctor, 'then I would not give one farthing for you'; and he set her down and took no further notice of her. And though Izaak Walton is the very last man in whose name one would want to excommunicate anybody, I do not think I would give much more for any one who could not enjoy *The Complete Angler*. To the angler, I suppose, the book is his bible, his beads—I had almost said his rod and his staff. But this is a matter on which I have less than no right to speak. I note, however, that Mr. Marston, who speaks as one having authority, has no hesitation about the practical value of Walton's precepts. 'I have been,' he says, 'an enthusiastic angler for over half a century. I have read practically every work ever written about angling, and possess most of them, and yet I can truly say that I learned more about the ways of our British fish, and their haunts and their habits and how to catch them, from Walton and Cotton than from any subsequent writers.'[3] Be it so; but once more, it does not matter. All the world is not a fish-pond, nor all the men and women merely fishers, and even those who are as innocent of the blood of worm, frog, or fish, as is the present writer, may still take old Izaak to their hearts, for his own and for his book's sake. One can hardly imagine Dr. Johnson in the goodly fellowship of anglers, but Mr. Marston tells us that he once saw a presentation copy of Walton's book in which Johnson had written, 'A mighty pretty book—a mighty pretty book.'[4] Charles Lamb too, we are told, though he would sometimes take a rod, could never bring himself to fix the worms; yet this is how he writes to Coleridge: 'Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's *Complete Angler*? It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it.' Lamb had pounced on his own copy—an early and valuable edition—in some ramshackle repository of marine stores, and used to tell how grievous had been his disappointment on finding that its unlikely looking owner knew as much of its mercantile value as himself.[5] But Walton's fame is as independent of the professional bookman as it is of the professional angler. Mr. Marston records that a single one of the hundred and sixty editions on his list—that of Cassell's 'National Library'—has reached a circulation of eighty thousand copies.

The secret of this abiding popularity is not far

[1] *John Donne*, p. 167.

[2] It should be noted that a few editions of *The Complete Angler*—Mr. Austin Dobson's, for example, in the 'Temple Classics'—contain only Walton's own work. The second and much briefer part, written by his friend Charles Cotton, and added to the fifth edition of 1676, is usually included with it.

[3] See p. xxi in the introductory notes of the edition referred to above.

[4] *Ib.* p. xviii.

[5] *Life of Charles Lamb*, by E. V. Lucas, pp. 103, 575, 591.

to seek. To begin with, *The Complete Angler* is written in a style that lays its spell on learned and simple alike. The quiet humour, the quaint phrasing, the happy quotations, the delicate flavour of scholarship—everything is Walton's and everything fits. The book is one with itself and with its author. There is nothing loud, nothing pungent, nothing forced; that is not Walton's way. He never says right out all that is in his mind; he expects you to understand from the twinkle of his eyes and the smile that plays about his lips. And there seems about it all such an unstudied ease and grace that the reader sometimes feels as if he himself were wandering by Piscator's side, listening to his pleasant talk and the mingling murmurs of the silver stream. Walton speaks somewhere of his 'artless pencil guided by the hand of Truth.' Yet let no beginner in the art of writing be deceived. Perfect simplicity is here, as so often, the last result of unremitting toil. Nearly a quarter of a century intervened between the publication of the first edition of *The Complete Angler* and the fifth; and during all this time Walton went on in his leisurely way adding to its completeness. Nor were the additions merely to the technical part: 'Happy quotations, new turns of phrase, songs, poems, and anecdotes were introduced as if the leisurely author who wrote it as a recreation had kept it constantly in his mind, and talked it over point by point, with his numerous brethren.'[1] And the same appears to be true of the *Lives*. The Life of Hooker, short as it is, cost him two years' labour; that of Herbert, he says, 'was not writ in haste.'

Further, *The Complete Angler* is an ideal companion not only for the brethren of the angle, but for all who love the life of the stream and the field and the hedgerow. The murmur of brooks, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the shower falling softly on the teeming earth, the sweet smell of the earth after rain, the shining of the sun on green spaces—I can think of no other book that gives us so deliciously the sense of all these things as does Walton's. There are some books, if I may illustrate by contrast, which affect us as *Obermann* affected Arnold:

> A fever in these pages burns
> Beneath the calm they feign;
> A wounded human spirit turns,
> Here on its bed of pain.

[1] Art. 'Walton,' in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition.

Walton's book rather makes us feel 'amid the city's jar' that there exists a peace 'man did not make and cannot mar.' We have no more peaceful or peace-bringing book in our literature.

Again, who can resist Walton's whole-souled devotion to what he calls his 'art,' and the infectious enthusiasm with which he writes about it? That angling *is* an art Walton has no doubt, and the only question for the would-be angler is not whether the art is worth his learning, but whether he be capable of learning it, for anglers, like poets, are born not made. But once it is learned there is no life 'so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for,' says Piscator to his scholar, 'when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.' Indeed, in Walton's mind, virtue and angling always seemed to go together. Anglers share with the meek in the possession of the earth. He brackets together 'the primitive Christians' and 'most anglers' as 'quiet men and followers of peace.' He reminds us that four out of the twelve apostles were fishermen. When he recalls a pious Dean who lived to be ninety-five, without any impairing of the faculties of his mind, he notes that 'it is said, that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings.' When he has spoken of another deceased friend as 'an excellent angler,' his pen runs on to add as though by instinct 'now with God.' So that, though we may smile, we are quite ready, when the end of the book is reached, to listen to the angler's thanksgiving to 'Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.'

Finally, we all love *The Complete Angler* for its genuine unaffected piety. Englishmen to-day are not a theological people. We shall never see in England a day like that of which Motley speaks, when 'the blacksmith's iron cooled on the anvil, the tinker dropped a kettle half mended, the

broker left a bargain unclinched, the Scheveningen fisherman in his wooden shoes forgot the cracks in his pinkie while each paused to hold high converse with friend or foe on fate, free-will, or absolute fore-knowledge.' Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, Englishmen are essentially a religious people, with a very real regard for the real thing in religion. Now there is no mistaking the genuineness of Walton's piety. We may smile at the way in which he sometimes uses Scripture, as, for example, in his reference to Solomon and 'the fishpools of Heshbon'; or at the quaint phrases through which his piety peeps out, as when, again, he tells us that the frog continues 'for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how.' But no one can read his book without feeling that he has been in a good man's company, and without learning a deeper reverence for God and all good things.

Contributions and Comments.

The Lord's Prayer.

THE righteous indignation which fills most of us nowadays when we read the morning papers induces the question, when we repeat the Lord's Prayer, 'Are we to forgive the Germans?'

'As we forgive those who trespass against us.' Does that include those who trespass against the youths and maidens of Lille, or the Danish children of the Udun, against sympathetic nurses and brave sea-captains; not to speak of helpless prisoners, military and civilian? I leave it to our appointed and ordained theologians to answer that question, which, I am sure, must trouble many consciences, and is one on which the Church ought to give a clear pronouncement. The Lord's Prayer does not seem to me to give any direction in this respect, for it enjoins on us only the forgiveness of those who have sinned against us personally.

MARGARET D. GIBSON.

Cambridge.

Matthew x. 11.

'And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter,' etc.

THE parallel passage in Lk 9^4 has 'whatsoever house,' and similarly Mk 6^{10}. The occasion is the same in all three Gospels, and the words must originally have been the same also. It is, however, impossible to reduce the Greek to a common denominator. We must, therefore, have recourse to a presumed Aramaic or Hebrew original. In these the word for house (οἰκία) is regularly *beth*. Moreover, the Greek word for 'town' or village (κώμη) frequently in the LXX answers to the Hebrew *bath* (daughter) in such phrases as 'and the villages thereof' after the name of some city (Nu 21^{32}). The expressions 'house' and 'town,' therefore, both point to a common Aramaic or Hebrew original. There remains the word 'city' (πόλις) to account for. This word in the LXX, besides answering to the Hebrew words for city or town, is also frequently used to render those for 'land' (Nu 21^{31}), 'mountain' (2 Ch 21^{11}), 'king' (Jos 24^{12}), the proper name of a town (Jer 52^{13}), or some misreading or corruption of the Hebrew text (Ezk 16^7). In one or two places it is used to translate the Hebrew *beth* (house): Jos 15^{10}, 'city of the sun' for 'Bethshemesh'; 2 Ch 8^{11}, 'city of David' for 'house of David'; and sometimes stands apparently for the shortened Aramaic form *be* (Dt 20^{11}, Zec 8^{21}, etc.). In Jg 8^{32}, 1 K $2^{6.9}$ it is a scribal error for πολιός. It would thus appear that the three words house, town, and city, in the passage of the Gospels cited above, all go back to a common Aramaic 'house.' The point is not altogether unimportant, as it tends to show that the mission of the Twelve was of a semi-private house-to-house character as indicated in the second and third Gospels, and not a public one, as one would suppose from the Greek text of Matthew.

T. H. WEIR.

University of Glasgow.

1 Samuel xii. 11; Hebrews xi. 32.

I WONDER if any of your readers have ever considered the close connexion between these two passages. In the former, which belongs to

Samuel's valedictory address to the people of Israel, we have reference made to the famous judges or deliverers whom the nation had known. In our English versions we read: 'And the Lord sent Jerubbaal, and Bedan, and Jephthah, and Samuel, and delivered you out of the hand of your enemies.' No judge of the name Bedan is known, so that it is probable that we have here some copyist's error. The LXX and the Peshito give the name as Barak. The occurrence of the speaker's own name in the list is puzzling. He is speaking of famous warriors of the past who had saved the nation, and that is a class in which we are not in the habit of including Samuel. The Peshito reads Samson as the fourth in the above list, and very possibly is correct. As thus amended it runs 'Jerubbaal, Barak, Jephthah, and Samson.' Is it not curious that we read in He 11[32]: 'The time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah!' It seems quite certain that the writer of Hebrews had Samuel's words in his mind.

J. Willcock.

Lerwick.

Pelagius' Text of Romans v. 12, with Comment.

Pressure of work has prevented me from seeing until now the interesting article, entitled 'Pelagius and the Pauline Vulgate,' by Professor Ernesto Buonaiuti of Rome, in the number for June last (vol. xxvii. pp. 425 ff.). In that article he endeavours to controvert the theory of Dom Donatien de Bruyne, O.S.B., of Maredsous, Belgium, that Pelagius was the author of the Vulgate of the Pauline Epistles. In the middle of the same month there was published by the present writer a lecture, entitled 'The Character and History of Pelagius' Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul,' delivered before the British Academy on March 15th last.[1] In the course of that lecture the views of De Bruyne were criticised in detail. As the whole question is one of excessive difficulty, any criticisms of the utterances either of De Bruyne or of myself on this subject will be heartily welcomed by me. After spending twelve years on collation of manuscripts, I am naturally unwilling to issue a text founded on principles which will afterwards be found to be in part unsound.

In this note I wish simply to publish the text of the clause, on which Buonaiuti's argument is based, as Pelagius wrote it, along with his comment, and at the same time to point out what seems to me a fallacy underlying Buonaiuti's argument. As critically reconstructed, the Pelagian text reads:

ET ITA IN OMNES HOMINES [MORS][2] PERTRANSIIT, IN QVO OMNES PECCAVERVNT. Dum ita peccant,[3] et similiter moriuntur: non enim *in* Habraham et Isaac et Iacob *pertransiit*, de quibus dicit dominus: *Omnes enim illi uiuunt.* hic autem ideo dicit *omnes* mortuos, quia in multitudine peccatorum non excipiuntur pauci iusti, sicut ibi: *Non est qui faciat bonum, non est usque ad unum*, et: *Omnis homo mendax.* Siue: *In* eos *omnes pertransiit*, qui humano et non caelesti more uiuebant.

There is thus not a word of the clause: *Hoc est, in eo, quod omnes peccauerunt, exemplo Adae pereant* [this last word is an error either of Buonaiuti or of the printer for *peccant*], which Buonaiuti quite unwarrantably assumes to be a part of the true Pelagian text, whereas it is undoubtedly due to an interpolator. I do not know what Buonaiuti means by my 'conventional' correction of this passage: the use of the word would appear to be due to an imperfect acquaintance with English, or to a printer's error. But I make no correction of this passage at all. It simply disappears from the text altogether, because it is absent from the Reichenau and Balliol College manuscripts, the two uninterpolated authorities for the Pelagius commentary.

Buonaiuti's second last paragraph is also in part mistaken. He says Pelagius 'reads with the Vulgate, *Et ita in omnes homines pertransiit*, in full conformity with the Greek,' whereas Julian of Æclanum 'reads with St. Augustine, *Et ita in omnes homines mors pertransiit.*' Now, in the first place, Pelagius as printed, even according to the St. Gall MS[4] and Marius Mercator,[5] reads *mors*,

[1] Published by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, for the British Academy. Price 2s. 6d. net, with three facsimiles.

[2] *Mors* is omitted by the Balliol, Paris 653, and Munich MSS, but read by all the others.

[3] v.l. *peccantes*, with or without *et* following.

[4] Zimmer, *Pelagius in Irland* (Berlin, 1901), p. 295.

[5] Ed. Baluze (Paris, 1684), p. 135.

and if his true text were without it, it does not make much difference, for his comment shows that he understood *mors*, and was therefore absolutely in line with his follower Julian. In the second place the Vulgate reads exactly the opposite of what Buonaiuti says: namely, it reads *mors*. In the third place, the omission of *mors* is not 'in full conformity with the Greek,' but only in conformity with the 'Western' MSS, DG, etc. In the fourth place, Augustine's text was without *mors*, as various passages in CSEL, vol. lx. (published 1913), clearly show, and as Tischendorf correctly stated long ago. The difference between Augustine and the Pelagians lay in the fact that he understood *peccatum* to be the subject to *pertransiit*, while they understood *mors*, whether they read it or not.

The fallacy to which I referred above as underlying Buonaiuti's main argument is this. He supposes that Pelagius was too good a Greek scholar to pass *in quo* as a rendering of ἐφ' ᾧ. But that Pelagius could err, and err gravely, in a matter of Greek, was long ago pointed out by Richard Simon.[1] In Ph 4^3 he takes *Germane* as a proper name. Again, he is not the only controversialist who has overlooked a powerful weapon which lay to his hand.

Whether Pelagius is the author of the Vulgate of the Pauline Epistles or not, is not a question that can be in any way affected by the rendering of ἐφ' ᾧ in Ro 5^{12}.

A. SOUTER.

Aberdeen.

A Keynote of the Fourth Gospel.

THE Gospel of St. Luke has been described as 'the most beautiful book in the world.' However that may be, it would perhaps be as true to say that the Fourth Gospel has been the most influential book in the history of the Christian Church. Upon it more than upon the other Gospels has been built up the Church's doctrine, and its presentation of the Person of Christ is that to which the devotion of the individual Christian turns with even deeper satisfaction than to the picture of Christ's life in the earlier Gospels.

The reason of this is plain. The first three Gospels give to us portraits, which, just because they present perfection of life, seem to place Christ at a distance from us. St. Mark pictures Him as one filled with the power of God. 'Who is this that the wind and the sea obey him?' 'With authority he commands;' 'His word was with power.' St. Matthew presents to us one who is the fulfilment of the hopes of men. 'All this came to pass that it might be fulfilled.' St. Luke describes Him as the Divine Healer of the souls and bodies of men. But if, when we have read, we ask, How can I be like Him? how imitate Him? these Evangelists give us no answer. The Fourth Gospel supplies it. Christ there is not only a revealer of the love and goodness of God, not only a teacher pointing out the hard and difficult way by which men go to God, if they have the strength to walk in it, but He Himself is the way. That, I take it, is the reason why St. John was inspired to write his Gospel. To teach us that the life of Jesus as described in the first three Gospels is not a mere vision of a perfect life, lived in the past in the pleasant country of Galilee, but that the Christ who so lived is an abiding personality, with whom we must come into communion, if we would see God.

For example, in the first three Gospels we find recorded much teaching of Jesus about the right way of life, 'the way of God' as St. Mark calls it. Now the trouble of all systems of conduct, ethical systems, as we call them in modern jargon, is that, excellent as they may be, they are always open at many points to misunderstanding, and that in the last resort a man finds himself unable to carry out their precepts. Even the teaching of the Lord is open to such misconception. Witness the diverse interpretations of the Sermon on the Mount. His moral teaching is higher, and deeper and more profound, than that of any other. But if we regard it as a moral system of conduct it is no easier to obey than other systems.

The more perfect the system, the more obvious does it become to the man who tries to carry it out honestly that there is trouble within himself, which must be removed before he can keep even the least perfect exposition of God's way of life. To men dismayed with this dilemma, the perfection of the teaching on the one hand, and their own inability to obey it on the other, comes the Christ of the Fourth Gospel. 'See,' He says, 'I am the way.' Not 'I lead the way, I point out the way,' but 'I am the way.'

Clearly, in some way or other, we are to come into contact with Him, and then we shall be

[1] *Histoire Critique des principaux Commentateurs du Nouveau Testament* (Rotterdam, 1693), p. 246.

able to do what He tells us, and to obey His teaching.

Or again, in the first three Gospels there is taught much truth about God, and about man. How can we so receive it that it shall be transmuted from words outside us into truth in action within us? Our efforts to receive it are as futile as our efforts to obey it and to transform it into action. That is the trouble with all systems of truth embodied in words, that they remain outside us. Our hearts perhaps say of them that they are beautiful and good. But we want the truth expressed in words to be transformed into forces of life acting not from outside upon us, but from within ourselves upon others. To men in this plight comes the Christ of the Fourth Gospel, saying to us, 'See, do not strive after truth in my words; take me, I am the truth.' Clearly we must somehow or other so get Christ within us that His life, co-operating with His recorded words, shall be in us living forces of action, producing naturally the kind of life of which they are the spontaneous expression.

Or once again, in the first three Gospels there is portrayed for us the picture of a perfect life. But of what use to read about it? Our hearts tell us that we cannot be like that. Its very perfection dismays us. To men in this bewilderment comes the Christ of the Fourth Gospel. 'See,' He says, 'you want the perfect life; take me, I am the life.'

Clearly once again we are not bidden to try to imitate His perfect life. Little use would that be. But in some way we are to receive Him, so that, having Him, we may have the perfect life not outside ourselves, as is a fair picture, but within us as the source of all our doing. Jesus Christ is the Gospel. That is the message of the Fourth Gospel. All through runs this master word, 'I am.' 'I am the bread of life; I am the light of the world; I am the Good Shepherd; I am the very vine; I am the door; I am the Resurrection; I am the way, the truth, and the life.' As we listen, the words keep recurring like the dominant motive in a piece of music, until at the end we feel that the Gospel is like a masterpiece of which the chief theme is this: Jesus Christ is all that God is; to have Him is to have the very life of God, filling one's whole being, outflowing in Divine acts.

And there is more than this in the Fourth Gospel. If that were all a man might say, What a mystery is here! Jesus Christ bids me see in Him all the life of God. But how can I take Him into myself, so that I may have that life in me?

It is indeed a mystery, for it is a question of the activity of life, and none can ever explain fully how life manifests itself. How Jesus Christ can enter into a man's being, and transform it into something like His own life, that none can fully explain. But the Fourth Gospel goes far in an endeavour to enable us to understand that it is so, though we may still be unable to say how it is so.

This entry of Christ into the human soul is suggested in many metaphors. Sometimes these phrases deal with the matter from the side of the human soul longing for Christ. Such an one must 'believe.' 'Believe' is a poor translation of the Greek word which suggests not merely an action of the mind, but an action of the whole spiritual being of man, a moving forwards, and an appropriation of Christ by it.

Sometimes this approach of the soul to Christ is pictured as 'coming to him,' 'He that cometh to me shall never hunger.' Or as 'seeing him,' 'He that seeth the Son hath eternal life.' Or as 'loving him,' 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' Or as 'abiding in' Him, 'Abide in me.' Or as 'hearing,' 'Every one that is of the truth heareth my words.' Or as 'knowing,' 'My own know me.' Or as 'eating,' 'He that eateth me . . . shall live by me.'

It is plain that all these are metaphors for that which cannot be explained in words—the reception of the very being of Christ by the soul of man. And lest any should say, 'Ah, but how hard it is, all the responsibility and initiative is placed upon me,' there is another way in which the matter is put in the Fourth Gospel, and that is to describe the process from the side of Christ coming into the human soul. He knows, 'I know mine own.' He loves, 'Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you.' He comes to abide in, 'we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' He lays down His life, for 'Greater love hath no man than this.' And lest even this should be insufficient, there is that wonderful teaching of the Holy Spirit, who brings Christ into the soul of the disciple, in whose coming Christ comes, so that he who has the Spirit has Christ, and has God.

The soul that learns to feed on Christ as revealed in the Fourth Gospel grows to understand that in Him it has all. Truth, love, life, these are hard

things in the abstract. Men crave for them, and follow hard on their track. They are all at their highest in Christ. And He is not far away in some high heaven, but close at hand. We have but to shut our eyes to the world's dazzling flare, and our ears to its loud clamour, and to say to Him 'Come in,' and in He comes; as King, even as He entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; as Redeemer, even as He died on Good Friday; as Resurrection and Life, even as He rose on Easter Day, and sits at God's right hand; in and through the Spirit sent at Pentecost even as He promised His disciples.

WILLOUGHBY C. ALLEN.
Manchester.

Entre Nous.

F. W. H. Myers.

A new edition has been published of F. W. H. Myers' *Saint Paul*, with introduction and notes by E. J. Watson (Simpkin; 2s. 6d. net). After its first publication in 1867, Myers kept polishing the poem. In the sixteen editions which appeared before his death in 1901 he had gradually discarded seventeen of the original stanzas and had added twenty-one new stanzas. The editor of this edition has kept all the new stanzas and restored all the old.

A fair idea of the editing will be obtained if we quote one of the cantos and the notes upon it:

Oft shall that flesh imperil and outweary
Soul that would stay it in the straiter scope,
Oft shall the chill day and the even dreary
Force on my heart the frenzy of a hope:—

Lo as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbour where her sails are furled;—
Lo as some innocent and eager maiden
Leans o'er the wistful limit of the world,[1]

Dreams of the glow and glory of the distance,
Wonderful wooing and the grace of tears,
Dreams with what eyes and what a sweet insistence
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years;—

Lo as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes,

Yea to the end, in palace or in prison,
Fashions his fancies of the realm to be,
Fallen from the height or from the deeps arisen,
Ringed with the rocks and sundered of the sea;—

So even I, and with a pang more thrilling,[2]
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Yearn for the sign, O Christ! of Thy fulfilling,
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet.[3]

[1] *Lo as some innocent and eager maiden.*—Note the similarity of this and the next line to the first two lines of *The Blessed Damozel*, by Dante Gabriel Rosetti:

'The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven.'

[2] *So even I, and with a pang more thrilling.*—In the 1867, 1868, and 1885 editions the verse appears as below:

'So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ! of thy returning
Faint for the flaming of thine advent feet.'

[3] *Thine advent feet.*—This refers to the second coming of Christ. 'The Lord is at hand' (Ph 4^5). 'The day of Christ is at hand' (2 Th 2^2). The two Syrian words *Maran atha* ('The Lord is at hand') were the passwords amongst Christians—the lively and short expression that they used to each other to encourage one another in their hopes (Renan, *S. Paul*, ii. 69).

Gustaf Fröding.

The literature of Scandinavia is becoming better known to us. We know something of Ibsen, Björnsen, and Strindberg, a little less of Ellen Key, and a little less still of Selma Lagerlöf. But what do we know of Fröding? Yet the Northmen, whether Norwegians, Danes, or Swedes, pride themselves most on their lyric poetry, and Fröding the Swede, who died in 1911, is probably the greatest of all their lyric poets. Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, A.M., Ph.D., has selected and translated some of the poems of *Gustaf Fröding* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net).

They are not all quotable—for other reasons besides the length of some of them. They are once or twice just too frankly 'of the earth earthy.' This may be quoted:

See where the Dreamer comes! (they said):
Turning this way his downcast head.

On lonely paths he wanders far;
He is not as we others are.

He dreams that—curse his lying dream!—
Sun, moon and stars all bow to him.

He is our father's dearest son:
Come, let us slay him and have done!

Percy Mackaye.

Messrs. Macmillan have published two volumes of the *Poems and Plays* of Mr. Percy Mackaye, the Poems in one volume and the Plays in another (8s. 6d. net each). Of the whole number of Mr. Mackaye's Plays five have been selected 'to represent, in verse and prose, his dramatic work in comedy, tragedy, and satire, on themes historical and modern.' How many more Plays he has written we cannot say; these five fill a thick octavo volume, and are printed most attractively. The Poems are *all* published. They also fill a volume nearly as thick, and it is as enticingly printed.

Mr. Mackaye is spoken of here and there as the greatest living American poet. He himself is of opinion that he has not begun to write poetry yet, and with that opinion there are those who agree. This is what he says: 'While the writer was still in his teens, he said to himself: "There is my life-work; it rises over there beyond: I can see its large outlines. I will give myself till I am forty to do its 'prentice work: then perhaps I may be ready to tackle the real job—that vision which lies there alluring, waiting to be realized." Now, then, here is forty; and here is some of the 'prentice work gathered together; yet as far as concerns myself, apprenticeship has hardly begun: the real life-work still beckons, unrealized, away there beyond.'

The Plays seem to us to be more successful than the Poems. They are clever and entertaining. Their author makes no attempt to obtain an ideal of life; he is content to describe it as it is, or may be wittily supposed to be, on a very ordinary American standard. But he hits the mark every time. Such as his standard is he reaches it. He is never 'off colour'; he is always able to hold our interest.

The Poems are often generous appreciations of great men—Browning, Peary, Edison, and others. There are two striking and elaborate Odes—one written for the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln, the other an Ode to the American Universities, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem of 1908. But it is in his sonnets that Mr. Mackaye is at his best. Let us quote two of them. One is called

CHRISTMAS 1915.

Now is the midnight of the nations: dark
Even as death, beside her blood-dark seas,
Earth, like a mother in birth agonies,
Screams in her travail, and the planets hark
Her million-throated terror. Naked, stark,
Her torso writhes enormous, and her knees
Shudder against the shadowed Pleiades,
Wrenching the night's imponderable arc.

Christ! What shall be delivered to the morn
Out of these pangs, if ever indeed another
Morn shall succeed this night, or this vast mother
Survive to know the blood-sprent offspring, torn
From her racked flesh?—What splendor from the smother?
What new-wing'd world, or mangled god still-born?

The other is without a name:

As ripples widen where the stone is cast,
So do we wane toward the banks of death;
As dips the summer grass before the breath
Of the west wind, so lightly we are passed:
Our lives are liquid; even when Grief has massed
Their evanescent flowers to a mort-wreath,
They are such icy blooms as a frosty heath
Paints on the glass-pane, and as long they last.

Therefore, since joy is the acquiescent will
That blends our spirits' limbs with all which flows,
Since pain is the stagnant eddy and the chill
That lies congealed within the withered rose,
Let us, sweet friend, of beauty drink our fill,
And fix in natural change our soul's repose.

Harold Begbie.

Mr. Begbie's *Fighting Lines* has been issued in Constable's Shilling Series. Is it necessary to make its marching music known now? This is Mr. Begbie's mind on War:

War exalts and cleanses: it lifts man from the mud!
Ask God what He thinks of a bayonet dripping blood.

By War the brave are tested, and cowards are disgraced!
Show God His own image shrapnel'd into paste.

Fight till tyrants perish, slay till brutes are mild!
Then go wash the blood off and try to face your child.

It is to be observed that Mr. Begbie uses the words Britain and England correctly, as the first verse from the 'Ballad of the English Tongue' will show:

So good to the ears of the wind and sea was the speech which our fathers used
That its notes with the farthest breeze were mixed, with the uttermost tide were fused,
And better than sight of Britain's flag from a thousand bastions flung
Is the sound in the gates on her quay-linked coasts of the conquering English tongue.

William Dudley Foulke.

The most pleasing of all the *Lyrics of War and Peace* in Dr. Dudley Foulke's volume (Oxford Univ. Press; 2s. 6d. net) are those which celebrate the happiness of his home. And they are the most poetical lyrics. Nowhere else, not even in his fine address to his Fatherland (the United States), does the author touch a higher note. So we shall quote one of the home poems. It is frank and unaffected:

A Daughter's Love.

A happy father thou, when sturdy sons
In mellowing age a golden youth renew,
In them thy name through generations runs,
By them achieved, thy early dreams come true.
But happier he whose daughters round him twine
Their loving arms in his declining years,
And if he smile, their eyes with gladness shine,
Or if he grieve, their cheeks are wet with tears.
For deeper tenderness hath woman's heart
For him she loves than son for sire can feel;
His waning hours she cheers with simple art;
And o'er his couch a fragrant breath doth steal
From gentle lips whence no reproaches come,
And a fond breast where thought of self is dumb.

Sydney Watson.

The New Europe, by Sydney Watson, called also 'A Story of To-day and To-morrow' (Nicholson), is another book on the application of prophecy to the present war. It has its own character. It has been 'cast in a slightly fictional form.' That slightly fictional form will probably find readers for the book who would not look at our ordinary prophetical volume. And that is just what it is meant to do. We shall not touch either the prophecy or the fiction. But we shall quote some verses which occur anonymously in the volume:

You ask me, *how* I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know.
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die:
I wept for something that would satisfy:
And then—and there—somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—I cannot tell you *how*—
I only know, He is my Saviour now.

You ask me, *when* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot tell.
The day or just the hour I do not now
Remember well;
It must have been when I was all alone.
The light of His forgiving spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think—'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—I cannot tell you *when*;
I only know, He is so dear since then.

You ask me, *where* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight
As yesterday;
Perhaps He thought it better I should not
Remember *where*. How I should love that spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want for ever there to stay.
I do not know—
I only know *He* came and *blessed* me *there*.

You ask me, *why* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply—
It is a wondrous story, listen! while
I tell you *why*.
My heart was drawn at length to seek His face,
I was alone—I had no resting place:

I heard of One who loved me—with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken—
I longed such love to share;
And sought it then upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me—why I thought this Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I knew He died upon the Cross for me;
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry—'Father, forgive!'
I saw Him drink death's cup, that I might live,
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame.
He called me, and in penitence I came;
He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you *how*—nor *when*—nor *where*!
Why—I have told you now.

Violet and Armel O'Connor.

A little book, prose and poetry—all poetry truly—and John Oxenham has introduced it. Its title is *Peace-Makers* (Methuen; 1s. net). This is one poem:

THE WORD.

The pain had been sharp—
'Twas an oath on his lips when he died.
Yet, sung to a harp
By an angel, it can't be denied
The word would sound well;
For within it there lurked his intent,
Not suited to hell.
And in heaven, they sing what he meant.

A. H. Lash.

The Rev. A. H. Lash (late C.M.S. Missionary in South India) is a writer of hymns rather than of poems, and it would not be surprising if some of his hymns passed into our hymnology. A good example of his work are the following verses based on Ps 143^{10} (R.V.):

'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,'
And as I drift along the stream of Time
Prepare my spirit for eternity,
And raise my grovelling thoughts to things sublime.

'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,'
To tread the path Thy holy feet have trod,
The narrow path of love and purity,
The simple life of fellowship with God.

'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,'
And to this end, oh, make me pure within,
My captive soul from earthly bonds set free,
And in Thy open fountain cleanse my sin.

'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.'
Created by Thy power, I am Thine;
Make me, O God, what Thou wouldst have me be,
A fruitful branch of the Immortal Vine.

The volume is entitled *Dawn, and Other Sacred Poems* (Jarrold; 1s. net).

F. W. Orde Ward.

Mr. Ward is a well-practised maker of sacred verse. He is too psychological and subtle for the maker of hymns, but every poem is passionately religious. The title of his new volume is *Songs for Sufferers* (Kelly; 6d. net). Take this:

HEAVEN LIES WITHIN.

Heaven lies within me, God is ever near,
My windows open out with faith and fear
Into the glory of the great Eternal;
A little touch of trust, an unshed tear,
And I am one with all the sweet Supernal.
Ah, no delight is as that lovely dread,
Which draws a shining curtain round my bed,

I cannot miss it, everywhere it lies,
As the last pulse of those pure charities
Which link the good and true and fair together;
The soul of churches old and chivalries,
Heaven is the rock that heeds not wave or weather.
The adverse winds but nigher bring the Power,
That breathes alike in faded leaf and flower.

I look without, and there is naught but gloom;
I look within, and find unbounded room
For all the beauty and burden of my sorrow;
The thorns whereon I rest break into bloom,
Peace is to-day and joy is here to-morrow.
I may not hide from heaven, and mercies hang
Betwixt my soul and each thrice-blessed pang.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

In the *International Journal of Ethics* for July there is an article by a 'neutral.' The author is a woman. Since the war began she has travelled in Germany and she has travelled in England. And in both these countries she has been impressed by one thing. Men and women will not be persuaded to believe that which they wish not to believe. 'Try to convince a German that the *Lusitania* was unarmed and carried no troops, or an Englishman that Allied submarines have sunk without warning unarmed merchant ships carrying women and children in the Sea of Marmora. You will see how fiercely the closed mind protects its own exclusiveness, attacking not only the unpleasant information but its innocent bearer.'

So this clever American woman, whose name is Gertrude Besse King, has returned home, satisfied that the only attitude for a philosophical mind is neutrality. She has returned home to the United States of America where she will find many who are neither pro-German nor pro-British, and to whom neutrality is the only right attitude. Bearing no unpleasant information, the innocent bearer will fear no injury.

And yet there are those in the United States of America who are disturbed about neutrality. They are disturbed because everything is known by its fruits, and the fruits of neutrality have not been good. In the American *Expositor* for September there is an article by a citizen of the United States, the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, D.D., on 'The Moral Effect of the War upon America.' The article has the first place in the *Expositor*. This is the first sentence of it: 'Recent experiences in Europe may have led to over emphasis, but I am constrained to the feeling that the moral effect of this war upon America may be worse than upon any of the nations involved.'

Why does Dr. Macfarland say that? Because of neutrality. 'Among the belligerent peoples,' he says, 'there are compensatory influences for its awful tragedies. One witnesses examples of splendid bravery and self-sacrifice, the spirit of both patriotic devotion and Christian resignation on the part of widows and children, of allegiance to conscience, the willingness of the rich to share with the poor, the deepening of the religious sense, which in some cases has risen to a spiritual atmosphere far above the conflict, the sense of a sublime faith in the future, in some cases the discrediting of militarism, at times the spirit of intercession, and many other moral and spiritual elements which, perhaps, go far to counteract the demoralizing influences of human strife. Many or most of these elements are wanting in the moral atmosphere of our country.'

Of these elements he selects one for particular attention. It is the loss of compassion. 'We have become "used to it,"' he says, 'until the massacre of a nation has little more effect upon us than had the sinking of the *Titanic* with a thousand souls but four short years ago.'

And then comes this terrible paragraph: 'For Belgium and her three million destitute and starving people we have given seven cents per capita, while New Zealand, bearing its own war burdens as part of the British Empire, has given a dollar and a quarter per capita to Belgian relief. England, staggering under the war load, has received and cared for thousands of Belgian refugees, and given millions of pounds besides. It was thought that the United States, the only great nation untouched by the war, might furnish the food supplies for Belgium, but the Commission was obliged to ask food from the whole world to save Belgium from starvation. It must be remembered, also, that the gifts to Belgium from our country include the large contributions of the Rockefeller Foundation, so that the total of popular contributions is smaller than appears. For Servia, with her five millions of suffering peoples and her five thousand orphans, we have given less than three hundred thousand dollars, while the British Serbian Relief Committee three months ago had raised a million and a half pounds ($7,500,000), and France two million francs ($400,000). To the more than one million Armenians, whose story forms one of the darkest chapters in human history, we have given, covering the whole period, about one dollar for each sufferer. For the sufferers in Northern France little or nothing, and for Poland's millions of homeless, wandering peasants, mostly women and children, a total of something like two hundred thousand dollars.'

It is a terrible paragraph, we say. We could not have written it if we would; we would not have written it if we could. But as we read it we see that neutrality is not the bravest thing or the best.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

The Swarthmore Lecture is delivered every year on the evening preceding the assembly of the Friends' Yearly Meeting. The lecturer for 1916 was Henry T. Hodgkin, M.A., M.B. Mr. Hodgkin was sometime missionary in West China. As the subject of lecture he chose *The Missionary Spirit and the Present Opportunity* (Headley; 1s. net).

The choice was natural. Was it not a little untimely? We are not interested in missions just now; we are interested in war. Have not the missionaries been told to hold their hand for a time? Have not some of them been interned? The proclamation of the grace of God in Christ—must it not wait until we have won the war?

But Mr. Hodgkin seems to think that his lecture will show us the way to win the war. He says nothing about interned missionaries or suspended missions. He speaks only of the possession of the missionary spirit. And he does so because he seems to think that the nations which have the missionary spirit and have it most abundantly are the nations which are most likely to end the war victoriously.

It is true that Mr. Hodgkin is a Quaker. And being a Quaker he conceives it to be his duty to abstain from war. But that does not prevent him from seeing that there are worse things on earth than war. It does not prevent him from seeing that God may make use of war, although it is a bad thing, to get rid of things that are worse.

Now if God uses war in order to get rid of things

that are worse than war, He will see to it that those nations win the war who, as the result of it, will put away these things from their midst. And the nations that are most likely to put away these things from their midst are the nations who have most of the missionary spirit.

What are the things that have to be put away? The first thing that Mr. HODGKIN mentions is the habit of shelving God. This habit has grown upon us. It began when we first allowed scientific investigators to say that nature does not need a God. It began with the discovery of Evolution. When Evolution was discovered it was said that matter has within itself the faculty of steadily beating its own best record. It needs no impulse from Spirit. Then the approach of God, even to man, was spoken of as 'interference.' And it was said, with scornful confidence, that there is no use for a God who interferes with the order of nature.

We must get rid of the habit of shelving God. The war must help us to get rid of it. We must believe once again that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. We must believe in prayer. We had come to look upon prayer as a possibly commendable act of devotion for those who were inclined that way. But we hesitated to ask for anything in prayer, lest we should upset the 'laws of nature.'

Mr. HODGKIN seems to think that it would be better to blaspheme God than to shelve Him. Now the war in its progress has been the occasion of much rough language about God. And it does not seem that the Christian conscience altogether condemns it. Perhaps we all agree already that it is better to use strong language when speaking about God than never to speak or think of Him at all.

Another thing which we have to put away is selfish and merciless competition. Mr. HODGKIN does not altogether refuse a place to competition. He is aware that there is an injunction laid on us to provoke one another to love and to good works. For there is a rivalry that is good and there is a rivalry that is evil. The rivalry that is evil seeks our own prosperity at the expense of our neighbour's; the rivalry that is good finds the prosperity of one in the prosperity of all.

Is the war to bring us back to the rivalry of love and good works? It has brought us back already. Who are they who have done most for the countries that have suffered in the war? It is the nations that are bearing the burden of it. There is a deep pit dug between the forces that are opposed to one another, a pit filled with hatred and revenge, which it will take a long time to fill up. But a great discovery has been made by those nations which are fighting on the same side. It is the discovery that co-operation is better than individual action. It is the discovery that through prayer and self-sacrifice this whole world may be bound by gold chains about the feet of God. And that discovery will remain with us when the enmity between the contending powers has passed away.

There is another thing which the nations that possess the missionary spirit must put away. It is their security. For it is not self-indulgence that is destroying the nations, it is security. 'When Christ demanded the great surrender from the rich young man, He was in reality calling him not so much into a life of poverty as into one of adventure. What He saw was a man utterly secure in his habitual observance of the law and in his well-appointed, comfortable home. "How hard it is," He said, "for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God." How hard it is, we might add, for them that have riches not to trust in them. All unconsciously the sense of security wraps us round. We pass day after day in a well-ordered routine, never feeling any need to pray for our daily bread. We scarcely ever face a situation in which we should be utterly helpless without God. The more sure we are of drawing our dividends, the less do we need to draw on the divine resources.

And so we go on complacently until the unexpected suddenly happens, as this war happened; the Son of Man comes like a thief in the night; our sense of security is shattered, our possessions gone, and, facing the great Disturber of our peace, we find ourselves naked and ashamed.'

Will the war help us out of our sense of security? It has done so already. If it has done anything at all for us it has done that. It has done that for nearly all of us. It sent us out on an adventure at once, though it took us some time to find out how tremendous an adventure it was.

Are we to settle down in security again when the war is over? That will be difficult. God will see to it that it is made difficult. If the war has come upon us in order that we may put away from us the things that are worse than war, the war will not come to an end until we are ready to put away security. For war is too evil in itself to be used of God for little good.

A notable book has been published under the title of *The Divine Aspect of History* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2 vols., 36s. net). It is notable on account of the publishing house which issues it. It is notable on account of its author, who bears the name of John Rickards Mozley, and calls John Henry Newman uncle. And it is notable in itself.

The Prologue to the Fourth Gospel is a history of the world. It is a history of the world by one who stands beside God and looks down upon it. This also is a history of the world. But it is a history of the world by one who keeps pace with God at work within it. He is therefore a believer in the Supernatural. He is so whole-hearted a believer in the Supernatural that for him there is no natural. God is in all life. Men have not seen God always in their life; or when they recorded their experiences they have not always given God His place in them, so that there is history without the recognition of God. Mr. Mozley sets such history aside. He is concerned with the history, whether of Babylonia and Persia, or Greece and Rome, or Israel and Christianity, which recognizes that men live and move and have their being in God.

He is so thorough a believer in the Supernatural that he does not believe in miracle. He means by miracle what most of us mean by it—an occasional entrance of God, or the power of God, into life, beyond His ordinary working. Mr. Mozley does not believe that God ever enters, or ever has entered, into life in that way. He has had no need. He is always in life.

It is true that some of the documents in which Mr. Mozley finds his history in its divine aspect contain the record of miracles wrought by God or by the power of God. And the very best of these records, the four Gospels, contain the greatest number of miracles. He is not a little puzzled to find it so. He is still more puzzled to know how to get rid of the miracles and retain the Gospels.

For as soon as the miracle is removed the narrative in which it is embedded hangs in the air. Nevertheless Mr. Mozley believes that all the miracles can be got rid of, except the miracles of healing. And the miracles of healing need not be called miracles. Jesus had exceptional psychical power, or people then were exceptionally susceptible to psychical influence. Did He not always demand faith before He healed? Is it not said that 'He could do no miracle there because of their unbelief'? And what is faith but psychical susceptibility?

Is the raising of the dead a miracle of healing? Mr. Mozley does not think so. It is true that Jesus mentioned the raising of the dead along with miracles of healing in His reply to the messengers of John the Baptist. 'Go your way and tell John the things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers

are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me' (Mt 11^{4-6}). Mr. Mozley is much impressed by that passage. It is 'the most remarkable assertion by Jesus of his own deeds which the three earlier gospels contain.' And he points out, very properly, that in that passage Jesus lays stress, not on the wonder of His works, but on their beneficence. That is clear from the clause in which the affirmation of His deeds culminates: 'the poor have the gospel preached to them.' But the raising of the dead is a difficulty. If it did not occur, why is it thrown in along with things which did occur? Mr. Mozley concludes that in that example Jesus was speaking metaphorically. He quotes the words 'Let the dead bury their dead' to show that He did sometimes speak metaphorically of the dead. And so He did. But He spoke metaphorically also of the blind and the deaf.

Since Mr. Mozley does not believe that Jesus raised any one from the dead, we shall not expect him to believe that He rose from the dead Himself. But if we come to that conclusion hurriedly we may do him a serious injustice. It is quite true that he does not believe in the resurrection of the body of Jesus from the dead, but he does believe in the resurrection of His soul.

How does Mr. Mozley show that Jesus did not rise from the dead in the body? By showing that the resurrection narratives in the Gospels are inconsistent. But he says at once, 'My object in doing so is not to deny the truth or the importance of the belief expressed in the words, "Christ is risen," but to show that the event thus indicated belonged to the spiritual world and not to the world discerned by our ordinary senses; from which it will follow that the resurrection, when rightly understood, was not a miracle, but that it implies a new kind of perception on our part, the perception of a world higher than the world of sense.'

This is not quite easy to understand. How is the perception of a world higher than the world of sense a new kind of perception on our part? Mr. Mozley seems to mean that it was by His resurrection—His spiritual resurrection—that Jesus brought life and immortality to light. He rose in spirit and remained alive. In the spiritual state He was able to communicate with those whom He left behind upon the earth. He communicated so with Saul of Tarsus. That communication gave His followers the certainty of a spiritual world 'higher than the world of sense.'

And that spiritual communion which the risen Lord now established between Himself and His followers on earth is the source of all the strength which belief in the Resurrection gave to the early Church. The resurrection of the body would have been nothing. As soon as the Church adopted that incredible dogma, says Mr. Mozley, weakness set in. The uniqueness and the power of Jesus consist in this that He first, and He only, rose from the dead and continued to live, a spiritual presence in heaven, able to communicate with His disciples on earth and to strengthen them to overcome the world.

Mr. Mozley does not believe in miracle, and therefore he does not believe in the bodily resurrection of Jesus. He does not believe in miracle, and therefore he does not believe that Jesus was more than man. But if He was the first to rise from the dead in spirit, and by rising was able to 'shed forth this which ye now see and hear,' He must have been a most remarkable man. What does Mr. Mozley say about Him? He says, 'He was the man who first received, as his own proper inheritance, the Divine Spirit and Power in its fullness; and those who receive it after him have been helped by him either through his direct influence upon them, or by influences indirectly due to him; or, if they have stood altogether outside his influence (as is generally the case with Mohammedans), they have been unable to bring their goodness to permanent and ever-

increasing fruitage. The progress of mankind is founded on him in a unique sense. This makes him greater than his fellow-men; but it does not make him outside the range of comparison with them.'

'Two parsons were talking earnestly together close beside me. They were discussing an excellent layman, whom they both admired for his great qualities and his blameless life. "But is he a Christian?" said the first. "Well," said my other neighbour, "it all depends upon what you mean by a Christian." "I mean," said the first speaker, with a slight touch of indignation in his tone, "*does he believe in the divinity of Christ?*" It turned out apparently that the admirable layman had expressly said that he did not, but that he believed Jesus Christ to have been the most perfect man who had ever lived. So it was agreed that he could not be a Christian. And this is not an uncommon attitude of mind among the best of our laity.'

So begins an article on 'The Divinity of Christ —What does it Mean?' The article lies hidden in the heart of a book with the title of *Faith or Fear?* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.), if anything can be said to be hidden in a book which maintains a fresh attitude to Christian doctrine throughout, and is so timely. It is a book to which certain members of the Church of England have contributed articles. They are not in all cases known to one another, or even to the editor. But every one of them has been driven by the war to think out a new way of commending Christ. For with all their catholicity they are assured that the Church is failing. And she is failing simply because she is no longer bearing witness to the living Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour of men. The editor of the book is the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter's in Thanet. The author of the article on 'The Divinity of Christ' is the Rev. Harold Anson, Rector of Birch-in-Rusholme, Manchester.

It is the editor who says that the Church is ailing, and why. But Mr. Anson agrees. And not only does he agree that the Church is no longer bearing witness to the living Christ, he even holds that she no longer understands who the living Christ is.

He observes a growing tendency to separate the Godhead from the Manhood in Christ. First there are those who take the Manhood and leave the Godhead alone. 'They feel that, if they admit that He is God, they deprive Him of reality and make Him inhuman. It appears to them that the parsons want to rob them of the real, genuine, brotherly, flesh and blood man, whom they can understand, and who understands them, and to substitute for Him a sort of demigod, who is neither exactly God nor wholly man, whose psychology is quite incomprehensible, who acts, now as God, now as man, who cannot really be any example to us, because He can always summon to His aid resources which lie outside our scope, and who bears no sort of real relation to mankind as we know it to-day. For such a being they have no use.'

Then there are those who are very zealous for the Godhead. They are mostly, Mr. Anson thinks, those who have some official position in the Church, whether in the pulpit or in the Sunday School. Their theology is the theology of the stained-glass window. Their idea is that 'by some necessary and inevitable process (usually connected with the Miraculous Birth) the son of Mary was, magically as it were, and in a moment, lifted out of all those limitations which we associate with humanity, except in so far as He chose to assume voluntarily certain humiliating experiences, just as the wealthy West-ender bent on "slumming" assumes a temporary and dramatic poverty in unclean surroundings prior to returning to a life of comfort and ease.'

Now Mr. Anson does not believe that the truth about the person of Christ can be gained by simply combining this Man and this God into a single

composite Being, to be called the God-Man. It is doubtful if such a composite Being is thinkable. It is certain that He is not the Christian Christ. Far more near to the Christian conception of Christ, if we could reach it, would be the thought of one who could not be the perfect man without being also God, and who could not be the perfect God without being also man. For the terms God and man are not antithetical, but complementary.

Mr. ANSON tells us that to many laymen the Christ whom the clergy preach is one who condescended to patronize men. He simulated, or even genuinely experienced, an interest and share in the ordinary trials of life: But it was 'nothing more than the amiable adventures of the slumming ladies who make excursions among a class to which they do not belong, and whose point of view must always be wholly alien and unreal to the class which they set out to reform. Their feeling about such a Christ as the Church appears to propound is exactly that of the Labour Party towards the proposals of their middle-class sympathizers: it is very kind of them to be interested, but they prefer to work out their own problems with the help of leaders who belong to their own class.'

But the true Christ is just a leader who belongs to our own class. The true Christ is a true man. There is that in man which comes to its fulfilment only when it is one with God; and there is that in God—we call it Sonship—which comes to its fulfilment only when it is one with man. To make this oneness possible for all men, He came: 'that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us.' The Incarnation united God with man: the Redemption united man with God. And so close is the affinity between God and man that the Son of God who first formed the union could have had no divided consciousness. His acts are not to be parcelled out between His Godhead and His manhood. He did not walk on the water as a God and rest on the well as a man. Just as we now find no difficulty, but a great relief, in knowing that God is capable of suffering, so we may find a great deliverance in knowing that to humanity nothing is impossible.

Now, as soon as we see that Godhead and manhood are complementary, we see how we may reach a simple thinkable conception of the Person of Christ. Is He man? Then what is man? Man at his best and highest is the Lord Jesus Christ. Is He God? Then what is God? God is simply the highest and best that we can conceive of man, and that again is the Lord Jesus Christ. To separate the God from the Man in Christ, and say this He did as God and that as Man, is to do violence, not only to Christ, but to our own thinking. For we cannot think of Christ (if we think of Him truly) without thinking of God; and we cannot think of God (if we think of Him truly) without thinking of Christ.

We do think of God without thinking of Christ. We think of Him as in deliberate opposition to Christ. We think of Him still, if not so crudely as before, as One who exacts penalties which are remitted only at Christ's intercession. We do think also of Christ without thinking of God. This is the peculiar error of the thought of our day. For we are much given to thinking of Christ as just one of ourselves, even demanding that He be preached as just one of ourselves. And the immediate consequence is the discovery, as we suppose, that He was not quite perfect, and therefore not altogether such as God is, though it is from Him that we have our knowledge of God.

What is the greatest thing in the world? 'Love,' said Professor Henry DRUMMOND, and used winning words in saying it. 'Righteousness,' says Principal P. T. FORSYTH, and says it in language that is stern and uncompromising.

Dr. FORSYTH has written a book about the war. He calls it *The Christian Ethic of War* (Longmans; 6s. net). Why has he written it? Not because he

is a writer of books, but because he feels that the teaching of Christ, and every form of sound Christian doctrine, demand of us that we should go to war. He feels this so strongly that—we must not say he cannot find language strong enough to express his feelings. Dr. FORSYTH always finds language that is strong enough, however strong his feelings are. He feels it so strongly that he uses language of those who think they should not go to war which no military representative on any tribunal need ever hope to surpass.

Why, he asks, do Christian men hesitate to go to war? Their answer is, Because Christ taught them to forgive their enemies, not to go to war with them. Did He? Then why did He not forgive His own enemies? Dr. FORSYTH is not forgetting the prayer on the Cross: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' It is a beautiful prayer. Dr. FORSYTH is not oblivious of the beauty of it. But it was not answered. Wait till the seventieth year from the birth of Christ and you will see if it was answered. Three times Dr. FORSYTH refers to that year 70 A.D. and the destruction of Jerusalem. And every time he says it was God's judgment on the Jews for the Cross of Christ.

But again the pacifist answers, and says that Christ taught us to love our enemies and not to go to war with them. To which Dr. FORSYTH replies with emphasis that He taught the love of enemies to His own followers as followers, not to rulers and magistrates. 'Love,' he says, 'has its place rather within the Church than between societies like nation and nation.'

What rules between societies like nation and nation is not love, but righteousness. Is that a little startling? Once at least Dr. FORSYTH has a suspicion that it may seem so. Therefore he puts it in this way: 'It is not at last a question of *love* between men over against *righteousness* between men, but of the love and righteousness between holy God and evil man, between love as communion where it meets love and love as saving judgment where it does not. It is the difference between a mystic communion of love and a righteous kingdom of love. It is a question of the application and exercise of God's love; which exercise is one thing without a Church of the regenerate, and another thing as righteous discipline and judgment-grace towards a yet unregenerate world. The salvation of God is, to those who are but in a relation of law, righteousness; but to those who are joined in Gospel it is love. In the one it is law, judgment, war; to the others joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. But always love and always holy at any cost to life or limb.'

But Dr. FORSYTH will startle us yet more. He challenges our interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. He challenges any interpretation that comes to the Sermon on the Mount before it has come to the Cross. The Sermon on the Mount says, 'Resist not evil'; but what does the Cross say? We did think that the Cross said the same, if it said anything at all. Dr. FORSYTH will not allow us to think so any more. For again we notice that the Cross is not to be understood till we include the destruction of Jerusalem. Did Jesus at the Cross reject the help of the Father's legions of angels? When the time came for the judgment of God on Jerusalem, 'He summoned the legions it did not suit Him to ask for to avert the Cross.'

The religion of the Sermon on the Mount (as usually understood) and the religion of the Cross, he says, are two different religions. The one is represented by the 23rd Psalm, the other by the 51st. The one type Dr. FORSYTH calls anthropocentric religion. For the prime interest of the 23rd Psalm is man, with God to help him. It ends in subjective humanism, with God squeezed out. The other type is theocentric. The prime interest of the 51st Psalm is God, with man to worship and serve Him absolutely. Its mysticism is objective and moral, and it ends in the Kingdom of God.

Jesus as Prisoner.

By the Rev. James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt., Hon. M.A. (Oxon), Professor of Church History in the United Free Church College, Glasgow.

During the eight years which have passed since I published the article on 'The Trial of Jesus' in The Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels (vol. ii. pp. 749–759), very little material has accumulated except on the fringes of the subject. The chronology has been discussed, particularly in the light of astronomical calculations; sporadic contributions have been made to the criticism of various episodes, notably Dr. Karl Kastner's *Jesus vor Pilatus* (1912), Dr. A. W. Verrall's study of the Lucan account of Jesus before Herod (*Journal of Theological Studies*, x. 322–353), and Miss Brodrick's *Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth* (1908); but hardly any radical change has taken place in the critical position. Perhaps more work has been done on the topographical details than on the historical; which is not surprising, for the critical estimate of these narratives involves not only a comparative study of the Synoptic and Johannine traditions, but a reconstruction of the situation in the light of archæological and antiquarian research. These two lines of inquiry, into the literary data and into the contemporary Jewish situation, react upon one another. The data or probabilities thrown up by the latter, especially, must affect any estimate formed of the latter; they must be allowed to check, if not to determine, the interpretation of the relevant texts at several crucial points.

One illustration of this interconnexion is furnished by the allusions to Jesus as 'bound.' The Synoptic tradition[1] records that He was not bound until the morning after the arrest in Gethsemane, and not until He had been tried by the council; Jesus was bound by the Jews,[2] before being dispatched to Pilate, the binding perhaps denoting that He had been condemned to death. The Johannine tradition makes the binding take place apparently as a precaution in Gethsemane;[3] Jesus is bound before He is sent to Annas, and bound again (or, still) when He is dispatched to Caiaphas. It would not decide the question finally, if we knew the exact custom followed by the Jews in dealing with a prisoner under arrest, for we cannot assume that the forms of legal procedure would be scrupulously observed under the circumstances. But there is uncertainty even as to these very forms. Was a prisoner kept bound during his examination? Or, was he unbound when he was being tried? The Roman custom seems to have been the former even in Palestine and Syria, if we are to judge from the experience of Paul (Ac 26^{29}). But, according to the Johannine[4] as well as to the Synoptic tradition, Jesus was in the hands of the Jews till He was handed over to Pilate. The Fourth Gospel rightly preserves the fact of a two-fold examination of Jesus, before Annas and before Caiaphas, in different places. The latter was the trial proper, if we can speak of any Jewish trial at all. Annas, we are told, sent Jesus δεδεμένον πρὸς Καϊάφαν τὸν ἀρχιερέα (18^{24}), and the exegesis of δεδεμένον partly depends on the view we take of the preliminary proceedings before Annas. If these corresponded to a trial or judicial examination of the prisoner, then it is on the whole more likely that δεδεμένον means 'bound again' than 'still bound' or 'bound as he was,'[5] on the assumption that Jews were in the habit of freeing a prisoner when he was being cross-examined by the authorities.[6]

This is not a point, of course, at which we can expect any light from the Synoptic tradition. But

[1] Though Luke omits all references to binding (23^{1}).

[2] *i.e.* the mob. There is no absolute proof in any of the Gospels (not even in Lk 22^{52}) that Annas was on the spot; the presence of one of his attendants proves nothing. The mob were armed with swords, and with clubs, *i.e.* with the long oak quarterstaff or fighting-bat, 'an old Semitic weapon; handstaves are mentioned in the Book of Samuel and Ezekiel. The bedels and rake-hell band of the chief priests came armed to the garden, to take Jesus, with swords and staves' (Doughty, *Arabia Deserta*, i. 147).

[3] Where the arrest is made by men who include a Roman (18^{12}) military detachment. The latter would act as they did in the case of Paul (Ac 21^{33}).

[4] Whether the Roman soldiers left Jesus, after consigning Him to Annas, we are not told; but the responsibility for Him throughout the night rested with His Jewish captors.

[5] As in Ac 24^{27}, ὁ Φῆλιξ κατέλιπε τὸν Παῦλον δεδεμένον.

[6] It is possible that Ac 22^{30} favours the idea that a prisoner was unbound before a Jewish tribunal, for the Roman commander unbinds Paul before taking him into the presence of the Jewish authorities. But the passage is not free from difficulties.

in Mt 26^{57} (οἱ δὲ κρατήσαντες τὸν Ἰησοῦν ἀπήγαγον πρὸς Καϊάφαν) the phrase πρὸς Καϊάφαν, as in Jn 18^{24}, raises a topographical question. Where did Caiaphas hold his sitting? The exact locality is doubtful. If πρὸς Καϊάφαν meant simply that Jesus was sent to Caiaphas, *i.e.* to where Caiaphas as high priest was known to have convened the council, it need not have been his house, but the ordinary or a special meeting-place of that body. There is a rabbinic tradition that forty years before the fall of Jerusalem the council met outside the temple precincts, and Derenbourg[1] based on this the conjecture that the council before which Jesus was condemned met in the *chanujoth*, the booths or bazaars held by the powerful family of Annas on the Mount of Olives. But the tradition is not to be accepted unhesitatingly, and Derenbourg's guess has found little favour among those best competent to judge. It is probable that the council was allowed to hold its sederunt outside the temple precincts, under certain exceptional circumstances. The Synoptic tradition may well be correct in making the members gather in the palace of the high priest Caiaphas, which was not far from the fortress of Antonia, or (more probably) the palace of Herod, where Pilate held his trial. At any rate, these problems of topography are not affected by the phrase πρὸς Καϊάφαν. On the other hand, the meaning of δεδεμένον in Jn 18^{24} is partly determined, as I have said, by our conception of what the proceedings under Annas amounted to.

Both points are raised afresh, however, in the interesting hypothesis which Sir William Ramsay has recently put forward in the pages of this magazine (xxvii. 296 f., 360 f., 410 f., 471 f, 540 f.), on 'The Denials of Peter.' They are exactly the sort of points at which an archæologist is sometimes able to correct conventional interpretations of a literary text. As the aim of the hypothesis is to settle the differences between the Synoptic and Johannine traditions and to disentangle the historical sequence, it will be well to have before us a brief table of the relevant episodes in the Synoptic narrative of what occurred between the arrest in Gethsemane and the consignment of Jesus to Pilate on the following morning.

	Mark.	Matthew.	Luke.
(A)	14^{53} night: πρὸς τὸν ἀρχιερέα.	26^{57} night: πρὸς Καϊάφαν τ. ἀ.	22^{54} night: εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν τοῦ ἀ.
	14^{53-64} cross-questioning and condemnation by authorities.	26^{59-66} cross-questioning and condemnation by authorities.	
	14^{65} maltreatment of Jesus.	26^{67-68} maltreatment of Jesus.	22^{54-62} Peter's denial.
			22^{63-65} maltreatment of Jesus.
	14^{66-72} Peter's denial.	26^{69-75} Peter's denial.	
(B)	15^{1} morning: meeting of council. Jesus bound and sent to Pilate.	27^{1} morning: meeting of council. Jesus bound and sent to Pilate.	22^{66-71} morning: meeting of council, cross-questioning and condemnation by authorities.
			23^{1} Jesus sent to Pilate.

Now the Johannine tradition records a double night[2] examination, first by Annas and then by Caiaphas: the latter is only mentioned, but under the former (when the canonical order of chap. 18 is retained) some episodes are grouped which correspond more or less roughly to a cross-questioning of Jesus, a certain maltreatment, and Peter's denial.

Instead of placing the informal investigation by Annas before (A), and identifying (A) with the trial under Caiaphas, Sir William Ramsay harmonizes the two traditions by conjecturing that

[1] 'Ces échoppes étaint assez connues à Jérusalem pour qu'on les désignât simplement sous le nom de *ḥanouïot*, et c'est là que siégeait le sanhédrin lorsqu'il eut quitté le sanctuaire. Là, Jésus fut conduit dans la demeure de Caïphe et de son beaupère Ḥanan, sur le mont des Oliviers même' (*Essai sur l'Histoire et la Géographie de la Palestine*, pp. 467–468).

[2] The rabbinic statement of Jose ben Chalafta, which Sir William Ramsay cannot verify (p. 361), seems to be from *Babyl. Sanhed.* 88 *b*.

(A) really was the informal trial under Annas, and that (B) corresponds to the trial under Caiaphas. This hangs from the hypothesis that the writer of the Fourth Gospel was John, who, as an eye-witness, must have had a better knowledge of the course of events than was available to the other Evangelists. I do not enter again into this problem. My point is to show that whatever the merits of the theory may be, it involves a forced interpretation of one or two phrases in the text.

For example, if this theory is to advance, it is essential to account for the remark in Mt 26^{57} that Jesus was taken by His captors to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and elders had gathered. Sir William ingeniously surmounts the obstacle by explaining that πρὸς Καϊάφαν means the ultimate destination of the party, that the only sense of the Greek is judicial ('to appear before Caiaphas as judge'), but that, as it was not yet time for Caiaphas to preside over the council, Jesus was taken to the house of Annas. Thus there is perfect agreement between Matthew and John, for the latter states that Jesus was taken πρὸς Ἄνναν πρῶτον (18^{13}), and that Annas sent him on later to Caiaphas (πρὸς Καϊάφαν, 18^{24}). Furthermore, πρὸς Καϊάφαν must have the same sense in Jn 18^{24} as in Mt 26^{57}, and this leads to the assertion that Jesus never was in the house of Caiaphas at all; the morning trial before Caiaphas took place in the ordinary meeting-place of the council; and πρὸς Καϊάφαν never denotes 'to (the residence of) Caiaphas,' as scholars have hitherto assumed.

In the course of his argument he challenges my translation of Mt 26^{57} and Jn 18^{24}, and even charges me with misunderstanding the Greek in such a way as to distort the evidence of the Gospel text. This is a matter of exegesis, fortunately, not of archæology. Greek is Greek. You do not need to have travelled or dug in the East in order to know the scope of a preposition or of a participle, and I propose, with the Editor's permission, to show that Sir William Ramsay's charges are not well founded.

(1) The first passage is Mt 26^{57}: οἱ δὲ κρατήσαντες τὸν Ἰησοῦν ἀπήγαγον πρὸς Καϊάφαν τὸν ἀρχιερέα, ὅπου οἱ γραμματεῖς καὶ οἱ πρεσβύτεροι συνήχθησαν. The Authorized Version translates πρὸς Καϊάφαν by 'to Caiaphas'; the Revisers, noting the ὅπου which follows, improved this into 'to the house of Caiaphas,' and I took the same line in my translation. It is quite a common use of πρός. In N.T. Greek itself we have two or three decisive parallels, as, for example, in Ac 11^{3}, where the circumcision party at Jerusalem charge Peter with lax conduct: εἰσῆλθες πρὸς ἄνδρας ἀκροβυστίαν ἔχοντας καὶ συνέφαγες αὐτοῖς. Their objection was that he had entered the house of Cornelius and his friends and partaken of food, not that he had joined an open-air picnic. To enter the society of the uncircumcised meant, in this connexion, to enter their house. It is perfectly fair, then, to bring this out in an English rendering by, 'You went into the houses of the uncircumcised and you ate with them.' A still more clear instance of πρὸς with the accusative of a personal name implying the house of the person mentioned occurs in Ac 16^{40}: ἐξελθόντες δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς φυλακῆς εἰσῆλθον πρὸς τὴν Λυδίαν καὶ ἰδόντες παρεκάλεσαν τοὺς ἀδελφοὺς καὶ ἐξῆλθαν, where πρὸς τὴν Λυδίαν is another way of saying that when Paul and Silas left the prison they went 'to the house of Lydia' (cp. v.[12]). These are Lucan[1] instances, but scholars have noted similar cases of this use of πρὸς without the article in the Fourth Gospel, *e.g.* a passage like this very 18^{24}, where Zahn points out that πρὸς Καϊάφαν 'kann heissen in die Wohnung des Genannten, und die Verbindung des Namens mit dem Amtstitel an dieser Stelle lässt vermuten dass die Wohnung gemeint ist,' or like 20^{2} (ἔρχεται πρὸς Σίμωνα Πέτρον καὶ πρὸς τὸν ἄλλον μαθητήν), where Dr. E. A. Abbott[2] suggests that the repetition of the preposition means simply that 'the two were not living in the same house, and Mary is to be supposed as being accompanied by Peter to the house of the other disciple.' I do not lay much stress on Jn 20^{2}, but the general fact is clear, and in order to clinch the matter, I shall quote the first case[3] which occurs to me in the LXX. In Gn 44^{14}, 'Judah and his brothers came to [בֵּיתָה יוֹסֵף] Joseph's house, for he was yet there.' The Greek translator rendered this, εἰσῆλθεν δὲ Ἰούδας καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοὶ αὐτοῦ πρὸς Ἰωσηφ, ἔτι αὐτοῦ ὄντος ἐκεῖ. Here again the article is absent, as in Mt 26^{57}. But it is needless

[1] Luke's equivalent for Matthew's πρὸς Καϊάφαν τὸν ἀρχιερέα and Mark's πρὸς τὸν ἀρχιερέα is εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν τοῦ ἀρχιερέως, and this shows how he understood the preposition and the situation, for he had Mark's text at least before him. As Sir G. A. Smith observes (*Jerusalem*, ii. 571), 'locality is implied also in Mt 26^{57}, Mk $14^{53f.}$.'

[2] *Johannine Grammar*, 2367.

[3] I notice now one even earlier, where 'the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house' (12^{15}, בֵּית פַּרְעֹה) is rendered πρὸς Φαραώ, the inferior variants being πρὸς (εἰς) τὸν οἶκον Φ.

to multiply instances of a usage which is familiar to any student of Hellenistic Greek, namely, that πρὸς with the accusative of a personal name may mean 'to the house of that person,' like *chez* in French. The LXX is full of instances, *e.g.* Ex 2^{10} 10^{1}, 1 S 16^{21} 19^{7}, 2 S 1^{2}, Est 2^{16} etc. Whether it is correct to expand the proposition thus, depends altogether on the context, but the rendering is perfectly legitimate.

In view of this, it is amazing to find that Sir William Ramsay dismisses the R.V. of Mt 26^{57} as 'impossible, for in Greek the preposition πρός with the accusative of a personal name cannot mean "to the house of that person"; but it is technical and idiomatic in the sense of "to appear before a person as judge in a court of justice," and this is what is meant in this place. Dr. Moffatt in his "New Translation" follows the error of the Revisers, although the Authorised Version is right.' This is a strong statement, but it is strong only in language. The negative assertion about πρός is positively erroneous. It must be a recent discovery, for in *St. Paul the Traveller* (first edition, p. 223) Ac 16^{40} is rendered by Sir William himself, 'and they went out from the prison and entered into[1] Lydia's house'! The fact is, however, that it is not a discovery at all, but a slip, and a bad slip. Whether the judicial and technical sense of πρός is applicable to the present passage is another question. So far as grammar goes, it is as possible as the local sense with a verb of motion, but I do not think it probable that the writer of Mt intended to make a subtle suggestion in 26^{57}, that Jesus was simply being led away to appear before Caiaphas as judge, since he has just used πρός in its local sense (v.[18], where both the Authorized and the Revised Versions render πρὸς σὲ by 'at thy house'). Even in the parallel Johannine text, there is a detail which militates against the hypothesis that πρὸς Καϊάφαν in 18^{24} implies 'before Caiaphas as judge,'—I mean the fact that the Evangelist has just (v.[13]) written, ἤγαγον πρὸς Ἄνναν πρῶτον. Now Sir William Ramsay allows that while πρὸς Ἄνναν here is 'to (be judged by) Annas,' the judicial sense[2] does not exclude the local, and the examination before Annas is admitted not only to have taken place in the house of Annas, but to have been merely an informal, unofficial inquiry, preliminary to the real trial before Caiaphas. It is surely natural that, in the absence of any specific indication to the contrary, πρὸς Καϊάφαν should have the same meaning as πρὸς Ἄνναν, especially when πρῶτον seems to link both statements together; and it is illogical to allow the local implication of πρὸς in πρὸς Ἄνναν, and then to fall foul of those who take πρὸς Καϊάφαν in the same way.

In this connexion I must say a word about the Lucan tradition. It has been long disputed whether Luke intended Annas or Caiaphas when he wrote εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν τοῦ ἀρχιερέως. If he meant Annas,[3]—and there is a good case for this,—then his enigmatic statement about the morning council (22^{66}, συνήχθη τὸ πρεσβυτέριον τοῦ λαοῦ ἀρχιερεῖς τε καὶ γραμματεῖς, καὶ ἀπήγαγον αὐτὸν εἰς τὸ συνέδριον αὐτῶν) certainly leaves it an open question where the council meeting was held. If εἰς τὸ συνέδριον αὐτῶν denotes the place, it is clear that this was not the house of Annas. But there is nothing to prove that it was the regular meeting-place of the council; it may have been the house of Caiaphas, for all that we know. And συνέδριον may mean 'council' as well as 'council-chamber'; it was used in the same broad sense as our 'court,' and εἰς τὸ συνέδριον might well mean 'before the court.' So far as the Lucan[4] evidence goes, it does not necessarily prove or disprove that the council met in the house of Caiaphas.

(2) The second passage which has been brought under discussion is Jn 18^{24}: ἀπέστειλεν οὖν αὐτὸν ὁ Ἄννας δεδεμένον πρὸς Καϊάφαν τὸν ἀρχιέρεα. As Jesus had been bound already, according to the Fourth Gospel (18^{12}), by the time that He reached the palace of Annas, the repetition of 'bound' here is curious. If it occurred in v.[28], it would be more intelligible, for this would bring the Johannine tradition into line with the Synoptic. But the unexpected mention of δεδεμένον in the twenty-fourth verse makes one ask why the writer went out of his way to describe Jesus as 'bound,' when He was dispatched by Annas to Caiaphas. Was it because his readers would assume that the prisoner

[1] I assume this translates πρός, not the inferior reading εἰς.

[2] Which is probably present in Lk 23^{7} and Ac 25^{21}, in both cases with ἀναπέμπειν.

[3] Wellhausen, who inclines to this view, finds that the original framework of Jn 18 agreed with Lk, but he restores the original by drastically expunging not only v.[24] but πρῶτον and ἀρχιερεὺς ὢν τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ ἐκείνου from v.[13] and ἀπὸ τοῦ Καϊάφα from v.[28] (*Evangelium des Johannes*, p. 81).

[4] But ἀπὸ τοῦ Καϊάφα in Jn 18^{28} means 'from the house of Caiaphas,' as Dr. Field (*Notes on Translation of N.T.*, p. 106), recognized, quoting the parallel expression in Mk 5^{35} (ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀρχισυναγώγου).

had been unbound during the interview with Annas? This view of the case is not a novelty of exegesis. It has been held by several orthodox and conservative editors of the Gospel, notably by Godet and Westcott.[1] The former thinks that 'Jesus had no doubt been unbound during His examination; this scene over, Annas had Him bound anew to send Him to Caiaphas.' Westcott reads the passage in the same way: 'During the inquiry the Lord would naturally be set free. This explains the notice that He was (again) bound before going on to Caiaphas.' The inference is scarcely natural; we want more evidence for the assumption than seems to be as yet available. Still, it is a fair conjecture, and as I read the narrative in this light, I translate the verse, 'Then Annas had Him bound and sent Him to Caiaphas.' Which is true to the Greek, and not untrue to the spirit and meaning of the story; it simply puts into definite English a view for which there is at least a reasonable amount of probability, as several distinguished predecessors have recognized. This second binding of Jesus was carried out by order of Annas; δεδεμένον by itself means no more than 'in fetters' (δέσμιον), but, when the text is read as I have suggested, there is nothing in Greek grammar to prevent the full meaning of the term being brought out as I have done, since the perfect participle can refer to some previous action by the subject of the active verb in the sentence. I need only cite instances like Ac 9^2 (ὅπως ἐάν τινας εὕρῃ τῆς ὁδοῦ ὄντας, ἄνδρας τε καὶ γυναῖκας, δεδεμένους ἀγάγῃ εἰς Ἰερουσαλήμ), where δεδεμένους denotes a binding carried out under Paul's orders before the prisoners were dispatched to Jerusalem; his letters of authority empowered him 'to put any man or woman in chains . . . and bring them to Jerusalem.' The same construction recurs in Ac 9^{21}, in the inferior textual variant (of A, etc.) on Mk 12^3 (ἀπέστειλαν ἠτιμωμένον), and in a passage which I chanced to read this morning in Lucian's *Vera Historia*, i. 41 (ἀντὶ δὲ χειρῶν σιδηρῶν πολύποδας μεγάλους ἐκδεδεμένους ἀλλήλοις ἐπερρίπτουν), where the meaning is that they first tied the polypods together and then threw them as grappling-irons.[2] In Jn 18^{24}, instead of writing something like ὃ οὖν Ἄννας ἔδησεν αὐτον καὶ ἀπέστειλεν . . . , the author prefers to use the passive participle δεδεμένον, and no law of Greek grammar can be alleged why he should not, if he wanted his readers to understand that Annas had Jesus rebound before dispatching Him to Caiaphas. Whether that is what he meant them to understand is another story. But the Greek at any rate is patient of this interpretation. To understand 'again' with δεδεμένον is not any more difficult than to understand 'still.'

Sir William Ramsay is not pleased with this, however. He declares that such a translation as I have given 'is not possible within the limits of Greek grammar,' and translates the verse, 'Annas therefore sent Jesus bound as He was, to Caiaphas,' adding in a footnote, 'ὁ δεδεμένος, the prisoner.' But the Fourth Evangelist did not write τὸν δεδεμένον, and 'the limits of Greek grammar' are broader than the measure of this hasty statement. I am quite prepared to admit that the Greek can mean, 'bound as he was,' although this would be more natural[3] if v.[24] followed vv.[12-13] immediately, as in the Sinaitic Syriac version. But Sir William Ramsay brusquely sets aside all ancient and modern transpositions of the text, and prefers to work with the canonical order or disorder of the verses. He thinks that Jesus was never unbound in the house of Annas, which he is perfectly entitled to do, although in a speculative moment the harmonizing instinct leads him to suggest that Jesus might have been released from His bonds when under trial before the Jews, in conformity with 'the higher moral standard on which the Jewish nation stood in comparison with the pagan races around.' But what he is not entitled to do is to add that 'into the clear and important statement' of Jn 18^{24} 'Dr. Moffatt has introduced a mistranslation which distorts the evidence . . . here he goes wrong, without (so far as I know) any predecessor.' The Johannine sentence is important, but it is not clear; it is not unambiguous except to those who shut their eyes deliberately to the possibilities of the Greek and to the uncertainty of our information about the local conditions. I do not assert dogmatically that it is right to render δεδεμένον as I have done, and wrong to render it 'bound as he was.' The point which I wish to make is simply

[1] Lagrange (*Évangile selon Saint Marc*, pp 383–384) takes the same view: Jesus was 'probablement détaché pendant l'interrogatoire.' Meyer had anticipated this.

[2] In 3 Mac 3^{25} we read similarly, τοῦς ἐννεμομένους . . . ἀποστεῖλαι πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐν δεσμοῖς σιδηροῖς πάντοθεν κατακεκλεισμένους.

[3] As Loisy points out (*Le Quatrième Evangile*, pp. 828–833), the twenty-fourth verse, when δεδεμένον is taken to mean 'bound as he was,' 'laisse entendre que Hanan renvoie Jésus tel qu'on le luï a amené, sans intermède ni délai.'

that the former translation is legitimate, so far as the Greek goes, and that ultimately it depends on more than grammatical considerations whether δεδεμένον should be rendered by 'bound as he was' or 'bound anew.' It is quite probable that earlier translators, who took the latter view, were content to render the text literally and translate δεδεμένον by 'bound.' The periphrasis which I have printed may be original, but if it is true to the Greek, it is none the worse for that, and I hope to have indicated in this article that it expresses not inadequately an interpretation of the narrative which has been current for many years among editors of the text.

Literature.

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE HOLY LAND.

If 'the first fine careless rapture' of Palestinian exploration can never be recaptured, there never was a time when the subject had a deeper interest for the serious student of the Bible. It is not only that now we know a great many facts which throw light upon obscure passages; it is that the whole atmosphere surrounding the Book of books has been altered for us. We stand closer to Isaiah and Jeremiah than our fathers did; we sympathize better with their experiences; we receive more intelligently, perhaps also more reverently, the message which they deliver. This is a great gain, a gain which we shall appreciate more and more as time passes.

One of the most diligent and accomplished students of *The Archæology of the Holy Land* is Mr. P. S. P. Handcock, formerly Assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Under that title he has published a book (Fisher Unwin; 10s. 6d. net) which will be found to be a convenient handbook to its subject and quite authoritative. Its facts may nearly all be traced in such great books on Palestine as Dr. R. A. S. Macalister's *Gezer*; but here they are presented in short compass and clear arrangement. The following summary of conclusions regarding the religion of the Pre-Canaanites is a good example of Mr. Handcock's skill and knowledge:

'Of the religious customs of the Pre-Canaanite inhabitants of Palestine we know very little, while of their beliefs we know practically nothing. Their temples or sanctuaries were caves, and here they offered sacrifices to their gods. Libations were sometimes poured into cup-shaped hollows excavated in the rock surface above the caves, from which they were conveyed by channels into the cave sanctuaries below. Meat-offerings as well as drink-offerings were made, and, as already observed, one of the animals that was used as a sacrificial victim appears to have been the pig.'

The book is handsomely produced. The illustrations are numerous, and they are not merely ornamental, they elucidate the text.

PEPYS.

Old Samuel Pepys can scarcely be ranked among the moralists, but Saml. Pepys, Junr., is undoubtedly a great moral reformer. He has written *A Diary of the Great Warr* (John Lane; 5s. net), which is entertaining and more. The pharisaic and sensual self-satisfaction of his renowned original is only emphasized a little, and then made the mirror in which thousands of men may see their own unlovely likenesses. And, as they see, they must surely repent. Let them see to it that they repent before the war is over. There is still time to give and do something for the winning of the war, perhaps even be something for which the war will be worth winning. That is how Pepys Junr. may be found a great moral reformer.

The style of old Pepys is delightfully preserved.

'Dec. 31, 1914.—Evening mine accompts this night, for the year, I find my gettings are 399*l* 15*s*. less than my last year's, through dividends lost since the warr, whereto be added about 30*l* allowed proportion of enlarged income tax; which is to say, that I am poorer in gettings by 429*l* 15*s*. than I was a year ago. Yet, on the other hand, by my prudent provisions and self-denials, I have abated spendings by above 300*l*; *Items*, saved in discounts of offerings on Lord's Day, 4 pounds 10 shillings; on givings in charity, 15 guineas; on my wife's cloathes, 20 pounds (about); ditto on mine own,

1 pound 18 shillings and sixpence; on dinners and other entertainments to my friends (none), 35 pounds; on wedding, Christmas, and other gifts (none), 19 pounds; on vails (25 *per centum* reduced), 7 pounds (neare); on subsidies to poor relations (all withheld), 150 pounds; on going to the play only when I have had tickets given me, 17 guineas; on my wife's perquisites out of housekeeping moneys (disallowed as from August 5), 23 pounds; on her subscription to Mudie's, 1 guinea; on sundry small charges not particularly specifiable, 10 pounds. Whereby I am, since the warr, less than 120 pounds out, and here-against is to be set my balance of gettings above spendings from January to August, near 500 pounds. So, with all our stresses, I to end the year 380 pounds better than I began it, and to bed in pretty good heart.'

'Mar. 28 (*Palm Sunday*).—To Paul's and there did hear one of the canons (Simpson) play the fool about loving the Germans and using them tenderly; which, with them in their present mind, is as good as exhorting us to a gentle complaisance towards the Devil. All sober men do wonder what is come to the doctors of our church, first Lyttelton of Eton, and now Simpson, that they be so given over to peace-making, and 'tis thought this shall incline many church-men to turn Methody or Anabaptist. One who drank tea with us this afternoon tells of a certain bishop that did preach of late on the warr, and quotes Solomon's text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." And a report of the sermon being sent by some news-sheet to the censor for his approval, comes back with the note: "The War Office have no objection to the publication of this statement, but they have no information on the subject."'

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A RUSSIAN.

There are only two ways of understanding the psychology of a Russian, the one to be born in Russia, the other, and less satisfactory, to know thoroughly the Russian language. So says Madame N. Jarintzov. And for the benefit of those who have not had the good fortune to be born in Russia she has written a book on *The Russians and their Language* (Blackwell; 6s. net).

Madame Jarintzov assures us that the Russian language is not so difficult as it is believed to be. She gives the elementary things of it in an Introduction. In the rest of the book she shows how intimately the language and the character of the Russians are associated. And she succeeds (to our very great enjoyment, for she has a fine mastery of her pen) in showing that a nation's character is reflected in the words which it uses. And as she does so she shows also how impossible it is to turn the Russian language into English, because there are some English words for which there is no Russian equivalent, and many Russian words for which there is no equivalent in English.

The Russians have no word to stand for 'respectability.' They have not the idea; it is not suitable to their psychology. They have adopted the English word: but not exactly in its English meaning.

On the other hand, there is no English equivalent for the Russian *chùtkost.* It is 'tact,' but with more soul in it. It is 'consideration,' but with a touch of humour. 'The other day a Russian friend of mine, descending from a taxi in London, looked at the taximeter, and saw that it showed one-and-tenpence. Nevertheless, he politely asked the driver how much the fare was. The man looked at the apparatus and said, "Half-a-crown." The Russian pretended that he never noticed the swindling, gave the man two-and-eightpence, and silently went his way. He did so instinctively, not wanting to make the man feel uncomfortable.'

Still Madame Jarintzov thinks it is possible to translate some words better than we do. She thinks 'it is high time to explain that the famous "Little father" does not mean "little" father at all! The old Russian word for father, *bàtushka, does not suggest an atom of the tone in which "little father," or the German Väterchen, is pronounced.* This way of translating it is sickly-sentimental! No, *bàtushka* is used either in a grave, deferential way—and that is how it came first to be applied in the olden days to the Princes and later to the Tsars, and is still the habitual form of addressing the priests; or else it is used in a very argumentative tone, essentially Russian, called up in quick discussion, which one never hears in English society, and therefore is hardly explicable: it carries some familiarity, some respect, some rebuke, some humour, some surprise—very often all of them at the same time!'

FOLK PSYCHOLOGY.

The expression 'Folk Psychology' is German (Völkerpsychologie); it has scarcely entered the English language yet. In happier times the translation into English of Professor W. Wundt's *Elements of Folk Psychology* (Allen & Unwin; 15s. net) would have secured its acceptance. In spite, however, of the interest of the subject, and in spite of the excellence of the translation (which has been made by Professor E. L. Schaub of Evanston University, Ill.), it is not likely that the expression will find a home among us.

But we may find out what it means. In the German tongue the word is used in two ways. It is used for comparing the psychology of one nation with another—the French with the Germans, the English with the Americans. It is also used to distinguish the psychology of a group of persons from that of individuals. It is in the latter sense that it is used by Professor Wundt.

'*Language*, for example, is not the accidental discovery of an individual; it is the product of peoples, and, generally speaking, there are as many different languages as there are originally distinct peoples. . . . How, again, could a *religion* have been created by an individual? There have, indeed, been religions whose founders were individual men; for example, Christianity, Buddhism, and Islamism. But all these religions rest on earlier foundations; they are elaborations of religious motives arising within particular folk communities. Thus, then, in the analysis of the higher mental processes, folk psychology is an indispensable supplement to the psychology of individual consciousness. Indeed, in the case of some questions the latter already finds itself obliged to fall back on the principles of folk psychology.'

There seems, then, to be good reason for the introduction of such an expression as 'folk psychology' into English. Unfortunately we do not use the word 'folk' as an equivalent to the German 'Völker.' There is a touch for familiarity about it, as well as a flavour of antiquity. And, besides, are we not going to coin our own words in future? Here is an opportunity for the professional philologist—or more likely the man in the street.

Professor Wundt's method is to begin with Primitive Folk, and tell all he knows about their psychology—thought, belief, action—then to proceed to the next stage of development, and again cover the whole ground. The method is open to arbitrariness, but it is possibly better than to take, say, religion by itself and work it down through all the stages of man's civilization.

WELFARE SUPERVISION.

In spite of the number of trades and professions into which women have entered, we can speak of Welfare Work as a new occupation. It is the supervision of the women in factories while they are at their work. What it signifies for the superintendent, for the factory proprietor, for the workers, is told fully and authoritatively by Miss E. Dorothea Proud, B.A., in a handsome volume entitled *Welfare Work* (Bell; 7s. 6d. net). Miss Proud writes out of abundant personal knowledge and leaves no aspect of the subject untouched; and Mr. Lloyd George, in a pithy foreword, vouches for her right to speak with authority. 'This volume,' he says, 'will be found very helpful to those who desire to do their part in the good work now. We owe it to the good sense, industry, and intelligence of an Australian, Miss E. D. Proud, who, after graduating at the University of Adelaide, has spent many years of patient inquiry and research into the conditions of welfare work as carried on in the factories of the Commonwealth and of Great Britain. She has further served in the Welfare Department at the Ministry of Munitions since its foundation. Her knowledge of Welfare Work is therefore unique, and her book bids fair to become the standard work on the subject. I warmly commend it to employers, to Lady Superintendents, and to all those members of the general public who care for the welfare of the workers in our factories.'

It is evident that the welfare superintendence of factories is not a 'soft job.' There is no conceivable interest of the workers which is not also the interest of the superintendent. The claim upon her is supposed to end with the day's labour; but here we have elaborate rules for the regulation of the food and the amusements of the women.' Perhaps these are voluntary offices: a wise superintendent will understand. But all the superintendents must be wise; how otherwise can they engage or dismiss the workers, hear complaints, settle disputes, insist on cleanliness and care, watch over the health and steadily raise the moral tone of the factory? It is a fascinating occupation

—fascinating because of the very delicacy and multifariousness of its demands. And this is a fascinating book which Miss Proud has written about it.

BETWEEN TWO WARS.

Why do American authors say that the German invasion of Belgium had nothing to do with the entrance of Britain into the War? Professor Herndon Fife, Jr., of Wesleyan University, U.S.A., is one who says so. And yet in his book on *The German Empire between Two Wars* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net), he is scrupulously fair towards Britain and towards Germany. He strives hard, and he rarely fails, to hold the balance even. That, and a curious slip about the British crown as 'a mere figurehead,' are the only lapses from the obvious truth that we have found in the whole book. It is so fair indeed, and so well informed, it is written, moreover, in so good a narrative style, that it deserves a wide circulation in this country, and we hope it will obtain it.

Professor Fife is not a historian. He is rather a political and social lecturer. The book may not have been given first as lectures, but again it may, and the whole manner of it suggests that it was. The repetitions suggest the lecture. They are plentiful and amusing. How often does Professor Fife tell us about Wolff's Bureau? How often about the percentage of births to deaths? How often about the *Daily Telegraph* interview with the Kaiser when he submitted his plan for winning the Boer War, which so irritated the docile Germans?

The explanation is that each chapter deals with one topic, and carries that topic right through the forty years. Thus the first chapter traces the history of the relation between Germany and France, the third the rivalry with England; while a later chapter describes the worrying and always worsening attitude of the conquered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein to the Government. The method is not scientific, but it makes pleasant reading. The book is pleasant reading throughout. It is also a book to be desired to make one wise.

THE STATE.

'In the months that have passed since the cloud of war burst upon us many have asked in vain for a certain voice from the Church, may we not say from Christendom as a whole? It is right that the Church should inspire the nation, but its call must be its own. Its members may be convinced that a war is righteous, but the business of the Church is to inspire the nation to fight righteously, not to act as a recruiting sergeant. Its business is to learn and teach the spiritual lessons of the war; to call to penitence; to keep love, even the love of our enemies, alive; to diminish the inevitable suffering; to prepare for a better future in which peace and goodwill may prevail; to strengthen and build up the nation in righteousness. Has any organized Church in Christendom done this? If there should be failure here a tremendous opportunity will have been missed. Let us not blame others for what they may have left undone, but let us remember that we are the Church, to whatever Christian body we may belong, and that the responsibility is with us.'

Who brings that charge against the Churches? It is no enemy. It is the widow of a bishop of London, a woman of great discernment, Mrs. Creighton.

Mrs. Creighton is the author of the first of a series of lectures on *The Theory of the State* which were delivered in connexion with the International Crisis at Bedford College for Women, and are now published under that title (Milford; 4s. 6d. net). The crisis, Viscount Bryce tells us in his Introduction, demands that two things should be done. 'The one is to lead and help our people to know better the facts of the European situation as it stands to-day, including the wishes and aspirations of the various nationalities and the conditions upon which any durable peace must be based, a task to which such organizations as the Council for the Study of International Relations are addressing themselves. The other is to examine, and help the people to examine and comprehend, the theories and doctrines which have been influencing the mind of the nations of continental Europe.' It is to help in the doing of the second thing that these lectures are sent out. The other lecturers are: Professor W. R. Sorley ('The State and Morality'), Professor J. S. Mackenzie ('Might and Right'), Mr. A. D. Lindsay ('The State and Society'), Canon Rashdall ('Egoism, Personal and National'), and Hilda D. Oakeley ('The Idea of a General Will').

THREE OXFORD MOVEMENTS.

The fascination of Oxford is not for its alumni only. It is felt in America. There is a story that a certain American Professor visiting the University asked an official how to obtain a surface on his lawn, and the answer came, Mow it for five hundred years. It is the ancientness that appeals to the American.

It is no surprise to find that Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has made a special and prolonged study of the three Oxford Movements associated with the names of Wycliffe, Wesley, and Newman. On every one of the movements and on every one of the men we have had writing in abundance. Yet there is freshness and even occasional delightful surprise in this fine scholarly book. Its title is *The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and their Movements* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net).

The chapter on Wesley was the most difficult to write. Wesley is more familiar to the ordinary reader of books than Wycliffe, yet he is not recent enough to be as attractive psychologically as Newman. And, besides his middle place, he is the father of a great Church, every member of which is susceptible to the least inaccuracy or the least undue emphasis thrown upon any fact or characteristic. Now the chapter on Wesley is the greatest chapter of the three. There is not a word in it that is beyond the understanding of the outsider, for Dr. Parkes Cadman has a fine gift of lucidity; yet his knowledge is minute enough and his judgment sufficiently balanced to meet the scrutiny of the most accomplished and critical of Wesley's sons.

Dr. Parkes Cadman is much drawn to Newman, little to Newmanism, and least of all to the subsequent history of that particular 'Oxford Movement.'

The Australasian Graded Bible Lessons, edited by John Smyth, M.A., D.Phil., will hold their own with any Sunday School, Bible Class, or Guild Handbooks published. The Senior Grade (second year) book is prepared by the Rev. A. R. Osborn, M.A., a scholar by training and a teacher by birth.

Mr. Thomas Baker has issued a fourth edition of *The Dark Night of the Soul* by Saint John of the Cross, one of the greatest though not one of the longest mystical books of the Middle Ages. The volume is one of that series of translations of the mystics of the Roman Catholic Church to which belongs *The Way of Perfection* of Saint Teresa, and other books which have been noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES as they were issued. They are to be commended for the fulness of their introductions as well as for the excellence of the translation.

In issuing this fourth edition the Publisher says: 'Since the issue of the Third Edition, a more correct Spanish text of the whole of the Saint's works has appeared, "Obras del Mistico Doctor San Juan de la Cruz. Edición Critica. Toledo, 1912," edited by the Rev. P. Gerardo de San Juan de la Cruz. Having acquired the sole right of English translation of this edition, I have had the text carefully compared with that of my Third Edition and a translation of all the variants put into their proper places, with the original Spanish given in footnotes.'

There is no book of the Bible which gives a commentator more satisfaction than the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The Rev. R. St. John Parry, D.D., has written the Commentary on *The First Epistle to the Corinthians* in the Cambridge edition of the Revised Version for Schools and Colleges (Camb. Univ. Press; 2s. 6d. net). The Introduction is very full—it runs to 75 pages—and discusses such topics as the Parties or Cliques and the Position of Women, in addition to the usual matters of an Introduction. The Notes are full also. All is scholarly, up to date, reliable, readable.

Only a year ago we received and reviewed a book entitled *The Heart of Jainism*, by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson. In spite of the ability of that author and the thoroughness of her work, there is room, says Mr. F. W. Thomas, for a work which should furnish, in a moderate compass, an exposition of Jainism and its terminology. Such a work he finds in *Outlines of Jainism*, by Jagmanderlal Jaini, M.A. (Cambridge: At the University Press; 4s. net). It is the first volume of a series which is to be issued by the Jain Literature Society, of which Mr. Thomas is President. Two features of the book deserve particular attention: (1) it contains two elaborate charts, one of the twenty-four Tirthankaras, the other of Karmas and correspond-

ing qualities; and (2) it contains a large number of Jaina texts, with their interpretation.

The latest volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d.) is the eighty-ninth. It contains the issues from January to June 1916.

The first thing to observe about it is that the Index of Texts has returned to the alphabetical instead of the Biblical order. It begins with Acts and ends with 2 Thessalonians. Does it mean that the readers of *The Christian World Pulpit* cannot repeat the books of the Bible in order? One curious result is that the four Gospels are turned right round—John, Luke, Mark, Matthew.

But it is a good volume, as good as ever. It opens with a fine sermon by our greatest master of religious language, Professor Scott Holland. And within a few pages we have Dr. John Clifford's able summary of the religious events and influences of 1915. The favourite preacher this time is Dr. Orchard. He is close followed by Dr. Horton.

'It is obvious that the chief aim of sex is union. Now the physical union, *e.g.* in marriage, is but the type or symbol of the spiritual union. Woman, far from being the inferior, is really the counterpart of man, and was evidently intended by the all-wise Creator and Father to be his comrade or helpmate on life's uphill road. The two half-souls, by means of the mutual interchange of spiritual gifts, elevate and purify each other so that their characters develop more fully and harmoniously.' That is the secret of *How to Complete our Lives* (Fowler). That ideal Bertha Davis has ever before her to the end of the little book, and urges its realization upon us earnestly.

Is it possible to do anything of scientific value with subjects like Auto-Suggestion and Vitalism? That a plausible case can be made out for them is evident. For Messrs. Fowler have issued two attractive volumes, one entitled *Auto-Suggestion: What it is, and How to use it for Health, Happiness, and Success* (2s. 6d.), the other *Vitalism: Being Ten Lessons in Spiritual Healing and the Spiritual Life* (2s. 6d.), and in each volume the subject is set forth with amazing persuasiveness. The author of the first-named book is Herbert A. Parkyn, M.D., C.M., who was once editor of *Suggestion*, a magazine of the New Psychology. The author of the second is Paul Tyner.

Canon Henry Scott Holland has published a second series of articles from *The Commonwealth*. They are worth republishing; so is everything that Canon Scott Holland writes. Since the opening of the war he has been greater than we knew him —a trusty guide and good comforter to not a few. The title is *So as by Fire* (Wells Gardner; 1s. net, or in cloth, 2s. net).

Mr. J. Gardner Hitt has published *The Layman's Book of the General Assembly of 1916* (2s. 6d. net). It is issued under the auspices of the Elders' Union of the Church of Scotland, and is edited by the Rev. Harry Smith, M.A.

To the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Theodore Watts-Dunton (simply Theodore Watts then) contributed the article on Poetry. He was a discovery of Professor Minto of Aberdeen, who was then editing the *Examiner* in London. Minto recommended him to Professor Baynes, who had been appointed editor of the *Encyclopædia* and had been thinking of either Swinburne or Matthew Arnold for the article. Baynes engaged Watts-Dunton. It was a great hit for the book and for the man. Watts-Dunton became known as the most accomplished critic of poetry in the world.

Many years after, Dr. David Patrick, editing the new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, engaged Watts-Dunton to write an Introduction to the third volume. The contribution was called 'The Renascence of Wonder in English Poetry.' Both of these articles are now republished in a volume entitled *Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder* (Herbert Jenkins; 5s. net).

There is much more in the volume than the two articles. There is a selection of notes from critical articles contributed through many years to the *Athenæum*. These notes are added to the greater articles as 'Athenæum riders,' and are distinguished from them by being printed in solid type. The device was Watts-Dunton's own. It has a curious effect on the book. But, if not quite successful artistically, it enables us to possess in a single convenient volume all that is best of Watts-Dunton's writings on poetry. Everything in the volume has to do with poetry and everything is good.

Except the proof-reading. But we have never seen a posthumously published book of which the proof-reading was perfect.

Dr. Frank Ballard is an omnivorous reader. He is also a rapid and for the most part victorious writer. And he has his feet upon the Rock. It was inevitable that he should be invited to deliver the Fernley Lecture. It was as inevitable that he should choose as the subject of lecture some apologetic subject. He chose *Christian Reality in Modern Light* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net).

He did not choose Reality. He did not choose Reality in Religion. He chose Reality in Christ. The lecture is a great and a gracious plea for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. The theory and the practice are delightfully intermixed, as they ought to be. If we do the will of God we shall know the truth, and as we know the truth we shall be ready to do the will. It is the Gospel as it is to be made applicable to the life of to-day. Few know better than Dr. Ballard the difficulties of the application. Few know better the need. But there is a fine breezy persuasiveness throughout the book, with sometimes a sharp reproof that we can be so perverse as not to be persuaded.

Successful teachers of the Bible are often encouraged to publish their notes or lectures, whereby this form of literature becomes embarrassing by its amount. But now and then the book comes which excels, and compels attention to its excellence. Such a book, outwardly plain and unpretending, is *Lessons on the Life of Jesus Christ as it is recorded in the Gospel of St. Mark*, by the Rev. James Robbie, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in Religious Instruction in the Training College, Dundee (Longmans; 2s. net).

A Study in the Philosophy of Bergson has been made and published by Gustavus Watts Cunningham, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Middlebury College (Longmans; 5s. net). Bergson's philosophy is worth knowing; Professor Cunningham knows it thoroughly; he writes with lucidity enough to make Bergson's philosophy known to any one who simply reads his book. No doubt there are degrees of knowledge; but the reading of this book will at least make the difference between knowledge and ignorance, and will send the reader to deeper knowledge by the reading of Bergson's own books. Once Dr. Cunningham puts the philosophy of Bergson into a sentence: 'By means of intuition we can know reality and yet escape mechanism.' 'Such,' he says, 'is the fundamental position of Bergsonism.'

The title of Dr. Maurice Parmelee's book, *Poverty and Social Progress* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), recalls Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty*. And there are other similarities between the books. Both are written by Americans and for Americans; yet both touch world-wide problems and both demand world-wide attention. Dr. Parmelee goes more fully into the problems and writes more cautiously than Mr. George. It must also be said that he has a heavier hand.

Dr. Parmelee is convinced that the poor need not always be with us. But they will always be with his own countrymen unless something is done to restrain competition in labour. For he agrees with Rubinow that 'the American wage worker, notwithstanding his strenuous efforts to adjust wages to these new price conditions, notwithstanding all his strikes, boycotts, and riots, notwithstanding all the picturesque I. W. W. -ism, new unionism, and the modish sabotage, has been losing surely and not even slowly, so that the sum total of economic progress of this country for the last quarter of a century appears to be a loss of from 10 to 15 per cent. in his earning power.'

One remedy for over-competition is to restrict immigration, and this Dr. Parmelee advocates. He has been told that that will be needless for many years to come owing to the necessity which will lie upon the nations of Europe to make good the losses of the war. But he thinks that the actual losses are greatly exaggerated. And he argues that the birth-rate 'will very soon leap forward.' So he advocates the restriction of immigration. The policy is selfish, and he admits it. But he thinks that if the European nations lose in being kept out of America they will gain by the consequent raising of wages, since the rate of wages in one country affects the rate of wages all over the world.

It is only a month or two since we received from the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge a commentary on the Book of Jonah in which that book was spoken of, and commented on, as 'fiction.' We have just received an introduction

to *The Books of the Pentateuch* by a Professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute of America, and it is entirely in sympathy with recent criticism. The author is Professor F. C. Eiselen. His critical position is almost identical with that of the late Professor Driver. These two facts are encouraging. It can only be by the force of truth that those two conservative institutions have been driven to publish books in which critical results like these are openly advocated.

Professor Eiselen (whose book is published by the Methodist Book Concern at $1.50 net) has discussed the critical question — all the critical questions—thoroughly and impartially. He gives Professor Orr his due. It is with reluctance that he leaves him at last and settles down beside Driver. The consequence is that he is likely to see his readers settle down there also. For all the facts on both sides are stated and tested, and there seems to be no other way of it.

It sometimes happens that we come upon a book which we think we could have written and wish we had. *The Way of Peace* is such a book (Methuen; 3s. 6d. net). It is written by a woman, Augusta Kirby. There is no sense in the writer of having done a great thing. And perhaps it is not great. But it is as a hand pointing to the way of life; and surely there will be some who by its means will find the way.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published *The Secret of Inspiration*, by Andrew Murray, a precious volume of Christian counsel, though made so small as to be carried in the pocket (1s. net).

They have also issued a book on personal religion in relation to the War, by Marshall Broomhall, M.A. The title is *Mine own Vineyard* (1s. net).

By the same publishing house is issued *The Bible View of the World*, by the Rev. Martin Anstey, B.D., M.A. (1s. 6d. net). It is an evangelical writer's thoughts on such ultimate but ever-present things as Religion and Life, Evolution and Creation, Culture and Conversion, Sin and Evil. It is the thoughts of a writer who has made up his mind finally and speaks it fearlessly.

A translation has been made by Mr. Fred Rothwell of *The Contingency of the Laws of Nature* by Émile Boutroux (Open Court; 5s. net). The French book was written as long ago as 1874, and the author is a little astonished that it should 'create attention after so long an interval.' But when are we likely to lose interest in the question of necessity or free will? And with a clearer understanding of what is meant by the laws of nature we are undoubtedly in a better position now to appreciate Boutroux's argument that the will of man has actual influence on the course of things. He divides philosophical systems into three types, the idealist, materialist, and dualist or parallelist types; and as they all regard the laws of nature as a chain of necessity, he opposes them all. He opposes them also on the ground that they do not go direct to nature and life for their arguments, but combine in more or less novel fashion the arguments already used in previous systems. His great aim is 'to replace a philosophy essentially conceptual by one that is living and is moulded on reality.'

Is it understood that the problem of the Book of Job was settled by that book? M. Étienne Giran does not so understand it. He has tackled the problem as it is to be seen and felt in his own adopted country, which is Holland, and in his own day; and he has offered his solution in *A Modern Job* (Open Court; 2s. 6d. net).

Job is here again, and as troubled as ever. But he has lost something of the dignity with which his trouble was borne by the patriarch. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar are here again also, these names being supposed to be handed down from one generation to another until they are held by these very modern Dutchmen. Each of the friends has his own theological formula, and each tries to fit Job into it, unsuccessfully. Even Elihu is here, but not the Elihu of the Hebrew book. This 'is not a raw youth, claiming to speak by the spirit, yet speaking, however truly and forcibly, from somewhere off that stage of concrete anguish on which the drama of the afflicted soul is played. He is, on the contrary, old in years and in the experience of the life that serves, and serves in the humblest place; and the lore he has learned there has wrought in him the simplicities of the heart of the little child. So it is that his brief word tells, that it is germane to the drama, where the protracted argument of his ancestor is convicted of an irrelevance which betrays its imported character.'

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter?

It is put very tentatively in a question. 'Was God, by opening his eyes to the beauty of his universe, already restoring to him the very treasures of life that blind circumstance had snatched from his grasp?'

Mr. Frederick William Hugh Migeod, F.R.A.I., has spent his manhood among wild beasts and wild men, and from his life among them he has been able to conceive what must have been the life of *Earliest Man*. He has therefore written a book with that title (Kegan Paul; 3s. 6d. net). He has read books on anthropology, and knows what has been discovered about the earliest men; but this is not a bookish book, it is a record of personal investigation.

The Rev. Walter M. Patton, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History of Religion in Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., has written a commentary on Genesis i.–xi., and called it *Israel's Account of the Beginnings* (Boston: Pilgrim Press; $1 net). Instead of printing the text and explaining it by means of notes below, he has written a paraphrase of each section and thrown his notes to the end. The Priestly Writer's Story of Creation comes first; the Jehovist's Story of Man's Origin and Primitive Life follows. All is in harmony with the best Biblical scholarship of our day. Professor Patton is himself a scholar, able to take rank with the best.

In his Commentary on Romans, the first volume of a series to be called *St. Paul's Letters Unfolded* (R.T.S.; 1s. 6d. net), Dr. A. Lukyn Williams offers the text of the Epistle with the very minimum of explanation—just what is absolutely necessary to understand the reading, what we can imagine Levites of Nehemiah's day offered the Jews when 'they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense' (Neh 8^8).

Mr. E. S. P. Haynes is in earnest when he writes on *The Decline of Liberty in England* (Grant Richards; 6s. net). There has been too much legislation of late, he believes; and it has restricted the liberty of the poor man, and especially the poor woman, far more than of the rich man or woman, and far more than is endurable. But as one reads Mr. Haynes's book one sees how difficult it is to draw the line between liberty and licence. Mr. Haynes is particularly bold in demanding liberty for the sexual and the drinking appetites. What principle has he to go upon? What standard of right and wrong? He demands that the State should have a clear principle and act upon it; but where is it to be found? Not in Christianity. For all that that word denotes Mr. Haynes has a bitter dislike. Take this sentence: 'Laws and customs as to Sunday observance have obsolesced as noticeably as the belief in the Christian religion during the last fifty years; but this does not prevent the "temperance" advocate from urging that no alcoholic liquor should be drunk on Sundays.' It is a great pity that Mr. Haynes has this dislike. He knows the miseries of city life and he is sincerely anxious to relieve them. But his remedy of larger liberty is simple madness unless it is the liberty of the children of God.

Not long ago the Rev. Ernest E. Hull, S.J., published a book called *Why should I be Moral?* His answer was, Because God requires morality. He has now published a book on *Civilisation and Culture* (Sands; 2s. net), in which he shows that progress in civilization is attained by this same recognition of God's claim. This is what he says: 'I know of no sanction which will induce men to practise virtue and abstain from vice habitually and consistently, through thick and thin, for better or for worse, except the sanction of conscience—the recognition that there is a Lord and Master above us, supreme in His rights and in His power to enforce those rights, who has mapped out the way we should walk, and the penalties for straying from the appointed path; whose edict cannot be ignored or contravened with impunity, and from whose hand we cannot by any contrivance escape. Under such a régime virtue is not merely a beautiful thing or a useful thing. It becomes an imperative duty. Vice is not merely an ugly thing and a mischievous thing. It becomes a *sin*—an offence of the Divine Majesty, an outrage of His law, a spoiling of His designs, an abuse of our faculties and of our opportunities, a contradiction of the purpose for which we were created, and a thwarting of our final destiny.'

The Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D., is one of the most earnest advocates of Prayer for the Dead. He believes that it may be made a great *Consolation in Bereavement*. And under that title he has

published a small book, advocating the practice as eloquently as earnestly (Scott; 2s. net).

The Preacher's Handbook, by the Rev. F. A. C. Youens, M.A. (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), contains Sermon Notes and Notes on Sermon Preparation. The author does not miss the opportunity of declaring his own doctrine. In the Sermon Notes he advocates courses of sermons. The first course which he suggests is on Death and the Future Life. When he touches the question of the duration of punishment, he pleads 'very forcibly' for the doctrine that in the end all will be saved.

The story of *S. Brendan the Voyager and his Mystic Quest* is told by Mr. James Wilkie in a book published by the Society of SS. Peter and Paul (2s. 6d. net). It is told in a fine combination of literary grace and antiquarian curiosity. One may learn profitably who S. Brendan was and what he did, or be charmed by the old-world flavour of romance into the pure pleasure of reading.

Among those who have been stirred by the present strife and have been moved to write of the things that will follow after is Mr. R. H. Crompton. He has written on *The Future of Christianity* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net).

He has something to say, but he does not say it easily. His ideas regarding the teaching of Jesus and War, if we understand them, are unnecessarily pessimistic. The situation is not so rigid that we may not use force under any circumstances because Jesus said, 'Resist not evil'; nor if we do, is it so certain that we reject the authority of Christ. For He took typical cases to illustrate His great principle; the cases themselves are not principles. Having the principle we apply it as the case comes before us. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'

Mr. Malcolm Quin does not believe that this war will be the end of war unless the world accepts that method of making peace which he calls 'Scientific Catholicism.' He is a Roman Catholic, and he believes that Roman Catholicism, including the Pope, must have the chief say in the matter. But Roman Catholicism, as it now is, will not do it. It must be 'transformed, developed, and completed,' by the entrance of ideas and practices which are to be found 'in the Greek Church and in the various Protestant bodies, including Anglicanism.'

And this transformed Catholicism must be scientific. Physical science must add to it its objectiveness, its systematization, its observation, and its theorizing. When this method is added to the Catholic ideal we shall have a force which no nation or combination of nations will be able to gainsay. We shall have the control of a power, partly spiritual and partly material, which will be able to crush any attempt on the part of any nation to disturb the world's peace. Of course all must be settled first, and that will be accomplished when this war is over. Then when all is settled on a basis of reasonable nationality, Scientific Catholicism will keep it there, defying every attempt of greed or ambition to unsettle it.

For this method of maintaining the world's peace Mr. Quin claims an advantage over every other method that has ever been suggested. The book in which he describes and defends it is called *The Problem of Human Peace* (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net).

Do we need a new translation of the Quran into English? Muslim scholars say we do, but that we do not know it. Accordingly a company of scholars, Muslims all of them, and convinced believers in Islam, 'which alone, of all religions, can solve the greatest problems of the age by its universality, grandeur, simplicity, and practicality,' have prepared a new translation. It is to contain the Arabic as well as the English, and very full explanatory notes. The work is to be issued in thirty parts at 3s. 6d. each. The title is *The Holy Qur-ān* (Q. Abdullah, 41 Great Russell Street, W.C.).

Reunion with our Own in Another Life.

By the Rev. Rayner Winterbotham, M.A., Hon. Canon of St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

There is hardly any subject familiarly connected with religion which requires careful examination and re-statement so much as this. So much is asserted, so much more is assumed, for no better reason than that it is desired. The merest shreds of argument, pitifully unconvincing in themselves, are held sufficient to establish positions which are so welcome to the hearers or readers of sermons. All opposition, all hesitation even, is resented with bitter dislike as treason against the one necessary demand of the human heart. Undoubtedly the strength of the position lies here—in the demand of the human heart that it shall find its loved and lost again. This demand is natural, and beautiful. It is closely intertwined with what is most admirable and most lovable in human life and character. It deserves to be treated with the utmost respect and sympathy.

Nevertheless, it ought to be treated—it deserves to be treated—with frankness and honesty: not with pitying indulgence, like a sickly child that must not be 'countered' however unreasonable it be. If as Christians we are to cherish the expectation of 'reunion with our own' as an integral part, the most valued part maybe, of our hope for eternity, we must know on what this hope is based: the hope itself must, like everything else, be subject unto Christ; it must be rooted and grounded in 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' it must be brought into line and touch and vital union with the rest of our faith. No doubt this assertion will be denied by a vast multitude of people; it will be met with the counter-assertion that the expectation of reunion in another life needs no support from creeds or scriptures: that it finds its own proof in the imperative demand of so vast a multitude of men and women, who themselves have loved and lost, who know what it means to them. The nature of this demand will be examined by and by: for the present it is conceded. But we note at once that it is not in any way peculiar to Christians: it is found in its most beautiful and most poignant form amongst people who are just children of nature, who have little or no religious belief: in a word, it is not at all Christian in itself, although it is widely held by Christian people. Now it is obviously an unfair and misleading thing to mix up desires and expectations of the natural man with the hopes and rewards of Christianity. The former are not for a moment to be scouted, but they stand on a quite different footing from the latter, and require quite different treatment. But this erroneous method is rampant in the religion of to-day. Reunion with our relatives is habitually put upon the same level as reunion with Christ, as though both were part of the Christian faith. In point of fact they spring as expectations from utterly different sources, and must rely for support upon arguments which are absolutely different.

Let us take the Christian position first. There is not a single word in the Creeds, or in the Bible, to support the assertion that we shall find our own again in another world. It is timidly suggested that it may lie hid in the Communion of Saints. Whatever this blessed fellowship may involve of personal knowledge, intercourse, intimacy, hereafter (as to which we know almost nothing), it is clear that it will be based upon a spiritual order. The 'company of heaven' will not be arranged on any system recognized on earth, but according to their advance in holiness and their likeness to Christ. No one will question this: no one will seriously suggest that the Risen with Christ will be *grouped in families* for the high and spiritual ends of the Communion of Saints. There are again those who endeavour to deduce from certain texts the assurance that there will be mutual recognition in the unseen. The effort would be contemptible if it were not so pitiful. To be reduced to *this* in behalf of a great hope! To find in such miserable and paltry sophistries as these the solace of broken hearts! They take, *e.g.*, the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and point out that these departed ones recognized one another across the impassable gulf which separated Hades from Abraham's bosom. They shut their eyes to the obvious fact that our Lord, in telling this story to the Jews, for His own tremendous purposes deliberately adopted the crude materialistic language which then passed current. If we were to accept that picture-language literally it would throw the whole of Christian teaching about the future life into utter confusion.

It is childish as well as dishonest to pick out the statement that the rich man recognized Lazarus, and to ignore the other statement that these disembodied souls had tongues and fingers and were concerned about a drop of water. Who does not see that all this is picture-language most admirably adapted to subserve the great moral lessons of the parable? Equally unconvincing, for an entirely different reason, is the argument (if such it may be called) founded on our Lord's resurrection appearances, coupled with Phil. 3^{21}. It would seem that our Lord was recognized only when He wished to be. In any case He was (as far as we may judge) not yet glorified when the Apostles recognized Him. The circumstances of our future resurrection will be very different from His; and it is to the 'body of His glory' that ours are to be conformed. The whole subject of the risen body is so difficult and doubtful that any argument about it must needs be in the highest degree precarious. Dismissing these trifles (for such they really are), the great, outstanding fact is that the New Testament writers have never a word or a thought to bestow upon the subject of recognition in heaven. That they looked forward, and with eagerness, to the rewards of the life to come, is certain. St. Paul was very willing to remain here for the sake of his converts: for himself he had not the slightest doubt that it was 'far better' to depart this life and to be 'with Christ.' Elsewhere he looks forward to receiving a crown of righteousness, but its value to him lay in the fact that the Lord would bestow it on him. It was, of course, no material crown, but the counterpart of the 'Well done, good and faithful servant' of which the Lord Himself had spoken. Always our Lord had spoken in that sense, and in that sense exclusively, as that He Himself, and His companionship, should be *the* reward, *the* joy, of heaven. It is acknowledged no doubt by all that He spoke in this sense, but it is not realized how *exclusively* He spoke in this sense. Not once did He ever allude to our meeting one another hereafter: not once is the subject mentioned by any of the New Testament writers. This absolute silence, on a matter which is bound to employ and interest the natural man, has a tremendous significance. It means that it lies altogether outside the sphere and scope of Christian revelation. But even that is not all. In two directions our Lord set Himself to stem the tide (if I may use the expression) of natural—of family — affection. That this was never, on any account, to stand in the way of whole-hearted devotion to Himself, He affirmed by the amazing paradox that no one could be His disciple who did not 'hate' his nearest relatives. Clearly as we recognize their paradoxical character, we can hardly even now read the words without a shudder. Certainly they cannot mean less than this, that a Christian must be always ready to renounce and to trample upon his dearest and most sacred family affections, if an absolute loyalty to Christ seems to demand the sacrifice. It has nothing to do *directly* with recognition and reunion hereafter, but *indirectly* it hits very hard indeed that overmastering affection of the natural man for his own which is the real source of the demand to have them again. A man who was attracted to Christ would look at the faces of his dear ones, and then he would say (very honestly, very wisely perhaps), 'No, I cannot be His disciple, I could not under any circumstances throw these over.' The great majority of us—*if it really came home to us*—would have to say the same. But our Lord made it abundantly plain that if any man would be His, he must be prepared to abandon even his wife and children.

In another way He sought to stem the tide of family affection, and that with direct reference to the future life. He declared that there would not be any husbands or wives in heaven because human nature would have become (in that respect) like the angelic. In other words, all that is of sex will have disappeared. His words are plain, and people do not dispute them. Of course (they say) the physical basis of marriage will have gone, but that is no reason why people should not love as dearly as before, or why they should not yearn to find one another again. If, however, what is desired and expected is just the old intimate and exclusive relationship, deprived only of its physical basis, then the question of the Sadducees returns in full force. You cannot get over the fact that numbers of men and women have two or three wives or husbands apiece. And you cannot get over the intolerable difficulty which this one fact would cause, if anything at all resembling the earthly relationship were to revive in heaven. The truth is that, according to the Bible and the Prayer Book, marriages are for time, *not* for eternity; they are for this life only. It may seem to many (who are themselves sincere and noble) that such a view is unworthy of that immortal love of men and women

which they are never tired of glorifying. Let us then consider of what elements married love consists, and ask which of these can really be immortal. First, there is the feeling, varying from raging passion to placid affection, which is directly based upon the physical relationship—which is, in a word, sexual. There is nothing whatever to be said against this, except in deprecation of its excess, but it is agreed that it cannot survive death or the resurrection-change. Secondly, there is (generally) that delightful 'camaraderie,' that community of interests and occupations and pre-occupations, which springs up between married people, and does not weaken with age. But this is not in itself religious, and moreover is indirectly rooted in that same physical basis of marriage. No one can give any reason why it should revive in heaven. Thirdly, there is (often) a self-denying, self-sacrificing love, a spiritual product of the marriage bond on its ideal side, which *is* quite fit to survive. It has become fused, so to speak, with the love of Christ. But this, however beautiful it be, however much it may enhance the joy and the blessedness of heaven, is too spiritual, too 'disembodied' to justify the common expectation of finding our own again in something very like the old relationships. Such spiritual love exists under all sorts of conditions, and is as common to the unmarried as to the married, to the desolate as to those with many ties. All married love, all love of parents and children, *ought* to grow up into this, but in so growing up it will be changed and glorified into an heavenly counterpart of itself and leave all its earthliness behind. To imagine that husbands and wives, mothers and children, will be husbands and wives, mothers and children, in heaven is simply to prefer human sentiment to Divine truth, to demand of God what has no sanction in His Word, what is contrary to the teaching of Christ, and what is inconsistent with common sense. The woman who has been loving and amiable, faithful and obedient, to two or three (consecutive) husbands cannot be 'wife,' in any intelligible sense, to all or any of them hereafter. The mother who has had to leave behind her the child of her love cannot find him again in the grown man who is equally eager to embrace once more his own little ones. However one may try to think the matter out, one *cannot* honestly reconstruct the family grouping in another world. One can only, by successive surrenders, come at last to a purely spiritual affection, stripped of all 'domestic' character, which would not in the very least satisfy the yearning of the natural man to find 'his own' again. That is the very crux of the situation. The Christian religion (as it is taught) is desperately anxious to commend itself to what is good and lovable in the eager desires of ordinary people. It is therefore continually engaged in offering to them (without any authority) reunion with their own in heaven. And as continually, when these offers are examined, they are found to be as unsatisfying as they are unauthorized. There is no getting away from that.

We have now a very different task before us: we have to face the fact that natural religion (quite apart from Christianity) demands, not only the immortality of the individual, but in a certain sense the immortality of the family. In the days of barbarism, when a chief was buried his wives and servants were sacrificed on his grave in order that they might still be his in the spirit world. Life there, without these enlargements, would not be worth living. Just as barbarism has been softened and ennobled into our present highly civilized condition, so has that brutal procedure been transformed into the quasi-religious assurance that we shall find again our wives, our children, and our friends in heaven. The instinctive feeling which really lay below is the same. What makes life dear and valuable is its affections, and those affections are centred and embodied in those whom we call our own. Love is stronger than Death: it refuses to give way to him; it persists, with invincible obstinacy, in demanding that its loved ones shall be given back to it. And here we stand, humbly and reverently, before one of the very few universal and fundamental facts of human nature. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Degraded as it everywhere is, it is everywhere capable of flinging off all its degradation, of developing a courage, a purity, a self-devotion which are too beautiful for words. It is impossible to think that true love can die: it *must* be immortal. That is so, and Christianity tells us why it is so. God Himself is love: it is His very essence. Whatsoever, therefore, in human love is pure and unselfish is of God: not only *from* Him, but *of* Him. It cannot possibly die: it must survive, if anything human survive at all. Like most (or all) of the fundamental tenets of true religion, it depends wholly upon the character of God. Its guarantee is simply what God

is, unchangeably, always, everywhere. Love *must* survive: love cannot die, any more than God can. This we acknowledge, not only with conviction, but with eagerness, with an inexpressible thankfulness. It remains to correlate this foundation truth with the expectation of 'reunion with our own.' In the first place, we are bound to acknowledge, what poets and novelists are so eager to prove to us, that true love—love of the unselfish, self-sacrificing order—is found in all manner of human relationships, some of them very irregular, very sinful. There is many a poor fallen woman who will lavish all that she has, or is, upon a worthless man with an 'abandon,' a carelessness of self, a gladness of sacrifice, which might make the angels weep for pity—and for joy. The 'adultery' novel which is so immensely popular to-day may serve to drive home this truth at least, that love does sometimes show its brightest and most heavenly features under the basest conditions. No one, surely, will assert that these irregular and sinful unions, which are so often a cruel wrong to others, will be revived in a better world. But the true love entangled in them must survive—somehow. In the second place, we recall the fact, known by experience to so many of us, that the very truest love has no fulfilment, never becomes 'domestic.' It is a truism that few people marry their first loves. But it is precisely this first love, of early youth, of boy and girl belike, which is most true to the divine original, most pure, most unselfish, most beautiful. It has the ineffable charm and freshness, the stainless purity, of a summer's dawn. There is not anything like it in the world for fragrance, for sweetness. It is as delightsome as it is impossible. They go their separate ways, these two, and Time with his slow, kindly healing assuages the bitter pain. Later on they marry other people whom they love well enough; and if they ever meet one another again it is probably with a sense of surprise, of disillusion. Their love had no fulfilment on earth, and can have none in heaven; but the love itself is immortal, it must survive. It remains for us to acknowledge that no conceivable arrangement or re-arrangement of individuals in any sort of domestic or family grouping would be tolerable in heaven. Love itself will survive, so far as it is true and worthy of God, but love must be wholly disentangled from all that belongs—directly or indirectly—to sex. God Himself made us male and female, made us to be husbands and wives, parents and children—but for this life only. It is under the conditions of sex that love (which is of God) habitually finds its training and its fulfilment here. These conditions are absolutely to cease, and all relations directly or indirectly dependent on them will cease too. All true love will (we know not how, and cannot even guess) be disentangled, and will survive. It will somehow be found again as part and parcel of the love of Christ.

Such a conclusion, founded as it is alike on Scripture and on reason, will not satisfy the many—because what they really want is, not to depart and to be with Christ, but to abide here in the pleasant resting-places they have found. It is very natural. But let them think *this*. Jesus Christ is no stranger to them. They know how kind He was, how sympathetic. He was not one who ever held aloof from the common wants or sorrows of mankind. Once and again He fed the hungry. He helped on the gaiety of that wedding at Cana. He was mindful of His dear mother in His dying hour. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He says indeed nothing whatever about reunion with our loved and lost in heaven. He simply proposes Himself, His Presence, His care, as *the* Prize of our up-calling. Can we not trust Him? Must we not believe that *with Him* God will also give us all other things, and all other people, that we want, so far as is possible, and good, for us? We may not expect the old relationships, or anything like them, but in the companionship of heaven all true love will find room for itself, and room to expand a thousandfold.

In the Study.

What is a Christian?

TOWARDS AN ANTHOLOGY.

JOHN WESLEY.—By a Christian I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him.—*Letters of John Wesley* (ed. G. Eayrs), p. 62.

HORACE BUSHNELL.—I never saw so distinctly as now what it is to be a disciple, or what the key-note is of all most Christly experience. I think, too, that I have made my *last* discovery in this mine. First, I was led along into initial experience of God, socially and by force of the blind religional instinct in my nature; second, I was advanced into the clear moral light of Christ and of God, as related to the principle of rectitude; next, or third, I was set on by the inward personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in Him; now, fourth, I lay hold of and appropriate the general culminating fact of God's vicarious character in goodness, and of mine to be accomplished in Christ as a follower. My next stage of discovery will be when I drop the body and go home, to be with Christ in the conscious, openly revealed friendship of a soul whose affinities are with Him.—*Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, p. 445.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—Some place religion in being of this or that communion; more in morality; most in a round of duties; and few, very few, acknowledge it to be, what it really is, a thorough inward change of nature, a divine life, a vital participation of Jesus Christ, an union of the soul with God.—*The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield* (L. Tyerman), i. 96.

JAMES MARTINEAU.—The word Christian has for me a *religious* meaning apart from Creed. Whoever finds his highest in the Mind and Spirit of Jesus Christ and lives in his felt relation of Sonship to God, I should call a Christian; he has the very essence of discipleship, even though he should be brought to this temper of soul indirectly without knowing its Source; just as the Christian Fathers sometimes say that certain of the Pious Heathens were 'Christians before Christ.' The 'Living Test,' therefore, of love, of trust, of holiness *is* in this view that Christian test; and whenever its conditions are complied with, *there* is a 'Christian' indeed, whether he knows it or not.—*Life and Letters of James Martineau* (Drummond and Upton), p. 125.

EDWARD FREEMAN.—I should have thought that, to deserve the name of Christian, a man need not be strictly orthodox—or what do we with Ulfilas?—but that he must do something more than 'admire, respect, or even reverence the character and teaching of Christ.' Every intelligent Mussulman must do that and more; for he must acknowledge Christ as a divinely commissioned teacher, the greatest of such teachers till Mahomet came. But the Mussulman is not a Christian: for he lets Mahomet depose Christ from the first place. I would count as Christian—perhaps only in a kind of secondary sense—every one who held Christ to be the greatest and last of divinely commissioned teachers—I mean divinely commissioned in some sense which I can't exactly explain, but something more than that general sense in which you or I or anybody may be said to be divinely commissioned whenever we do any good thing at all. Is not such an one a Christian, perhaps not a *full Christian*; but surely Christian, as distinguished from Mussulman, Jew, or mere theist?—*Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman* (Stephens), ii. 213.

P. CARNEGIE SIMPSON.—If one were asked to state in terms what a Christian is, I should say something like this: a Christian is one who is responding to whatever meanings of Christ are, through God's spirit, being brought home to his intellectual or moral conscience.—*The Fact of Christ*, p. 175.

ST. PAUL.—If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema.—1 Co 16^{22}.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.—When a discussion took place some time ago in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle* on 'Is Christianity Played Out?' the most significant and memorable feature of that controversy was the fact that a number of upright, honest, and sincere persons came forward to defend Christianity under the delusion that they themselves were Christian, although they made a number of ingenuous statements which clearly

showed that they were no more Christians than Confucius or Zoroaster was a Christian. They were moral, they were upright, they had noble aspirations, they accepted the ethical ideal of Christianity so far as they understood it; but they were not Christians. No one is a Christian who does not love the Lord Jesus Christ; and no one can properly love the Lord Jesus Christ who does not enjoy conscious, personal fellowship and intercourse with Him.—*Essential Christianity*, p. 112.

Marcus Dods.—It is difficult to find any mark which definitely distinguishes the Christian from all others save this, that the Christian is the man who has received the Spirit of Christ. 'If any man,' says Paul, 'have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' Every man who has Christ's Spirit is His, is a Christian. All the knowledge that a man needs to make him a Christian is only the knowledge that Christ can and will bestow the Holy Spirit; for the one article of the Christian creed is faith in a now living and supreme Christ. All the action that is required to make a man a Christian is that action which consists in truly depending upon Christ for the Holy Spirit. And all the conduct and that peculiar character which are the proper manifestation of a Christian life do regularly and always result from the acceptance of the Holy Spirit. It is this which distinguishes the Christian from every kind of man, that he looks to Christ and waits upon Him for this greatest of all gifts, the gift of a divine power that can be applied to human nature, and that brings to human nature a life-sustaining, enlightening, and sanctifying energy.—*Christ and Man*, p. 120.

John Henry Newman.—If the truth must be spoken, what are the humble monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars, as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture?—*Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, p. 290.

The Seven Words.

II.

The Word of a King.

'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'—Lk 23^{43}.

I. Christ the King.

Christ's first word on the Cross was one of intercession; in it He exercised His function as High Priest. His second word is a word of promise, by it He anticipates His kingly office, and that also at the very time when His claim to be a King was most subjected to contempt. In the first word He prays that repentance and grace may be given to sinners; in the second He opens the door to a chief among sinners. The first has to do with the kingdom of grace, the second with the kingdom of glory.

1. The penitent thief appeals to Jesus as a King. It is as a King that Jesus suffers. His kingdom is a kingdom of higher glory than belongs to the world. Even while His hands are nailed to the cross He is the King of heaven, and can open its golden gates with a word at His pleasure. The Saviour welcomed this man's homage. He tacitly acknowledged His own lordship over the unseen world. And in a moment the middle cross became the Judge's throne, from which the kingly word is spoken, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father.'

2. Judgment is the first and fundamental function of kings, and Jesus claimed it in its whole extent. To pronounce condemnatory judgment was not His purpose in coming into the world. But judgment was necessarily involved in His coming; the rejection of Him in some sort forestalls the verdict of the last assize; and even here definitive sentence must sometimes be pronounced.

¶ Christ hung upon the Cross at once as Saviour and as Judge. We read that double office in Michael Angelo's picture of the last judgment. The general theme of the picture, and many of its details, were fixed by a tradition two hundred years older than this painter, and the whole spirit of it is strange and repellent to our age. But there is truth in it, and the truth is told with consummate power. It is the *crucified* Christ who comes upon the clouds to judgment, and the hand once pierced for the salvation of men is stretched forth with a gesture—we are at a loss to define what the gesture is. The general attitude is one which may be traced to the earliest art of the Church. Originally it represented the Teacher proclaiming the gospel. In the early Middle Ages it was interpreted as an act of blessing. The later Middle Ages transformed it into a judgment of condemnation. But never before was this gesture depicted so equivocally as here: it represents the proclamation of that word which either saves or judges, according as men accept or reject it; it signifies at once blessing and ban; with mysterious power it raises up to heaven, it also presses down to hell.[1]

II. The Penitent.

1. Of all the characters which came into personal contact with Christ, the thief upon the cross stands

[1] W. Lowrie, *Gaudium Crucis*, 32.

alone. He is a type of character often met with to-day. It is the character of a man who, hardened by the guilt and sorrow of a misspent life, still retains that within him which responds to the touch of God's Divine Hand. It is the character of a man, brutalized by his own misdeeds, who, strangely enough, carries beneath his rough exterior a heart which may be softened by a kind and sympathetic word.

The original word used to designate him means more than 'thief.' No commonplace pilferer was he; but a brigand, whose life, in all likelihood, had been one long atrocity, like the life of many a modern brigand in Spain, Italy, or Macedonia. These men were banditti; they belonged to that class, half-criminal, half-patriotic, which abounded in the land of Palestine at that time, and their successors are found even to this day. They were men who had lived unregulated lives; men who were to some degree the heroes of the lower classes of the people. They may have been revolutionaries, whose opposition to the Roman rule had driven them outside the pale of society, where, to win a subsistence, they had to resort to the trade of highwaymen; but in that country, tyrannized over by a despotic foreign power, those who attempted to raise the standard of revolt were sometimes far from ignoble characters, though the necessities of their position betrayed them into acts of violence. But his own words to his companion, 'We receive the due reward of our deeds,' point the other way. His memory was stained with acts for which he acknowledged that death was the lawful penalty.

2. In course of time the bandit's lot had been theirs; society had been too strong for them; the social power had laid its stern hand upon them; they had been dragged to the seat of judgment, and condemned to an ignominious death. And now, as Jesus goes to Calvary, they follow in His footsteps; and with the cross of Jesus are reared two other crosses—it stands not alone upon Mount Calvary, as Christian imagination of necessity too often thinks.

These two crosses are an epitome of the world. There are innumerable points in which one man may differ from another; but fundamentally there are two kinds—those on the right hand, and those on the left. There is between them no sure mark of distinction which men can trace; but the difference is as deep as life. The difference awaits its revelation: the two walk side by side in the world, *and each alike bears his cross*—a burden, we are prone to forget, which no man may escape, though he may forbear to choose it; but to the one it is the gate of life, to the other the mere instrument of death. Between them, another cross bears the propitiation for the sins of the whole world—intended for all, available for all, though only one will accept it, and the other rails.

3. At first it would seem as though both of His fellow-sufferers were numbered with His foes, for we are distinctly told that the thieves that were crucified with Him joined the scribes and Pharisees, and the Roman soldiers, and the multitude in casting contempt upon Him. The people at the foot of the cross said, 'If thou be the Son of God, come down, and we will believe.' The devil had entered into them, and they were speaking the words of Satan; the same words Satan said when he took Him to the pinnacle of the temple, and said, 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.' 'Come down from the cross, and we will believe.' And when the two thieves heard them blaspheme at the bottom of the cross, they both of them caught up their blasphemy, and cast the same in His teeth.

The weary hours dragged on. One hour passed; two hours passed: the third was passing, and the reproaches were still heard. But a change was coming over one of the thieves—his reproaches were ceasing. He was beginning to feel that this Man was not like other men; there was a majesty, a solemnity in His demeanour not found in others. Besides, death was coming closer and closer, and there is ever clear vision when we judge ourselves in the presence of death. Ribaldry vanishes, our jests cease, when we stand face to face with it. The robber, as he died, saw two things in clearer light—his own sin and this wonderful Saviour. The panorama of his life passed swiftly before him as before the eyes of the drowning; but in this horror he saw a Hand which, if only it might grip him, would be his salvation. At length he expostulates with his fellow-robber. With fury, and in the pangs of fear, this man said rudely and roughly to our Lord, 'If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.' Who defends Him now? The other robber. He says to the reviler, 'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.'

¶ What was it converted him? Was it that he heard Him say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and though he had never heard any one put to death say such words of the executioners, was it that? Was it that he read the little gospel over the top of the Cross, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews,' which Pilate had properly put there? He must have turned his head and looked on the Lord Himself. That is what converted him, and that is what converts every soul that learns to love the Saviour. His words are beautiful, His miracles are wonderful, but there is nothing like Jesus Christ Himself. It was *Himself*. He looked and he saw Him. It was the look of the Crucified One. There was something about Him. He looked at Christ, and Christ looked at him. And, just as when Peter blasphemed in the Judgment Hall, he, Peter, looked at Christ and found Christ looking at him (for Peter would never have known that He looked at him, if he had not been looking at Christ), and broke out into tears, so the suffering thief turned round and looked at Christ, and saw Christ looking at him. And there is life in a look from the Crucified.[1]

4. There are three characteristics to be noticed in the penitent thief.

(1) *His penitence.*—The penitent robber not only confesses his sins—they were obvious; but he acknowledges the justice of his penance. Enduring the most excruciating sufferings upon his cross, he has the grace to say, 'And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.' This is true penitence. Penitence which stops short of confession of sins is, of course, no penitence at all. And penitence which confesses sin, but strives to justify self, and is unwilling to bear the penance or consequences of sin, is not true penitence. The penitent robber not only confessed his sin, but acknowledged the justice of his punishment.

¶ With the majority of us repentance is a slow and laborious process; here it is swift as it is royal. His recorded words contain all the elements of that sorrow of soul which is the preface to peace and joy. He separates himself from his former companion in sin and rebukes him with quiet, selfless dignity. He vindicates the righteousness of Christ and bows his spirit in simple faith at the feet of the King. His sense of unworthiness allows him to ask but little even of a king—only that he may not be forgotten. Christ rewards his penitence by blessing him with a benediction so full that it blesses all ages with its consoling touch.[2]

(2) *His faith.*—We are apt sometimes to speak almost patronizingly of the penitent thief, but, if we think over it, there has hardly ever been such a magnificent display of faith as was shown in that prayer. Never rose faith higher among the sons of men than this of the poor malefactor. As far as appearance went, it was prayer to a mere man nailed on a cross—a man condemned, helpless, dying. Yet the boon he asked for was one which could be granted only by the power and mercy of God. Viewed in all its aspects, it was the strongest exhibition of faith in the history of Christianity. It began at a time when Jesus was at the lowest depth of human abasement; it was fostered under circumstances the most repulsive and disheartening, and was consummated by Jesus Himself, in a manner such as never before occurred, and never again can occur, in the annals of redemption.

¶ It would almost seem as if at this particular moment this same thief was the only firm believer on the Saviour. The disciples had all forsaken Him and fled; and, though one of them had at last recovered himself, and was now near the Cross, and though the faithful women had kept close to Him through all that morning's agony, yet it was tender human love rather than genuine faith which brought and kept them near. Even they seemed for the time to have given up as lost the cherished idea of the kingdom. They trusted it had been He who should have redeemed Israel; but now that trust is being dissolved amid the agonies of the crucifixion.[3]

¶ Therefore, says S. Augustine, 'What fruit Christ obtained in him, as from a dry tree, his faith surpassed that of the Patriarchs and Prophets, even of the Father of the Faithful himself. Moses believed, but he saw the Burning Bush, and the Vision of Sinai. Isaiah believed, but he saw Him on His throne high and lifted up while before Him stood the Seraphim. Ezekiel, but he saw Him sitting over-against the Cherubim. Zechariah, but he saw the Lord sitting as a Priest upon His Throne. But this poor felon saw Him numbered among the transgressors, yet prayed to Him as if He was in glory: on the cross he worshipped Him as though He, as God, sat in heaven; he saw Him condemned, but he invoked Him as the King!'[4]

(3) *His courage.*—The third thing which commands our respect and our affection is the courage of the penitent thief. It must have needed courage to give up his friend, to confess publicly, in the presence of the mocking, deriding mob, that he alone in all that crowd believed in Christ, in His Godhead; courage to say, 'Remember me'—me a sinner, a thief, a malefactor, a well-known criminal, perhaps—'remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.'

¶ A sudden death occurring in the neighbourhood from cholera, Hudson Taylor made the most of the opportunity to urge the importance of immediate salvation from sin and its eternal consequences. A few days later he alluded to the circumstances again, asking if any of his hearers had definitely

[1] *Father Stanton's Last Sermons in S. Alban's, Holborn*, 150.

[2] C. H. Brent, *The Consolations of the Cross*, 16.

[3] J. M. Gibson, *A Strong City*, 121.

[4] S. J. Stone, *Parochial Sermons*, 165.

come to God for pardon through faith in Jesus Christ. Pausing a moment, perhaps hardly expecting an answer, what was his thankfulness when Kuei-hua the young cook said earnestly, 'I have.'

This open confession before his fellow-servants meant a great deal.

'I do hope,' wrote Hudson Taylor, 'that he is under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Though not without faults, he is greatly changed for the better. For some months we have not detected him in falsehood or dishonesty of any kind, which is saying a good deal.'[1]

III. The Petition.

The difference between the two thieves appeared not in their words but in their tone of voice. The voice interpreted the words. One of them prayed, 'If thou be Christ, save thyself and us'; the other prayed, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' Which of those prayers was prayed in derision? Which was prayed in faith? The words do not tell us. The meaning was revealed by the face and the voice.

1. The words of the prayer are few, but their meaning is great. They cover a large amount of faith and hope and love. By addressing one who was dying beside him as a malefactor with the title 'Lord,' the thief showed that he recognized Jesus' superiority to all present appearances. By speaking of His 'kingdom,' he virtually asserted that Jesus was a king and had a kingdom. By asking to be remembered when He came into His kingdom, he showed that he believed that our Lord was the dispenser of favours in that kingdom. By making this appeal to a dying man, it proved that he knew that this kingdom was in the future world. As in his rebuke to his fellow-thief there comes out very clearly his repentance of his own sin, and his turning away from it, so by this appeal to Jesus there comes out his strong faith in Jesus as King over a spiritual kingdom, and as the rewarder of those who love and serve Him.

¶ The robber's prayer must have been very comforting to Jesus. He had heard all forenoon only words of insult and scorn and blasphemy; so that this humble, gentle utterance must have fallen on His ear like a song in the night, and dropped upon His fainting spirit like a cordial. Perhaps this prayer brought Him the best help that He ever received from any human being, seeing that it reached Him at the moment when He most required it. Already He was beginning to see of the travail of His soul, and to gather in the fruits of it.[2]

2. What did this man pray for? His companion, when he spoke to Jesus, said, 'If thou be the Christ, save thyself,' and so on; all his concern was about physical things, physical pain, temporal, bodily things—a prolongation of His earthly life; that is as far as his thought or prayer travels. But this man has ceased to think of any prolongation of his earthly, sinful life; he does not ask that one pang of pain shall be removed. If he believed that that mysterious Saviour hanging there, almost within arm's reach of him, had power and authority to take his spirit into a paradise in another world, he would surely believe He could ease him of pain if He wished. The whole weight of emphasis, and need, and concern, and prayer were not on the body or this world at all. He has ceased to think of things temporal; his one concern is the things and the place eternal.

¶ Notice the humility of the request. He did not say, 'Take me with Thee'; he did not say, 'Reward me'; he simply said, 'Remember me; let it not be for nothing that I have hung by Thy side. I, a poor, guilty wretch, have been privileged for a moment to look upon Thy beauty, and to rejoice in Thy innocence; oh, remember me, remember me.'[3]

IV. The Answer.

Before this our Lord had answered no one. But no one had spoken to Him as this man did. The passers-by had that morning mocked and taunted Jesus, and even the chief priests and elders had joined in the unlovely chorus. The Divine Sufferer, however, had maintained unbroken silence until He replied to the penitent malefactor.

1. The word of Christ in response to that great cry of faith was the word of a King. *Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* 'Thou shalt be with me.' In that promise there is nothing of the hesitation or faltering or qualification with which we must needs, too often, comfort the sinful and departing soul. For we cannot read men's inmost hearts, or gauge the measure of their responsibility; we know little of the conditions of the world which awaits them beyond the grave. But Christ knew all, knows all. *Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* This is the same voice of power which made all men wonder when they heard Him speak with calm confidence of the purposes of God and the destiny and duty of men. *He taught as One having authority.*

[1] *Hudson Taylor in Early Years*, 305.
[2] C. Jerdan, *For the Lord's Table*, 197.
[3] M. Creighton, *Lessons from the Cross*, 91.

¶ Perhaps in no other saying does Jesus so strongly witness to Himself as the Christ. In beautiful silence He hears the railer, leaving him to be reproved by the echo of his own words; in beautiful speech He answers the prayer of the penitent, and promises more than is asked. Was the promise but an empty word? The heart of the ages has confessed, if Jesus was ever real it was now. He who after such a life could so speak in the face of death to the dying must hold the keys of paradise; and if He could open it then, what must He be able to do now?[1]

2. Christ's gift to him is the entire absolution of the penitent, the assurance of a speedy entrance into the Paradise of God, the pledge of fellowship in the joy of his Lord. It is no cheap gift. When we are tempted to think lightly of the forgiveness which Christ bestows, let us remember that Calvary was the price which both the Giver and the receiver had to pay for this absolution. It was the Cross of Jesus that opened the gate of Paradise.

There are three promises in the answer.

(1) *To-day.*—The robber was thinking of some date far off when Christ might intervene in his behalf, but Christ says, 'To-day.' This was a prophecy that he would die that day, and not be allowed to linger for days, as crucified persons often were; and this was fulfilled. But it was, besides, a promise that as soon as death launched him out of time into eternity, Christ would be waiting there to receive him.

(2) *With me.*—The loneliness of death is a large part of its terror. Human love and friendship will not avail us at the moment of parting. We must die alone, and pass alone into that world beyond, of which we know nothing. That is its dread. But His promise is, 'Thou shalt be with me.' His companionship is promised beyond the gates of death, in that unknown land where we shall await the judgment.

It was not Paradise, a blissful place, nor remembrance, favour bestowed, that he needed, but the presence and fellowship of Christ. And so Christ would go with him, and continue to share the lot that had befallen them together. This was help indeed—life joined to life, conditions shared, a common destiny; what more than this can one man do for another!

(3) *In Paradise.*—Paradise is a Persian word, and means a garden about a palace. The Jews adopted it as the name for the place of Departed Spirits in which reposed the just, whereas Sheol is the place in which the unjust are tossing till Judgment, when they would be cast into Hell, Gehenna. Paradise is not heaven, it is the outer court of heaven, the garden of delight about the Palace of God, and therein the just repose till the judgment, when they will be admitted into the Palace itself. At the gate of the Garden Abraham is seated, and he recognizes and receives his sons. Therefore Paradise is also called Abraham's bosom, or bed. Through the Garden flows the river of the water of life. This gladdening stream never leaves Paradise, and the souls in Sheol yearn in vain for a drop of water therefrom with which to cool their tongues. Our Lord, both in the Parable of Lazarus and Dives and in His word to the penitent thief, accepts the prevalent doctrine and gives it His seal.

¶ We need not distract our thoughts by wondering of what it consists, nor whether we shall be happy there, if we ever are allowed to go there. The whole essence of Paradise is to be with Christ! Even now on earth what does it matter where we are, what does it matter what we have? The whole essence of happiness is to be with those we love—that is all that human happiness consists in—and therefore it is enough to believe that our dear ones are with Christ. It is enough to believe, if by God's infinite mercies we are allowed to go there, that we shall spend that blessed time after death at the feet of Christ in Paradise.[2]

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

November.

'Search me, O God, and know my heart . . . and see if there be any wicked way in me.'—Ps 139[23].

As you all know, there are a great many formalities connected with the opening of Parliament. I wonder if you know of a specially weird one of which I heard the other day. It has to do with this month of November, and sounds like a bit out of one of your own fairy-tale books.

Whenever a new Parliament assembles, first an officer and a troop of the Yeomen of the Guard go with lanterns and search the cellars underneath, and when they report that all is well, business proceeds. A strange old procession it must be: the Yeomen of the Guard with their scarlet tunics and quaint hats, their lanterns flashing searchlights into the dark corners; tramp, tramp, tramp, we can imagine them passing through the cellars.

How the custom began is quite an old story. More than three hundred years ago, a plot was formed to destroy the House of Lords, the King, and his Parliament. One man who had a great deal to do with it and at last became the leader in carrying it out, was called Guy Fawkes. Under the House of Lords was a great vault which Fawkes and his friends discovered was To Let. They managed to obtain possession of it under the pretext of storing wood. Instead of doing that, however, they got a great many barrels of gunpowder, placed stones and bars of iron on the top of them, and then covered the whole with billets of wood. I do not need to tell you that Guy Fawkes and his confederates were caught and condemned to death. The fifth of November, the day on which they had planned to carry out their wicked designs, was henceforth ordered to be kept as a day of thanksgiving, and to this day English children are reminded of the story by seeing bonfires and fireworks; perhaps also the effigy of Fawkes burned at some street corner. It is a good thing if they do not get their own clothes and fingers burned as well.

I dare say you will wonder what connexion there could be between this story of Guy Fawkes and our text. There is none. But the things that happen in this world often turn people's minds to the life that is unseen. A poet one day watched the reapers, and when he went home he wrote about the 'Reaper whose name is Death.' A man hears a quarry horn blown, and the thought of God's silent warnings of life's dangers passes through his mind.

Those old cellars at Westminster are, in a manner, like your heart. God meant the heart of a boy or a girl to be a beautiful place—more beautiful than the Houses of Parliament. He made them that He might dwell in them Himself. He reigns there now, and holds council with you, telling what is right and what is wrong. But there are cellars and dark corners where evil is plotted against God and against His Son Jesus Christ. Often this evil is suggested with words as pleasant and as affable as Guy Fawkes used when he went with his firewood story. He did not go and say, 'Let me the cellars that I may blow up the House.' Neither do you hear a voice within you saying, 'Tell a lie.' Untruth appears dressed as worldly wisdom. 'If you want to get everything out of a certain boy who is in the class with you, use the wisdom of the serpent; work upon his weak points; he will yield.' Again the voice of evil suggests: 'You have a right to your own things,' and you act towards a little brother very selfishly. Or you read a story you ought not to read, and

try to make yourself believe that you are seeking knowledge.

Your mother knew about the cellars and the evil that lurks in their strange dark corners when she taught you to say your prayers. Prayer is needed. What seem to you but little sins are in reality as dangerous as gunpowder. Unless you seek them out, one day you may yield to some sudden temptation, and the house in which Jesus Christ was to dwell will fall in ruins.

Let us get the lanterns and search everywhere. These may be your mother's words, the words of Jesus Christ, and God's voice in your heart. Don't be afraid to use them when you are by yourself.

A Roman tribune had a house that in many places lay exposed to the eyes of the neighbourhood. A man came, and offered, for a sum of money, so to alter it as to remove that inconvenience. 'I will give you a sum of money,' was the answer, 'if you can make my house conspicuous in every room of it, that all the city may see after what manner I live.' That was the right spirit.

It is impossible for us to search our own hearts thoroughly. One morning we think the evil is gone; we make up our minds we will never be selfish or untruthful again; but temptations only reappear, and in a new and more subtle form.

God will help us. Many a time you have heard that no one ever truly prayed to Him in vain. Ask God, then, to help you to search out the evil in your heart. Pray this old-fashioned prayer:

'Search me, O God, and see if there be any wicked way in me.'

II.

Wise or Otherwise.

'Be not wise in your own conceits.'—Ro 12^{16}.

The other day I visited a farmyard. Near the barn a mother-hen was clucking softly to a fine brood of chickens as she taught them to pick up seeds of grain. In the mill-lade a few young ducklings were enjoying their first lessons in swimming. But up and down before the farmhouse strutted a large turkey. His tail was well spread out and he thought himself a very fine fellow indeed, but when he spoke his voice was by no means musical, and as he swaggered along I thought, 'Poor old man, you imagine the place belongs to you and that you are the most important person on the farm, but you'll be sadly disillusioned when you find yourself in a pot next Christmas!'

Perhaps you'll think it a funny thing to get a text from a turkey, but that silly young bird really gave me a text, so he has done some good after all besides providing somebody's future Christmas dinner. 'Conceited as a turkey-cock,' we say, and then the words that St. Paul wrote to the Christians in Rome came into my mind, 'Be not wise in your own conceits.' The Greek words just mean, 'Be not wise at your own bar,' that is, the bar of your own judgment. Don't be too pleased with yourself, thinking that you are always right and that you know everything that's worth knowing. In other words, don't have too good an opinion of yourself.

Now please notice carefully, I didn't say 'Don't have *a good opinion* of yourself,' but 'Don't have *too good an opinion* of yourself.' It's not at all a bad thing to have a good opinion of ourselves, to have a just pride in ourselves. The boys and girls who have the right kind of pride will be kept from doing many mean and unworthy things. But having too good an opinion of ourselves is another matter. It means puffing ourselves up to believe that we are what we are not, that we know everything when we know next to nothing, and if we only thought of it, it makes us look just as ludicrous as that silly turkey in the farmyard.

I am going to give you three reasons why we should not be wise in our own conceits, and I shall give you the least good reason first and end with the best.

The first reason is that *we shall get ourselves disliked.* There is no more detested person than the one who thinks he *knows* much better or *is* much better than anybody else, and that everybody else who thinks differently is wrong. A wise Chinese writer once said, 'Be strictly correct yourself; but do not cut and carve other people.' If all the flowers were the same colour the world would be a very uninteresting place, and if everybody thought alike it would be a very dull one. Certainly have your own opinion, but always give the other boy or girl the right to hold theirs, and be ready to own sometimes that they are right and you are wrong.

And the second reason is, that if we are wise in our own conceits *it will hinder us from learning.*

It's a curious thing, but you will find as you go through the world that the people who know most are generally those who think they know least. And the reason is, that they are the people who have found out how much there really is to know. A great pianist feels how difficult it is to do justice to the beauty of the music he is playing, a great artist how impossible to represent all the beauty he sees.

Once a cardinal was walking in one of the streets of Rome, and he met an old bent man trudging along in the snow. 'Where are you going,' said the cardinal. 'To the school of sculpture,' replied the other. The old man was none other than Michael Angelo, the famous sculptor who carved some of the most beautiful statues in the world. Yet, though he could teach the world, he was ready to be taught.

So don't be ashamed to learn. It's the people who recognize their ignorance who get on. Every day we live in this wonderful world there is something new to learn if we keep our minds open to receive it. And don't think you know better than people who have lived half a century. Your father and mother may not be so well able as you are to conjugate a Latin verb or translate a French sentence, but they know a great deal more of the things that are really worth knowing, and you will never regret it later if you respect their opinions now.

But the last reason is the biggest, and though you forget the others, try to remember this one, 'Be not wise in your own conceits,' because *pride and self-conceit keep us away from Christ.* It was pride that kept the Jews away from Christ. They thought they knew so much better than He did, and they would not listen to His message. And it is pride that may keep us away from Him too. He does not ask that those who come to Him should be good or wise, but if we wish to be His disciples we must lay ourselves like little children at His feet, knowing nothing, trusting not in our own goodness or power. Then He will lift us up and give us the knowledge that is true wisdom, the love that is true strength.

III.

Sunshine.

The Rev. John Wood, F.R.G.S., has issued *One Hundred More Talks with Boys and Girls* (Allenson; 2s. net). This is one of the new 'talks':

'"When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you?" is the query that heads the twenty-first of December—the shortest and darkest day of the year—in a modern birthday book.

'Surely that is the day that needs the sunshine most. Anyone can bring in the sunshine from outdoors upon a radiant day in June, for example. The test is to bring it in on the darkest day of the year.

'Now, you all know young people who come into the house with a sullen slam, and bring all the drizzle and darkness of a December storm in with them. They are irritable and complaining, and they make those in the home unhappy. If they have good manners, their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters don't know it.

'When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you? Every young disciple striving to serve Jesus Christ and follow the upward way to heaven should keep this question in mind every day, until it can be answered satisfactorily.

'To live in the sunshine of cheerfulness, to keep our lives in the sunshine of heaven, will keep us useful, sweet, and healthful.

'A pleasant story of Ralph Waldo Emerson runs to the effect that, when Mr. Emerson was travelling in Egypt with his daughter, they met an Englishman who did all in his power to make it pleasant for them, and when the time came for their separation, said: 'You may wonder, sir, at my having overstepped my usual reserve, so far as to become so intimate with you; but it is for the sake of a countryman of yours, one bearing the name — Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has done me much good, and I hope sometime to cross the ocean to meet him.' And Mr. Emerson never told him, it was he himself, whom he sought.

'That Englishman, boys and girls, showed kindness to Emerson without knowing it, for Emerson's sake.

'There is a greater than Ralph Waldo Emerson, and He is the Son of God, Who loves you. Love Him in return, and manifest His spirit—for His sake.'

Point and Illustration.

On the Russian Front.

As journalistic writer and photographer for the *Sphere*, Mr. R. Scotland Liddell went through the great retreat with the Russian armies in the autumn of 1915. He has now written the connected narrative of his experiences in that retreat, and the narrative is sufficiently arresting. Mr. Liddell has a style of his own, befitting the individuality of his character. He is clear of all egotism, so clear that he can tell the story of his own doings as naturally as he can tell of the deeds of any other. And his own personal presence gives just that touch of continuity and curiosity to the book which compels the reader to read right on to the end.

Mr. Liddell has a way of dropping facts upon his page which arrest by their isolation. Like this: 'In time of war, each Russian regiment is formed of four thousand soldiers. One Russian regiment, after a year of war, had already had thirty-six thousand men in its ranks. Can I write anything more tragic than that?'

In this way he gives us glimpses of the character of the Russian soldier, and they are more vivid because they are glimpses. 'On the night of Tuesday, July 6, the Germans on the Bzura-Rawka front fired gas shells against the Russians for the second time. The first occasion was five weeks before. The battle scene during the night was wonderful. The flashes of the artillery fire were like gleams of lightning in the sky. The boom of the guns was continuous. The shrapnels burst in fours with spurts of orange flame. I did not sleep. I stood in the open air and watched the spectacle. In the early morning the poisoned men were brought out of the deadly area of the trenches, gasping for air. The 21st Siberian Regiment of four thousand men had seven hundred left when daylight came. Three thousand three hundred men were dead or poisoned. Yet each man was supposed to have a respirator, and each respirator was said to be gas-proof. The officers were confident of this; they were confident of their readiness to fight against the foul fumes. Each man had goggles, also—worn on the peak of his cap, so as to be ready for use—to save his eyes from the penetrating acid. I discussed the heavy percentage of losses with an officer on whose word I can depend.

'"But I thought the men had respirators?" I said.

'He assured me that every man had one, and that the men had been ordered to have them ready for wear.

'"Then why?" said I.

'He shrugged his shoulders.

'"Russia's a queer country," he said, "there are things you'll never understand. The men were not ordered to put them on."

'I tell of this instance as it was told to me. I confess that in spite of my officer friend's reliability, I was inclined at first to doubt his word. Later on, some days after, I mentioned the matter to some other officers of high rank.

'"But that could never be?" I said.

'"It's possible," said they.'

In the same way he gives glimpses of himself: 'I attended to one man for six hours. I am sure I saved his life. The doctors had practically given him up when I happened to come to the stretcher on which he was lying. For some reason or other —I do not know what—I took a sudden liking to the man. I applied artificial respiration for an hour. It was very tiring work. I ached all over, but I had the satisfaction of seeing the man begin to breathe a little easier. Afterwards I bathed his head and breast and nursed him as best I could for other five hours. By the end of that time he was able to have food and tea. He also smoked a cigarette quite contentedly, and was inclined to sulk when I refused to give him any more. He managed to walk to the train in which he was able to travel to Zyrardow.'

Mr. Liddell is an admirer of the Russian Sisters. They are all good-looking. They have sometimes wit. Here is an illustration of the text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' 'I travelled back to Pruszkow in one of the sanitary wagons. Sixteen wounded soldiers were in it, with a pretty Sister in attendance. Four other soldiers came with us also. One of them had a bundle of lengths of cloth which he had secured from the big Zyrardow factory. He gloated over his booty, stroking the cloth with his hand, feeling its softness against his cheek, and admiring the colours and the texture in the dim light of a candle-lit lantern. He showed one piece of cloth to the Sister. It had been intended to be cut up for towels for the use of the employees in the factory. Every foot there appeared some words in Polish. I did not under-

stand what they were, neither did the soldier, but the Sister read them and laughed. "Stolen from the Zyrardow Factory" was what the notice was.'

The title of the book is *On the Russian Front* (Simpkin; 8s. 6d. net).

Dream Comrades.

For the writing of imaginary articles—articles in which the might-have-beens are more than the have-beens and ares—something other than industry is required. Has Mr. Leonard Green that something? Let two of the shortest of the sketches in his *Dream Comrades* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) be offered to judge by. The first is a

FABLE.

There was once a young man who had vision of the Thing-that-matters.

And he tried to tell people of the wonder of it, of the mystery, and of its beautiful colour.

At first they were charmed: for he was comely and lovable, and they thought he was weaving a fantasy.

But when they found that he was sincere, they laughed: then they hated him.

Their laugh made him bitter. But their hatred renewed the vision.

Fortunately at this point he died.

We have no leisure for enthusiasts who take themselves seriously.

The second is:

THE CYNIC.

The cynic is he, who, having drawn back in fear from the unspeakable heights to which he knows he has been called, persuades himself that they are not only unspeakable but ridiculous.

Wesley's Letters.

Mr. George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S., who, along with Dr. Townsend and Dr. Workman, edited *A New History of Methodism*, has now, alone, edited a selection of *Letters of John Wesley* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). He has so edited them that all is done that can be done to attract us to the reading of them. He has given a title to each letter—usually some phrase from the letter itself; and he has introduced each letter with hints of time, and place, and circumstance, sometimes also quality. No doubt the question had to be settled: For whom? Mr. Eayrs decided: For the unlearned and ignorant. In every respect the volume is one to draw to the reading of John Wesley's letters and thereby to John Wesley himself, and thereby to Christ, the—what shall he be called?—the man in the street. The man who will not read this book will read no good thing.

Some of the letters have never before been published; others only partly: the rest are taken from Tyerman's *Life* or Jackson's *Works of Wesley*, or other less accessible sources. But the point which Mr. Eayrs wishes to make, and makes, is that the letters, published or unpublished, are not simply copied into this book, but edited. Is it possible to give any idea of what that means? Take the most momentous letter of all, the letter written on October 30, 1738, to his brother Samuel, in which he tells of his conversion to God and what it signifies. The editing consists of three paragraphs, the first paragraph an encouragement to the reader to read, the second a description of the character of the letter, the third an account of the place, time, and circumstances.

Of the letter itself this much may be quoted. It is most pertinent to our own present necessities:

'With regard to my own character, and my doctrine likewise, I shall answer you very plainly. By a Christian I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him: and in this obvious sense of the word I was not a Christian until May the 24th last past. For till then sin had the dominion over me, although I fought with it continually; but surely, then, from that time to this it hath not—such is the free grace of God in Christ. What sins they were which till then reigned over me, and from which, by the grace of God, I am now free, I am ready to declare on the house-top, if it may be for the glory of God.

'If you ask by what means I am made free (though not perfect, neither infallibly sure of my perseverance), I answer, By faith in Christ; by such a sort or degree of faith as I had not till that day. My desire of this faith I knew long before, though not so clearly till Sunday, January the 8th last, when, being in the midst of the great deep, I wrote a few lines, in the bitterness of my soul, some of which I have transcribed; and may the good God sanctify them both to you and me!'

The C.M.S.

The Centenary of the Church Missionary Society was held in April 1899. In the same year Dr. Eugene Stock published *The History of the Church Missionary Society*, in three great handsome volumes. He has now issued a supplementary volume, the fourth, giving the history of the Society in the last sixteen years (C.M.S.; 7s. 6d. net).

The interest of the volume—great in itself, greater than that of any one of the preceding volumes—is not a little increased by the circumstance that the war has invaded some of the countries where C.M.S. missionaries are at work. There is Mesopotamia, for example. How bitter have been our thoughts, and for that matter how bitter our words, about the loss of life there and the sufferings of our troops. But listen to this record of human loss, every life that of an educated devoted missionary and all without a murmur! 'Turkish Arabia,' says Dr. Stock, 'as Mesopotamia has been officially called, appeared for the first time as an independent Mission in the Centenary year. Another of its cities, Mosul on the Tigris, near the site of ancient Nineveh, from which an American Mission had lately retired, was to be occupied as soon as possible, also, like Baghdad, for medical work; and this plan was carried out in 1901.'

Then he continues: 'For the last six years Baghdad has had a woman doctor, Miss S. E. Hill, M.B., B.S.(Lond.), a daughter of the late Bishop Hill of West Africa. One of the clerical missionaries there for a time, Mr. Parfit, claimed to have ridden the first bicycle ever seen in Mesopotamia (1901), which he thought "deserved to be put on the roll of C.M.S. agents for the service it had rendered to the missionary cause." Other missionaries, men and women, have served for a time, but the climate has again and again shortened their periods of work. The first lady sent out, Miss Valpy, had died before our sixteen years began, and so had the wife of Mr. Parfit. Miss Kelsey also died of cholera in 1904. Miss Lavy, a trained nurse, was drowned on her voyage out after furlough, in 1910, through the ship foundering off the Scilly Isles. An Australian lady had to be sent home seriously ill; but another lady sent from Australia in 1896, Miss Martin, who had previously worked some years in Palestine under the F.E.S., has continued to this day, and so has Miss Butlin, who went out in 1900. Indeed, it may be said that upon these two ladies has fallen a large part of the burdens of both stations during the whole of our period, they being the only two missionaries on the staff all the time. The staff now comprises two clergymen, the Rev. E. E. Lavy, who retired for a time to qualify as a doctor, and the Rev. P. V. Boyes; Drs. Johnson and Stanley; three wives, and five other women.'

And what cheer have they had? Listen to Dr. Stock again. 'This Mission, like others in Mohammedan countries, is emphatically one of faith. Its good influence upon the people is unmistakable, and its beneficent treatment of bodily ills is highly appreciated, but conversions are few. The courage and zeal of some, however, have cheered the missionaries, as in the case of a man baptized as far back as 1891, to whom the Turks, having failed to shake his faith by imprisonment, gave a military appointment with a good salary, in the vain hope of succeeding that way. Meanwhile, the bookshop has put forth the Scriptures and other Christian books, so in one form or another Christ is preached, and therein we may rejoice. Of one of the Christian catechists, Abbo Hasso, who died early in 1915, Miss Martin wrote, "He was universally respected for his absolute faithfulness, not only by the Christians of all sects, but by the Moslems and Jews. His name will always be honoured for his sincere devotion to his Lord and Saviour."'

The Great Assize.

From beginning to end, Mr. W. Swift Rollings' book *The Great Assize* (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net) is an indictment of war, a persistent, merciless, overwhelming denunciation. Even in the Old Testament Mr. Rollings will give war no place but a bad one. Was David a man of war? The disasters which came upon him were due to it, due to his having left the pastoral life at Bethlehem in the early days to join Saul's military staff.

'The Psalter, which for ever will bear David's name, does not take its rise from David's blood-stained throne; it springs up from the well of his Bethlehem life. Its chief song is of Jehovah as the Shepherd of His flock. And in sundry other songs we are told that a king is not delivered by the multitude of a host, nor a mighty man by his great strength; we learn also from the Psalter to

think of Jehovah as He who breaks the spear asunder, and burns the war chariot in the fire, and makes wars to cease unto the ends of the earth. And through it we also get a vision of God scattering the men who delight in war, and of a coming kingdom of peace.'

Making Peace Interesting.

To make peace attractive is to bless men beyond belief. The Rev. L. George Buchanan, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Hull, has written 'Preliminaries of Reconstruction,' under the title *After the War* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). This is how he would make peace interesting.

'"What is wrong with peace," says a writer in the *North American Review*, "is that it is so aimless; it fails to interest the average man." This is somewhat startling to us whose ideals are, to say the least of it, peaceful; we are apt, in our British way, to set it down as "American"; but as the writer proceeds you begin to see what he means. Peace, he thinks, will never attract mankind as much as war does, for war brings out certain qualities in a way that peace (in his opinion) never can. Here, for instance, are some of them:

INTENSITY OF PURPOSE,
SACRIFICE OF SELF,
UNITY OF METHOD,

gathering themselves up into a *concentration of aim* that he says is bound to make life interesting to the average man.

'Let it be granted as true that the intensity and sacrifice shown to-day by thousands is magnificent, even if the unity of method is not (as yet) quite so obvious. Still, it does not prove that it is war as such that gives life its greatest interest. Some wars we have known brought division to a nation's ranks (memory still recalls what were called pro-Boers and the opposite); other wars were in themselves the dividing of the nation (we still record in history the red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York). In any case many other items in life's experience produce exactly the same qualities as those above mentioned. A General Election, for instance, produces intensity of purpose (in the candidates), sacrifice of self (in the supporters), unity of method (in the party). Or, to be more topical, a Zeppelin raid without doubt produces them all in even a greater degree. Who, that has been through one, fails to note the intensity of purpose by which we seek shelter from the bombs, the splendid self-sacrifice by which special constables protect us, and women control themselves for the sake of the children; while the unity of method also is remarkable (it would be amusing were it not serious), how every one talks of the same topic and every one agrees in demanding adequate protection for non-combatants in raided areas!

'Now, why do they produce all these results? Because there is an overmastering motive acting for a short time: patriotism in one case, danger in the other. But it is acting only for a time. If General Elections were always on they would lose their thrill; if Zeppelins were always dropping bombs we should become hardened like the men at the Front.

'Thus, quite seriously, it seems to me it is not war, as such, that produces these fine effects. "War," as such, "is Hell"; war, as the Germans wage it, is "Hell with the lid off!" What produces the effects above mentioned is a master-motive temporarily applied; and what we need for peace times is a motive for life equally overmastering, but applicable with permanent force. Has humanity got such a motive? Has humanity ever conceived an overwhelming reason for existence, a motive that will thrill the long recuperative periods of history when there is no war, a motive that will transfigure life and not dislocate it; interest, and even enthral, mankind without exhausting it?

'Has humanity got this? Of course she has, she has the only motive that can really master mankind in a permanent sense, and that is the love and service of Christ. "The love of Christ overmasters us," said the Apostle; the challenge to the modern Church is whether first of all she has this love herself, and then whether she can capture humanity with it. So War, flushed with success, says to a Church bewildered not a little to-day, "I can captivate the universal mind; can you? I can commandeer the willing service of humanity; can you?" It is a serious challenge, not lightly to be answered in view of the obvious failure in so many directions.

'The only answer possible seems to be this: the Church as she ought to be could do it, the Church as she is cannot do it, but the Church as, please God, she will be can do it, and is determined to see that she does.'

The Second Advent: The Fact of it.

By the Rev. R. G. Macintyre, B.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in St. Andrew's College (University of Sydney), Sydney.

It is not possible to read the New Testament and remain in any doubt that the first disciples started upon their ministry of Evangelization filled with the 'blessed hope' that Jesus would reappear again, this time in heavenly power and glory, to consummate the Kingdom. And it was a definite event to which they, and with them the early Church, looked forward; the consummation of a process, if you will, but an event standing out clear as a hill from the plain around it and of which yet the hill is but the upheaval. The distinction between 'process' and 'event' is valid, but to make an impassable gulf between them is utterly unscientific. I cannot conceive of an event divorced from process. Development is teleological, and the event when it does come may break forth with cataclysmic suddenness. An iceberg which has been slowly melting suddenly heels over and assumes a new centre of gravity. There is nothing unreasonable or even improbable in the conception of a spiritual Kingdom, present in some measure already, and some time to break in with intensified power on the existing order of things, a moral and spiritual Kingdom whose manifestation is dependent upon the will of God and conditioned by the faith of the Church. Further, to believe that the glory of the Kingdom will not be separate from Him who is its King, and through whom it has become possible, is so natural that it is difficult to think of it otherwise. The King is greater than the Kingdom, for He is the Creator of it, and only in the manifestation of the King can the full glory of the Kingdom be known. It involves such a personal manifestation of Jesus as will make all men know that this is indeed the 'Day' of the Son of Man, when the Saviour-Judge completes His work on earth. We must not take the Biblical representation of the event as more than symbolism of what is beyond human imagination; for it is imagination that is baffled in this event, not faith or reason. When we read of 'clouds' and 'trumpets' and 'thrones' we are dealing with mere scenery, scenery manifestly carried over from the Old Testament and from Apocalyptic literature. To take all this as a photographic picture of what the Second Advent will be like is peculiarly inept, and is to commit, in an exaggerated degree, the blunder of Jewish literalists. The strange thing is that just here, where we are so manifestly dealing with picture-language, literalism has been most dogmatic. On the other hand, one has to guard against interpreting the language in such a way as to blot out the picture altogether. It seems to me that all we are warranted in saying, as belonging to faith, is that at some future time our Lord will manifest His personal presence in power, and that this Parousia will mark the end of the present age, and the beginning of a new age in which every power shall be subject to God, 'a new heaven and a new earth,' that is, an absolutely new condition of things; and that, however the work of the Church may lead up to it and prepare for it, the bringing in of this new age will be in a very special sense the work of God through Jesus Christ. It will mark a definite stage in God's redemptive purpose, for the *primary* purpose of the Second Advent is redemption, not judgment.

Christ's first Advent, while an historic event, was, in almost every respect, different from the highly coloured pictures of the prophets. The prophecy of His coming was true, but the prophetic picture was no photograph of the reality. Not a palace but the home of a carpenter sheltered Him. He was reared not in the Holy City but in despised Nazareth; not luxury but homelessness was His fate, not a royal progress but the *via dolorosa*, not a throne but a cross. Yet when He did come, so disappointingly different from the pen portraits of the prophetic Messiah, He proved a greater King than any prophet had dreamed, and He entered upon a Kingdom far exceeding their utmost flight of imagination. So, we may assume, will it be in His Second Advent. It will surprise us in its manner, it will shame our literalism, but it will exceed our highest thoughts in its moral glory and its spiritual significance. And it will leave us in no doubt that it is the Coming of the Son of Man to take unto Himself the Kingdom which is His at so great a cost. The earth will undergo

great changes, possibly passing altogether from its present form and conditions. I do not believe that we can even imagine the manner of all this, for we cannot get beyond human experience, and this event will be without parallel in human experience. Faith and reason can accept it, but imagination cannot rise to the height of it. It is vain to pick out this or that detail in a picture painted in borrowed colours. It may be that not a single colouring in the picture will be reproduced in the actual event. But that does not imply that the picture has lied, for the picture is not alien to the event. I happen to have before me a picture of a Union Jack with 'a beautifully ugly' bull-dog standing upon it and looking out upon the English Channel. To me, in my far Australian home, that picture is not alien to the actual facts of this year of war. The symbolism of the New Testament does convey an idea we can apprehend even if we cannot comprehend it, and therefore we hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought to us at the Parousia of Jesus Christ.

Now, is the event proclaimed in the New Testament and wrought into the faith of the Church so improbable that the right-minded Christian is he who puts it aside as childish? Allowing for some faultiness of apprehension on the part of the first disciples, due to preconceived notions, it is simply not credible that the main import of the eschatological teaching has not the authority of Jesus behind it. That teaching expresses a certain outlook upon life and a certain idea of God's relationship to the world which is either fundamentally right or fundamentally wrong. But Jesus' general outlook upon life was singularly clear, sane, and ethical, and there is no reason to credit Him here with lapsing into the rôle of the ecstatic visionary. The material aspects of the change foretold are of secondary importance. They are only the framework of the picture. Yet they are there, and who will say that they are improbable? Other planets have undergone as great and cataclysmic changes as are pictured of our own. Some worlds have had a slow ending, others a sudden end. Most scientists will say that something like this must happen, though they cannot predict what will emerge from the event. Scientific imagination sees nothing improbable in great and sudden physical changes, affecting a whole world. Now, can any one take upon himself to say that these far-reaching changes in the world of nature will not coincide with some moral manifestation of God of a hitherto unique character. Are not the two ideas quite consonant? And believing that Jesus Christ was God manifest in the flesh, is it not reasonable to credit that this revelation of the Divine will be through Him who is Son of God and Son of Man? We cannot regard history aright unless we regard it from the ethical point of view. And if the ethical point of view is essential to a right understanding of the history of individuals and of nations, is it not also the right point of view when we regard the world as a whole? Granted the ethical point of view, how can you escape an eschatology? The more intensely ethical a religion is, the more essential to it is its eschatology. Represent it to ourselves how we may, the essentially ethical character of Christianity demands the final victory for righteousness, and the hope of such victory rests primarily not upon man but upon the direct action of God. Eschatology, and particularly the Second Advent, thus becomes a part of the Gospel, without which it is not "the whole Gospel." That the victory is so closely related to the Person of Christ seems essential to Christianity, for it is the completion or consummation of His work of redemption. That it will involve a personal manifestation of Christ (the manner of which is secondary) is surely nothing to stumble at. This is the essential thing in the eschatology of the New Testament, and when it was attempted to present this faith, even the rich language and symbolism of the prophets was too inadequate. What I would here press is that the eschatology of the New Testament, and very specially the doctrine of the Second Advent, must not be separated from the ethical side of our religion. At the back of the doctrine of the Second Advent lies the conviction that it is not ethical to assume that good and evil will continue forever balancing one another. A permanent dualism is not completely ethical. A God of Righteousness means that some day righteousness will prevail as a world-order. And the victory must be where the battle is. Sin has challenged righteousness here, and it is here that Christ

> A second Adam to the fight,
> And to the rescue, came.

That work has yet to be completed, and completed by Him who began it. It is His work. It must be seen to be His victory. How we would repre-

sent to ourselves that final personal victory of Christ had we no Biblical literature to guide us I know not, but we would have to find some picture of it, and in whatever frame we set it and with whatever colours we painted it, the message, in its essentials, could be no other than that of the New Testament. Christ has set a-going in the world a great ethical and religious movement. That fact belongs to history. He will see it through, and the final victory will not be apart from His Presence (*παρουσία*) in the world. On these ethical and religious grounds it is easy to understand the eager expectancy of the early Church, persecuted on every side and faced with what seemed an overwhelming power of evil. Not knowing the patience or the power of God, it seemed to the Church that if victory was to come it must come soon, therefore she cried, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." The Church of to-day cannot give up that hope. Does not Christian faith imply and involve a teleology inseparable from the person of Jesus Christ? Even those Christians who suppose that they have relegated this question to the region of the indifferent find, when they face the problem of the world order, that they must fall back upon this hope, though, as a rule, it is so vague that it is of little practical service. Yet in so far as the Church loses the vision and the power of this hope, faith lies like a bird with a broken wing. Through this hope the Church is made to feel, more impressively than would be otherwise possible, that she is not left alone to face the battle. The battle is the Lord's. And thus the Church gains the seal of assurance, for it is a 'sure hope,' that she is gaining nearer to victory. The golden age of the Church lies not in the past, but in the future. She is not passing into the night, but towards the day that knows no night. Because the Lord is coming again the Church must prevail, even against 'the gates of hell,' and the note of victory never dies on her lips. The light ahead is no will-o'-the-wisp, but the Sun of Righteousness. It is the Sun rising behind the cross and the empty grave. Christ, not Nietzsche, will conquer.

Contributions and Comments.

Psalm cx. 3.

This is perhaps the most difficult verse in the Psalter. Shall we say, in the Bible? Every student knows how the ancient versions and the modern commentators leave the reader in greater bewilderment. Perhaps a clearer conception of one phrase in the verse may lead the way to the interpretation of the whole.

Some person, or some thing, is *of* or *more than* or *from the womb of the morning*. I would suggest that the *womb of the morning* is the dayspring, the bursting forth of the sun in the eastern sky, which disperses the darkness of night, the mists and clouds of sunless earth.

If this be right, we find a parallel in another prophecy (Mal 4^2): 'Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings (= beams, rays).'

We sometimes find allusions to a type or figure, running like a connecting thread through many books of Holy Scripture, from early Hebrew to New Testament times. The figure of marriage is a well-known instance of this.

So the sun and the sunrise (Ps 84^{11}) picture out the uncreated 'Light of the world' (Ps 4^6 27^1 36^9 etc., Is 9^2 42^6 49^6 60^1 etc., Lk 2^{32}, Jn 1^{4-9} 9^5 12^{44}, Rev 21^{23} 22^5. The contrasted darkness (Jn 1^5 3^{19}). There is progress in the use of these figures.

The expression '*womb* of the morning' for the sunrise, finds a (perhaps unintended) parallel in Keble's lines:

> 'Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
> That, ere the glorious sun be *born*.'

מִשְׁחָר is, of course, the *early dawn*, which agrees with the above view, and רֶחֶם is clearly *womb*, though, as *Oxf. Heb. Lex.* suggests, the usual שַׁחַר may be the correct form also here, the מ being a dittograph from the preceding word.

The R.V. margin, 'Thy youth are to thee as dew,' is the most probable version of the next clause of all I have seen, and would be certain if כְּ stood prefixed to טַל. But the ellipsis of כְּ is not unusual, *e.g.* Ps 14^4. The suggestion made in *Oxf. Heb. Lex.* 378^b, 'with flashing weapons like

dewdrops,' requires too much to be supplied mentally. Sunrise and morning dew are connected together.

Has the בְּ been lost through the preceding לְךָ?

GEORGE FARMER.

Wellesley House, Walmer.

Discipleship.

ONE of the most familiar terms for the Christian is 'disciple' (learner), and yet certain phases of N.T. usage are noteworthy.

1. The substantive, *μαθητής*, is found almost everywhere in the Gospels from Mt 5^{1} to Jn 21^{24}.

2. It is also frequent in Acts as an appropriate term for followers of Christ: cf. *μαθήτρια*, 9^{36}, 'female disciple.'

3. And yet it is never once found in the Epistles and Apocalypse. Why is this?

4. The cognate verb, *μαθητεύω*, is used in the active and passive: (*a*) active, 'make disciples' (Mt 28^{19}, Ac 14^{21}); (*b*) passive, 'to be disciples of' (Mt 13^{52}, kingdom; Mt 27^{57}, Jesus).

5. The verb, *μανθάνω*, 'to learn,' is used fairly frequently in the Epistles in connexion with Christians: Ro 16^{17}, *διδαχὴν*; Eph 4^{20}, *τὸν Χριστόν*; cf. Ph 4^{11}, 1 Ti 2^{11} 5^{4}, 2 Ti 3^{14}. See also *καταμανθάνω*, Mt 6^{28}.

6. The English word 'discipline' has come to mean 'moral training,' but originally meant 'learning' (*disciplina*). How suggestive is the idea that we obtain 'discipline' through 'discipleship' (cf. He 5^{8}, *ἔμαθεν ἀφ' ὧν ἔπαθε τὴν ὑπακοήν*).

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto.

The Reception of Onesimus by Philemon.

IT would be interesting to know what reception Onesimus received, and how Philemon treated him. Lightfoot says, 'of the result of this appeal we have no certain knowledge. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that Philemon would not belie the Apostle's hopes,' etc. Referring to the letter, Deissmann says, 'this gem, the preservation of which we owe to some fortunate accident.'

Can we not argue this—that our possession of the letter is proof of the favourable reception and treatment of Onesimus by Philemon?

The letter was strictly private. Onesimus would know its purport, but not the details of its contents. The only one who could make public the letter was its recipient, Philemon. If he had refused the Apostle's request, would he have made known that request? If Philemon did as Paul wished, then he would have been willing for others to see the letter from the beloved Apostle. The letter may have been copied. This would lessen the chance of its accidental preservation. Philemon had it in his power to suppress the letter or to make it known. Would he have made it known if he had disobeyed it? Can we not use as an argument for the favourable reception and treatment of Onesimus the fact that we know the letter to Philemon?

ERNEST F. KNIGHT.

Calcutta.

Judas Iscariot.

To the literature concerning Judas Iscariot may well be added the thrilling 'Ballad of Judas Iscariot,' by Robert Buchanan. It has been called the greatest ballad since the 'Ancient Mariner.' Its picture of the Repentance of Judas and his welcome and forgiveness by the Saviour is of notable beauty and power.

FRANCIS L. PALMER.

Stillwater, Minnesota.

'Touch me not.'

DOES not the difficulty that has been felt with this passage grow out of inaccuracy of translation?

The verb means 'lay hold of,' 'handle,' 'cling,' or the like. Its distinction from *θίγης* is clearly seen in Col 2^{21}, where also A.V. has gone wrong. The tense *ἅπτου* tells us that Jesus is forbidding the continuance of an action that is going on. So we may translate: 'Do not be clinging to me.'

It is therefore quite gratuitous to say that Jesus forbids to Mary what He commands in the case of Thomas, and then to begin searching for reasons. He did not forbid her to touch Him. She did more than touch. She possibly did just what the other women did—'they took hold of his feet, and worshipped him' (Mt 28^{9}). In neither case did He prevent. He did, however, forbid the undue continuance of the action.

Why? The simplest reason is probably the best.

Mary's act not only expresses her joy at His return, but betrays her mistaken idea that the going and returning of which He spoke is now completely fulfilled, that He will now remain with them. That misconception Jesus removes in the same kind way in which He meets the honest perplexity of Thomas. We too should have felt the kindness of it had we heard the tone in which the words were uttered. So He tells her He is not back to stay, that He has not yet gone up to the Father, but that He is to go shortly. Meantime He bids her, as He did the other women, to go and tell His brethren that He wishes to see and speak with them before He returns to the Father.

J. H. FARMER.

McMaster University, Toronto, Canada.

Ἰησοῦς Χριστός in Acts.

IN his interesting article on 'Acts' in the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*, Professor Lake says that Χριστός is always predicative, except in the phrase τὸ ὄνομα Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, and that Ἰησοῦς Χριστός is not used as a name, save in that phrase. This is not quite correct. In 9^{34} St. Peter says, Αἰνέα, ἰᾶταί σε Ἰησοῦς Χριστός. It may be conjectured that the combination Ἰησοῦς Χριστός was used in the healing of the sick (cf. 3^6 4^{10} 16^{18}). In regard to the employment of the words τὸ ὄνομα Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ in baptism (2^{38} 10^{48}), we may compare the remarkable phrase in the Epistle of St. James (which probably refers to baptism), [βλασφημοῦσιν] τὸ καλὸν ὄνομα τὸ ἐπικληθὲν ἐφ' ὑμᾶς (2^7).

H. W. FULFORD.

Crowmarsh Rectory, Oxon.

Masoud the Bedouin.[1]

OF late years much has been written on various aspects of Eastern life, but rarely will one find so sympathetic a presentation as in Mrs. Carhart's fascinating tales. A daughter of Dr. Post, so long and honourably associated with the Protestant College of Beirut, born under Syrian skies, familiar from infancy with the native language and ways, a warm friend of the people to whom she dedicates her book, she writes from the heart and to the heart. The stories are almost all based on incidents of Syrian life, but they have the touch which distinguishes literature from mere chronicle. They are pervaded throughout by the atmosphere of the East, its dazzling sunshine and gorgeous moons, its rich green valleys, rugged steeps and shimmering sands, the low, black tents of the Bedouin, and the ever-shifting colours of the village streets and bazaars. The characters who flit across the stage, too, are typical Easterners, such as one finds in the classic pages of the Old Testament—the proud Bedouin, swift to avenge the life or honour of his kinsfolk, yet curiously moved by impulses of generosity and devotion; the careless shepherd boy, tending his flocks, and whiling away the weary hours with pipe and song; the maiden awaking to love, with its unknown possibilities of joy and pain; and the mother crooning over the child of her hopes, or rending the heavens with lamentations for the death of her hero. A strange commingling of comedy and tragedy! But through it all steals the sweet music of the Sheffaka, the everlasting compassion, which appeals equally to East and West. As we read how this Compassion, made real through the tender ministrations of Christian teacher, pastor, physician, and nurse, melts the hearts of fierce Bedouin warriors, impelling them to deeds of gentleness and love, or trace its leavening influence in hospital and school, we can look forward with new hopefulness to a time when East shall meet with West, and together yield their crowns to Him who is Lord of both.

ALEX. R. GORDON.

Presbyterian College, Montreal.

[1] By Alfreda Post Carhart. Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada: New York, 1915.

'Henotheism' and Schelling.

A WRITER of high standing, Dr. Edward Lehmann, in a recent authoritative publication (*Die Kultur der Gegenwart*, Teil i. Abteilung iii.[2] 1913, p. 16), speaks of '"relative monotheism" or "*henotheism*"' as constituting, according to Schelling, the primary origin of religion, and adds that 'Schelling's scholar, Max Müller,' the 'founder of the modern study of the History of Religion,' recognized Henotheism—the worship of one god at a time—as the earliest stage in the religion of the Vedas.

While Lehmann does not definitely affirm that Schelling employs the word Henotheism, his inverted commas do their utmost to instil that

belief. But, so far as the present writer can discover, the impression is false. Chantepie de la Saussaye (*Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte*[2], 1897, vol. i. p. 16) is more guarded: '*If not the word*' henotheism, 'yet the thought must be traced to Schelling, who assumed a relative monotheism as the principle of the original unity of the human race.' Two more sentences may be given from de la Saussaye, as they state Schelling's view clearly and well. 'This relative monotheism recognizes only one God; but this unity is accidental, not essential; hence a second god may easily be associated with the first; or, on the other hand, relative monotheism may purify itself into monotheism proper. Thus relative monotheism is the primary stage in religion, and the starting-point both of monotheistic and polytheistic developments.'

Schelling has (at least) two discussions of 'Mythology'—an older 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Mythology,' and a later 'Philosophy of Mythology.' The summary just quoted refers to Lecture VI. of the earlier discussion, the 'Introduction'—not, as loosely stated in Baldwin's *Dic. of Philos.*, art. 'Henotheism,' to the 'Philosophy of Mythology.' When the later lecturers resume the subject, Schelling styles the relative monotheism of the primitive mind mere 'Theism.' He does not use the term 'Henotheism,' which would have been in its place here if anywhere. Can he have used it at all? Surely not.

Lastly, Max Müller claims the term as his own; cf. the quotation in *E.R.E.*, art. 'Monolatry and Henotheism.' ROBERT MACKINTOSH.

Manchester.

Genesis iii. 22.

A FRIEND, of long ago, once wrote to me as follows:—

'Did I ever mention to you my idea as to how Gn 3^{22} might be cleared of a difficulty, by translating הָיָה *was* instead of *has become*? A few days back I met with the same view in a French writer of some note—Grandpierre. Man was created in the image of God, and *was as* the Creator with regard to knowing good and evil: but by his sin, he lost this likeness.'

It would be very interesting to learn whether Hebraists consider the suggested rendering to be in any way possible. W. COLLINS.

Nunnington.

Entre Nous.

Adelaide Eden Phillpotts.

The gift of imagination has descended in the Eden Phillpotts family to the second generation. Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts is a poet. The finest poem in *Illyrion, and other Poems* (Palmer & Hayward; 1s. 6d. net) is the poem which gives the book its title, and it is very fine indeed. The delicately handled introduction is particularly pleasing. Dreams, moonbeams, shadows, dawn, morning, cloud, flower-fays, showers, rainbow-spirits, life, come and go with delightful lightness of touch, and lead us, well pleased, into the presence of Illyrion and his serious quest. Let us quote the passage which gives the conclusion of the whole matter:

Progress is like the inflowing tide, whose waves
Sweep forward, then recede a little way,
Only to advance again a little more
And cover the last imprint that they made.
Though the vast wave of progress should recede
In our brief generation, yet again
Will it flow forward after we are gone.
Less than a moment of eternity
Is this, thy little life. Fear not, oh, son,
And be not disappointed in thy kind,
Because they shame thy spirit for a while—
Humanity is yet but as a child,
And children must be fighting with their fists,
For their young minds have not th' experience
To solve each difference that will arise.
The days are not yet come when man shall claim
For motherland the kingdom of mankind;
But he has many a million years to live,
So fear not that in some far-distant age
All Earth will be to him as home; and race
Will be no longer as a barrier.
Look to the present now, and be thou brave,
Trust thy great mother, Nature, and go fight
For thy dear country and for Liberty.

Edith Anne Stewart.

Pilgrimage and Battle is an accurate title for the poems of Edith Anne Stewart (Headley; 3s. 6d. net). They are poems of life's experience, and the war has made the experiences of life more wonderful. There is boundless hope, because there is fathomless faith. But neither faith nor hope removes the mystery. What shall be done, for example, to the slayer of Edith Cavell?

Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord, I will repay—
O mine enemy, somewhere God keepeth for thee
Anguish more bitter than this thou hast poured on me,
Payment more dreadful than I could devise to-day.

Nay, saith the Lord, your way is not My Way,
My Vengeance is not yours; who hath eyes to see
Lift them up to where Jesus hangs on a tree,
This is the sum of My Vengeance, thus I repay.

And Hell, saith God, is the hour ye shall wake and know
What ye have done to Me. But now ye sleep:
Hate hath nothing could move you, rage no blow
Could stir those palsied souls to wake and weep.

But I have ordained that Love shall bid you rise
From sleep to Hell, from Hell to Paradise.

F. W. Orde Ward.

The years of the War will have their mark on English literature. Three years of War poetry will be conspicuous for all time to come in the histories of the literature of the world. And one of the poets named will be Mr. Orde Ward. He has written little and he has written that little nearly in one metre. But it is true poetry. The title of the book is *The Last Crusade* (Kelly). This is an example:

THE MIRACULOUS ARMIES.

Fools deem the age of miracles is dead,
But we behold them
Daily, and hear once more God's awful tread;
He marcheth with us to the battle-line
In power divine,
He ranks our forces and His arms enfold them,
His love their wine and sacramental bread.
The greatest and the least,
They each are summoned to the Bridegroom's feast.
What were the single purpose but His call,
The Spirit's leading
That lifts by many a broken heart and fall?
The dry bones live again, the very tomb
Becomes a womb
Of soldiers who obey the country's pleading
And form new resurrection's iron wall.
Yea, out of quickened dust
We see the rifle rise, the sword-blade's thrust.

Where once were only furze and stubborn thorn
Or thwart stern thistle,
Here peaceful flocks or there the huntsman's horn:
Rings out the bugle with its challenge grave
Across the wave,
The khaki grows like weeds, the bayonets bristle,
From every silent bush a man is born.
As though the labouring earth
Were but a cradle for fresh empire's birth.

We hear the sharpening of the sword, the cry
Of martial orders,
And see proud forms that move as destiny;
One mind, one mouth, one settled purpose runs
Along the guns,
The horse and foot that burst imprisoning borders
And raiseth hearts to deeds of chivalry.
As if the flowing tide
Had come to help its Queen, in subject pride.

Stirs the whole nation to the trumpet peal
Beyond mere fashion,
That sets on every brow a glorious seal;
The slumbering giant from him rudely shakes
Fetters, and wakes
To discipline of calm and bridled passion,
While all are brothers for the common weal.
Onward the movement swings,
For freedom, to the playing-ground of kings.

Arthur Shearly Cripps.

Mr. Cripps sends home from Lake Victoria Nyanza a volume of passionate poems, calling it *Pilgrim's Joy* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). They are passionate for the world of nature and the liberty of man. The scenes described are unfamiliar and yet familiar—it is the one human heart that sees them. The passion for liberty—even to the African—is sometimes scornful of tyranny.

RIZPAH IN S. AFRICA.

(A colonist mother keening for her child. See the old-world story in 2 Sam. 21.)

The thing that hath been, it shall be,
There is no new thing, no not one;
Would God that I had died for thee,
My son, my son!

Even as Aiah's child of old,
I breathe to yon blue smiling sky
My curse upon the Gibeonites
Who made him die.

Who hewed the logs, who drew at well,
More patient than the beasts they drave,
Whose patience asked those gifts of wrong
His father gave—

No one day's blood-writ crime to make
The sun o'er Gibeon stand aghast,
But breach on breach, and guile on guile
These long years past.

Therefore our boy so clean of sin
Lies here before the Lord so low,
And I, a stone beside a stone,
Watch out my woe.

Aldous Huxley.

The Burning Wheel (Blackwell; 2s. net) is one of the 'Adventures All' series, and it is an adventure. There is nothing that will stay, nothing that is meant to stay. Moods and impressions, cleverly caught and expressed in clever words, with just once or twice a deeper note—that is the little book. There is a deeper note in

DARKNESS.

My close-walled soul has never known
That innermost darkness, dazzling sight,
Like the blind point, whence the visions spring
In the core of the gazer's chrysolite . . .
The mystic darkness that laps God's throne
In a splendour beyond imagining,
So passing bright.

But the many twisted darknesses
That range the city to and fro,
In aimless subtlety pass and part
And ebb and glutinously flow;
Darkness of lust and avarice,
Of the crippled body and the crooked heart . . .
These darknesses I know.

John Oxenham.

Mr. Oxenham's new book is called *The King's High Way* (Methuen; 1s. net). It is after the manner of *Bees in Amber* and *All's Well*, and the manner is as attractive as ever. Perhaps it is a little more 'warlike'; perhaps it is also a little more 'religious,' for things grow more not less serious as the certainty of victory comes in sight. It contains also some hymns for the time of peace that is coming. We shall quote two of the more 'religious' poems.

ELDER BROTHER.

Now, God be thanked that our dear Lord became
Man, like us men!—
Subject to man's infirmities,
But without stain.

He suffered in our frail humanity
The Cross, the pain,—
To teach us that from earthly loss
Comes heavenly gain.

We could not look on Thy full glory, Lord,
Nor bear the light.
So Wisdom vailed the Light with Love,
To suit our sight.

Dear Elder Brother, to our succour sent,—
Light clothed in Love,—
For our souls' full enfranchisement
To joys above!

PETITION.

O Grant me this,—
In all my work,
Lord, of Thy best!—
High thought in true word drest,
To cheer, to lift,—
To comfort the depressed,—
To lighten darkness,—
To bring rest
To souls distrest.
In all my work, O manifest
Thy Will!
So shall the work be blest.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WHO was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'? The question has been asked by Professor SWETE of Cambridge in the July number of the *Journal of Theological Studies*. Now Professor SWETE is not a young German critic, intent on winning a name for himself by the offer of some new and preposterous theory. When he asks a question like this we may depend upon it that he has something to say which is worth attending to.

The disciple whom Jesus loved is mentioned only in the Fourth Gospel. There the phrase occurs five times, all in the second half of the Gospel (13^{23} 19^{26} 20^{2} $21^{7.20}$). The first occurrence is the most memorable: 'Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.' But neither there nor elsewhere is his name given. We have accepted the supposition that his name was John, and that he was one of the sons of Zebedee. But there is nothing to suggest that he bore the name of John beyond the statement, in Jn 21^{24}, that he wrote the Gospel which early tradition has assigned to St. John. What are the facts?

The first is that he was present at the Last Supper, and reclined on the Lord's right hand. Thus he occupied a place at the table inferior to Simon Peter, but above that of any other apostle. Does this make it likely that he was one of the sons of Zebedee? Dr. SWETE does not think so. 'The sons of Zebedee had already roused the indignation of the Ten by their request that they might sit on the Lord's right and left. It is inconceivable that He should have risked the re-opening of this struggle for precedence by placing John above Andrew, his senior in the Apostolate.'

The next fact to notice is the statement in Jn 18^{15}, that 'Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple.' If that 'other disciple' of Jn 18^{15} is the disciple whom Jesus loved, as he is commonly taken to be, then the disciple whom Jesus loved was an acquaintance of the High Priest, and on such terms of intimacy with him that he could enter the court of the High Priest's official residence himself, and gain admission to it for a friend. Is this likely to have been John the son of Zebedee? Again Dr. SWETE does not think so. 'It is scarcely conceivable,' he says, 'that a Galilean disciple, drawn from the fishermen of the northern lake, could have stood in this relation to the head of the exclusive aristocracy which virtually ruled the Jewish people.'

The next reference to the beloved disciple affects our popular conceptions more seriously. In the notes on one of the Seven Last Words to be found on another page of this number, it is taken for granted that the disciple whom Jesus loved was

John the apostle, and that to him Jesus committed the keeping of His mother. To Dr. SWETE's careful scholarship the evidence points the other way. The disciple whom Jesus loved is seen standing beside the cross, but not as one of the apostles. The apostles were not there. They had not yet rallied after their flight from Gethsemane.

It was with the women that the beloved disciple was standing, and next to Mary, the mother of the Lord. The Lord, seeing them there, commits His mother to the care of this disciple, who forthwith takes her to his own home and keeps her in it. This disciple then, it is reasonable to suppose, had a home either in Jerusalem or in the neighbourhood. What probability is there that John the apostle, the son of Zebedee, had a home there?

The only other fact to which Dr. SWETE directs attention is that in the editorial note appended to the Fourth Gospel (Jn $21^{24.25}$) the disciple whom Jesus loved is identified with the author of the Gospel: 'This is the disciple which beareth witness of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his witness is true.'

Are there any facts on the other side? There is one fact which seems to favour the identification of this disciple with the apostle John. He is frequently found in company with Peter (Jn 13^{24} 18^{15} 20^{2} 21^{20}). Now Peter and John are closely associated in the Book of Acts ($3^{1.3}$ $4^{13.19}$ 8^{14}). This fact must be allowed its weight. But it seems to stand alone. Nothing that is said of John in the Gospels seems to Dr. SWETE to point to him as the beloved disciple. Christ loved him, as He loved all His own, 'to the end' (Jn 13^{1}), and especially those whom He had chosen to be His apostles (Jn $13^{34.35}$ 15^{12}). There is no indication that His love distinguished him from the rest. And none of the sayings that are attributed to John (Mk 9^{38}, Lk 9^{54}), nor the request which came from the two sons of Zebedee (Mk 10^{37}), indicate any special affinity to the mind of Christ. All the depth of insight and fervour of love which we connect with the name of John belong to the Beloved Disciple and not, so far as we know, to the son of Zebedee.

Who, then, was the disciple whom Jesus loved?

He had a home in Jerusalem. Was it the house in which the Last Supper was eaten? Was he the master of the house (Mk 14^{14}), and therefore the host on that occasion? And does this explain his place at the supper?

Again, he was especially beloved of Jesus. Now, only the Bethany family and the rich young ruler are mentioned in the Gospels by name as enjoying this special affection. 'Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus' (Jn 11^{5}); and of the young ruler it is said, 'Jesus looking upon him loved him' (Mk 10^{21}). Was the disciple whom Jesus loved Lazarus? Lazarus satisfies some of the conditions. He lived within two miles of Jerusalem; his family were in good circumstances (so we may gather from Jn 12^{1-9}); it is not impossible that he was acquainted with the High Priest; and his house at Bethany would have formed a suitable home for the mother of Jesus.

But Dr. SWETE does not believe that Lazarus was the disciple whom Jesus loved and who leaned on His breast at supper. 'It is difficult to believe that, if the Beloved Disciple had been the subject of our Lord's greatest miracle, the fact would have been passed by without notice either in the Fourth Gospel or in early Christian tradition. Nor is it easy to conceive of any chain of circumstances which would have converted Lazarus of Bethany into the *theologos*, the leader of Greek Christianity who survived under the name of John to the end of the first century.'

We are left with the rich young ruler. Dr. SWETE is ready to believe that the rich young ruler was the disciple whom Jesus loved and who is said to have written the Gospel according to St. John.

He was rich, even very rich. He was a 'ruler,' that is, probably a member of the Sanhedrin. In A.D. 29 he was still relatively young, though he had passed his first youth. 'He ran up to our Lord as Jesus started afresh on His journey to Jerusalem, hastening to seize the opportunity of putting to the Master the most vital of all questions. The Lord's answer disappointed him, at least for the moment; he went away with clouded brow, a sadder man. But who shall say that Christ's love did not avail to bring him back? or that on his return he may not have attached himself to Jesus with a fervour and wholeheartedness which justified the Lord's immediate recognition of his worth?'

Why does God say, 'Let *us* make man' (Gn 1^{26})? The question has often been asked, and often answered. Two answers hold the field: you prefer the one or the other according to your critical or anti-critical tendency. The one is that in the use of the plural there is an interesting anticipation of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. The other is that, as a trace of polytheism still remains in the word *elohim* itself, so for once the idea of a council of the gods was allowed to remain in the record. Dr. C. J. Ball supports the polytheistic theory.

Dr. Ball read a paper before the British Academy on June 3, 1915, on *Shumer and Shem*. The paper is now published under that title (Milford; 3s. net). In that paper there were offered philological explanations of many Hebrew words. *Elohim*, the common word for God, was one of them.

Dr. Ball thinks that *elohim* originally meant the 'ghost' or disembodied spirit of a man. Now the soul of man was recognized in primitive religion as composed of three or more elements. These elements were dissociated by death. And when the disembodied spirit was spoken of, it was spoken of in the plural.

But is the word *elohim* ever used for the disembodied spirit of a man in the Old Testament? Dr. Ball believes that it is. It is not often used in that sense. 'The religion of the Old Testament, as a whole, stands upon a far loftier level than mere Animism or the cultus of the departed.' Still it is used. Dr. Ball takes us to the story of the witch of Endor.

In that story (1 Sam 28) the necromancer raises Samuel by her spells. And when she had brought him up, the king said to her, 'Fear not! tell what thou sawest.' And the woman said unto Saul, 'An *elohim* saw I coming up out of the earth.' The *elohim* was manifestly a 'ghost' or spirit of the dead.

'As a detailed historical account of the way the thing was done, this episode,' says Dr. Ball, 'stands alone in the Old Testament.' But in a passage of Isaiah he finds at least a hint of the same idea. 'In the dark hours of Assyrian invasion there were some in Jerusalem who advocated recourse to the art of divining the future by consulting the dead. Should not a people inquire of its *Elohim*?' they said (Is 8^{19}). Isaiah's quotation of their words is charged with bitter irony: 'Inquire of the dead,' he says, 'on behalf of the living!' He used the word, as they used the word, to mean the spirits of the departed. These politicians who despair of Jehovah have no better *god(s)*, says the prophet, than the *ghosts* of the departed.

Is it possible for us to take our minds off the war and study the doctrine of the Trinity? We are concerned about the religion of the men in the trenches. We are perhaps more concerned about the state of religion in the Churches at home. We are most of all concerned about the prospects of religion when the war is over and the men come home. But in all our concern we have never had it suggested to us that we could help the men or the Churches by studying the doctrine of the Trinity.

And yet it is the deliberate opinion of Dr. L. G.

Mylne, sometime Bishop of Bombay, that this is the most fruitful study in which we could be engaged. For the doctrine of the Trinity is the doctrine of God. Now it is our doctrine of God that determines all our religious thinking. And on our religious thinking depends our religious life. Dr. Mylne has written a large book on *The Holy Trinity* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net), for he believes that in an understanding of the doctrine of the Trinity lies the hope of the Church both now and when the war is ended.

How are we to approach it? Dr. Mylne recommends us to begin with a study of the Person of Christ. And surely he is right. It is always safe to begin with Christ. It is true that the Person of Christ has been the chief subject of controversy through the Christian ages, and more theological language has gathered round it than round any other of the great doctrines of the Faith. Yet Dr. Mylne recommends us to begin with the Person of Christ, and with its theological language.

He recommends us to begin with the theological titles which have been applied to Christ. What are they? They are four in number, and they divide themselves into two classes. In one class stands the title 'Son.' In the other class stand the three titles, 'Logos,' 'Effulgence of the Father's Glory,' 'Express Image of the Father's Person.'

With which of these titles are we to begin our study? We had better begin with the three which form the second class. It is safer. For the first title, Son, emphasizes the distinction of Persons in the Godhead; while the other three titles are the expression of Function rather than of Personality. Now if we begin with Personality, we are likely to throw the emphasis in our thinking upon that individuality in the Godhead which is the chief stumbling-block to the acceptance of the doctrine of the Trinity in the present day. But if we begin with the titles which suggest a distinction of Functions rather than of Personalities we are likely to throw our weight upon the unity of God. And in throwing the weight of our thinking on the unity of God we meet the most plausible heresy of our day, and at the same time appreciate the greatest of all truths about God, the truth which was so painfully won by the great religious thinkers of the past.

This is not the usual order of approach. Men commonly start with the title 'the Son,' and then introduce the others as complements or correctives. But Dr. Mylne holds to it. For 'I am persuaded,' he says, 'that many shrinkings from adequate belief in the Trinity result from a false persuasion, articulate or unexpressed, that, at the bottom, belief in three gods is what orthodox Christians hold; while, again, there are half-taught believers who afford some justification to such a libel on the Faith.'

When our Lord began His public ministry in Palestime He found the people divided into two classes, the 'righteous' and the 'sinners.' That division determined the form of His ministry. He gave Himself to the sinners; He left the righteous alone. He said he was a physician. The righteous believed that they were right with God. Very well: 'They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.'

But the righteous would not leave *Him* alone, and He often had to speak to them. What did He speak to them about? He spoke to them about the sinners. He spoke about the difference between the sinners and themselves. The 'sinners' were sinners, He did not deny. But were the 'righteous' righteous? Were they quite righteous? If not, if they were not quite right with God, if they had some debt to pay, though it were smaller than the debt the sinners owed, how did they propose to pay it? There was a certain creditor who had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay the debt with?

It may actually be better in the end with the sinner than with the righteous person. 'When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?' A righteous person and a sinner went up to the temple together to pray; and after they had prayed, 'I tell you, this man (the sinner) went down to his house justified rather than the other.'

But the sinners' advantage was seen when the offer came of the Kingdom. Though they were great sinners, far greater than the righteous, yet, if they entered the Kingdom and the righteous did not, they had all the advantage. And the advantage was enormous. For he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than the greatest without it. He is better than the best of the righteous persons who refuse to enter in. That is why 'there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, which need no repentance.'

Now the division of the people into righteous and sinners, and the fact that it determined the method of our Lord's ministry and was never out of His mind, is the simple key that opens the meaning of some very difficult sayings in the Gospels. It is the key that opens the meaning of a saying which has been found so puzzling that, as Professor E. F. Scott says, 'Not a few commentators have confessed themselves utterly baffled by it.' The saying is found in Mt 11^{12}, 'And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent (R.V., men of violence) take it by force.'

The saying does not stand quite alone. There is a parallel to it in St. Luke (16^{16}), 'The law and the prophets were until John: from that time the gospel of the kingdom of God is preached, and every man entereth violently into it.' Is that intended to be the same saying? No doubt it is; though why it differs so greatly in form it is hard to say. Professor Scott thinks that 'Luke was perplexed by the saying, as all interpreters have been since, and gave a paraphrase of what he conceived to be its meaning.' And perhaps Luke was not very far astray with his paraphrase.

In the *Christian World Pulpit* for the 30th of July 1913, a sermon is reported by a minister of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Charles Hengham, M.A., of which this saying is the text. The commentators usually believe that the saying as given by St. Matthew has dropped out of its context. They cannot understand how Jesus could have said, 'from the days of John the Baptist until now,' if John was still alive. Mr. Hengham takes it as he finds it. John had just sent a deputation from his prison to Jesus, and after dismissing the deputation Jesus went on to speak about John, and ended by uttering this saying.

But Mr. Hengham does not take the words 'from the days of John the Baptist until now' in the ordinary way. He takes 'the days of John the Baptist' to refer to the whole Old Testament dispensation. And the word 'now' refers to the end of that dispensation. Then the meaning is that during the whole of the Old Testament dispensation the Kingdom of Heaven was entered by violence; it had to be stormed. But now all is changed. The law has given place to the gospel. The struggle to reach righteousness has ended; grace and mercy have come. It is no longer, 'This do, and thou shalt live'; it is, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Out of that meaning Mr. Hengham takes an effective sermon. But it is not the meaning of the text. No one else has doubted, and no one need ever doubt, that the 'now' of St. Matthew and the 'from that time' of St. Luke refer to the New Testament dispensation. The contrast between 'the law and the prophets' and 'the gospel of the kingdom' makes that evident. Let us try another.

Cremer, in his *Biblico-theological Lexicon*, discusses

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the meaning of the text. Cremer is greatly impressed with the reluctance of the people to enter the Kingdom. Christ Himself was impressed with it. In the face of 'the profoundly mournful' words of Mt 23^{37}, 'and ye would not,' he cannot believe that Christ could ever have spoken of the people pressing into the Kingdom or capturing the Kingdom by force. It is his belief that 'no unhappier explanation of this much disputed passage could be suggested.' He takes it to refer to the Jews, and especially the Jewish rulers. It was they that caused the Kingdom of Heaven to suffer violence. They were the 'men of violence' who took it by force.

Dr. DALMAN, in his *Words of Jesus*, is of the same opinion. And Archdeacon ALLEN, in his *Commentary on St. Matthew*, one of the volumes of the 'International Critical' series, agrees with CREMER and DALMAN. He says: 'We must translate, "The Kingdom of the heavens is violently treated," that is, in the persons of its messengers and heralds. The editor [of St. Matthew's Gospel] has in mind the death of the Baptist, and the similar ill-treatment meted out to subsequent Christian preachers.'

But there are objections, and some of them are serious. One objection is that the saying ceases to be a saying of Christ. It could have been spoken only after the Resurrection, and some time after. Another objection is that it takes the phrase 'the Kingdom of Heaven' in a sense which it never bears elsewhere. For the 'Kingdom of Heaven' or the 'Kingdom of God' never signifies the persons who have entered into it. The word 'Church' is used in that sense, but not the word 'Kingdom.' And a third objection is that it gives no natural explanation of the words 'the violent take it by force.'

There is, however, a variant of this interpretation which has received a good deal of support. Its most influential advocate has been Professor Johannes WEISS. It has been approved of by the very latest commentator on the First Gospel, Dr. A. H. MCNEILE. Says Dr. MCNEILE, 'The Kingdom is treated as a "prize" (ἁρπαγμός) and violently snatched at.' By whom? By 'those who thought of the Messianic blessings as political, and tried to reach them by rebellion and war.'

Dr. James MORISON takes this view. Dr. MORISON'S commentaries are always worth consulting. They are worth consulting even though he sometimes adopts impossible interpretations. For there is an individuality of attitude to Christ and the gospel which is more than curious, it is nearly always instructive. Here his comment is worth quoting. 'Multitudes waited for the appearance of the King. They waited and wearied. They got impatient. The progress of events was too slow to satisfy them. If we compare *the kingdom of heaven* to a walled city, or to a fortress, the people referred to were like persons who were ready to force their way in, as if they were going to take it by storm. They felt as if they could not wait till the gates were thrown open. If, again, we compare the *precious things* of the kingdom to the *precious things* within a city or fortress thrown open, the excited multitudes, who may be regarded as pouring along the streets and ways, feel as if they could not wait till discriminate distribution should take place, till it be ascertained who is worthy to receive much, and who must be contented with little, and who must be rejected altogether. They feel as if they must pounce upon the precious things pell-mell, and seize them like plunder. Such is the picture.'

And it is a plausible picture. But it will not do. For in the first place it throws the saying out of its context. If our Lord is speaking of the capture of the Kingdom by the politically avaricious, He is condemning it. But He represents the movement as having begun just after the preaching of John the Baptist. Now it is impossible that He should throw the blame on John, of whom He has been speaking so approvingly. And there is a greater objection than that.

This interpretation contradicts the teaching of Christ. It contradicts, not isolated sayings merely, but its whole trend and tenor. For when did our Lord commend the man who sits still and waits for the Kingdom to come to him? Does He not always approve of the man who prays, 'Thy Kingdom come'? And the more earnestly he prays, the more shamelessly he urges his importunity, does He not approve of him the more? What is the meaning of the parables of the Unjust Judge and the Friend at Midnight? What is the meaning of the story of the Woman of Syro-Phœnicia?

Professor E. F. Scott, writing in the *Biblical World* for December 1907, urges this objection forcibly. He takes this text as one of the most significant and central texts in the New Testament. He says that in all the more recent literature on our Lord's conception of the Kingdom of God, this passage is singled out as one of crucial importance. And until we interpret it aright, he says, 'several of the main issues in the larger problem will remain uncertain.'

For if we interpret this text as Dr. Morison has interpreted it, we shall regard Jesus as merely foretelling the coming of the Kingdom, not as ushering it in. Wherein, then, will Jesus differ from John? There is a confident school of expositors who interpret so. Jesus was a prophet, as John was. He saw as John saw, only more clearly, that the 'Kingdom of God was coming.' He knew not when. He was not quite sure how, only He thought it would come with a catastrophe. Professor Scott rejects the explanation wholly. The Kingdom comes with Jesus. He is Himself the King. And although He could not tell the day or the hour, He encouraged men to hasten its coming. He knew that in some sense men could compel the Divine will, and 'shorten the days.' And His encouragement was always to those who determined that they at least would enter the Kingdom now, though it should mean its capture, as of a citadel, by violence.

Sixteen years ago Canon Gore (he was Canon Gore then) preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey on this text. He was persuaded that Christ meant to say that the Kingdom had been coming by the forcible entrance of people into it. He left on one side, as we may now do, all other interpretations than that. But he was not sure that Jesus expressed His approval of that way of entering. Very likely Canon Gore was under the influence of Hort. For in his *Judaistic Christianity*, which was published in 1894, Hort, cautiously beginning with 'whatever else these difficult words contain,' went on to say, 'at least they express that a new period, that of the kingdom of heaven, had set in after what are called the days of John the Baptist, and that his preaching had led to a violent and impetuous thronging to gather round Jesus and His disciples, a thronging in which our Lord apparently saw as much unhealthy excitement as true conviction.'

Canon Gore, we say, had probably read that. In any case that is just the position he takes up. Our Lord refers to 'the enthusiasm and forcibleness of the children of the new Kingdom.' And He does not altogether disapprove of their enthusiasm. But He notes that there are 'elements of exaggeration and violence in it.' And He disapproves of that. Whereupon Canon Gore proceeds to preach his sermon.

'The element of violence, lawlessness, exaggeration, is a prominent feature in all wide and deep religious movements.' That is the theme. Examples are given: that first Corinthian Church to which St. Paul wrote his Epistles, the witness of the early martyrs in their defiance of the Roman Empire, the departure of the hermits to their life of overstrained asceticism in the desert, the Methodist Revival, the Oxford Movement. In every case 'it is a real spiritual idea that has taken possession of and shaken the hearts and minds of men. But every movement, even the latest, has been tainted by extravagance, lawlessness, the follies of its extreme partisans. Jesus referred to

the first and greatest of these movements. He approved of the movement. But He disapproved of the violence that accompanied it.

That was Canon GORE's interpretation in 1899. Four years passed. Canon GORE had become Bishop of Worcester. He preached again in Westminster Abbey, and he preached from the same text. He had now discovered its meaning.

'As he looks round about Him on the little band of His disciples who were to form the beginning of His new Kingdom, He compares them to robbers or bandits who force their way where they have no right to be by violent action. From the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven has been suffering violence, and it is violent men who have been taking it by force.

'There was no class of the community which would be less thought of in the matter of religion, which seemed more alien to the very idea of the Kingdom of Heaven, than the publicans. Publicans and harlots are classed together, or heathen men and publicans. Yet who is this Zacchæus close to Jesus? Had he not been so zealous that he had climbed up into the sycomore tree that he might see Jesus as He passed? Had he not been so smitten in conscience that he had taken Him into his own house, and there, before others, at the meal had stood up and with strenuous action asserted that henceforth half of all he gained he would give to the poor, and that whatever wrong he had done in the past in his profession he would restore it fourfold? He was a violent man. He had pressed from outside surprisingly, unexpectedly, into the Kingdom of God. He had laid violent hands on it. He stood there at the centre of that class which had lost the right to be there.

'And Matthew, too, he who had become doubtless gradually acquainted with the claim and meaning of the message of Jesus; he had heard that call as he sat at his tax-gathering, and there among the crowd, doubtless of those who stood round about him in his business, he had risen up and left all and gone after Jesus. He had forced his way into the Kingdom of God.

'Nay, were not almost all those gathered about Him Galileans, and Galileans were nothing thought of in the matter of religion. It was a saying current among the Jews: If you want to be rich you go to Galilee; if you want to be religious you go to Jerusalem. But it was Galilee, not Jerusalem, that had listened to the call of Jesus and was supplying His disciples. Stranger still, who is this woman foremost amongst those ministering to Jesus? Can it be she who had made so strange, so terrible a name in the streets of the city for her licentious, abandoned life? Can it be she who had made money to buy precious ointment out of the wages of iniquity? Yes, but she had forced her way in. She had come through into the banqueting place; and there in public she had given Him the homage of her love; she had washed His feet with her tears, had wiped them with the hair of her head, and anointed them with precious ointment.

'And we can go further. You remember the Syro-Phœnician woman? Rebuffs were heaped upon her, as it seemed, from the lips of our Lord. "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." But she had seen through these rebuffs; she had understood what was meant, and that behind them there were the words of Life; and so she had forced her way through the doors that seemed closed against her, she had pushed her way in; she had to say, "Nay, Lord, but the dogs under the table eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

'Then our Lord Himself compared God to a judge who, fearing neither God nor man, would yield to no solicitude until the importunity of the

applicant had become such that for his own peace of mind he would be no longer harassed, and he gave what he had grudged to give. Not that God grudges; but that His gifts are intended for those who show themselves eager. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent men take it by force."'

That is the introduction to Bishop GORE'S sermon. It is a new sermon, altogether new. There is nothing now about excess or excitement. The mistakes of the violent are all forgotten in the victory of their violence. They have entered the Kingdom, while the prudent and the particular have remained without. That is the great fact to which our Lord draws attention. Bishop GORE sees it now and rejoices in it.

Now when we have ascertained the meaning of this text, let us detach the word 'violence' from it, and let us consider it separately. It is a word that is found with some frequency both in the Old Testament and in the New. And that is not surprising. For much of the Old Testament and some of the New was written under oppression, and under a keen feeling of resentment because of it. It is a proper time to consider such a word, since its modern equivalent is ruthlessness.

There are four moments in the history of the word.

First it is used of the state of the world before the Flood. 'The earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence' (Gn 6^{11}). Says Marcus DODS: 'It was a world of men, fierce and energetic, violent and lawless, in perpetual war and turmoil.' That is the first moment in its history.

Then came the law. The law came to restrain this lawlessness. As St. Paul says, 'It was added because of transgressions' (Gal 3^{19}). We have not to discuss here the question of the priority of the Law or the Prophets. Some law was in existence before the prophets came. They were always able to appeal to some recognized standard of right and wrong. They came to enforce the law.

But they could not enforce it. Again and again their prophecy is simply a bitter cry of disappointment—disappointment that the law was as much disregarded as ever, and their own voice unheard. Take Habakkuk: 'O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear? I cry out unto thee of violence, and thou wilt not save. Why dost thou shew me iniquity, and look upon perverseness? for spoiling and violence are before me: and there is strife, and contention riseth up. Therefore the law is slacked, and judgement doth never go forth: for the wicked doth compass about the righteous; therefore judgement goeth forth perverted' (1^{2-4}). That was the second moment in the history of this word. The law had been 'added' to restrain the violence of men, and it had failed. The prophets had been sent to enforce it, and they had been bitterly disappointed.

Then another prophet came. He came with a new idea. Men of violence, he said, were about to surpass themselves in ruthlessness. They were about to commit the most outrageous act of violence that the world had ever seen. They were to put to death one who had done no violence *because* he had done no violence. In his prophetic language, 'They made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death, because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth' (Is 53^{9}). And that supreme act of violence was to be the world's salvation. That was his message.

It was an extraordinary message. It seemed so illogical and unworkable that men rejected it with ridicule. And when the blameless one came, they had forgotten all about the evangelical prophet's message, and committed the very act which he prophesied they would commit. But the prophet

was right. Where the law failed the gospel succeeded. Men of violence, who could not be reformed by punishment, were regenerated by mercy.

The last moment in the history of this word came when Jesus stood and spoke to the Pharisees, who were still trying the method of the law, and told them that the publicans and harlots were entering the Kingdom before them. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence,' said He, 'and men of violence take it by force.'

New Light on the Hittite Problem.

By Professor James Hope Moulton, D.Lit., D.D., D.C.L.

I wonder whether English scholars have got hold of the *Mitteilungen der deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft zu Berlin* for December 1915 (No. 56). My copy came to me from Professor Geissmann some months ago, through a mutual friend in Groningen, Professor de Zwaan. I value it as a token of what will, I trust, survive this fearful strain on friendship, though my friend's eyes are still, I fear, as darkened as the rest.

The fifty-page monograph which I describe is one of first-rate importance for the solution of a very old problem. Boghaz-Keui in Cappadocia is a site the exploration of which we missed by one day—so I was told in Oxford a few years ago—and the Kaiser got his firman and sent Hugo Winckler to work. He dug out an immense number of cuneiform texts, and published many. The most sensational of them was that in which the Vedic gods Indra, Mitra, Varuna, and the Nāsatyau (Dioscuri) appeared: the mystery of their appearance so far away is not yet really cleared up. The rest of the inscriptions were sent to Constantinople to await Winckler's lucid intervals in a distressing and long-continued mental affliction. Their Turkish custodians would allow no one else to get at them, and thoughtfully kept them in a damp cellar. So at least I was told, and one can only feel thankful that fear of German masters preserved the antiquities from more drastic treatment. Winckler died in April 1913, and the Oriental Society made arrangements for a systematic examination of the stones. There are, Dr. Otto Weber tells us in the present number of its *Transactions*, some twenty thousand fragments in the Osman Museum in Constantinople; Berlin has a good many as well. In April 1914 Dr. Figulla from Berlin and Professor Hrozný from Vienna went to Constantinople and copied inscriptions 'until the war recalled them.' This is, by the way, the only allusion to that event, if I remember rightly: the information may be convenient for any censor into whose hands the pamphlet may fall.

The society promises the following publications, which, I gather, may be out already: (1) Accadian texts, by Weidner and Figulla; (2) other texts, especially those in the 'Ḫatti and Ḫarri dialects,' by Figulla; (3) Ḫatti texts by Dr. Figulla, only half printed. All these are transcribed, so as to be available for those who are not Assyriologists. A special journal called *Boghazköi-Studien* (Hinrichs) is to be devoted to the researches. The bibliographical information is continued with a list of Hugo Winckler's own contributions, which will naturally be known to our specialists. His friends hoped to find among his papers some indications of his conclusions as to the riddle of the 'Ḫatti-Sprache,' but they found none. 'Wahrscheinlich hat er in einer bitterer Stunde, wie so vieles andere, auch diese Aufzeichnungen vernichtet.'

Professor Hrozný takes up the dead savant's work, and in this paper gives a long and careful study with very startling results. He gives us an outline of the phonology and accidence of the Hittite language, as shown by words from the inscriptions presented in roman script. And the result, in a sentence, is that Hittite was *an Indo-European language, and one belonging to the Western half of the family*, the '*centum*-languages,' of which Greek, Italic, Keltic, and Germanic are the great representatives.

A dozen pages by Professor Eduard Meyer of Berlin sketch the history of the decipherment of Hittite, by way of adequately introducing Hrozný's

notable essay—Who were the Hittites? Nearly thirty years ago the Tell-el-Amarna documents showed us that their home was not in Syria, but in eastern Asia Minor. Hugo Winckler's excavations at Boghaz-Keui began in 1906, and proved that it was the site of the Hittite capital, and the home of conquerors who were pushing further into Asia from the end of the fifteenth century. Innumerable inscriptions in cuneiform script, and therefore easily read, brought us, however, hardly any new light on the hieroglyphic Hittite on which so much ingenious labour has been spent.

Meyer introduces Hrozný's work with the necessary caveat that independent testing of his results, 'so epoch-making and of such far-reaching significance,' is at present impossible. He proceeds to give a history of the problem. As early as 1902 the Norwegian scholar Knudtzon, with Bugge and Zorp to back him, proposed to regard Hittite as Indo-European. His thesis, based on necessarily imperfect data, was generally set aside; and the denial seemed to be supported by new texts, published by Winckler, and especially a great ritual tablet by Sayce and Pinches. 'Now Hrozný undertakes to prove that the Hittite verb-flexion and declension is genuinely Indo-European, and that the vocabulary of the inscriptions and especially the pronouns and adverbs contain numerous elements closely connected with Indo-European words.' Meyer thinks he has proved his case in general, and that the Indo-European character of Hittite may be at least tentatively accepted. In that case we have for the second time within a few years a new ancient language of our family emerging from discoveries in Asia. Tokharian, discovered in the Turfan documents, is like Hittite in that it raises at present as many questions as it solves. One common feature of Tokharian and Hittite, to which Meyer does not allude, is the affinity with the western half of our Indo-European language area. This, if established, is very suggestive when we begin to speculate on the prehistoric migrations involved. The dialectic differences included in this separation of East and West are deep-seated, and point to the greater primitiveness of the West. From the original home in Europe, it would seem, there were migrations from the western side, long after the eastern speech-division had differentiated itself and moved into its new home in Asia.

Meyer goes on to point out how complex our new problem is, in that everything else we know about the Hittites separates them from all Indo-European peoples. The general impression of the vocabulary is decidedly foreign: for all the identity of flexion and the smaller words, we are dealing with a thoroughly mixed language—one very much like English in that respect, as we might add. This answers to what we know of Hittite civilization. Their religion was thoroughly Anatolian, and closely akin to that of Crete. It is not in Asia Minor, but in Syria and Mesopotamia, that we have an Indo-European element of an Aryan (*i.e.* Indo-Iranian) type in the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Hittite physiognomy was figured for us on Egyptian monuments, some of which Meyer reproduces, and it is characteristically Anatolian-Armenian. Their proper names are not of our style, nor are their gods' names. Material has been gathered of late years for the study of other Anatolian languages, Lycian, Eteocretan, Carian, Cyprian, and other pre-Indo-European languages of eastern Asia Minor: some of the present-day Caucasus dialects may give us similar features when scientifically worked out.

The discoveries of Hrozný point, Meyer notes, to an influx of Indo-European elements into Asia Minor early in the second millennium, or at latest in the middle of it, quite distinct from the Indo-Iranian that have made their way into the Mitanni. The advent of the Indo-Europeans was a momentous epoch in the history of civilization, and the problems opening before us are as important as they are difficult. In the case of the Hittites, too, this epoch is seen to lie early in that second millennium B.C. Meyer thinks we can recognize some traits of Indo-European enterprise in the story of the Hittites. Thus in these inscriptions we find a Hittite prince aspiring to the throne of Egypt—the second successor of the Reformer Amenophis IV. Meyer closes with an interesting point bearing on the route by which the Indo-Europeans came into eastern Asia Minor. He thinks he can trace birch-bast found in an Egyptian tomb to Hittite origin: it must be allowed that he gives no evidence, and marks it as quite tentative. The birch is an Indo-European tree, and foreign to Asia. The road through the north of the Black Sea is the most probable, however, on other grounds, whatever be said of this one. Hrozný prefers to believe that the Hittites came across

the Bosporus, while the Aryans came round the north of the Black Sea.

Hrozný's essay itself is not one that can be summarized. He describes the Boghaz-Keui archives, which belong mainly to the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries. Their language (where not Accadian) is identical with that of Arzawa, as known from two of the Amarna letters. One or two of his indications of Indo-European character may be quoted. The participle *da-a-an*, 'giving,' plur. *da-an-te-eš*, is striking: the cases, gen. *andaš*, dat. *antî*, acc. *andan*, abl. *antit(d)*, are excellent, also assuming correct reading. Most surprising is the flexion of *wa-a-tar* (or *wa-a-dar*, which I am glad to see is a possible reading—Grimm's Law is satisfied). It seems to drop the *r* in the genitive and take *n*, which links it at once with a most characteristic flexion of our languages (cf. Latin, *femur, feminis*, etc.). The list of pronouns is also most remarkable. Pronouns are the part of the stock of a language which least suffers from foreign invasion; and no one can miss the identity of Hittite pronouns with our own. The person-endings of the verb are equally clear; there are close parallels among the prepositions; and words like *da-an-na*, 'gift,' and *e-eš-mi*, 'I am,' are unmistakable. Dr. Hrozný gives a number of specimens, promising full treatment in his book. There follows his demonstration that Hittite, like Tokharian, belongs to the Western group, not the Eastern. The point is so important that I should explain it for those who are not philologists. Draw a line from the middle of the Baltic due south to the Adriatic. West of that line lie Italic, Keltic, and our own group of languages: Greek must be linked with them. East are Lithuanian and Slavonic, Albanian, Phrygian and Thracian, Armenian, and Indo-Iranian. The former we call *centum* languages, the latter *satem*, from the Latin and the Iranian words for 'hunted.' In the West, the primitive *k* sound is kept: the East has turned it into a sibilant. And at the same time in the West another kind of guttural retains its parasitic *w*, which the East loses: thus Latin *quod*, our *what*, Sanskrit *kad*. Hittite *ug(a)*, 'I,' Latin, *ego*, as against Avestan *azem*; Hittite *kâš*, 'this,' against Slavonic *sŭ*, prove one side of the affinity; *kuiš kuit(d)*, Latin *quis quid*, satisfies the other. Hrozný tells us he has other proofs. He regards Hittite as standing between Latin and Tokharian. Tokharian, by the way, is to be compared with Keltic, the nearest neighbour of Latin on the other side. It may not be irrelevant to recall the roving propensities of the Kelts in later ages, and compare this immigration to the Keltic raids which stopped short in the middle of the country beyond which the Hittites had penetrated, leaving the name Galatia behind. I would note also the question of affinities with Greek as one on which we should be glad of some light. If there prove to be no such affinities, the fact will be significant.[1]

But let us return to Professor Hrozný, who goes on to note that Hittite has manifestly suffered considerably from the languages surrounding it in Asia. The Lycian of a millennium later, originally perhaps very near to it, has been altered almost past recognition by forces which even in the time of our very oldest Indo-European monuments — coeval with the older parts of the Rigveda—had made Hittite anything but an example of pure Indo-European speech.

I must pass by the pages in which Hrozný gives us some examples of his methods of decipherment. There are a large number of ideograms. The interpretation of the text is exhibited as a series of very clever guesses by means of comparative philology, which justify themselves ultimately by cumulative probability. The inscriptions he gives are interesting in themselves; and we are told that the collection is so varied in its subject-matter that we have excellent materials for reconstructing the grammar. Historical texts give us preterites, legal texts futures and presents, and so on.

So we come to the languages which most seriously contaminate the Indo-European quality. We find that in religious texts there is a tendency to drop into the 'Ḫarri' language (the Horites of the O.T.). There are large contacts with the likewise indigenous and nearly identical Mitanni. On this side there are links with Chaldee. The Aryan gods found among the Mitanni are not to be connected with these pre-Aryan Ḫarri. The Medes were the Hittites' nearest neighbours, and we expect to find contacts there.

Hrozný sketches briefly the historical importance of this new line of research. He believes they had a large part in destroying the Hammurapi dynasty, so that the beginning of our knowledge of them dates from 1930 B.C. They reached their

[1] In connexion with speculations on these prehistoric migrations, I might refer to my paper in *Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway* (Cambridge, 1913), entitled 'Notes on Iranian Ethnography.'

climax of power in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries, from which most of these inscriptions come. They were powerful throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine. It is interesting to find an Indo-European element in the pre-Israelite population of Palestine! The Hittites are to be regarded as prehistoric intermediaries between Europe and Asia. What we read of them in historical times comes from a time when they had long passed their prime.

I refrain from commenting upon this most important work, preferring merely to report. Clearly the work must undergo severe testing; and in happier days the Orientalists of all nations will be busy with a very new field, which takes us back to the very earliest period of our language group. Its bearing on Old Testament studies, if not very profound, is clear enough perhaps to justify me in offering the report to the readers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

In the Study.

Resignation.

TOWARDS AN ANTHOLOGY.

CHARLES LAMB and DANTE.—There is a beautiful little sentence in the works of Charles Lamb concerning one who had been afflicted: 'He gave his heart to the Purifier, and his will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe.'[1] But there is a speech in the third canto of the *Paradiso* of Dante, spoken by a certain Piccarda, which is a rare gem. I will only quote this one line: '*In la sua volontade è nostra pace.*'[2] The words are few and simple, and yet they appear to me to have an inexpressible majesty of truth about them, to be almost as if they were spoken from the very mouth of God.—Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, i. 215.

W. E. GLADSTONE.—A summary of Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of it is perhaps found in a few words used by him of Blanco White, a heterodox writer whose strange spiritual fortunes painfully interested and perplexed him. 'He cherished,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'with whatever associations, the love of God, and maintained resignation to His will even when it appears almost impossible to see how he could have had a dogmatic belief in the existence of a divine will at all. There was, in short [in Blanco White], a disposition *to resist the tyranny of self; to recognise the rule of duty; to maintain the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature.*' This very disposition might with truth no less assured have been assigned to the writer himself. These three bright crystal laws of life were to him like pointer stars guiding a traveller's eye to the celestial pole by which he steers.—Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, i. 217.

[1] *Rosamund Gray*, chap. xi.

[2] Mr. Gladstone's rendering of the speech of Piccarda (*Paradiso*, iii. 70) is in the volume of collected translations (p. 165), under the date of 1835:

> In His Will is our peace. To this all things
> By Him created, or by Nature made,
> As to a central Sea, self-motion brings.

JACOB BOEHME.—The *Will* of the *Desire* must bow itself down to the Earth, and bring itself into the *deepest Humility* and *most simple Ignorance*, and say, 'Thou art foolish, and hast nothing but the Grace of God.' Thou must wrap thyself up in *that Belief* with great *Humility*, and become *nothing* at all *in thyself*, and neither know nor love *thyself*. All that thou hast, or is in thee, must esteem itself as *nothing* but a *mere Instrument* of GOD; and thou must bring thy *Desire* only into GOD's Mercy, and go forth from all *thy own* knowing and willing, and esteem it as nothing at all, nor even entertain any *Will* to enter into it again.—*Of True Resignation*, chap. ii.

GEORGE ELIOT.—Joy and peace are not resignation: resignation is the willing endurance of a pain that is not allayed—that you don't expect to be allayed. Stupefaction is not resignation: and it is stupefaction to remain in ignorance—to shut up all the avenues by which the life of your fellow-men might become known to you.—Philip Wakem, in *The Mill on the Floss*.

GOETHE.—The two great fundamental ideas running through *Die Wanderjahre* are work and resignation. Resignation means much. It means

limitation, concentration. It is man's duty to limit his striving and to concentrate all his powers on the limited field. Resignation means the conquering of passions, means the giving up of many inherited and earned advantages, rights, and possessions. It transforms the man of impulses into a man of reason, the selfish man into a public-spirited man, the egoist into an altruist. It exerts such a profound influence on man's nature and development that Goethe considered it, next to work, the most important principle of life. Hence he gave the novel, which was to show forth the foundations of a prosperous individual and public life, the sub-title *The Resigned.* — Bielschowsky's *Life of Goethe*, iii. 195.

C. J. Littleton.—Resignation speaks of giving up your ideas, views, and opinions to the faith of your Holy Church, and not, like so many do, picking and choosing a truth here or a truth there, but affixing your signature, as it were, to all as you repeat your 'Amen' whenever you recite the Creed, and rehearse the articles of your Christian faith. It speaks of the surrender of your powers of understanding and knowledge to the teaching of the Catholic Church.—*The Handmaid of the Lord*, p. 23.

The Seven Words.

III.

Christ the Son.

Woman, behold thy son!
Behold thy mother!'—Jn $19^{26.\ 27}$.

1. At the foot of the cross stood a group of women, in its heart the mother of the Crucified, by her side the disciple whom Jesus loved.

Of the others we know but little. His mother's sister, Salome, the wife of Zebedee, was mother of the beloved disciple who had led the little group of mourners, when the crowd had begun to disperse, right up to the cross, and now stood with them in silent sympathy. Did she think then of the words which had once humbled her pride in her two sons when she asked for thrones at the Lord's right hand in His kingdom? 'Can ye drink of the cup that I shall drink of?' He was drinking it to the dregs; but there stood her son prepared to drink it also, as he promised. No throne was in prospect for him on this earth, but in the humiliation of her regret over her past ambition she was still willing to give her sons to Him for service, whether in life or in death: an heroic mother, a disciplined saint.

Mary, the wife of Cleopas, may have shared in the wonder of that supper at Emmaus on the evening of the First Easter Day, when the Lord made Himself known to Cleopas and another in the breaking of bread. If so, she deserved it by this and perhaps many another service, when she and Salome and other women of Galilee had ministered to Him of their substance.

Mary Magdalene too, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils, of whose struggles for self-conquest we can only guess, but whose gratitude at least is patent and plain to view beneath the cross of Him who was her strength and her Redeemer.

2. The tearful face of the mother touched her Son, and called up perhaps visions of childhood, memories of the happy home at Nazareth, where care dwelt not, and love brooded, and the shadow of the cross was too distant to dash the sunlight that streamed over all. But the visions of the past died before the sight of the present. Before His mother's agony He forgot his own. The look of desolate and ravished love, of the despair that had quenched her once splendid hopes, of horror at the loneliness that was creeping into and poisoning her very life, pierced Him to the heart. He seemed to feel what it was to a mother so to lose such a Son; and so with richest tenderness He gave her one she could love for His sake, who himself would be comforted in loving the mother of the Master he loved. 'Woman, behold thy son!' was His word to Mary; 'Son, behold thy mother!' His charge to John. The world has loved Him the more for His filial love, and feels maternity the holier for His dutiful and beautiful Sonship.

¶ This secular provision is on a lower level—so we think—than the priestly prayer, the royal pardon. Yet a deeper spiritual insight will discern that the words are arranged in the true order of ascent. The Son of God comes nearest to our human life when He unites Himself with His faithful people in the familiar intercourse of home. He absolves the souls, for whom He intercedes, in order that He may walk with them in the house of God as friends, that He may come in and sup with them, that He may hallow their daily life by sharing its joys, its duties, its sorrows. For priesthood, as Christ interprets the mediatorial office, is not the interposition of some mysterious nature—more than human, less than Divine—between earth and heaven, but the taking of the Manhood into God.[1]

[1] J. G. Simpson, *Christus Crucifixus*, 265.

I.

Sonship, Divine and Human.

There are at least three distinct relationships which Christ maintained in His earthly life—His Divine relation to God; His redemptive relation to mankind; His human relation to His earthly parent and her seed. Now, in the two greater relations, which are of course the more important, we are in danger of forgetting altogether the third relation. If we ever lose sight of this third relation, we shall lose many very beautiful traits in the character of the Christ.

1. Is it not consolation to us that when the Son of God became Man, it was as the Son of Man? He entered into the world along the beaten track, taking His place as a child in the family, as a patriot in the nation, exhibiting to us how to live in the common relations of daily life. He was subject to His parents in the humble life of the Nazareth home. Of Jewish blood, He confined His labours to His own country and people, only touching incidentally the vast world beyond. By deliberate choice He limited the range of His human experience, and, through the narrowness of the conditions into which He thus entered, He reached the widest possible sweep.

2. As a Son He owed a duty to His mother He came as a true man under the law of God with regard to sons and mothers: it was His duty to love, honour, and succour His mother. He came into the world to show by His example what man should be, and what in particular sons should be. In His agony He sees her in her deep distress. He—what is He doing? He is bearing the sins of the whole world. She—what is she doing? She is watching her only Son suffer and die. We cannot compare the two: though Son and mother they are incomparable. We cannot compare their sufferings either; they are incomparable also. But he is Son and she is mother, and she is suffering; and the great Burden-Bearer must have a word of comfort to say to her. The days have passed for ever when He can personally minister to her, but He cannot leave her lonely, He must provide her with a protector and a stay, and He gives her in charge to the disciple whom He loves best.

3. The cross did not affect the sweet relationship between Christ and His Father. There was no sense of alienation, no feeling of rebellion, no wrath of condemnation, in the heart of Christ. Love triumphed over all earthly trials and pains, and kept the vision of the Father constantly before His eyes, and His trust in Him unshaken. His suffering was the Father's will, and He gladly and uncomplainingly submitted; and even though He was allowing Him to die upon the cross, He did not hesitate to approach Him with His request in the same familiar way as He had been wont to do in happier days. God was still His Father, whom He loved, and who, He knew, loved Him. His faith was unimpaired. His love was supreme.

Yet not even the agony of the cross could make Him forget His mother. As a boy He was obedient and dutiful, and as a man He was chivalrous and thoughtful. All through His life He was an obedient and a loving Son. And so His last will and testament, which we have in the Third Saying from the cross, shows us how self-forgetful and considerate He was, and how tenderly sympathetic and affectionate towards her who bore Him.

It is a most precious harmony of the first and the fifth commandments: the first commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and have none other god but Him'; and the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and mother.' And sometimes it is not easy to see how to carry out these two commandments, to give ourselves to God and to attend to our family duties. Here we have an example of the perfect solution of it. Look at the obedience which the Saviour's life sets before us, His own home life in the little village of Nazareth.

II.

The Legacy of Christ.

'Stripped of everything,' says Godet, 'Jesus seemed to have nothing more to give. Nevertheless, from the midst of this deep poverty He had already made precious gifts; to His executioners He had bequeathed the pardon of God, to His companion in punishment, paradise. Could He find nothing to leave to His mother and friend? These two beloved persons, who had been His most precious treasures on earth, He bequeathed to one another, giving thus at once a son to His mother and a mother to His friend.'

1. Who would have aught but words of praise had He concentrated every thought and word on the great redemption deed? Yet He lifts His eyes

to look upon His mother. A flood of recollection, we can boldly say of Him who took upon Him our nature, passed over Him. The home in Nazareth, in His vision, hid the walls of Jerusalem. The crooning of His mother's voice as she sung her lullaby to Him; the feel and pressure of His mother's arms; the tending of her care as His boyhood grew to strength; the reverent wondering of her mind as He bore more plainly the marks of His divinity, and the piercing of her heart as He strained forward to the cross—all came back to Him. Now also clear before Him rises the picture of her future. The widow's loneliness made more desolate, the whitened hair given another sorrow as it goes down to the grave, age feeling its failing strength, poverty and homelessness stinting her of the sweet comforts of life! He masters His agony, He refuses His groan, and in brief words, never forgotten by two of those who heard them, He said: 'Woman, behold thy son! . . . Son, behold thy mother!'

2. Jesus left the last and greatest legacy of love to those two whom He loved most in all the world when He bound their broken lives together in a new bond of mutual service. How the memory of Him they had loved lived on in that new home! How He must have dwelt with them always, a silent, invisible Presence more real than all things of sense—than the burning glory of days of sunlight, than the oppressive quiet of Eastern evenings, than the familiar stretch of hill and plain, than all Nature's customary framework in which their simple lives were set! And He dwelt with them all the more really because speech so often silenced itself in presence of the great theme that filled their hearts, because their hands were always full of ordinary work and their thoughts always engrossed in ordinary interests. It is so that God trains us for His heaven. More surely in the home than even in the Church, more fully in service than even in meditation, does the comfort of God's presence descend upon the aching hearts of His children.

¶ E. Horton speaks of going, when all was over, along with others of the family to hear the will read, and of the talk on the way home because they found that their only legacy was 'the cross.' 'What else,' they said one to another, 'had He to leave?'

No land, no home, not even a cave,
As Isaac had, to make His grave,
Had He; no place to lay His head,
Among the living or the dead.

No gold, no silver—to the bag
All went, that Judas carried; rag
Of clothing, none was left; the guard
Had all, and left Him not a shard.

His spirit, loosed from fleshly bands,
Bequeathed He to His Father's hands;
His body Joseph begged, and laid
In the new grave for Joseph made.

His mother I heard Him leave to John;
Only the cross He died upon,
Some nails, and thorns had He to leave
To us; then, brother, wherefore grieve?

(1) '*Woman, behold thy son!*'—There was not the least disrespect or coldness in the title by which He addressed her. Why did He not call her 'Mother'? Because the bands of this earthly life were being loosed, and now as before, while He recognized to the full all the duties of earthly sonship—reverence and obedience to her in His holy childhood and holy manhood—in their home at Nazareth, even before the first days of His public ministry, before the baptism which dedicated Him to His work, from His first visit to the Temple, He set before her One to whom He stood not in a temporal but in an eternal relation, His Heavenly Father.

The title was also significant of her prophetic relationship to the great event of Calvary. It was the seed of the woman which should bruise the serpent's head. There were many mothers in Israel, but she was the woman who stood alone in the world as the chosen channel through whom the Redeemer should come into the world. Had Jesus called her 'Mother,' the title would have implied nothing more than the inferior love which a child has to a parent. The word 'Woman' gathered up into itself that love toward the human race which called forth the original promise that the seed of the woman should be the Conqueror. It summed up within itself the predestinating love whereby God from everlasting determined that the Divine life should come amongst men.

(2) '*Behold thy mother!*'—It was a great reward of John's fidelity and devotion to his Master that Jesus should thus place him in close personal succession to Himself. To His distressed disciple He gave a mother who would bestow in rich fullness the love and sympathy which his own loving heart demanded. And this blessing and comfort were to be cherished, protected, and loved by him. It was Christ's sacred trust to him, which he gladly

accepted. To minister unto those we love is love's greatest joy. How great must have been the pleasure of St. John when he was asked to guard that which was very dear to his suffering Master's heart! No greater token of His love could his Lord have given than the care of His mother.

III.

New Relationships in Christ.

It often happens in ordinary life that death separates acquaintances. But the reverse of this is seen in the death of Christ. The Virgin and St. John found their union in Him. His death, like the death of many others, might have severed their interest and ended their amity; but He determines that it shall be otherwise. His death is to accomplish a world-wide reconciliation, and to forge new links of love; to deepen attachments, not to sunder friendships; to invest with the sanctity of a new-born family tie all the relationships of life; to unite, not to divide. From His cross He proclaims that those who were not related before have found kinship in Him. 'Woman, behold thy son! . . . Son, behold thy mother!' And is not this the universal declaration of Christianity?

From the Third Word on the cross let us learn three things.

(1) *Consideration for others.*—Note the tender considerateness breathed in this saying. Suffering is proverbially selfish. It constrains all the sufferer's attention, and makes him live only in himself. We take no notice of a sharp word darted at us out from an agony, for when was pain considerate? On the cross.

¶ Watch Jesus Christ on the cross. Watch Him after that long morning of racking agony to nerve and to spirit. Wearied, worn, exhausted, dying, He sees His mother, and the disciple whom He loved. In His own bitter suffering, He sees how they are suffering; He thinks of them, He thinks of what would be a comfort and support to them. He thinks how He shall knit together the ties of love more closely between those whom He leaves behind. 'Woman, behold thy son! . . . Behold thy mother!'

(2) *Reverence for womanhood.*—Learn this lesson from the cross, from this message from the cross, that woman's love is a very holy thing, not only because it has the greatest effect upon life here, it is the greatest lever by which life is to be raised to the Divine height to which God would have it raised, but because it is eternal, because it lasts for ever. Let us see that we keep it holy, that we reverence it as it should be reverenced. Let us not drag it through the mire of the world's lust and passion. Let us remember that love is Divine in that human relationship, whatever that human relationship is. It is a Divine thing, for the Blessed Master Himself partook of it. He was made Man; He was a Son; He was born into this world to fulfil the duty of sonship, and He has for ever consecrated it. Let us see, we who are men especially, that we reverence it. Let us see that we place it upon the pedestal where it should be. Let us see that we surround it with the dignity and reverence with which it should be surrounded. Let us go back from the cross to-day strengthened to see in these human things Divine things as well.

No thyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys love in good manère.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There her love right and stedfast ys.
There ys no solas under hevene
Of allë that a man may nevene
That shulde a man so mochë glew
As a gode womman that loveth true.
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.[1]

(3) *The consecration of home life.*—Human society is founded upon the family, and the Christian family takes its root from the cross. There it was re-made, there it was re-created, there it received a new and more complete sanction than ever it had before.

The family is the true unit of human life. Nations rise and fall with the value which they set upon it. It was virtuous family life that made Old Rome great. With the decay of institutions modelled on the old lines and cemented by familiar patriotism, Rome's greatness came to an end. Rome's Empire was doomed. Our own England has become great under God's providence in the history of the modern world. We can trace our greatness to the same cause. Our national heroes and our foremost statesmen have been trained in the inner circle of family life for the greater tasks of public life. Woe betide us if we ever sink from this ideal.

¶ Christ on the cross has made the Christian home and sanctified the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. At the request of Jesus, John took Mary to his home. Indeed, Christ on the cross has made every destitute woman 'My mother,' and every destitute man 'My brother,' and every destitute boy 'My child.' The ancient

[1] Robert Mannyng of Brunne, in *The Pilgrim's Way*, 97.

place, where the family abode, was cheerless and cold. The father was a tyrant, the mother a slave, the children chattels. In all classic poetry there is no reference to the pleasures of childhood, and for the very good reason that in pagan lands the child had little pleasure. Mother and home, which we now associate with heaven, were born of God through the pangs of Christ on the cross.[1]

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Christmas.

1916.

'The true light.'—Jn 1[9].

What would the world be without Christmas? Year after year it comes round, and brings joy to everybody, especially to boys and girls. Children who have everything to make them happy look forward to its coming, but I think that the poor ones and those who are sick love it best of all.

Yet to the great World the little Babe in His humble cradle at Bethlehem was nothing. It was only among the angels that His coming made any stir. We know that certain good men who were shepherds, and lived more in heaven than on earth, got a glimpse of them as they sang their song of welcome.

Those shepherds, we may be sure, would count back to that night all their lives. But they were not the sort of men to write down dates. They just thought and spoke to each other about what they had seen and heard.

To many of their children, Jesus became 'all in all.' Some of them, we may be sure, heard Him speak, and they could never forget it. On from generation to generation the story of His birth was passed. As was natural, those who loved Jesus wanted by and by to commemorate His birthday; but the shepherds had kept no count of the days, and the exact date of it was uncertain. Wasn't it good, however, that there were people wise enough to choose the twenty-fifth of December as a suitable day on which to think of Jesus having come to earth as a little baby?

We in this country at least must think them wise. Let me tell you how that is so. You have heard your mother speak of the shortest day. It falls about the twentieth of December. After that there follow three or four days of practically the same length. But on the twenty-fifth, the sun rises a little earlier, and goes on rising earlier each day till midsummer is reached. On Christmas day a wonderful change begins. A new ray of light finds its way down through the dark damp earth and dead leaves. It stays there; and day by day more light, and yet more light, comes, and all around there is heaving and straining and swelling. Not long ago, I read somewhere that if our ears were only quick enough we should hear something of what goes on then. Everywhere, in the bulbs, in the plants, in the shrubs, and in the trunks of the trees new life flows, until the new and the old together break through in the beauty of spring. There is glory everywhere: in the fields, by the riverside, and in the gardens. What better day therefore than the twenty-fifth of December could

[1] A. C. Dixon, *Milk and Meat*, 249.

have been chosen as the birthday of Him who is the Light of the World?

But winter comes back again, as we all know; everything seems to die then; it is dark and cold and dreary. Kingsley tells of an old man who 'minded but two things in all the world, and those were his birds and his Bible.' When the autumn winds began to blow, and the migratory birds plumed their wings for their long southern flight, the old man would toddle out on the moor, leaning heavily on his stick the while, take off his cap to them, and wish them a merry journey and a safe return. Then he gathered up some of the feathers they had left, and went back to read and knit by his winter fire, and wait patiently for his feathered companions.

I believe that to you boys and girls the Christmas parties of a few years ago seem now like a dream. How full of rollicking fun they were. You danced, you sang, and you played all the old-fashioned games you could remember. You had no thought of care.

In looking forward to Christmas this year, there comes a feeling of winter. Outside it is dull and dreary: in the house, father is more solemn than he used to be, mother is often sad. Why not be like the old man with the birds' feathers?—keep the memory of those old happy Christmas days and wait patiently. Spring will come back again.

But I have a better thing to say to you even than that. The angels have been round about; and to many people the world in which they dwell has seemed nearer than ever before. What we read about the shepherds on the fields of Bethlehem might be a story of yesterday. Boys on the battle-field have spoken softly to each other of an angel comrade, who brought peace and eased pain. Many strange things have happened, and are happening. You know that in France and in Belgium, where our men are fighting, there are a great many images of Jesus Christ. It is a very solemn thing to know that when churches have been utterly destroyed by men who cared not, these images have remained untouched, as if guarded by an unseen hand.

At one village there was no church left at which the people could keep their midnight Christmas festival, so they met in the snow outside. One of them said afterwards to a chaplain: 'The good father saw Him—he saw Him on His throne, above where the altar stood, and a shining crown upon His head, and His little hand uplift to bless.'

Boys and girls, Jesus the Light of the World lives, and He will yet dispel the darkness that to you is like that of a long dreary winter. This Christmas, He wants you to remember all the happy past, and set your faces to go forward. The swallow is not afraid to set out over the great ocean. It does not know where it is going: God leads it. A famous philosopher once said: 'I hold that God who keeps His word with the swallows and the fishes in their migratory instincts will keep His word with man.' And, be assured, He will keep His word with boys and girls. Listen to this little prayer:

> Behold what mists eclipse the day!
> How dark it is! shed down one ray
> To guide us out of this dark night
> And say once more, 'Let there be light.'

II.

Old Iron.

'Bright iron.'—Ezk 27^{19}.
'Rust.'—Mt 6^{19}.

To-day I have chosen two texts and I have brought them both with me. The first is 'bright iron,' and here you have a nice, bright, sharp pen-knife. The other is the enemy of bright iron. Now, of course, bright iron has just one enemy—that is 'rust,' so I have brought a bit of old rusty iron I picked up on a rubbish-heap.

Which of those two things looks best, and which do you think is of most use? There isn't much doubt about the answer, is there? Of course it is the bright, clean pen-knife. But if you don't take proper care of your pen-knife it may soon look just like this piece of rusty old iron.

What is it that makes iron rust? Scientists will tell you that it is something in the air that acts upon the surface of the iron burning or oxidizing it. If there is water present this process takes place more easily, so that if you leave an iron article out of doors on a wet day it will rust much more readily than on a fine day. If you don't take trouble to remove the rust it will gradually eat away the iron.

Now people as well as iron can rust. They are not meant to rust. They are meant to be bright and useful, but if they will allow the rust to form,

and will not take the trouble to remove it, of course all their brightness and usefulness is spoiled.

There are two ways in which rust forms on iron —first, from want of use; and second, from want of care.

1. First, rust forms from *want of use*. If you lay past an iron or steel article for some time, the chances are you will find it covered with rust when you take it out again. But if you keep on using it, it stays clean and bright. Now it's just like that with the gifts God gives us. He has given us hands to work with, but if we don't employ them they will become clumsy and useless. He has given us minds to think with, but if we don't cultivate them they will become stupid and dull. He has given us hearts to love and sympathize with, but if we don't use them they will become hard and cold.

One great enemy of usefulness is *laziness*. Sometimes we think it is very hard to have to go to school and learn difficult lessons. But it is just by learning these hard lessons that we are keeping our minds bright and free from rust. And when we learn to do anything with our hands we sometimes grow impatient at having to repeat the same thing over and over again, but it is just that drudgery that is making them clever for more difficult work.

I read the other day about a gentleman who was very much interested in a boy. He wanted to help him, so he asked his head gardener to take him into the garden and teach him gardening. Some time after he met the gardener and inquired how his young friend was getting on. 'Oh, he's getting on,' replied the gardener. 'There he is at his favourite job, and it just suits him exactly—chasing the snails off the path!' Now, if we are lazy and won't take pains to learn, the rust will soon grow on us; and rust, you know, clogs wheels and stops progress. If we are idle we shall never get much further than that lazy snail of a boy who spent his time chasing his brother-snails off the path.

The other great enemy of usefulness is *selfishness*. You remember the story of the man who had only one talent and who went and hid it in the ground. That man had many faults, but his biggest one was selfishness. He kept his talent all to himself. Now God endows us all with gifts, and He means us to use them and make the most of them. To some people He gives strength, to some brains, to some wealth, to some just ordinary common sense and a sound body. But whatever His gifts may be, He means us to use them for the sake of others. They are not really ours to keep: we have them on trust from Him, and if we allow them to grow rusty from want of use then we are abusing His trust.

2. But, second, rust forms from *want of care*. If you put away your bicycle in the winter or your skates in the summer without drying them and rubbing in some grease, you need not expect to take them out again bright and shining. If you leave your bicycle out in the rain for days on end you must look for a little rust on the handle-bars. And if we don't take preventive measures to keep ourselves bright, the ugly red rust of all kinds of faults will grow on us.

When the *Great Eastern* was laying the big cable across the Atlantic to America she received frequent messages from the shore. At first these messages reached the ship quite clear and distinct, but gradually they grew fainter and fainter. Then they became jumbled and broken, and at last they ceased altogether.

So the men on the ship knew there must be something wrong with the cable, and they hauled it up. They found that a little crack had come on the wire, then rust had got in and eaten away the wire, until at last the crack became too wide for any message to pass. Not until the cable had been mended could any message be sent along.

And so if you have been careless and allowed the rust of selfishness, or ill-temper, or pride to grow and spoil your usefulness, you must get it put right. And how shall we get it put right? By taking these faults to God and asking Him for Jesus' sake to forgive them and help us to get the better of them.

Outside a smithy you have often seen bits of old iron—old ploughs, old harrows, odds and ends of all kinds, all more or less rusty. If you asked the blacksmith what he was going to do with them he would probably tell you that some of the things had been brought to him to sharpen or mend, but others he was going to melt down to make into horse shoes or other useful articles.

Some of us may just need sharpening and polishing to get the rust away, some of us may have to begin all over again; but of one thing we may be sure, if we put ourselves in God's hands, He will do what is best for us and turn us out beautiful, spotless 'bright iron.'

III.

If Jesus had never been Born.

In the Bible, Old Testament and New, the Rev. Charles Brown has been digging for *Hidden Treasure* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). And old as the quarry is and well worked, he has found many things that are new. Nor do they suffer by the setting which he gives them. This is the treasure for Christmas.

The great joy of the last month of the year is Christmas, and of all the things to think of at that merry season, we should think most of all of what we owe to Jesus Christ. I wonder whether you ever try to think what the world would be like *if He had never been born*, and of the vast difference which He has made. We cannot tell *all* that would have happened, of course, but we can think of some things.

There would have been the Jewish religion, which has much that is true and noble and helpful about it; and there would have been the heathen faiths, with their sad and cruel and degrading customs. But what a dark world it would have been! We should not have learned to think of God as our Heavenly Father, good and tender and loving, caring for every little child, whatever its nation or the colour of its skin. We should not have known about the life beyond death, which Jesus called the Father's House of many mansions, with all its joys and peace and brightness. These are the greatest things that the coming of Jesus has brought to us.

But you know that He has made this world a much brighter and more beautiful place in many ways. When He was born, the greatest power in the world was the Roman Empire, and we are told, for one thing, that under that Empire at least half the people were slaves, bought and sold like cattle, or like tools, or like pots and pans. Slaves had no rights. When they grew old, they were sometimes rowed out to an island in the Tiber and left there to die of starvation. We may say with perfect truth that Jesus made slavery impossible, because He taught that God loved every man, even the poorest, and when men came to believe that, they could not neglect or treat cruelly those whom God loved. The abolition of slavery is really due to Christian people. The champions and advocates of freedom in Jamaica and America were mostly Christian men and women. Under the old Roman Empire women and children often fared little better than slaves. Leaving children exposed that they might die, and killing children where they were unwelcome, was quite a common custom, and not a crime, as it is with us.

You have only to think of the position of women and girl-children in heathen and Mohammedan countries like China and India, of the difference between an Indian zenana and a Christian home, to see how much Jesus has done for children. There was never a hospital in China till Christian people started them, nor anywhere else. And as for orphanages, where fatherless and destitute children are sheltered and kindly cared for, and taught, and fitted for the work of life, they are entirely Christian institutions. Heathenism has never built one.

Of course, if Jesus had not been born there would have been none of the sweet and beautiful stories of the Gospels, of Jesus blessing little children, of His kindness to troubled people, of His tender love for the little ones, and His great words about them; none of the wonderful parables, none of the great letters of St. Paul, and no St. Paul at all, and none of the beautiful activities which have flowed from the Church ever since, no Sunday schools, no singing of Christian hymns. Think of what the world would be if all these were blotted out. It is well that we should think of these things sometimes, because they are simple facts that no one can dispute, and that we may realize that the world owes a great debt to Jesus Christ. Care for the sick and suffering, care for little children and old and poor people, compassion and kindness, we learn all these from Jesus our Lord as from no one else, and it is very certain that the world would have been unspeakably poorer and darker and more miserable if He had not come.

When we think of these things, what should we do? Well, first of all, we should thank God. No day in our lives should be allowed to pass in which we do not thank God for what St. Paul calls His unspeakable gift. And then surely we should try to realize that Jesus is still living and at work in the world. He has still a great deal to do. He still desires to bless children, and heal the sick, and comfort old and troubled folk; to bring peace and happiness to sad lives.

And He wants boys and girls and men and women to help Him. We read that in the days of His flesh He called twelve that they might be with Him, and that He might send them forth to help and bless others. That is just what He is doing to-day. He is calling us. He wants to make us like Himself, to fill us with His spirit, that we may help Him to make the world a better place—less sad, less selfish, less foolish and sinful. I am quite sure that is true, and I pray that you may hear His voice and obey His call, and become His loving disciples and servants.

Point and Illustration.

The Blessings of Suffering.

Canon Scott Holland has written an Introduction to the English translation of the Abbé Félix Klein's 'Memories and Reflections of a French Army Chaplain.' The title is *Hope in Suffering* (Melrose; 4s. 6d. net). The Introduction promises good fare, and we are not disappointed. Certainly the atmosphere is different from ours, as Dr. Scott Holland says. The Abbé Félix Klein tells some stories of his ministrations to the suffering,—pathetic enough and pathetic always,—and then he offers us some 'Reflections' on the Problem of Evil, the Fruits of Sacrifice, The Place of Self-Sacrifice in the Common Life, Atonement, The Rewards and Punishments of the Future Life, Grief, Sufferers for a Righteous Cause, Lux in Tenebris, The Blessings of Suffering. From the last Reflection we may take this:

'It has often been said that this war, through the very sufferings that it entails and in spite of its cruelty, brings a precious leaven of regeneration into many souls. If it were possible to publish them, I could give many instances which would clearly demonstrate this from what I have seen in the life of the hospital. But I would rather dwell on a well-known example, the striking case of Rupert Brooke, an English poet of twenty-three, who died at Lemnos while on active service.

'A friend sent me yesterday the *ultima verba* of this young writer, five beautiful sonnets. She wrote—and she is a very good judge—"He belonged until lately to the most modern school of our young poets; their tone was self-indulgent, cynical, distinctly non-moral, and quite anti-Christian. But when war broke out Rupert Brooke was one of the first to volunteer. These five sonnets which I am sending you will show you the new spirit which was awakened in him by this act of self-sacrifice."

'What will a man like this say about suffering, which he has always looked upon as the worst enemy; and about the war, in which, after terrible hardships, he was to meet his death? He will actually welcome these hard trials as the messengers of divine kindness, and he will not know how to thank Heaven enough for having made him share in them. His feelings can be judged by the first sonnet, whose title alone, *Peace*, is in itself a revelation:

Now God be thanked, Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping.

'The second sonnet, *Safety*, sings of the security of the warrior:

Secretly armed against all death's endeavour:
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

'The third sonnet, *The Dead*, reveals still more fully the new and glorious light which the great ordeal had shed upon his soul:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

'The fourth sonnet has again the title *The Dead*, and the fifth *The Soldier*. Under new imagery, the inspiration is the same. From the first line to the last there shines out, illuminated by the surrender of his life, the magnificent assertion of the joys of sacrifice.

'He has expressed, but with greater right to do so, the same idea as that of a French poet, who, however, had not the blessing of working his own redemption: "Blessed art Thou, O my God, Who givest us suffering as the divine cure for our impurities, as the best and purest essence to prepare strong souls for the joys of heaven."'

Men from the East.

In *Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay* (Seeley; 5s. net), Mr. E. F. Borst-Smith, F.R.G.S., tells the

story of twelve years' strenuous missionary work during stirring times mainly spent in Yenanfu, a prefectural city of Shensi, North China, and gives a review of its history from the earliest date.

He is not overwhelmed with the responsibilities of his work, nor have the numerous wars and rumours of wars he has come through shaken his nerve. He writes confidently, and he writes joyfully. If the sketch of the history of the city and district of Yenanfu is too short for much good, the narrative of personal experience is full and thrilling enough. This is how he tells of the coming of Buddhism to China:

'A Chinese emperor of A.D. 62 had a dream, in which he was advised to send messengers in the direction of the setting sun, where, if they continued their journey far enough, they would find a religion that would bring great happiness to China. The emperor, "not disobedient to the heavenly vision," selected suitable messengers, and instructed them to proceed westwards from the then capital of China (the present Sianfu, in Shensi), and not to return until they had brought back with them the new faith of his dream.

'The men travelled on until at last they reached India, and when they saw the great cities of that land, and the gorgeous religious ritual in use throughout it, they naturally concluded that they had reached their goal, and that in Buddhism the emperor would find the realisation of his dream.

'This is another of the innumerable examples to be found in Chinese history of "arrested progress." The messengers went far, but not far enough. The good, as so often happens, proved the enemy of the best. Would that they had still pursued their journey in the direction of the setting sun. They would have arrived, as did the Magi a few years earlier, at the place where the fullest revelation was to be found.

'Their conclusion, however, was natural enough, and they returned to Shensi with a number of Buddhist priests and a large selection of sacred literature for the Court of the sovereign. From that time Buddhism became one of the recognised religions of the Celestial Empire.'

Yet will I not Forget.

'Dr. James Martineau's first child died in infancy and was buried in the French cemetery at Dublin. Before they quitted Ireland for Liverpool the father and mother paid a farewell visit to the grave of their first-born. The years went by, and it became Martineau's sacred duty to guide the descending steps of his beloved wife "over whatever grass and flowers could be found, and to soothe the last embrace with the inward calm of trust and love." At the age of eighty-seven he was a lonely old man. But when he was attending the tercentenary of Dublin University, he stole away from the brilliant public functions to stand once more by the tiny grave that held the dust of his first-born child. No other living soul recalled that little one's smile, or remembered where the child was sleeping. But the father knew, and the little buried hands held his heart! This was fatherhood unable to forget. And we remember that the Lord Jehovah said to His people by the mouth of the prophet, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, these may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands."'

This touching illustration is taken from a new exposition of the Lord's Prayer by the Rev. Frank Johnson. To illustrate the Prayer is one of Mr. Johnson's deliberate desires, and he has the material as well as the discernment for it. But he has expounded the Prayer also. And yet it is a very small book. The title is *The Disciples' Prayer* (Scott; 1s. net).

Non-Resistance?

The portrait of Dr. Caroline Matthews, who writes the book entitled *Experiences of a Woman Doctor in Serbia* (Mills & Boon; 5s. net), shows us a refined sensitive woman, unlikely to attempt difficult enterprises, unlikely to succeed in them if attempted. But the book reveals a woman who dared and did things in which no man had the hardihood to stand beside her. She was left absolutely alone, at her own urgent request, in a Serbian village, while all foreigners fled before the approach of the Germans and Austrians. And when the 'Huns' came she suffered for it. She suffered, but she never gave in. At last they sent her off to Belgrade with the accusation of espionage. And out of even that hopeless position she rescued herself. At last she found her way to Switzerland and to home, pursued to the very footboard of the train by police agents. She had

to send the last of them out to the platform after the train had started. Dr. Caroline Matthews 'took nothing lying down.'

'One evening a nasty little episode occurred. It happened when the room was crowded.

'"The English people are pigs!" shouted a German soldier, stopping before me. He repeated the words in English and German with a bang of the fist on my table.

'The fellow's estimation of the English people did not worry me, but all conversation ceased in the room. Everyone's attention was drawn to our corner.

'"*The English King is a Pig!*" shouted the man, more loudly, more defiantly.

'There was a significant silence. The other men waited breathlessly to see what the prisoner would do. Frequently my uniform had served as a great protection since the German occupation of the little Slav state. But now, an insult to our King, and I sitting there in khaki? Had I been in the most feminine attire I could not have let it pass.

'Something had to be done.

'Throw some article at the man to stop his filthy words? Things lay to hand on the table, but in a flash I saw the futility of what would amount to a public-house brawl.

'I stood up and looked at the fellow with all the contempt I could muster.

'"Are there any *Hungarian gentlemen* present?" I asked, as quietly as I could, and looking up and down the room.

'It was a happy thought!

'Chairs were pushed aside. Several blue-coated men came forward.

'"This man has insulted my King; will you please put him out?" my words could be heard all over the room, but my voice was not raised.

'But now several Germans pressed forward and the Hungarians hung back. They were timorous of interfering.

'Things were looking nasty. I could not let the matter drop, even if I wished to do so. The German meant mischief. He was explaining what he would do if only he had the prisoner in his hands—and his gestures were expressive of wringing a human neck.

'He began again:

'"The — English King. . . ." He got no further. Of course, it was utterly ridiculous to attempt to fight the man. One blow and I would be sent sprawling. But surely among all those Austrians and Hungarians, surely there would be one who retained an instinct of chivalry sufficient to interfere and prevent a woman from being badly mauled.

'Besides it was not possible to let that German speak foul words of His Majesty.

'There was no choice.

'There was only the one thing to be done. I went up to the fellow. "You coward!" And slapped him on his mouth.

'A Red Cross man pressed forward. In an instant he had grasped the facts of the case, in another he and the exponent of hate were locked in each other's arms, swaying together while we all looked on and wondered, another minute and the fellow was flying through the door.

'The Red Cross man was not content with merely doing me this service. He came up with a friend, apologized, shook hands, and we sat down together for supper.

'"Surely you are not German?" I asked later, surprised at his courtesy and at the feeling which prompted him to range himself on the side of the minority, and that minority a prisoner of war.

'He was not. He was a Pole, a Pole obliged to serve in the army of the Huns.'

Sympathy.

Mr. W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D., was a force to be reckoned with in his day—politically, socially, ethically. He wrote and he lectured. A selection from his lectures and writings has been made by his daughter. The title is *In Memoriam: W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D.* (Elliot Stock; 2s. 6d. net). The ideas are not so fresh as once they were, but they are sensible and will always require reiteration. We shall quote the last paper in the volume. Its subject is Sympathy:

'There is a wonderful and irresistible power in genuine sympathy. No one, however insignificant in his own esteem, likes to think of himself as neglected or as an object of indifference. His peculiar trials and difficulties are as real and as great to him as those of others are to them, and a kindly interest manifested at the time will help him to bear his trials and surmount his difficulties like a brave, true man.

'Some sorrows must be borne alone and in silence. The help of friends, however willing they

may be, cannot avail. Physical weariness and pain, the shadow flung by the Angel of Death, the rankling sting of ingratitude, undeserved reproach and contumely, must be endured by those to whom they come. The best of earthly friends cannot share them. There are wounds which Time and the Grace of God alone can heal. Yet even in such matters the sympathy of genuine friendship is like precious ointment, soothing by its gentle application.

'Sympathy need not be always expressed in words, nor are deeds essential. The two words "Jesus wept" convey a deeper and more tender assurance of the Saviour's sympathy with His bereaved friends at Bethany than any long and laboured paraphrase. A look, a pressure of the hand are often eloquent in their silence. True refinement and delicacy shrink from obtruding verbal assurances or fussy deeds, yet the kindly feeling within will be understood by that secret power which men call affinity, and is a source of untold strength when the heart is sore and the spirit is sinking.

'Genuine sympathy differs from mere politeness. The latter affects an interest and a concern which it does not feel. It forms part of the small change in the conversational coin of modern society, but its intrinsic value is very little. The former asserts itself out of the true love within and does not wait to be sought, but spontaneously comes forth when occasion demands. If needs be, it will stoop to things of low degree, and it prompts to the denial of comfort and ease if thereby the object of sympathy can be helped or cheered. It is ready either for active work or passive waiting, for words of solace or for the quietness of watching.

'It is one thing, and often a very easy thing, to give money, and its bestowal is sometimes a cheap way of salving conscience, but there is a comfort that no money can bring. The most precious and the only lasting gilding is that imparted, not by gold but by love. The gold should not be lacking when the ability exists and when the love prompts, but there are seasons of holy grief when the bruised and bleeding spirit craves sympathy and tenderness and turns away from the glitter of money.'

Lifting Up.

Faith in Practice (Scott; 1s. net) is the title which has been given by the Rev. Richard Wood-Samuel to a book of sermons. It suggests St. Paul's words, 'Faith which worketh through love.' But, although the title is 'Faith in Practice,' every sermon in the volume is occupied directly with faith in God. Mr. Wood-Samuel begins with Prayer, which he says, most truly, must be with faith. He divides his sermon on prayer into four parts each occupied with the phrase 'lifting up,' suggested by the Office for the Holy Communion.

'(1) *The Lifting up of the Eyes.*—The first thing is to look towards God; to *see* God, that is, to have an inward vision of Him. The Psalmist realized this—Ps. cxxi. 1: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Ps. cxxiii. 1: "Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens." There is an inward vision which may be ours—a seeing God now, as a present reality, though it needs concentration for its experience. "The pure in heart shall see God," is the promised blessing; and it is possible to become pure in heart now.

'(2) *The Lifting up of the Thoughts.*—The next thing is to *think* of God; to have the mind fixed upon Him. Again the Psalmist has reference to this, and St. Paul—Ps. x. 4: "God is not in all his thoughts." 1 Cor. xiv. 15: "I will pray with the understanding also." In drawing near to God we must certainly think about Him; and more than this, our minds should be clear of all material things, so that thought may be fixed entirely upon the spiritual. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is *stayed* upon Thee."

'(3) *The Lifting up of the Hands.*—Further, the Holy Book has reference to the "lifting up of the hands," *i.e.* for prayer; and so the next thing is to *speak* to God. This brings us closer to God. Again the Psalmist and St. Paul—Ps. cxli. 2: "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." 1 Tim. ii. 8: "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands." We are bidden to pray, "lifting up holy hands"—hands stretched forth with empty palms before God; with no suggestion of bringing to Him any merit of our own—"Nothing in my hands I bring; simply to Thy Cross I cling"—open hands, ready to receive the blessings which God alone can bestow; but more especially "holy" hands; hands "washed in innocency"; clean hands, free from blood or defilement; hands

which have done no hurt, but which are ready to soothe, to comfort, and support others; hands ever active in the service of the Lord.

'(4) *The Lifting of the Heart, i.e.* the surrender of the affections; and so the last, but most important thing of all, is to *love* God. This brings us closest to God. We look to God; we think about Him; we draw closer and speak to Him; but we are closest of all when we love Him. Again the Holy Scriptures—1 Chron. xxii. 19: "Set your heart . . . to seek the Lord your God" (David). 2 Chron. xvii. 6: "His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord" (Jehoshaphat). The heart that loves should direct the lips that speak. Is the heart right? should be the great question for us, whenever we desire to approach the God who is Love, in prayer. He claims the whole of man—body, soul, and spirit. He claims our attention, our thoughts, our service, and our love. He would have us ever be lifting up the heart, He would have us fix our thoughts upon Him; to depend upon Him, and to supplicate Him; but beyond and above all, He claims our affections—the homage of the heart.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord, Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

'The lifting up of the eyes is Concentration, of the thoughts Meditation, of the hands Supplication, of the heart Devotion.'

Prayer in War-time.

By the Rev. James Donald, D.D., Keithhall.

'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.'—Ps 55^{17}.

The writer of the Psalm is not prescribing hours of prayer when he says this. In like manner, the writer of the 119th Psalm is not prescribing set times of praise when he says, 'Seven times a day do I praise thee.' But although they are not laying down a rule, they are affording an example. Prayer, as praise, is to be a habitual daily practice. It is to be practised when we lie down and when we rise up. And if we add to our morning prayer, prayer at noon, when we are 'bearing the burden and heat of the day,' we shall be adding another important aid to the life of personal religion.

This Psalm is remarkable for the variety of moods that find expression in it. When the writer says, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee,' he seems to be addressing his own soul, and saying to it, 'Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side.' His soul is a troubled soul: it is disquieted and agitated in no ordinary degree. A friend with whom he used to have religious fellowship has turned false and treacherous. He is outspoken in his indignation and reprobation of the wrong. And observe that it is to God that he speaks out what he feels. This teaches us that not only the offering up of our desires unto God, but our speaking to Him in a direct and plain manner of all that concerns us, is true prayer. 'Evening, and morning, and at noon,' says the Psalmist, 'will I pray, and cry aloud'; or, as the words mean in Hebrew, 'will I complain and moan.' He goes with all his woes to the Fountain of Comfort.

I think there is a resemblance between the Psalmist's situation and ours. Germany and we were united by the common bonds of race and religion. There is a sense in which we 'walked unto the house of God in company'; for in our Confessions of Faith we were in fundamental agreement. There are German hymns in our hymnaries: many of our Psalm tunes are German. As fellow-students of Scripture, we valued each other's help. But now we are completely estranged. This is Germany's doing. It is the outcome of ill intentions now revealed, but long cherished by her present rulers and statesmen. Consider what the Psalmist says about the man who had forsworn his friendship, and had turned to become his enemy and aggressor. 'He hath put forth his hands against such as were at peace with him; he has broken his covenant. The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.' In their bearing upon what Germany's rulers have proved themselves to be,

and the situation we are now in, these words need no commentary. Perhaps we cannot, as Christians, make the whole of the Psalmist's prayer verbally our own; yet we feel that it is substantially a prayer which we can pray ourselves, and that not once, but often—trusting that we may be enabled to pray it in a spirit which Christ will not reprove.

I will now speak of some of the conditions of acceptable prayer—and with special reference to Prayer in War-time. That faith is an essential condition of success in prayer is taught us by all who have prayed, and by Christ's repeated calls to faith in connexion with prayer. He also teaches that submission is no less necessary. But there is, besides, a prophetic element in all true prayer—by which I mean a longing outlook for the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth.

First, our prayers at this time, and indeed our prayers at all times, imply that we believe that God has a purpose of love, a purpose of delivering men from evil, and that He is controlling all that now happens with a view to the fulfilment of that purpose. This is the end of the world's providential government by God. He has not revealed to us the particular manner in which the course of events will conduce to this end; for 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' But He gives us the gift of faith in His righteous but unseen working, and He shows us how this gift is to be practically exercised—namely, in earnest, persevering prayer. 'Evening, and morning, and at noon,' we are to 'pray, and cry aloud'—that is, our prayers are to 'rise like a fountain night and day.' The witness of experience confirms the witness of Scripture that God, in giving us prayer as a power to be used, takes us into practical fellowship with Himself; and we are now called to act, with a thorough belief in the reality of this fellowship, in bringing about a favourable issue to our present trials, through the instrumentality of prayer.

Secondly, while we hope and trust that our prayers will bring the blessings prayed for, we are at the same time to offer them up to God in a submissive spirit, believing that 'in his will is our peace.' 'This is the confidence that we have in him,' says St. John, 'that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.' This is a great assurance: but observe that it is guarded by the condition that what we ask is in accordance with God's will. We speak to God in a direct and plain manner, and use our own will in prayer, but always—this is what is required of us—always with submission to His wise and loving and holy will. As regards the present war, we have good grounds for believing that our cause is just, and that we are therefore praying in accordance with God's will when we are praying that He may grant us a decisive victory. Yes; but is not submission still necessary as well as faith? Think of the many wishes and longings which we entertain daily—wishes that the war may be over soon, wishes that our push forward may be rapid, eager wishes for the safety of those dear to us, fervent longings that there may be granted us such a rest from war that we shall live in time to come 'none making us afraid,' and that iniquity, in its present monstrous form, may not again lift up its head. It is permitted us to make such wishes and longings the subjects of prayer to God, and of repeated entreaty, while always leaving it to Him to determine the particular time and way in which He will bless us. 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' From this clause we can learn the secret of filial submission in prayer.

Lastly, all true prayer has something prophetic in it: it is an outlook for a long-hoped-for return. 'Return, O Lord, how long? . . . O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy.' In prayer, we stand upon our watch-tower like the prophet Habakkuk, and wait for the signs of the coming day. We look to Christ, who came to redeem the earth 'from deceit and violence,' and feel that its deliverance will never be complete until He be revealed from heaven. When in the midst of our present trial we 'pray, and cry aloud,' 'evening, and morning, and at noon,' there lies behind what we immediately pray for the unuttered longing for a greater blessing than that which any temporal deliverance can bring—for the presence and power of the Personal Head of the Kingdom of God. Thus our prayers for a righteous and settled peace resolve themselves at last into the Church's instant response to the promise of her Lord, 'Behold, I come quickly'—into the response and earnest cry, 'Amen, even so: Come, Lord Jesus.'

Literature.

ZOE THOMSON OF BISHOPTHORPE.

A YOUNG Scotsman of the name of James Skene went to Athens and married a lady of high degree whose name was Rhalou Rizo-Rangabé. Zoe was one of their daughters. James Skene sold his commission and settled in Greece. When his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Rubislaw (they pronounce the word in two syllables in Aberdeen), visited them in Athens, they carried Zoe and her sister Janie back with them for education. She was educated in Oxford, her Scottish grandparents settling there for that purpose. And as she grew up, such was her beauty, that the undergraduates gathered round the door of any shop she entered.

She fell in love with William Thomson, Fellow of Queen's; but the aristocratic Greek mother opposed. An English peer had been in Athens, had seen Zoe's photograph, had proposed to the mother for her, and had been accepted—as they do these things in Athens. But the grandmother took Zoe's side, and she was as strong as the mother (you should see her photograph). William Thomson got a good living in London, and they were married. After a few years, he was chosen Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; and within a year, before they had flitted, he was made Archbishop of York. They lived at Bishopthorpe for twenty-six years. Then he died. Zoe lived twenty-four years more, and was buried beside him.

The biography has been written by Miss E. C. Rickards. The title is *Zoe Thomson of Bishopthorpe and her Friends* (John Murray; 10s. 6d. net). It is the story of a life without many thrilling incidents, though there are a few. In any case its interest, which is unmistakable, is not due to the incidents. It is due to the personality of the woman. A certain expectation is roused on account of her parentage; and that expectation lives and is satisfied. Zoe Thomson of Bishopthorpe became a name for all that was tactful, sympathetic, self-effacing—for the ideal wife of a modern Archbishop. How many children? asked Queen Victoria once. 'Nine,' answered Zoe. 'It is a nice number,' said the Queen. It was the number of her own. And the nine children adored her and did well. No part of the book is more beautiful than the occasional glimpse of the family at Bishopthorpe. 'I remember an occasion,' says Lady Rose Weigall, 'when a visitor, arriving on a wet day, found games going on in the hall, and a distinguished guest (I think it was the late Lord Houghton) careering on a rocking-horse, pursued by children. The children played a great part in the life of the house; their parents entered so thoroughly into their life, and it did one good to see their father's enjoyment over them. I shall never forget Zoe's telling me how one of them (I think it was Basil), at about three or four years old, having accomplished some acrobatic feat which had much amused his father, had asked her, "Does God laugh, too, when He sees me do this?" It spoke such volumes, with all its absurdity, as to the realisation of Fatherhood.'

There *were* incidents. Her younger sister, Janie, married Dr. Lloyd Bruce. Zoe tells this story: 'My sister came to Bishopthorpe for her first confinement, as I was unable to go to her in the south, and she kept me waiting for nearly a month. She was much troubled at my having to keep the house free from guests on her account, and I said, "The only engagement I cannot put off is the Judges' dinner"; and for that we had staying in the house, Lady Wightman, the widow of a judge, and an old friend. A few hours before the dinner the doctor had to be sent for, and Lady Wightman volunteered to stay with my sister during the dinner hour. Janie said afterwards she had a vision of me coming in to kiss her, in a dress of blue satin and white lace, on my way down to dinner; the doctor assuring me that I should be back in time. The Archbishop begged me to say nothing to the Judges, as it would make them uncomfortable. All went well, until a little note was brought to me during the fish-course, written by Lloyd Bruce, saying, "A little girl born; both doing well." I gave a sigh of relief, and was able to carry on the conversation much better. At the pudding-course another little note was brought to me from Lloyd, saying, "Another little girl born; all three doing well." This second note was too much for Lord Blackburne's curiosity, and he could not help asking what the little notes were about. I was wondering what to say, and had sent on the note to the Archbishop. As soon as he had looked

at it, he confided the contents to the High Sheriff's wife, Mrs. Gascoigne, who promptly made a sign to leave the table, and I was thus released and able to go up to my sister, where I saw the little twins in the same bassinet facing each other.'

Here and there throughout the book are thrown in narratives which belong to it only at one remove. One of the most remarkable and perplexing is of Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus; the book referred to is no doubt his *Fulfilment of Prophecy*, which was one of the successes of its day. This is the story:

Old Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Rubislaw were on their way home from Athens. 'It was at Pesth that they heard an extraordinary story, which, strange as it is, was afterwards fully corroborated, and which is worth recording here.

'"We were told that not long before, Dr. Keith, who had written an account of his travels in the Holy Land, arrived at the hotel with a friend, and was taken ill of fever. The friend was obliged to leave him there, and his death was soon reported. On the day when it was declared to have taken place, an English lady arrived at the hotel, and seeing Dr. Keith's luggage in the hall, asked, 'Is Dr. Keith here? I have just finished reading his book of travels.' The landlord replied, 'I am sorry to say he died to-day.' 'Who was with him?' she inquired. 'He was quite alone,' was the answer; 'his friend had to leave him.' She then asked whether she might be allowed to see the deceased, which she much wished from the interest she felt in him after reading his book. The landlord agreed, and took her up to the room in which the body lay. After looking at him for some time, she said, 'I do not think he is dead; when is he to be buried?' 'To-morrow,' was the reply. She said, 'How can that be stopped?' The landlord told her that no one but the Landgravine of Buda had power to stop it. Without taking off her bonnet, and having engaged a carriage, she gave orders that she should be driven to the Palace at once. Here an audience was granted to her; and so urgent was she, that the Landgravine agreed to send her doctor with her to the hotel, and if he gave leave for the funeral to be delayed, it should be done. After examination, the doctor declared that Dr. Keith was dead. However, the lady pleaded so hard for delay, that at last the doctor gave leave for the funeral to be postponed until further symptoms should appear.

'"A careful watch was kept by the body for forty days, when the supposed dead man was heard to give a deep sigh and to murmur, 'Will those bells never cease ringing?' He said afterwards that he believed he was thinking of bells when he sank into the trance; but the explanation may have been the return of circulation to the head.

'"Some years after that," writes Zoe, "my sister Janie met at Kissingen Dr. Keith and his daughter, Mrs. Wyllie of Eilenroc, Cap d'Antibes, and asked whether this story were true. 'Perfectly true,' was the reply; 'and as your sister is interested in it, I will, the next time I am in Oxford, call upon her and tell her all about it. My benefactress has since been to stay with me in Scotland, and so has the Landgravine of Buda.' My sister made a charming water-colour sketch of Dr. Keith, which is now at Eilenroc. The year after the meeting with my sister, Dr. Keith, with Mr. and Mrs. Wyllie, came to see me at Queen's College, Oxford, and repeated to me this interesting story as we had originally heard it."'

It is puzzling that the present writer, who succeeded Dr. Keith in St. Cyrus, with only one life between, never heard this story before.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

The American Lectures on the History of Religions do not seem to have taken the place in this country that they deserve. The latest of the series, *Phases of Early Christianity* (Putnams; 10s. 6d. net), will do something to bring them into better favour. It makes, we think, the largest volume of the series. It is almost certainly the best. The author is Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, lately Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.

And yet Dr. Estlin Carpenter's account of the origin and development of Christianity is not faultless. To us at least it seems to err in two ways. Much emphasis, too much, is laid on the difference between one writer and another in the New Testament in respect both of doctrine and of worship. And too much is made of the debt which not only the later writers but even the authors of the New Testament owed to Jewish and heathen writings. The last fault is greater than the first.

As regards the first, read this: 'Primitive Christianity, as displayed in the New Testament, exhibits no dogmatic uniformity. The reporter of Peter in the Book of Acts differs widely from the Apostle Paul. The Christ of John discoursing at

the last supper concerning the mystic fellowship of the Father, the Son, and the disciples, is presented on another plane than the Christ of Matthew seated on the mount and issuing the charter of the kingdom of heaven.' That is too strong. Or at least it conveys an erroneous impression, due to the omission of any recognition of the fundamental unity between them all—Peter and Paul and Matthew and John. The fundamental unity is so manifold and it is so momentous that the differences are scarcely more than signs of that variety which is inevitable, if the witness of separate writers is to be of any avail.

Dr. Carpenter is here under the force of a conception of Christ and His Salvation which is not able to give all the facts their place or their significance. The same inability is seen in such a sentence as this: 'Like other contemporary religions it proclaimed a doctrine of Salvation, and it possessed the immense advantage of being able also to proclaim a Saviour who had lived on earth, who had been born, had taught and laboured among men, had died and passed into the heavenly world.' Observe the phrase 'had died and passed into the heavenly world.' That is not how any of the early Christians would have expressed it. They would not have omitted to interject the resurrection. And it would have been no interjection, but the most considerable of the three facts—death, resurrection, ascension.

But the greatest fault in Dr. Carpenter's volume lies in making far too much of the influence of the pagan philosophies and cults (and in a less degree of Jewish speculations) on the theology and practice of the earliest Christians. This fault cannot be shown here to be a fault, because it is the theme of the whole book. It ought however, in our judgment, to be distinctly kept in mind by the student of this volume. It is a most able work and most attractively written; and it would be a thousand pities if it led the serious student astray.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

'What is the real signification of the enforced celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood? It would seem to be that sexual congress marks a lust of the flesh the sensual gratification of which is opposed to the higher spiritual nature and incongruous with the performance of the sacred offices of religion; if it was not rather a well-calculated worldly device to maintain and strengthen the power of the Church by keeping its priests a class apart, divorced from all outside personal affections and interests, bound to devote their whole energies to uphold a powerful organization always more regardful of its own interests than of those of the whole body of the State. Thus they are taught that, absorbed in its service, they will gain a higher life by losing so great a part of their natural life. What they do gain is a corporate life of dependence and irresponsibility by losing a civic life of personal independence and responsibility. Be that as it may, it is a curious surmise whether a progressive spiritualization of mankind is destined to issue at last in a revolt against their animal nature and its mode of reproduction which even savages have sometimes thought to require a sort of purification or placation by suitable rites. The mystery too of a virgin's conception, which is not peculiar to one religion, what does that ideal purity signify if not that the natural mode of reproduction common to animals is something of a degradation of the higher spiritual nature of man? Besides, as reproduction goes on without conjunction in some low forms of life, Parthenogenesis, miraculous as it seems in the human sphere, may be claimed as an exceptional reversion there to a natural process, the miracle-seeming event being a miracle only to a limited knowledge of nature and unlimited ignorance of what is beyond knowable nature. That many things were natural which were once thought miraculous is an undeniable truth which can always be adduced to justify a belief, however irrational, when there is a strong wish and consequent will to believe.'

That is not very satisfactory. Whose is it? It is the inconclusive conclusion of Mr. Henry Maudsley, M.D. Dr. Maudsley had to 'occupy the time and ease the burden of the dreary decline from three to fourscore years,' and against Montaigne and the judgment of all wise men, he decided to write a book. He has lived to write it, a volume of nearly four hundred close octavo pages; and he has lived to publish it, under the title of *Organic to Human: Psychological and Sociological* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

It is all conclusion. Dr. Maudsley attempts no new investigations. And it is all somewhat inconclusive. The mind is not so keen-edged an instrument in old age as it is in its strength. There is much agreeable writing. But its attitude is Vic-

torian. And nowhere has attitude changed more manifestly or more radically than in the scientific outlook on the world. So his conclusions, largely drawn from his own books, are inconclusive now. It is not that they do not seem to follow; it is that they do not now apply. The trouble is no longer with religion, it is scarcely any longer with the miraculous; the trouble to the scientific mind is now the personal appropriation of the Gospel, and for that disease Dr. Maudsley has no medicine. As we read the book, we are in a world of scientific aggressiveness in which our fathers lived and moved and had a very anxious being; to us it is only an interesting chapter of the past.

THE BIBLE STORY.

How many are the men and the women who have desired to rewrite the Bible in modern English? Some have begun and found the task, so easy in the prospect, hopelessly beyond them. Mr. William Canton is one of the few who have carried it out. His version—it is not a translation, but a paraphrase, a rewriting of the narrative in his own words—is published handsomely, with many coloured illustrations, under the title of *The Bible Story* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net).

Mr. Canton has the literary sensitiveness—sensitiveness to the right choice of word, that it may express the meaning most faithfully and fit most aptly into the rhythm of the sentence. He has also had much experience of God and of His dealings with men. For you must not only write with something of the story-telling faculty in you, but you must also believe that the story stands for a reality. You must believe in the Bible.

For whom has Mr. Canton written? Not for children, and not for the Bible lover, who will prefer the Bible itself even to William Canton. Let us hazard: Is it for the men when they come home? It might be.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

'In May last at the meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held in the City Temple, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Jones of Bournemouth made public reference to my ordination in the Church of England, and said he thought some explanation was due from me. The assembly seemed to be of the same opinion.' So Mr. Campbell sat down and wrote *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* (Williams & Norgate; 7s. 6d. net).

Of Fairbairn Mr. Campbell says: 'His *Philosophy of the Christian Religion* was a piling Pelion upon Ossa without striking any fire out of them.' Of Dale he says: 'With deep respect be it set down, I have to make almost the same confession about Dr. Dale. Not much in the way of enlightenment did I ever get from his famous book on the Atonement or from his *Living Christ and the Four Gospels*, the latter the far more human book of the two because born of a vital experience of his own.' And of Mr. Campbell's *Spiritual Pilgrimage* we have to say the same: 'No fire,' 'no enlightenment.'

What is the meaning of it? why is it that a man who cannot enter the pulpit without thrilling his hearers, sits down at his desk and sends them to sleep?

And yet there are few public men for whom we have more respect. His sincerity is unchallengeable; his ability and industry are undeniable; his fight for life has been admirable. When he speaks, all this is seen in its true magnitude. But when he writes, even these great and moving virtues are made to look trivial. His sincerity seems only to send him astray—first into Congregationalism, where he had no business to be; and then, when he should have stayed where he was, back to the Church of England. Such sincerity as his is so rare and precious that we feel the calamity of having to look upon it as if it were no virtue at all. His scholarship is real and broad, yet he compels us to say that if a little learning is a dangerous thing a little more is only more dangerous. Had he known less he would have been ordained at the first in the Church of England; had he known more he would have rejected without a moment's hesitation the idea of reordination. The very struggle in which he has engaged, keen as it has been and prolonged, has quixotic aspects as he presents it. He has smitten when he should have held his hand; he has bared his back to the smiter when he ought to have answered the fool according to his folly.

And yet there is one thing, and a great thing it is, that this spiritual biography has done. It has made it impossible for any one to refuse to love the author of it. Much to be respected he has always seemed to be; now he is seen clearly to be a man greatly to be loved.

PSYCHICAL AND SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA.

A book by Dr. Paul Joire of the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France has been translated into English by Mr. Dudley Wright under the title of *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena, their Observation and Experimentation* (Rider; 10s. 6d. net). It is a large handsome octavo volume, admirably produced by the publisher; and it contains a full account of the latest developments and present position of the science (if it is a science) of Psychical Research.

The wealth of material it contains is overwhelming. No sooner have we passed from one phenomenon, upon which the doubtful mind still lingers dissatisfied, than we are in the heart of another which is just as doubtful and distracting. And it does not matter whether the subject is telepathy, crystal-gazing, audition, typtology, lucidity, or levitation. All these subjects are here, treated in great fullness and faith. With apologies (but we are reviewing the book) we shall quote the communications that were held with Simonne de Lewitz:

The personality that took this name must have been that of a young girl who died at fifteen years of age a hundred years ago. She is intelligent, talkative, exceedingly curious, and seemed to be familiar with the use of sharp language.

She said she belonged to a family of Lewitz, which had emigrated during the Revolution, and that she had been brought up with an aunt in Brussels. She stated, moreover, that she had been very badly brought up, in the company of servants, who had taught her to swear. The one she preferred was Pierre, the gardener, whom she had met in the Beyond.

Simonne was never willing to give us any information that would help to establish her identity: one of her defects is her self-will and her disturbance of the séances with her jokes, which are often annoying. The following are the accounts of the most interesting séances which she gave us:—

Séance of June 15th.

Question. Since you are not willing to say anything concerning yourself to-day, tell us of Pierre. What was his family?

Answer. Batoix.

Q. Had he any children?

A. Yes, five.

Q. What were their names?

A. (Simonne gave several names, Jean being among them.)

Q. Has Jean also left any children?

A. I think so; I will tell you that to-morrow.

Q. Why not to-day?

A. That is my business.

Following Séance.

Q. You can tell us if Jean, son of Pierre Batoix, has left any children?

A. Yes.

Q. Has he at present any descendants?

A. I believe so.

Q. Then there are still some Batoix?

A. No; they are called Louvet. Their mother married a Louvet.

Q. Do you authorise me to write to this Louvet, to know if you have not deceived me?

A. He will not reply.

Q. Why?

A. He is dead.

Q. I believe that you are making game of me.

A. Not at all. His wife still lives.

Q. And is she called Mme Louvet?

A. No doubt. What would you have her called?

Q. Has she any children?

A. Yes.

Q. How many?

A. Twelve.

Q. Simonne, I believe more and more that you are making game of me.

A. If you do not believe me, write to the Mayor.

Q. Then tell me the name of the town.

A. Acquin.

Q. I do not know any place of that name.

A. Write nevertheless.

Q. In that case tell me the name of the post-town.

A. Lumbres.

Q. These are strange names you have given me. If I write to the Mayor of Acquin, *viâ* Lumbres, do you think that I shall get a reply?

A. I know nothing myself; I am not his secretary. But write all the same.

The following day I looked up a directory, and, much to my surprise, I found the name of Acquin

as a town, with Lumbres (Pas-de-Calais) as the post-town. I wrote to the Mayor of Acquin and received the following reply:—

'ACQUIN, *June* 28, 1906.

'SIR,—The widow Louvet has always lived in Acquin. Several of her numerous children are in situations, but she has still eight, all young, to support. She is well worthy of interest, especially considering that her health is very precarious.

'MASSON, *Mayor.*'

The Mayor, we should say, is the only man or woman here who has a head upon his shoulders. The rest are simply silly.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have found that Mr. F. C. Conybeare's edition of Lotze's *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion* is a selling book. Once more they have had to reprint it.

In *The World, the War, and the Cross* (Allen & Unwin; 2s. net), Mr. F. J. Clarke lets himself go. He detests the worldling, who out of pure selfishness, though in the name of patriotism, cries out for heaped-up armaments to prevent war, and so inevitably brings on war. He is one of the meek of the earth; but he takes the offensive, and lets it be seen that meekness is neither weakness nor wobbling.

To get our children interested in Missions—how great a triumph it would be, only how difficult a task it is. Emily E. Entwistle tries the method of *Outline Missionary Talks and Stories* (Allenson; 1s. net).

It is when we read the attempts of others at consolation, or make the attempt ourselves, that we discover how little we can venture for God. The difficulty is always the same—to give some comfort to those who mourn the untimely taken, taken in the midst of indifference or sin. Then we look around and remember how the living and sinning will be affected by what we say. And what we say about God is not what we really know about God. He is greater and better. In all the letters of 'A Parish Priest,' published under the title of *Death and Life* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net), there is this hesitation, this hedging, one might say, this reluctance to let God look after His own reputation. The author often writes sensibly, always sympathetically; but he does not remember that it is from Jesus we have our knowledge of God, and that He dealt with Zacchæus, with the woman that was a sinner, with the woman taken in adultery, with a generosity of acceptance that takes our breath away.

So utterly has the war and its demands taken possession of us that it seems almost unpatriotic for a man to write and publish a book on *The Days of Alkibiades* (Arnold; 5s. net). It feels almost treacherous to read it. But it is good to get away from the war sometimes. This book must have rewarded the author; it rewards its readers. There is rest in it, quiet rest and refreshing.

It is not that the world of Alkibiades differed so much from the world of to-day. The Athens which Mr. C. E. Robinson describes is the very Athens we have heard so much of recently, so much more than we ought to have heard. But it is an old-world tale with old-world customs, and Mr. Robinson has told it in so easy and gracious a language that none of its terror touches us. We smile at the eagerness of the Athenian for entertainment; we pity (but very calmly) his sorrow in the presence of disease and famine and death.

Reports are usually for the members of the Society and for them only. But the British and Foreign Bible Society issues two reports, one for its members and one for the general reader. The latter is entitled this year *For the Healing of the Nations* (London: The Bible House). It is written to be read. Statistics are thrown into small space at the end. Incidents are gathered out of the colporteurs' letters and set forth attractively. Is the preacher in search of anecdotes, fresh and reliable? He will find them here. Is the lover of the old Book in need of half an hour's restful enjoyment? He will find it here. The next best thing to circulating the Bible is to circulate this Popular Report.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have achieved in war time a feat which any publisher might be proud to achieve in time of peace. At the price of 4s. 6d. net they have published a history of *Europe in the Nineteenth Century* in an octavo volume of three hundred pages, handsomely bound, illustrated,

furnished with maps, and written by one of the most accomplished of our historical writers. The historian is Mr. E. Lipson, M.A. Mr. Lipson's *Introduction to the Economic History of England in the Middle Ages* gave him an enviable place among the more scholarly of historical students. This volume will commend him to that great world of readers who lay no claim to scholarship but wish to know a little more than they do of the history of the countries about which they read in the newspapers. Epitomes are usually quite impossible: this epitome is most pleasant reading. Mr. Lipson has all the historian's gifts—industry, imagination, accuracy, style.

Mr. W. F. Burnside, M.A., who writes the commentary on *The Acts of the Apostles* for the Cambridge Greek Testament series (Cambridge: At the University Press; 4s. net), is a headmaster, and rigidly keeps his comments within the needs of the public school boy. Hence there are explanations of phrases and customs which may not seem to some of us to require explanation, and there is silence over difficulties that are ever with us. The explanations are full and accurate, and the author uses his literature with evident mastery. The scholastic character of the book is no fault, of course, but a merit. Mr. Burnside has done that which it was his duty to do, and he has done it well.

The books published by the Christian Student Movement seem to be all issued in cheap unbound editions. They are all occupied with some aspect of the religious life, and they are themselves always alive; and therefore 'sought out they are of every one that doth therein take pleasure.' Two new volumes have been issued. One is an edition for this country of Professor J. E. McFadyen's *Ten Studies in the Psalms*. The 'Studies' have been revised; questions have been set for United Study, in order to adapt the book to the Circle Method; and a short bibliography has been added. The title is now *Studies in Psalms* (1s. 6d. net).

The other book is called *The Ordeal of the Church* (6d. net). It is anonymous.

A volume of addresses on *War and Immortality*, by the Rev. H. W. Morrow, M.A., has been issued by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. (2s. 6d. net). They are for comfort in sorrow. And Mr. Morrow wisely takes the life to come into account. We have much to do, by better instruction on God and His providence, to make this life less mysterious and miserable. But this life will never be explained if it is explained by itself. These addresses are comforting because they recognize that Christ—our Christ—is the same yesterday and to-day *and for ever*.

Dr. W. B. Selbie has given his time to the writing of an elementary book on *The Nature and Message of the Bible* (Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). He has done it out of regard for the Student Missionary Movement. The members will recognize the worth of the book. But let it pass beyond them. Let the men and women, old and young, who are finding that the Bible is more to them now than ever, turn to this book for a reliable introduction to its meaning.

What is Public Worship? How is it to be conducted? How may it be enjoyed? These are the questions which Mr. H. Jeffs answers in his book called *In the Father's House* (Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net). He answers them out of an experience that is rare in its fullness and sensitiveness, out of much anxious thought also, for he sees beyond most how mighty an instrument for the progress of the Kingdom public worship might become. Is the book for the preacher or the public? It is for both.

Professor W. G. Jordan, D.D., of Kingston has studied the Psalter for many years, psalm by psalm, verse by verse. Now he turns back upon his studies and takes the Psalter into his view as a whole. It is *Religion in Song* (Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net). And the song is sometimes the song of a pilgrim, sometimes of a patriot, sometimes of a politician, sometimes of a broken-hearted sinner. Dr. Jordan gathers the songs of a kind together and takes their meaning from them that he may pass it on to the men and women of our day. How appropriate it is. How it magnifies God. How it strengthens man. There are those who cannot study the Psalter verse by verse, or even psalm by psalm, for that needs scholarship and endurance. Yet a real knowledge of the Psalter is not denied to them. They will obtain it, and the good of it, from this book.

Mr. Gilbert T. Sadler, M.A. (Oxon.), B.A., LL.B. (Lond.), has made a great effort to write about *The*

Origin and Meaning of Christianity (Daniel; 5s. net) without admitting that there was anything very extraordinary in its origin, or that there is anything very salutary in its meaning. All was and is on a level of ordinary humanity. Mr. Sadler is quite fond of 'the peasant Jesus,' and is sorry that He was so misunderstood, or at any rate has been so misrepresented, by the writers of the New Testament. According to these writers, 'the teaching Christ was not a man Jesus teaching disciples, but was the divine Love-spirit in the early Christians, by which they selected ideas from current Judaism, and added their own thereto, and so produced a body of ethical and spiritual truths, some of which came to be focused into the gleaming mosaic of gems called The Sermon on the Mount. That sermon was no sermon really, but a long process in the Church lay behind it. It implies, *e.g.*, that persecutions had taken place, and false teachers had arisen, and so is not a product of a teacher Jesus, teaching at the beginning of Christianity.'

The author of *The Parliament of Man* (Daniel; 6s. net) has made the reviewer's task easy by stating very plainly in the Preface to his book what it is all about. It is, he says, all about the establishment of an international court of justice, which would have strength enough to settle (forcibly) disputes between one nation or group of nations and another, and so put an end at last to war. But Professor Maximilian A. Müggе is too interesting a writer to let off the reviewer so easily. To read the Preface is to read the book. If you have any interest in the subject at all, you begin at the beginning and proceed to the end. And you find first that the advantages of war are set forth fully and fairly, next that its disadvantages (which are much more and greater) are set forth similarly; then that the international court, to be called the Parliament of Man, is a possible cure for war; and lastly, that certain steps should be taken at once towards its establishment when this war is over.

One thing that should be done, thinks Mr. Müggе, as soon as the war is over is this: 'The settlement of the war ought not to be left to the belligerents alone. *The Dutch Government ought to convene a terrestrial Peace Congress of all the civilized nations. This Congress should settle the claims of the belligerent parties according to justice and to the interests of the whole of humanity.* If a belligerent nation should not want to come in, the combined Neutral Powers, certain to be assisted by some if not all the other belligerents, ought to compel the recalcitrant nation to join the Peace Congress.'

It is often said that the opposition to Christianity is less formidable now than it was a generation ago. We believe that the saying is entirely true. Not only are men less antagonistic to Christianity, they are less suspicious of earnest evangelical Christianity. It is knowledge of Christ that has made the difference. Our witness has been no more victorious than before. But the study of the Gospels has brought men into contact with Christ, and He has won.

It was very wise of Dr. W. E. Orchard to tell the whole story of *The Necessity of Christ* (Dent; 2s. 6d. net). It is His necessity to Thought, to Religion, to Christianity, to Personality, to Society, and to God. It is all these, in separate chapters. But it is first of all, and most of all, the Necessity of Christ to Dr. Orchard himself. It is a true Apologia pro Vita Sua.

Friends beyond Seas (Headley; 3s. 6d. net in cloth; 2s. 6d. net in paper) is a title which shows the hand of an artist. For books about missionaries have to catch us with guile — more's the shame. And the artist—his name is Henry T. Hodgkin, M.A., M.B. — is present in every sentence. It is a history of Quaker Foreign Missions. Mr. Hodgkin resolved that Quakers should read it and do better. He hoped the rest of the world might read it also and see that Quakers are doing something. And he has never forgotten that the only force a Quaker can use is love. He has made a book which others as well as Quakers will enjoy reading and will read more than once.

On the 31st of July 1914, Jaurès the French socialist leader was shot. The present writer entered Paris that night and will never forget the sensation caused by the murder. War was imminent, but the assassination of Jaurès was the first topic of conversation. For he was a great force and an impressive figure. And the air was full of foreboding.

What *Jean Jaurès* was has been told shortly by Mrs. Margaret Pease (Headley; 2s. net; in paper, 1s. net). It has been told sympathetically.

'Jaurès was a patriot in the highest and purest sense of the word. He loved France with the Hebrew prophet's love of Israel, he loved her with an intensity of which the ordinary patriot is incapable. He could "easily scorn delights and live laborious days" for her welfare. He had a vision of her glorious destiny in which he really believed as few men believe in anything, and love of one's country was in his eyes a natural, a healthy and a fundamental instinct.' But it is not as patriot, it is as socialist and humanitarian that he is here set forth.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has reissued in book form certain articles on *Prayer in War Time*, which he contributed to the 'British Weekly' (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). They take up aspects of prayer, not at random, although there is no system to confine us, nor for any catch in their titles, though the titles are always arresting, but as being most urgently called for by the present conflict. Humiliation—that is obviously a demand. And thanksgiving—that is less obvious while the 'fortune of war' is uncertain, but just then most fruitful. On these and on all the topics there is a wide command of literature with which to wing the appeal; and there is an assured entrance into the very sanctuary of life.

Dr. J. H. Jowett has preached and published a series of sermons on the equipment of the Christian for his war on earth. It is not the first time that *The Whole Armour of God* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) has been taken as the subject of a course of sermons, but perhaps it is the first time that all the resources of scholarship and preaching power have been given to it. Something is gained by turning our attention, in the midst of this war, which will end, to that war from which there is no discharge. Dr. Jowett recognizes the terrific intensity of it, the momentous issues that hang upon it, and the perfection of the equipment that is ours for the victorious waging of it. We have had a Minister of Munitions whose enterprise and energy have won our grateful admiration; we have a greater Minister of Munitions than he, a Minister whose foresight and resource keep the supply ready always for our utmost need. And Dr. Jowett does not forget to be grateful.

Prayer is a subject that will stand so much thinking, and even demands it, that we can accept Dr. P. T. Forsyth on Prayer with all his crowd of ideas and quick transitions. What is that? we say. And we stay to consider until we know, and as we wait and ponder the virtue of Prayer has been taking possession of us. *The Soul of Prayer* (Kelly; 2s. 6d. net) is an instructive book. We see how great Prayer is that so much can still be said about it beyond the knowledge that we had before.

Many a preacher has preached on the Prophets of Israel, finding attentive hearers when they gave themselves to the exposition painfully. The Rev. George W. Thorn has done it for one, and right well. His aim is to educate, especially the young men and women. For he knows very well that half the indifference to God and the Church is ignorance. To know the God of the prophets is to be brought without surprise into the presence of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Thorn never lets Christ out of sight; yet he never ignores the horizon of the prophet. His title is *The Prophets of Israel and their Message for To-day* (Kelly; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. A. W. Cooke, M.A., has written a readable description of the Holy Land as seen in both Old and New Testament times, calling his book *The Land of Israel and of Christ* (Kelly; 1s. 3d. net.). Readable, we say: that is the surprise. We knew that Mr. Cooke was one of the few to whom Palestine was familiar as a native land; we understood that the series to which the book belongs was meant for students. But while it is accurate and educative; it is readable besides. 'Those holy fields' are present to the author's inner eye; he makes them over to us in perpetual possession.

It is customary from of old to hold (or should we say deliver?) 'Conferences' in the Oratory of Princeton Seminary. A volume of them, by Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, has been published with the title of *Faith and Life* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net). It is a large volume. It contains something like forty 'Conferences,' and each conference is a study and application of a strong text of Scripture. Out of the abundance of his great learning, and out of the certainty of his faith, Dr. Warfield speaks unhesitatingly, and he is well worth listen-

ing to. The work is all 'experimental,' and the preacher handles the Word with such dexterity that it searches the heart and conscience.

It is not easy to follow the Bishop of Zanzibar in what he says about unity in his book on *The Fulness of Christ* (Longmans; 6s. net). Dr. Frank Weston is very earnest in his desire for the reunion of Christendom, but he seems to offer no opening for even a discussion of the subject. He has a great fear of what he calls 'compromise.' But it looks as if he confounded compromise in morals with compromise in belief. He cannot think that all the men and women on the face of the earth will believe exactly as he believes, and express their belief in ritual or observance exactly as he expresses his. Yet that does seem to be the only way to unity that he has yet discovered.

But whatever we think of his opinions on reunion, we cannot but approve of his doctrine of the Atonement. 'Atonement,' he says, 'is the Keynote of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. In His own Person He links God with creation, because in His own manhood all creation is included. And all that we mean by personal salvation is merely the first step towards the unification of the individual with the brotherhood and the common Father.' That is well said, and it is followed up by much else that is strong and true and welcome.

The Problem of Personality (Macmillan; 5s.) is the title of a book by Mr. Ernest Northcroft Merrington, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Sydney. The problem has come down to us through the ages, and it is as keenly debated now as ever it was. Quite recently several books have been written on it—Messrs. Macmillan alone publish Illingworth's *Personality, Human and Divine*, and Temple's *The Nature of Personality*—and Professor Bergson has taken it as the subject of his Gifford Lectures.

Professor Merrington has not solved the problem. But he has done better. He has epitomized the opinions of all the best recent writers on it—James, Bradley, Royce, Howison, Schiller, Rashdall, and Pringle-Pattison; and then he has set forth very clearly the elements that enter into its perplexity. All is done so competently and even gracefully that it is better for the student to read this book and give his own mind to the problem than to receive a ready-made solution of it.

Is there anything like a definition of Personality in the book? There is this:

'Personality includes all the foregoing meanings of Ego, Self, Individual and Person, with the full circle of relationships to other Selves, the world and God. Moral character, rights and duties are provided for by this concept. Æsthetic, social, intellectual and religious ideals are the portion of man as the possessor of Personality. But God is regarded as the Source and Inspiration of all such aspirations, and is the Ideal and Perfect Personality.'

The question of *Recognition within the Gates of Pearl*, as the Rev. C. H. Winter expresses it, is of perpetual interest. Messrs. Marshall Brothers have published three sermons on the subject by Mr. Winter (1s. net). Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain General, writes a Foreword, and says: 'It speaks to all who in the midst of this great unrest would know the secret of peace and happiness and would understand the meaning of that sentence in the Apostles' Creed which speaks of the "Communion of Saints."'

The Right Rev. Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloemfontein, is one of the most original and suggestive writers on theology of our day. He is not so original and he is not so suggestive when he writes on ecclesiastical politics. He has written a book which he calls *The English Church and Reunion* (Methuen; 3s. 6d. net). Why? To prove, or at least solemnly to say, that reunion is a foolish dream. Absorption, absolute and entire, is the only reunion that can ever be considered. But we knew that already. Why should so fertile a mind spend itself at such length on platitudes? We have long hoped that Dr. Chandler would write a great living, lasting book. He has it in him.

A new, cheap, and attractive edition has come out of Mr. Robert Bird's book, *A Child's Religion* (Kegan Paul).

Has anybody ever gathered together the testimonies of rulers and magistrates to the work of the Christian missionary? Here is an addition to the collection. The Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, late Governor of Madras, has written a Foreword to *The Students of Asia* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d. net), by Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, M.A.; and in the Foreword

he says: 'I may speak as one who for several years in India had peculiar opportunities of gauging the strength of the forces which are at work in that great sub-continent, and I have no hesitation in saying that among all the influences by which the social and political life in India is now being stirred to its profoundest depths, that of the missionaries is *wholly* for good.'

The book itself is a contribution to the study of the problem of education in Asia, and especially in Japan, China, and India. It is written, as Sir Arthur Lawley says, 'with familiarity and great literary charm.' Mr. Eddy is an accomplished and devoted American; this is the British edition of his book, edited for the United Council for Missionary Education by Mr. Basil Yeaxlee, B.A.

'No bishop: no king'—probably the Rev. J. J. R. Armitage would assent. What he asserts at present, however, is *No Church: No Empire* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). His argument is: 'If there had been no Church of God, there would not have been a British Empire to-day.' That argument he establishes, not by arguing, but by appealing to history. How has the British Empire come? It has followed the preacher, and the preacher has represented the Church. So to all who do not acknowledge the Church, especially the irreligious socialist, he says in effect 'Little Englander!'

The Rev. Edward S. Woods, M.A., Chaplain of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, has published a small volume of addresses delivered by him to soldiers. General Sir William Robertson commends the book in words that are weighty: 'I commend this little book to all soldiers, and more particularly to the younger ones, who desire to go into battle properly prepared, for I am satisfied that definite and practical religious convictions form an essential part of every soldier's equipment.' The addresses are four in number. Their topics are Courage, Chivalry, Purity, Loyalty. The title is *Knights in Armour* (Scott; 1s. net).

One of the most delightful books of classical antiquities is Mr. Warde Fowler's 'Greek City State.' On the same lines, but in much greater fullness, M. Fustel de Coulanges has published a study of the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome. His book has been translated into English, and issued by Messrs. Simpkin under the title of *The Ancient City* (7s. 6d. net).

M. Coulanges describes every ceremony which the Ancient City ever witnessed; investigates every belief which it ever entertained, and contributes to every controversy which we in our ignorance or prejudice have ever raised about the daily religious life of the Greek and Roman citizen. His research, moreover, has given him sufficient confidence. He expresses his mind both freely and firmly. Speaking of Rome, he says: 'In time of peace, as in war time, religion intervened in all acts. It was everywhere present, it enveloped man. The soul, the body, private life, public life, meals, festivals, assemblies, tribunals, battles, all were under the empire of this city religion. It regulated all the acts of man, disposed of every instant of his life, fixed all his habits. It governed a human being with an authority so absolute that there was nothing beyond its control.' He condemns Montesquieu for the foolish statement that the Romans subjected religion to the State. The contrary is true. The State was enslaved by its religion.

The Rev. S. W. Key, M.A., has collected some illustrations of Biblical and Theological truth from nature and science. The collection is published under the title of *The Material in Support of the Spiritual* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net).

In *The Christian's Claim about Jesus of Nazareth* (S.P.C.K.; 6d.) the Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., asks three questions about the Deity of Christ: Was the belief held by the First Christians? Did Jesus claim it? Is the claim credible? He answers each question affirmatively.

Three new volumes have been issued by the S.P.C.K. of their Early English Classics (2s. net each). They are: (1) *St. Gregory of Nyssa, the Life of St. Macrina*, by W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D.; (2) *The Treatise of Irenæus of Lugdunum against the Heresies*, in 2 vols., by the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A., D.D.

If those who repeat the Psalms regularly would read a good introduction to the Psalter, even so elementary and excellent an Introduction as that of Miss Gertrude Hollis, they would enjoy the repetition more, and it would do them much more

good. The title of Miss Hollis's book is *Praises with Understanding* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net).

A first book of Bible Study has been prepared by Miss G. M. Bevan and Miss A. E. Brewin, both Licensed Teachers of Theology. Its title is *The Steps of a Disciple* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). It fulfils its promise of being 'a simple course of teaching on the Gospels, designed primarily for those who hope to work for the Church at home or abroad.'

Canon J. Howard B. Masterman has the gift of interest. What is it? Personal magnetism? The man who has personal magnetism does not always have it on paper. But we recognize it when we come upon it. So well worked a theme as an exposition of the *Sunday Collects* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net) is good reading in his hands. What is his object? To make the Collects understood? He does that and more. He finds room for much instruction both Biblical and historical.

'The doctrines of the Christian religion require to-day new methods of approach, by reason of the changed outlook and broader education of the modern layman, whether definitely a "Church worker" or not.'

So says the Rev. Edward William Winstanley, D.D., in the Preface to his book, *The Divine in Human Life* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). Not many men are better fitted to do what he sees so clearly has to be done. His present book proves it. The contents were delivered as popular lectures. And they are popular. But there is just that touch of the vital in every one of them, and in every sentence of every one of them, which redeems their popularity from the commonplace. The method is this. After the Anticipation, we have the Revelation as Man, as Messiah, as Son, as Lord, as God; and then the Experience in the Soul, and in One's Work.

The Rev. Walker Gwynne, D.D., has published a volume of illustrations for the use of teachers and preachers. It is a volume of more than four hundred pages, pretty closely printed. The title is *Seven Hundred Stories and Illustrations of Christian Doctrine* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net).

Now there is nothing easier than this, and there is nothing more difficult. It depends upon the illustrations. If you are not particular they are plentiful; if you must have them fresh and to the point they are very scarce. Has Dr. Gwynne been particular? Very often, but not always. There are some of the old familiar faces here again, although they are rubbed like a Queen Anne coin. But the most are fairly new and acceptable. We wish he had given the source of more of them, and been more minute when he gave it: 'Baring-Gould' is not enough.

The Bible: What is it? and How to Read it, is the title of a very small book by Henry Phipps Denison, Prebendary of Wells (Society of SS. Peter and Paul). Whether it leads many to the Bible and the reading of it or not, there are many who will read itself, so modern and lively is it. Here is a central sentence. 'The subject of the whole Bible is that God has an Anointed One, that is to say, a Christ.'

Miss R. M. Wills has made the Life of our Lord the occasion, step by step, for the exercise of prayer. *The Sacrifice of Prayer* (Stock; 2s. 6d. net) is a book to be worked through slowly and penitently; it is not to be read and forgotten.

Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell has published a volume of Sermons by the Rev. James Learmount. The title is *God's Endings* (2s. 6d. net). We have known Mr. Learmount hitherto only as a preacher to children. There he is always most acceptable. But he can preach to adults also.

From the same publisher there come several small books: *God and the War, and other Sketches*, by I. M. S. (1s. net); *Patriotic and Other Verses*, by J. E. Lovett (6d. net); *Through Rough and Smooth*, by Mary C. Hamilton (6d. net); and *The Good Fight of Faith*—a small volume of Addresses to Children on War Subjects, well worth reading—by the Rev. A. Scott Murray, B.D.

The Rev. R. H. Gilmour has prepared a *Young People's Catechism* (Tract Society: Toronto, Canada; 5 cents). Its first question is, 'What is a Christian?' The answer is, 'A Christian is a disciple or follower of Jesus Christ.' So the learner is brought at once into the presence of Jesus, and he never leaves it.

More disturbing than even the war itself—in

the stage it has now reached—is the hopelessness of the outlook for peace in the future. Everybody says that we must see to it that we obtain such a peace as shall last for generations. But where is he who can tell us how? Lord Grey has been appealing to neutral nations. You have time on your hands, he says, devise some workable method.

Why will not the statesmen try Christianity? It has not been tried yet. This is the recommendation of Mr. J. H. Oldham, M.A., Secretary of the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference and Editor of *The International Review of Missions*. Mr. Oldham has written a book on *The World and the Gospel* (London: United Council for Missionary Education)—a book of intense timeliness and remarkable force. And this is why he has written it—that statesmen, and all others who have at heart the hope of peace to come and to last, may try Christianity as the means. 'As the months of war have passed, the conviction has grown in my mind that if the missionary movement is to maintain its place among the many urgent tasks which will claim our attention on the restoration of peace, and to accomplish its work in the new world into which we are being brought, it is necessary for us to go back to first principles and take a fresh hold of the fundamental truths on which the whole undertaking rests. I believe that if we do this we shall find in the missionary idea, truly apprehended and heartily embraced, the liberation and inspiration that we need if we are to succeed in the difficult tasks before us in days to come. To meet the moral and spiritual needs, which in the light of the war are so patent and real, the Church requires a more passionate, exultant, venturesome faith in the Gospel entrusted to it, and the one sure way in which we can learn anew what the Gospel means is boldly to assert its right to rule the whole life of the world.'

That is Mr. Oldham's faith.

Since the war began few facts have been more disquieting than the rapid sale of Mr. Oliver's *Ordeal by Battle*. It denounces German militarism, but only in order to exalt British militarism. It attributes the war partly to German preparedness, more to British unpreparedness. And it offers as the guarantee of peace that after the war is over we shall increase navy and army to proportions hitherto unheard of. The book has been answered by 'Roland' in *The Future of Militarism* (Fisher Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). It is an answer that should satisfy.

Two of his friends, Mr. William Taylor, M.A., and Mr. Peter Diack, M.A., have written a memoir of J. K. Forbes, M.A., who fell in the war in September 1915. The memoir has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton with the title of *Student and Sniper-Sergeant* (2s. 6d. net).

Nothing is more wonderful in this war than the number of men of education who at once offered themselves and were accepted—accepted both by the War Office and by the Angel of Death. J. K. Forbes was one. When he entered upon his studies in theology at the United Free Church College in Aberdeen, he had an easy lead over all the Colleges (Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen) in the examinations, and held it throughout. He joined the army as a private and with a keen wish to be one of a battalion drawn not from the Universities but from the crowded and mean streets of the city. And he had his will at first. He writes in his diary: 'Ah, God, reveal it to me more clearly than I have seen it heretofore: give me the power to see, and the power to proclaim to others what I see that I may lift many to see with me.'

His experiences as a mountain-climber and his long sight singled him out from his companions, and he was raised to the rank of sergeant and made the head of a band of snipers. He was careful of his men but without fear, and his daring adventures saved many a life, for he had a marvellous way of discovering the enemy sniper's nest and disturbing it. When he was held at last, but not by a sniper, he gave himself without a grudge. From the first he had heard the call of God more than the call of country, and he was content.

The book is right well done. Not a word of rhetoric intrudes on the stirring narrative. The man was one of the best beloved, and the two friends have made the whole world love him.

The City whose Builder and Maker is God.

By the Ven. Willoughby C. Allen, M.A., Archdeacon of Manchester.

The times in which we live seem to breed discontent. Perhaps that is not to be wondered at, for there are many manifest abuses. At any rate discontent breeds apace, and finds many mouths to give it clamorous utterance. I am not a politician, and need not speak of political discontent. But the same spirit which voices its discomfort and unrest with deep groanings or shrill clamour at evils in the State seeks an outlet in matters ecclesiastical by criticism of the Church. For the Church too has fallen on evil days. Critics are as numerous as the stars in heaven, and about as illuminating. The Church, they think, is a dreadful failure. She has not done something which she ought to have done. She has not prevented or stopped the war. Or she has not obtained the loyal adherence of the trades unions. Or she fails to win the patronage of the intellectual, or of those shallow souls who preen themselves as advanced, and up to date. Or she cannot obtain a hearing in the press, as do movements which live by advertisement, such as football leagues, or cinema films.

The public press, whether the Church Papers or the secular press, in so far as it condescends to admit anything of a religious character, is full of wailings and lamentation over the defects of the Church.

Of course every critic has his own remedy to propose, his own nostrum or panacea to recommend.

Some pin their faith to reform of abuses in the Church. Certainly there is plenty of scope for it. But I must confess that I have little hope that reformed institutions, however model, would attract to Christianity people whose souls are untouched by the Church's message of redemption now whilst she is full of abuses. It is the heavenly message, not the earthly channel, that is of ultimate importance. 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.'

Others believe that it is the duty of the Church to place social reform in the forefront of her teaching and activity.

No doubt they are right, if so be that they mean that the Church should urge the necessity of social reform as issuing out of her faith that Christ laid down His life for us, and that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

Others are more drastic. 'In order to triumph,' says a recent writer, 'Christianity has to arrive at a synthesis between the truth of modernity, and the essential truth of Christianity.' It is really very clever of the writer to have discovered this. He means, I suppose, by 'the essential truth of modernity' all that the shrewdest intellects of the day believe to be true up to date. When I read words like these I find myself asking where the Lord Jesus Christ comes in. What is He doing? Will He be in at this synthesis of modernity and Christianity? And what is this triumph which the writer is expecting?

There are others who seem to think that if the Church could be once more assimilated in doctrine and practice to the Church of the Middle Ages all would be well, forgetting that the state of society in the Middle Ages, so far from being well, was very ill, and that the Church was then as full of corruption as a sieve is full of holes.

And others wail about the failure of the Church to attract the so-called best intellects of the age. I do not stay to consider the truth of this description, or the accuracy of moral and intellectual judgment which prompts it. But I ask myself whether it is really advisable to value Christianity as represented by the Church by the number of its adherents or the profundity of their knowledge. My mind goes wandering back to the New Testament, and I remember one who said, 'Behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called.' And I ask myself whether something called Christianity would necessarily be true because all the best intellects of this or any other age agreed to call it so, or whether it would be anything like the Christianity which is Jesus Christ, crucified for sin, risen again, dwelling in the hearts of His disciples, drawing them into His eternal kingdom. I must confess that I doubt it. On the score of numbers and intellect some perversion of Christianity would in most ages have held the field.

Christianity is writ plain in the Scriptures, and in the Creed, and in the experience of the Christian disciple. It is not waiting to be discovered and proclaimed by the best intellects of this or any other age.

Of course this discontent with the Church needs explanation. If it is not justified it springs from a misunderstanding of the Church's mission. Consider for a few moments the relation of the Church to the nation which we love, and to the larger world of which we are citizens.

Side by side in human life is going on the growth and development of two great societies of human beings.

One is the earthly society of men and women born into this world. Men love to dwell on the progress and development of this society. They trace with pride its growth from the primitive savage tribe down to the great empires of modern civilization. And possessed by the thought and hope that it is destined to advance to yet unknown splendours, they dream visions of a future human society and brotherhood of man in which present evils shall be done away. To how many such dreamers has the whole basis of their hopes seemed to crumble away, and its fabric seemed to totter, as illusion after illusion has been swept away by this war, and mankind in Europe has seemed to plunge once more into a state of barbarism.

What are we to say about it all? Have the hopes of social reformers been annihilated? Far from it! European society shall arise once more, based, as we pray, upon principles of love and brotherhood more firmly than before. God grant that we of the Christian Church may give ourselves to forward that social reconstruction. It is our shame that we have not hitherto done more to make real among men that principle, 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' upon which alone any lasting society can be founded.

But, after all, is the establishment of a right relation between man and man, and the building up of a future society here upon earth, the first object of the Christian Church, and its final hope? I think not. For imagine this object to have been attained, and this hope realized. Suppose that society has come to such perfection as is conceivable in a physical universe, that men live in peace and plenty, love and happiness, that poverty and crime have been abolished, and a true brotherhood of man has been set up. To whom will this kingdom of all the virtues and of the senses belong? To the men of the future only? What then of the saints of the past? What of ourselves? What of our dead in Christ? Shall they have laboured for, but never share in, the kingdom? God forbid!

Moreover, those men of the future upon whom that happy day shall dawn, will they be immortal and undying? No. Then that can be a very imperfect kingdom into which souls shall enter by birth, and from which they shall be thrust by death after the short span of their allotted years. Men will once more say, 'We are strangers and pilgrims with God in this life, and there is none abiding,' a saying which Christianity has taken from the mouths of Christians by the simple process of declaring it to be no more true, 'we are no longer strangers and pilgrims, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'

The question is this. Is there to be a condition of perfection here upon earth? If so, happy shall they be who inherit it, if but for the transient space of their earthly life. But will the souls of the many myriads who laboured to bring it about inherit it. Clearly not. What then of them? Is Christianity right or wrong when it assures them that they shall inherit a heavenly kingdom, and be members of a heavenly society, and enter a city whose builder is God? If wrong, then let us admit that Christianity has awakened in men unreal hopes, and has deluded them with false promises. If right, then the hope of this eternal society cannot but be for every Christian soul of primary importance, in comparison with which that vision of an earthly kingdom is an unsubstantial dream.

Richly coloured as is this vision, some of us can find little warrant for it whether in the teaching of scripture, or in the warnings of history, or in the conclusions of science, or in the dictates of common sense. They who so dream seem to base their hopes upon a very limited number of data. They confine their observation mainly to European society. But beyond the borders of Europe there are awaking from the sleep of centuries the great Empires of the East. These are receiving Western science and knowledge. What if, remaining heathen, they move like an avalanche upon the West. They might blot out our puny civilization, as great empires have before now been swept

away. I doubt if there are any real grounds for believing, though perhaps many for praying, that the future of the world, so far as we can see, will be one of world-wide brotherhood and peace, rather than one of wars and rumours of wars, with of course intervals of peace for this or that part of the world as in time past. 'Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars,' said the Son of God, 'be ye not troubled.'

But side by side with the building up of a better society here upon earth there is going on another building process, that of the Society of the Redeemed of God, His Church, of which the Church upon earth is an infinitesimal portion. Now here is an object of hope, far wider, far more profoundly final, than any future earthly society can be. Hope which does not go beyond the setting up of a future society here upon earth can be a hope only for future generations of souls, and for individual souls only for some seventy transient years. Hope for the building up of God's society of the redeemed comprises in its scope the men and women of all time, and hopes for each one of them for ever and ever. 'They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.'

What the future of this world will be, God only knows, and it lies in His hand. My main hope, I frankly confess it, looks not to the earthly society of the future, but to the heavenly society of the redeemed. There are they whom I love best. There is Jesus Christ, Saviour and King. There are all they who have looked for, and loved Him. There are, or will shortly be, those whom I love in Christ. There will be gathered through years to come the souls of saints and heroes yet unborn. Beyond the passing generations of men here on earth our eyes are fixed on the city whose builder and maker is God. Its citizens are the souls of all time. God is its architect, Christ its king. It is the object of our desire.

> We know not when, we know not where,
> We know not what that world will be;
> But this we know, it will be fair
> To see.
>
> With heart athirst, and thirsty face,
> We know and know not what shall be:
> Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
> To see.
>
> Christ Jesus bring us of His grace,
> Above all prayers our hope can pray,
> One day to see Him face to face,
> One day.[1]

[1] *Verses*, by Christina Rossetti.

Contributions and Comments.

Matthew xviii. 19, 20.

In the R.V., as in the A.V., the last clause of the twentieth verse is rendered, 'where two or three are gathered together *in* my name, there am I in the midst of them.' So also other recent translations. But there is no warrant for here rendering εἰς as equivalent to ἐν, with which, indeed, it is here expressly contrasted. Worshippers gather *to* a place; but, wheresoever it be, Christ is already *in* that place. Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα is never used in the N.T. equivalent to ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι. It is used to designate the objective of *faith* by St. Jn., 1^{12} 2^{23} 3^{18}, 1 Jn 5^{13}; of *love*, He 6^{10}; of *baptism*, Mt 28^{19}, Ac 8^{16} 19^{5}, 1 Co $1^{13.15}$; of *regard*, Mt 10^{40-42}; and here of *desire*. These are all the instances of its use in the N.T. Rightly, Stier (*Words of the Lord Jesus*, English trans. ii. p. 428), 'Συνηγμένοι εἰς τὸ ἐμὸν ὄνομα signifies something more than, and different from, ἐν τῷ ὀνόματί μου, because it closely belongs to συνηγμένοι.' Similarly Olshausen, 'The εἰς here is not to be confounded with ἐν. In the formula εἰς ὄνομα, the name is as it were the point of union.' So Meyer (*in loco*), 'The higher, spiritual object of the meeting together of the two or three lies not in συνηγμένοι, which expresses nothing more than the simple fact of being met, but in εἰς τὸ ἐμὸν ὄνομα, which indicates that the name of Jesus Christ (*i.e.* the confession of, the honouring of it, etc.) is that which in the συνηγμένον εἶναι is contemplated as its specific motive.' What has led to the rendering of εἰς here as equivalent to ἐν seems to be that these verses are regarded as still speaking of the discipline of the ἐκκλησία; but surely πάλιν λέγω (v.[19]) marks the introduction of a new subject of teaching (as, *e.g.*, in chs. 5 and 13).

Calvin, while following the Vulgate, evidently felt the accepted rendering inadequate, and, well aware how it had been abused as conferring power on ecclesiastical courts which were not met in the spirit of Christ, says: 'Sciendum, imprimis, quid valeat haec loquutio, nempe ut qui simul congregantur, rejectis omnibus impedimentis, quae nos ad Christum accedere non sinunt, *sincere ad eum aspirent*, ejus verbo se in obsequium addicant, ac Spiritu gubernari permittant.' He just before had said, '*Qui Christum cupiunt sibi adesse* in ejus nomine conveniant' (*Harm. Evangel*, in loco), thus giving the true interpretation. Bengel likewise says that those thus gathered have done so 'ut colant.' If this passage is recognized as, not a continuation of what our Lord had said directing the Church as to dealing with offenders, but a distinct utterance regarding prayer by two (or three) believers, there can be no reason for rendering εἰς as ἐν: and what is deduced from the mistranslation of this verse remains distinct and authoritative in 1 Co 5^4, ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι τοῦ Κυρίου συναχθέντων.[1] Our Lord is saying here just what He said in Jn 4^{21-26}, 'If two of you shall agree on earth—anywhere in all the earth—to ask, it shall be done, FOR where two (or three—widening the promise without withdrawing it from the two) are gathered together *to* my name, there, in the midst of them, I am.' Thus translated a new significance appears; for this expression 'to my name' is already familiar in the O.T. In Is 26^8, we read, 'To thy name and to thy memorial (לְשִׁמְךָ וּלְזִכְרְךָ) is the desire of our soul'; in ch. 60^9, 'To bring thy sons from far . . . to the name (לְשֵׁם) of Jehovah thy God,' etc.; and in ch. 18^7, 'To the place of the name of Jehovah,' which doubtless refers to Ex 20^{24} (cf. also ἔσται τὸ ὄνομά μου ἐκεῖ, 1 K 8^{29} etc.). In the Book of Psalms we often find the name of the Lord as the object of desire, love, trust, and devotion, to which men's souls reach out. The most remarkable O.T. parallel, however, is in Jer 3^{17}, which may well have been in our Lord's mind when He spoke. 'At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of Jehovah; and all nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of Jehovah, to Jerusalem.' Driver (*Book of Jeremiah*, in loco) translates ל 'because of the name,' as the R.V. in Is 60^9 has 'for,' but both recognize the 'objective' implied, and take ל as equivalent to εἰς = 'to the name to Jerusalem.' There is suggested by this echo of the prophecy of Jeremiah that our Lord intended, as He did by the like use of other O.T. prophecies, to put forward His claim to 'the name of Jehovah.' 'Gathered together to the name that is mine'—how could hearers familiar with the O.T. help recognizing the claim thus made? Not less clearly is it repeated in the closing words ἐκεῖ εἰμι. As already observed, this passage is exactly parallel to that in Jn 4^{21-26}—note the emphatic Ἐγώ εἰμι with which that also closes. Wheresoever any two shall agree on earth as touching anything (or 'everything,' περὶ παντὸς πράγματος), it shall be done by my Father, *for*, there am I'—the ever and everywhere present petitioner with them. It is not only unnecessary, it misinterprets the text to read it as part of our Lord's teaching in vv.[15-18]. The 'two or three' of v.[16] are not 'the church' of v.[17]. And 'the two or three' of v.[19] are not 'the church,' and this scripture does not warrant the most common use of it as applied to the constituting of a church court *in the name* = by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ; 1 Co 5^4 does, but not this place where prayer in which any two agree in any place on earth is alone spoken of. It is not to lose the promise of this text, but to recover its full significance and greatness, to understand it as the assurance of Christ's presence with any two whose desire is to His name and remembrance as their fellow-intercessor for whose sake His father will grant their request. In these days when many are inquiring as to prayer and intercession, attention may well be directed to this wonderful assurance of an ever-present Christ with every two (or three) agreed in prayer anywhere, for it furnishes the touchstone for all prayer whether it be the utterance of desire to His name's glory (Ps 79^9, Jn $12^{27.28}$).

Crieff. ARCHD. HENDERSON.

[1] In his *Pocket Lexicon* to G.N.T., Professor Souter gives as examples of εἰς 'as encroaching on ἐν and = in, Jn 1^{18}, Ac 7^{12}, 2 Co 11^{10}, and 1 Jn 5^8.' But in each of these instances an objective is implied. Jn 1^{18} may be intended, as written after Christ's ascension, to suggest that, or as saying that the Son is *at* home in the Father's bosom; in Ac 7 Egypt is considered as the place to go to for corn; in 2 Co 11^{10} Paul speaks of boasting with regard to himself; and in 1 Jn 5^8 it is said 'these three (witnesses) are *at one*,' they unite in one testimony, they agree (*ad gratare*, l. L.).

Entre Nous.

Evelyn Underhill.

Miss Evelyn Underhill writes much about mysticism. That does not prove that she is a mystic. But her poetry proves it. Some of it is as difficult as 'Sordello,' in a different way. Much of it is simple and delightful, true poetry carrying true pleasure to the least mystical of readers. The title is *Theophanies: A Book of Verses* (Dent; 3s. 6d. net). Here are some

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

I.

Heaven's not a place.
Where time doth race
Across the flatted fields of edgeless space
Thou shalt not hear its news, nor its retreat discover.
No! 'tis a dance
Where love perpetual
Rhythmical,
Musical,
Maketh advance
Loved one to lover.

II.

Heaven's not a rest.
No! but to battle with new zest:
Untired, with warrior-joy
The sharp clean spirit to employ
On life's new enterprise.
It's the surprise
Of keen delighted mind
That wakes to find
Old fetters gone,
Strong shining immortality put on.

III.

Heaven is to be
In God at last made free,
There more and more
Strange secrets of communion to explore:
Within the mighty movements of his will
Our tangled loves fulfil:
To pluck the rosemary we cannot reach
With the mind's span,
And so at last
Breathe the rich fragrance of our hoarded past
And learn the slow unfolding of the plan.
Together to unroll
The blazoned story of the pilgrim soul;
All the long ardent pain,
The craving and the bliss at last made plain.
Sometimes to sleep
Locked each to each
Within his deep,
Or playing in his wave
The sudden splendour of the flood to brave:
Great tide of his undimmed vitality
That breaks in beauty on the world's wide beach
And draws all life again toward its heart,
Stirring to new and mutual increase
Love-quickened souls therein that have their part,
Therein that find their peace.

. E. McFadyen.

Is Professor John Edgar McFadyen, D.D., a poet? He has only translated the Psalms into English. But it is the translation of one whose ear is open to the melody of fit words, whose eye is on the outlook for that which belongs to the creative imagination. Dr. McFadyen has given us *The Psalms in Modern Speech and Rhythmical Form* (Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net). We think at once of Dr. Moffatt's translation of the New Testament. And this is not less difficult. It takes scholarship and skill; it takes the mind that sees into the heart of things.

With what success? We give two examples:

PSALM XXIII.

The Good Shepherd.

The Lord is my shepherd: no want have I.
He layeth me down in pastures green.
To waters of rest He gently leads me,
Refreshing my soul.
He guideth me ever in paths that are straight
For His own name's sake.

And when my way lies through a valley of gloom,
I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff—in them is my comfort.

Thou settest a table before me
In face of my foes;
With oil Thou anointest my head,
And my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and love shall pursue me
All the days of my life.
In the house of the Lord I shall dwell
Through the length of the days.

PSALM C.

A Call to Worship.

Shout, all the earth, to Jehovah.
Serve Jehovah with gladness,
Approach Him with ringing cries.
Be ye sure that Jehovah alone is God.
It is He that hath made us, and His we are—
His people, the sheep of His pasture.

Enter ye into His gates with thanksgiving,
Into His courts with praise,
Give ye thanks to Him, bless ye His name.
For Jehovah is good, His love is for ever,
And unto all ages endureth His faithfulness.

James Blackhall.

The story of Cain has attracted Mr. James Blackhall as it attracted a greater poet. But Mr. Blackhall is a poet too. The idea developed in 'Cain' is that after death he wanders still, the sin unpurged by much time and suffering, and tells his story anew to any traveller who has pity enough to listen. It is a story which touches some of the greatest of our questions, both about the here and about the hereafter. The other poems are less momentous. The title of the book is *Spear and Pruning-hook* (Duckworth; 5s. net). This is the Introduction to Cain:

What of the brand
Set on the slayer's head,
Now that the spirit's fled!
Now that the desert sand
Holds the flesh, dead?

Shall not the sin
End when the smitings end?
Cease when our wills begin
Striving to mend?

If from its stain
Grief washed the soul afresh,
Then had the brand of Cain
Died with the flesh!
Then had sufficed
Sign and apology!
Then what a waste was Christ,
If the sin lie
Dead, with mortality!

O.E.L.

O.E.L. is an admirer of Whitman. The title *Something* (Oliver & Boyd) comes from him. His words are, 'I saw something different from capitulation.' So it is a book of heartening for the war. The war atmosphere is never absent, and yet it is never depressing. Take

THE CALL TO ARMS.

'It is a tall order,' he said.
And he thought of the hills in the spring,
And the wind o'er the heath, and the bird on the wing;
And the leap of the sea and the laugh of the wave,
And the salt of the air and the savour it gave;
Of the loitering twilight 'neath northern skies
As the sun slowly sinks and the stars slowly rise—
Of himself . . . lying dead.

'It is a tall order,' he said.
And he thought of the ripening fruit
He would gather, some day, from a hope-fibred root
He had planted, so deep; and perchance, of the smile
That touches loved lips when the years reconcile.
Yet he rose to the height, undeterred, undismayed,
Of the order: he counted its cost, and . . . obeyed—
And he lived who was dead.

Alfred William Birch.

Simple and sincere are Mr. Birch's verses in *Poetry and Rhymes* (Arrowsmith; 3s. 6d. net). A poem, half narrative, half dramatic, on 'The Riddle of Life,' runs from page 128 to page 246. This is a fair example of the others:

LOOK UP.

Look up, not down; the stars at night,
That send to earth their silver light,
Are seen above on high,
The sun in glory wends his way,
The moon shines forth at close of day,
In the far distant sky.

Look up, not down; the soul at death
Calls unto God with latest breath,
To God enthroned above.
Beyond earth's clouds the sky is fair,
The skylark seeks the upper air,
To sing his song of love.

Look up, not down; let purpose true
Inspire your will and actions too,
Be faithful to the right.
Life's chances swiftly pass away,
So win your manhood while 'tis day,
You can't work in the night.

T. Whyte Paterson.

Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, is a patriotic Scottish publisher. If you are in search of anything in the Scottish language inquire at Paisley. And be sure you do not say the Scottish *dialect*. His latest issue in braid Scots is a rendering of the Book of Proverbs—*The Wise-Sayin's o' Solomon*, by the Rev. T. Whyte Paterson (3s. 6d. net). We shall sample it:

CHAPTER I. 8, 9.

My laddie, herken to the advisins
O' yer faither,
An' dinna mislippen the biddens
O' yer mither;
For they'll e'en be like a bonnie croon
On the heid o' ye,
An' braw buskin o' chains
Aboot the neck o' ye.

CHAPTER VIII. 17.

I lo'e sic-like as lo'e me;
An' a' that seek me,
Wi' an eident hairt,
Wull fin' me, shair.

CHAPTER XXIV. 15, 16.

Dinna be slinkin aboot, O ill-daein man,
Wi' ill in yer hairt 'gainst the guid;
Ettle nane o' yer wrangsome reivin
On his hauden o' quaitness an' peace:

For the man wha's upricht in hairt,
May stoiter an' tummle,
Ay! seeven times ower,
An' aye fin' his feet eftir a';
But as for the wicked,
Whan tribble comes on,
They're cowpit clean ower,
An' canna get up ava.

Frank Betts.

Professor Gilbert Murray has written a Preface to *The Iron Age*, a new small volume of poetry by Mr. Frank Betts (Blackwell; 2s. net). He says, 'For many years past Mr. Betts' unpublished work has been a source of great pleasure to me. I never knew when next it might "blow in," or what new subject it would have swept into its range during the interval. But it was always sure to be full of life and power and sympathy, and curious erudition penetrated by imaginative brooding. And, whether one liked it or not, it was indifferent to fashion and free from the leaven of the scribes.'

The poems are classified: Hellas, the Goths, the Normans, the Commune. 'The Commune' contains two, 'The Pawns' and 'The Rider on the Red Horse.' This is

THE RIDER ON THE RED HORSE.

June 1916.

'Red morn, send forth thy torches—break away
The vast and cloudy panoplies of night;
Upon a world's avenging send the light!
Behold, O flame of steel! thy royal prey
The pomp and heraldries of their array,
The cursed gold with which their kings are dight
The armour adamantine: and their might
Shall be as dust before the close of day.'

Save where there burns the sunset thunder-red,
Dark falls like dew across a silent plain
Where gold and adamant have been in vain,
And all in vain their pride and hardihead;
Where paladins are dust amid the dead
And ancient kingdoms buried with the slain.

A. P. Herbert.

The problem was, How to be Happy though in Helles—and the last two letters could be dropped without affecting the sense. Mr. Herbert wrote poetry. This for example:

THE BATHE.

Come friend and swim. We may be better then,
But here the dust blows ever in the eyes
And wrangling round are weary fevered men,
For ever mad with flies.

I cannot sleep, nor even long lie still,
And you have read your April paper twice;
To-morrow we must stagger up the hill
To man a trench and live among the lice.

But yonder, where the Indians have their goats,
There is a rock stands sheer above the blue,
Where one may sit and count the bustling boats,
And breathe the cool air through;
May find it still is good to be alive,
May look across and see the Trojan shore
Twinkling and warm, may strip, and stretch, and dive.—
And for a space forget about the war.

Then will we sit and talk of happy things,
Home and 'the High' and some far fighting friend,
And gather strength for what the morrow brings,
For that may be the end.
It may be we shall never swim again,
Never be clean and comely to the sight,
May rot untombed and stink with all the slain.
Come, then, and swim. Come and be clean to-night.

The book is called *Half-Hours at Helles* (Blackwell; 1s. net).

Sherard Vines.

The Two Worlds, by Mr. Sherard Vines, is another of Mr. Blackwell's enterprising series, 'Adventures All' (2s. net). It is No. 6 of the series, and may be chosen for sample. The quotable poetry in it is abundant. Listen to the mighty rushing of this poem on

THE PROPHET.

When the glory of the Lord comes, it's like a mighty wind,
You hear it roar and thunder in the forests there behind,
And when the blast is on you and the rocks begin to nod,
Your soul flaps like a pennon in the holy wind of God.

Then you fly like an eagle, and run like a wolf,
Hunt the roads till sundown, and brood on the gulf,
You are dumb as a sepulchre, for no man can afford
To miss the stinging music of the glory of the Lord.

Far, far beneath you do the great sister seas
Bellow one to other, and fall upon their knees,
The sons of God are out, and set a veil upon the moon:
They tell the seven stars that the Lord is in his noon.

Yes, it's given to a few men to run before the wind
And hear it roar and thunder in the forests there behind;
And when the blast is on them, and the rocks begin to nod,
To feel their souls as thistledown in the holy wind of God.

D. A. Taylor.

The Rev. D. A. Taylor, D.D., Ex-Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church, can write poetry; and, like so many more, he is lifted by the strain of the war into a fine spirit of patriotism. Out of a small collection of his poems, entitled *Words of Hope for Wounded Hearts*, let us choose

RE-UNION.

The soul has two great hands:
One clings to earthly love,
The other forth expands
To find the Friend above.

When death unclasps the hand
That holds us to our own,
Then has the heavenly band
But stronger, firmer grown.

Yet still the emptied hand
Awaits the coming day
When friends who severed stand
Shall closer cling for aye.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

Dr. Charles Cutler Torrey, Professor of the Semitic Languages in Yale University, has published a pamphlet on *The Composition and Date of Acts* (Milford). It is the first of a series of 'Harvard Theological Studies' to be issued as extra numbers of the *Harvard Theological Review*.

Dr. Torrey believes that the first fifteen chapters of the Book of Acts were translated from an Aramaic original. He believes that they were translated by the same man who wrote the rest of the book, that man being Paul's beloved physician, Luke. In the beginning of his Gospel, Luke tells us that he was careful to trace the course of all things accurately from the first. That is good reason for the belief, says Dr. Torrey, that he made special search for Semitic documents, as the primitive and authentic sources, in order to render them into Greek. And the hypothesis of translation from Aramaic will account for the markedly Semitic colouring of those fifteen chapters, while their vocabulary and phraseology are so similar to the language of the rest of the book.

Dr. Torrey is not the first to discover an Aramaic original behind the Greek of those chapters of the Book of Acts. But he is the first to work out the idea systematically by means of examples. His first example is the most impressive. It is Ac 2^{47}, 'And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.'

Now the translation of that text is not easy. Its great difficulty was felt very soon. To relieve it a little, some early copyist inserted the words 'to the Church.' This was accepted for the Received Text, and appears in what we call the Authorized Version. That addition must go. But it is a small matter. The real difficulty of the verse lies in the words translated in the Revised Version 'to them' (ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό). The Revisers' rendering is, 'And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved.'

'To them' is no translation. It is just an attempt, similar to that of the early copyist, to make the sentence intelligible. The words so translated really mean 'together.' The Revisers have said so in their margin. No doubt they would gladly have placed 'together' in their text, if it could have been understood. But so difficult is it to insert 'together' into this verse that some commentators and copyists left it out altogether, and inserted it in the next verse instead. That is to say, they made the three Greek words (ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό) translated 'together' begin the first verse of the third chapter instead of ending the last verse of the second. This is done in the Authorized Version: 'Now Peter and John went

up *together* into the temple.' But again it will not do.

Professor TORREY turned the Greek words back into Aramaic. He easily found an Aramaic word which would be translated by these Greek words and which means 'together.' And then came the discovery. That Aramaic word has two meanings. It means 'together,' but it also means 'greatly.' Suppose that the translator of the original Aramaic of the Acts did not know that the same word meant both 'together' and 'greatly'? Suppose that he knew it only as meaning 'together'? Then he would translate it 'together,' and miss the meaning of the passage. That is what Dr. TORREY believes was done by Luke.

But why should not Luke know that the word had both meanings? Because it is only in the Judean dialect of Aramaic that it has the meaning of 'greatly.' If Luke made his translation at a distance from Judea, if he made it in Northern Syria, or even in Galilee, he might know only one meaning of the word, the meaning 'together.' It is Dr. TORREY'S belief that Luke, being possibly a native of Antioch, did not know the Judean dialect.

Let us translate according to this dialect. The translation is as simple as it is satisfactory: 'And the Lord added greatly day by day to the saved.'

Letter writing, it is said, is a forgotten art. Perhaps in this so scientific an age we have turned it into a science. Canon SANDAY and the Rev. N. P. WILLIAMS, M.A., Chaplain-Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, have been writing letters to one another. The letters are long. There are six of them in all, and, when issued as a book, they cover one hundred and sixty-seven octavo pages. They are occupied with the difficult matters of authority and inspiration. If it were not that Canon SANDAY cannot write a sentence without giving it the charm of art as well as the accuracy of science, we should say that here at least, in this volume with the very scientific title of *Form and Content in the Christian Tradition* (Longmans; 6s. net), we have something to go by when we suggest that perhaps the art of letter-writing has become a science.

Form and Content in the Christian Tradition—that is Dr. SANDAY'S title. What does he mean by it? He means that 'there are the great truths about God and Christ; there are the great broad fundamental experiences of the Christian life. These are permanent and unchangeable. And yet, the forms under which we conceive of them must of necessity change, with the changing apparatus of thought through which they find expression.'

It is Dr. SANDAY'S title. Mr. WILLIAMS does not believe in it. He does not deny that there is a difference between the meaning of a doctrine and the words in which that doctrine is expressed. But Dr. SANDAY claims much more than that. He claims that the form in which a doctrine or even a fact has been expressed may strike us quite differently after a long lapse of time. So differently may it appeal to us that the doctrine itself will no longer seem true, or the fact no longer credible. Mr. WILLIAMS does not believe that.

We have stated Dr. SANDAY'S contention in the barest possible words. Let us see what it comes to. There was a time in the history of the Church when it was possible to believe that, during the three days in which the body of our Lord lay in the tomb, His spirit went and sojourned in the place of the departed, and then, when the three days were ended, it returned and reanimated the body. Mr. WILLIAMS believes that still. Dr. SANDAY holds that it is not possible to believe it now. Wrapped up in that outward form there may be a doctrine or teaching of the Church, or a fact in the experience of the Redeemer, which is true, which has always been and always will be true. But the outward form in which that doctrine or fact was conveyed to the Christian world in the

Creed, acceptable as it was to that age, and to all subsequent ages till the birth of modern science, is unacceptable now, and so entirely unacceptable that we ought no longer to be asked to believe in the doctrine called the 'Descent into Hell.'

Now it is just possible that some of us will say here that we are not concerned about the Descent into Hell. We may not be. It is only one example. In reality it is but little referred to in this book. But what if Dr. SANDAY and Mr. WILLIAMS, the one rejecting and the other accepting the doctrine of the Descent into Hell, are working by methods which are irreconcilable with one another? And we? What if we have to choose between them?

That is so. As we read the book we see that it is so, though the writers themselves do not see it. They have conducted their correspondence with so much Christian courtesy that they do not recognize how wide apart they are. Dr. SANDAY is almost persuaded that he has convinced Mr. WILLIAMS, and Mr. WILLIAMS is almost convinced that he has persuaded Dr. SANDAY. They have not really moved a step nearer one another.

Dr. SANDAY accepts as truth that which verifies itself to his own mind. 'For me,' he says, 'the ultimate standard of judgement is what I conceive to be truth. Authority has its weight; but I could not accept a thing purely upon authority, if I did not also believe it to be true.' He does not think that he has attained to the highest truth or the highest sincerity until he can speak from personal conviction. He may recognize degrees short of this, and acquiesce in them provisionally; but he always feels that his acquiescence is provisional; he has not yet attained to 'the *vérité vraie*, which is the crowning stage of all.'

Mr. WILLIAMS accepts as truth that which the Church has declared to be truth. Has the Church declared that Christ descended into Hell? Mr. WILLIAMS believes that Christ descended into Hell. If the Church had said that Christ did not descend into Hell, Mr. WILLIAMS would have believed that He did not descend.

Of course Dr. SANDAY does not cut himself off from the stream of history. As he says, he gives Authority its weight. Nor does Mr. WILLIAMS on his side accept that as true which he believes to be false simply because the Church has declared it to be true. But that does not bring the one correspondent closer to the other. Dr. SANDAY believes that the Church may err, has erred indeed in declaring as purely historical truth, not only the Descent into Hell, but also the Virgin Birth and the physical Ascension. Mr. WILLIAMS believes that these are historical truths, not because he has investigated their truth (though doubtless he has done so), but because it is to his mind impossible that the Church could err in setting them forth.

There are men now growing old who read in their youth books written by Dr. Newman SMYTH, and were strengthened for the journey of life before them. These men may read another book by the same author and be strengthened for the way that they have still to go. It is a remarkable experience. Books like *Old Faiths in New Light* seemed then, and seem still, to be mature in thought. The new book *The Meaning of Personal Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net) has not a sign upon it of the dimness of eye or the abatement of natural force that are expected with old age.

The new book is a study of Personality. But the truth is that Dr. Newman SMYTH is thoroughly interested in one personality only. His own? Not at all. There was a time, no doubt, when, with him as with other men, the absorbing personality was his own. But he has learned Christ. Now to him to live is Christ. When he lives it is not he that lives, but Christ that lives in him. The only personality in which he is thoroughly interested is the personality of Jesus Christ.

But he does not introduce Christ at once. He discusses Personality first. He takes in physical science and psychology. He brings nature into relation with man, and mind into relation with body. Nevertheless, with all his science and system, he is not half through the book when he entitles a chapter 'The Fulfilment of Personal Life in Jesus Christ.' And from that moment to the end Christ is all in all.

Dr. Newman SMYTH discourses on Death. But not as one who is losing his interest in life. This is the most distinctive thing about the book, that the entrance of Christ gives new value to the life that now is. He does not write as one who feels that the time of his departure is at hand, and that the good fight has already been fought. His interest in this life is not behind but before. He is one with the generations that are to follow. He sees the entrance of Christ working steadily and for good in the days that are to come more manifestly than in the days that are past. And so confident is he that all are one in Christ Jesus that he does not consider himself apart. If there is to be a clearer revelation he will be there to enjoy it. If there is to be a fuller consecration to the will of God he will be there to share in it.

Does that mean that Dr. Newman SMYTH has made progress in the knowledge of God beyond the Apostle Paul? It does. This is the very creed by which he lives. Christ promised progress both in knowledge and in service, and He has been there all the while to make sure of it. The idea of a 'deposit' of truth, apostolic or other, beyond which no man's thought may pass, is abhorrent to him. For it is abhorrent to the mind of Christ.

Christianity, whether expressed in the writings of the New Testament or in the creeds of the Church, is not a deposit but a development. He has no quarrel with the Church for setting forth the truth as it is in Jesus in systems of theology. His complaint is that the systems and creeds are so complete and final. They are as houses built under the terror of a drastic window tax. 'As one must have a house to live in, so reason must needs build for itself a system of ideas in which to dwell comfortably. But the habitual dwelling-place of one's thoughts should be open-windowed and hospitable to all truths that may knock at its door.'

Dr. Newman SMYTH believes that we know more of God than did Athanasius or Origen. And he believes that men shall yet know more of God than we do. He even sees lines of approach to the fuller and better knowledge of God in the future. One line of approach is Physical Science. 'Men may know more of God as the sciences shall discover more and more the ruling ideas in the order of nature.' 'Recent science has carried verifiable knowledge down into the elements of the creation further than Hebrew prophet could possibly have seen.' 'The alphabet of the language in which the heavens declare the glory of God has been deciphered in the lines of the spectroscope. Space, empty to the eye, has become to scientific intelligence filled with pulsations and powers from all infinitude. We are handling in our factories forces of which our fathers had not heard, and commanding powers of the air to carry even the voices of men across the seas as we ourselves but recently never dreamed. So in the world's work, too unconsciously it may be, we are using thoughts of God in things. Some day in all this wondrous knowledge man may awake to find himself nearer the living One.'

Another line of approach to God is History. Dr. Newman SMYTH believes in the creation of the world at the hand of God, but he does not believe that it was finished in six days. He does not believe that it is finished yet. All events in the history of mankind, the unseen as well as the seen, are steps in the creation of the world, and as we understand them we approach the better understanding of God. Such an event is the European war. And already it is evident to most of us that

of all the gains which the war will bring the greatest is to be a better knowledge of God—a greater regard for His greatness, a finer appreciation of His gentleness.

But the most manifest sign that the creation is not complete is man himself. What physical powers man may develop we can barely guess. In strength as in stature he has already increased even within the record of written history. In length of days he has increased almost within the experience of a single generation. But Dr. Newman SMYTH is more concerned with the spiritual than the physical. He believes that man will become more spiritually receptive. This is true, he says, 'of the individual; his mind may gain more capacity of spiritual discernment; as his heart becomes more pure he may more clearly see God. To believe as immortals we must live as immortals. What is thus true of the increase of the individual's knowledge of God holds good likewise of the social growth in spiritual wisdom. There may be new social knowledge of God; there *will* be, as Christianity purifies and enlarges the social consciousness. Through such higher Christian development humanity shall gain happier sense of divinity and ampler understanding of the breadth and the height of the love of God for the world.'

Last of all there will be a new approach to God through the raising up again of the Prophet. This has always been God's way of working. He works still, as He has ever worked, by election. Dr. Newman SMYTH firmly believes that when the Son came and ended the old order of the prophets, He came with no purpose of changing the method of God's revelation to the world. The time is coming when the prophet, chosen of God from among men for no merit of his or of the society to which he belongs, will be looked for and made welcome.

The Attitude of the Historical Student towards Miraculous Records.

BY THE REV. R. L. MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., MAGHERA, CO. DERRY.

HISTORICAL facts are, generally speaking, facts established by the use of documents. In some way or other their occurrence was recorded, and the record either in its original shape or in some derivative form has survived. Now all results depending on such documents are inevitably open to considerable criticism. For apart altogether from the possibility of fraud or delusion they are often few in number. And yet, the individual differences in our faculties and senses entail the consequence that none of us sees the same thing or perceives it exactly as another observer. Consequently it is only from many accounts that one can confidently reconstruct reality. Then again, the events happen only once. They are so complex, so interwoven with antecedent and concurrent circumstances, that one observer sees only a tiny piece of the whole. And the results and consequences left behind them are often difficult of disentanglement, and frequently very obscure.

Because of these considerations, all historical facts can only be established as probable. And this probability of their having occurred as recorded, ranges from little more than bare possibility to approximate certainty.

Now in the case of the physical sciences 'we can eliminate and control human differences by repeated experiment, by observing the same process or object, time and again, and through the eyes of different observers.' And thus we may attain more often to what is warrantably assumed to be certain knowledge. Compared with this, historical investigation, with probability the ultimate goal of its closest research, is often compelled to speak less confidently.

What, then, is to be our position when some of these historically established facts appear to clash with certain results claimed to be established by the methods of physical science? For this is the form which the question usually takes. Langlois

and Seignobos, in their excellent *Introduction aux études historiques*, put the problem thus: 'It happens sometimes that a fact obtained as an historical conclusion is in contradiction with . . . a scientific law established by the regular method of an established science: the fact is contrary to the results of science: there is disagreement between the direct observations of men of science and the indirect testimony of the documents.' And impressed by the essential 'probability' of historical facts, as distinguished from the comparative certainty of many results of physical science; impressed too by the impossibility of checking historical deductions, or re-creating by experiment long past conditions, these eminent teachers decide the conflict by excluding from the purview of historical science the entire class of occurrences ordinarily labelled 'miraculous.' And 'miraculous occurrences' for them are 'those which seem improbable to a scientific mind.'

Their conclusion is one that commends itself to the vast majority of modern students of historical method, trained as most are in the schools of Germany and France. But the question is not so easily disposed of; because the number of recorded events commonly grouped under the heading 'miraculous,' whose happening would inevitably involve a direct breach of well-established law, such as is contemplated above, is on close examination very small. Accordingly the principle laid down by Langlois and Seignobos does not furnish a sufficient reason for universal exclusion. And furthermore, it is at least debatable whether any science can possibly have the right of veto over the entire class of occurrences with which we are concerned. For it must always be remembered in this connexion, that a vast amount of knowledge is required in order to enable one to declare what is or is not possible in spheres as yet imperfectly investigated. Yet with regard to whole classes of facts, Sir Oliver Lodge has justly remarked that 'science has been too often the friend of systematic negation.'

After all, rendering unto the Cæsar of physical science all the reverence that is his undoubted due, what general authority is invested in him which warrants him in categorically dictating the facts to be admitted or rejected by the historical student? For in reality, the paths of these two investigators lie very far apart, and the right of trespass is strictly limited in the case of each. The unit of the physicist is the Electron; the unit of the historical student is Man. And while the properties of the electron may be to some extent well established, the properties of man are still very largely shrouded in mystery. To lay down dogmatically then, what is or is not possible in his case, is in many instances to go beyond the legitimate sphere of physical science. For there is at present no sure prophet in the realm of human action, nor can we yet enthrone an infallible pope amongst the students of psychology or sociology. In short, scientists as a class have not devoted themselves to the study of the immaterial, and outside the purely physical sphere are as a result not unerring judges. Consequently they have often too readily laid down false limits to the possible, and they have flatly excluded from its realm certain occurrences, merely because of the absence from their personal experience of any analogous phenomena. Indeed, the remark of the late Professor W. James has a very considerable foundation in the history of science, that very often 'facts are denied until a welcome interpretation is offered, then they are admitted readily enough.'

Now the plea put forward here on behalf of the historical student is that the absence of a welcome interpretation is not a sufficient basis for the exclusion from history of a fact established by historical methods. A mistaken idea that it is, has been responsible for the wholesale mutilation of historical documents.

A concrete example may be cited. Hosts of witnesses in the Middle Ages saw the stigmata on the body of a monk. The chronicler, convinced of the existence of the marks, recorded the fact. But in comparatively modern times reputable scientists denied its possibility, partly because they had not seen it, partly because it was 'improbable to a scientific mind.' And historians, disregarding the very criteria by which they claimed to establish all other facts, excised the account of the chronicler. Then in still more recent times, cases of stigmata were scientifically observed. The phenomenon is admitted. And the old-time chronicler is rehabilitated with the garment of veracity. Now how, in the case of a fact which is determined purely and simply by vision and touch, is the well-established evidence of the eyes of common witnesses less reliable than the opinion of Herr Doctor Wissenschaft? Granted that the trained mind is required for explanation, for valid deduction from observed

facts; nevertheless the eye of a country-bred Hodge is, for purposes of observing open evident occurrences, not necessarily less sharp than that of a laboratory-bred chemist, and in its own sphere his evidence ought to be equally admissible.

Again, the authenticity of certain recorded phenomena observed in the case of the nuns of Loudun was until comparatively recent times denied by scientists, because it was recorded under the head of 'possession.' But analogous phenomena were observed again, and scientifically; so the facts are now admitted, and the phenomena placed under the heading 'nervous anæsthesia.' The explanation, or rather descriptive label, is changed, but the phenomena were always similar. Now the sole duty of the historical student as such is with what occurred. Explanations are not legitimately in his sphere. Why, then, did historians follow the scientific lead and deny the phenomena place, simply because the facts in question were delivered with a label which was alleged to be inaccurate? But if we examine carefully this whole question of miracle we shall discover that, with monotonous regularity a so-called miraculous event is excluded from an historical narrative, either because the simple *non potest* of a scientist is preferred to the evidence of eyes and ears, or because of the absence of a suitable scientific heading under which the event in question may be indexed. Yet neither ground is sufficient. For the duty of the historical student in all cases is to deal, not with labels or with laws, but with testimony.

Further illustrations are not far to seek. In the Gospel narrative the demoniac was mad. That was evident to the eyes and ears of the people. The demoniac was restored to sanity. That too was evident to eyes and ears. And the observation of ordinary people gifted with normal eyes and ears is of as much value as the opinion of the scientist, in a case like this where no scientific mental training is involved. The real reason for his madness and the permanency of the cure are entirely different questions, and are not within the strict sphere of the historian. Again, Lazarus was dead, to all human appearances: Lazarus became alive again. In so far as the record simply states these facts, its right to do so should be questioned only on purely evidential grounds. The waves ran high on the lake of Galilee: the sea became hushed. Now, why not simply accept these facts on evidence which is deemed sufficient to establish any other class of facts? And then, having recorded them, the task of the historian as such is over and done. Let others explain them as they will. It can be maintained that Lazarus lay in a cataleptic trance, though the historical evidence available in support may be small. And it may be asserted that coincident with Christ's words of command to the tempest, the boat rounded a jutting headland which broke all the fury of the winds, so that it rocked at rest in a sheltered bay. All this is perfectly legitimate, either as imaginative exercise or speculative effort. And though criticism or appraisement of such theories may be based on the fact that they satisfy, exclude, or deny certain historical facts inherent in the narrative, yet such criticism does not properly lie within the province of the historian's primary work. That work is concerned not with explanations, but with events.

For the historical student then, the conclusion arrived at is that the absence of an explanation satisfactory to any scientist is not sufficient ground for absolute negation with regard to a recorded fact. It is not maintained for a moment that credulity should be substituted for criticism, but it is maintained that all facts carefully established by ordinary historical criteria have the right to remain in an historical document; and that, having after due examination recorded these events, the task of the historian ends.

And because these principles seem to be applicable to the case of all historical documents which are regarded on the whole as trustworthy, one cannot but feel that by rigidly excluding from history on *a priori* grounds all post-apostolic miracles Christian apologists have greatly erred. For in so doing they have created an absolute breach between the canons of historical criticism applicable to the New Testament and those applied to all subsequent and preceding historical documents. The whole trend of modern research, by sheer force of logic and common sense, is in the direction of vigorously applying to all documents that claim to be historical precisely similar canons of criticism. Nor can we as students complain. Neither as Christians have we need to fear the results.

Accordingly, then, the real problem in many cases of recorded miraculous events is no longer, Did they happen? But, admitting (as it must be admitted) that an observer of proven competency

and reliability in other spheres believed firmly that they did happen, and failing to find any essential flaw in the evidence produced in support of their happening, is it necessary to postulate for them a cause differing in kind from those known causes already at work in the world? And in the careful examination of all analogous incidents, in the very restricted field of experiment, and in various other ways, an answer to this question must be sought.

Now it is quite possible that as the field of knowledge widens, miracles may be explained without reference to any cataclysmic irruption of forces beyond those manifested by God in His stable methods of ordering and governing all that is. Or it may be that in the case of some of Christ's own miraculous doings, His unique spiritual and moral Personality was an essential cause, and that these doings will consequently remain for ever in a class by themselves. But, however this may be, one feels most strongly in connexion with the whole subject, that it is along the lines of explanation rather than along the lines of wholesale excision that advance is most probable.

Apply, then, to all documents the strict canons of pure historical criticism. Establish the probability of all facts by precisely similar criteria. And then let physical science or any other branch of knowledge deal with these facts by way of explanation. We shall be often mistaken, sometimes deceived. But it is better to gain one item of positive knowledge than to entirely shut out the possibility of doing so by categorical exclusion on wholly insufficient grounds.

The Church after the War.

By the Rev. John Douglas, M.A., C.F.

To one who has returned from considerable periods of service among the troops in France, first as a worker in the Y.M.C.A. and subsequently as a chaplain, and returned in such a way as to give much leisure, in hospital and during convalescence, for reading and some thought, it has been of special interest to notice the discussion of the question, What is the Church to do, to meet worthily the men who come back from the war?

That such a question should be widely canvassed throughout the Church is in itself some sign of the needed awakening, and is good if, as seems the case, it betokens a sense of penitence and a desire for reform, a sense of the new time demanding readjustments in the Church's life and work.

It is felt, too, and not unnaturally, that from what is termed 'religion at the front' guidance is to be looked for by the leaders of the Churches who are to meet and win, if they may, the returning armies. It is not the purpose of the present writer to describe or analyze the religious situation among our men overseas, but to gather together one or two suggestions for that guidance of the Churches which they need, and which seem to arise from his experience as a minister of the Church and the gospel among those men.

In religious journals and otherwhere this problem of the Church after the War has presented itself often as a question of what the men who come back will want of the Church, to satisfy their requirements of what the Church, if they are to serve her, should be. And it is right that this side of the matter should not be left unconsidered. That great capacity for splendid loyalty, devoted service, moving self-sacrifice, and glorious comradeship, displayed by our men, the Church longs, and is in her place in the nation, to win. What, then, is the Church to be and to do which will attract to herself those men and all that loyalty, sacrifice, fellowship, service? Obviously we must not turn a deaf ear to the criticism and the demand which they may express.

But this is not by any means the main aspect of the problem, which lies rather in the question, What is it that the men, and all men, need of the Church in what we call the new time? not merely, What is it they want or ask for? For they may well ask sometimes, and others are asking on their behalf, for things which it is no part of the Church's essential business to provide.

Where and whence, then, is the needed movement of change to come? In what directions must it issue, to effect the ends desired?

I should answer, first, in the studies, and thence in the pulpits, of the Church's ministers, her priests and prophets.

We have heard for many years back the cry, from the pew and from without 'the bounds,' against 'doctrinal' preaching. The cry has met from too many pulpits with an all too facile response, and the vogue of what one may well call fancy texts and freak subjects came in, proving popular, let it be admitted, in not a few quarters, especially among a floating population of church-goers on Sunday evenings. Yet it is a fact, which I believe must now be recognized, that doctrine, dogma if you will, requires to be preached, both because it should be, and needs to be, and also because it will be wanted and listened to. And this will require of many of us a tremendous new discipline in our studies, a discipline involving—under, let us not forget, the leading and teaching of the Holy Spirit—hard reading and as clear thinking and simplicity of expression as we can achieve and command. And this should never be impossible. We have come to see, in startling revelations of the truth, that it matters everything what a man believes; and it is a supreme obligation lying upon the preacher of the Word that he should be a teacher and leader in the things which are to be believed among men. A carefully prepared and full-fed soil of doctrine, of dogmatic, must give strength and richness to our future preaching. And this does not involve our sermons becoming on the one hand misty abstractions, or on the other hand soulless and hard pronouncements of theology. The great audiences of men who listened breathlessly of nights, after days of the hardest toil, in Y.M.C.A. huts in France, to Professor Cairns of Aberdeen, as he spoke to them of the Reasonableness of the Christian Faith, and to lesser men than he in courses of apologetic lectures, even where the thud of the distant guns was in their ears, did not find doctrinal preaching uninteresting and not worth while. The very reverse was the case.

And ordinary men, doing honestly in the study, led by the Spirit of truth, must speak to their fellows of those things which are most certainly believed among us—the great facts and the urgent (for they are urgent) implications of the facts of the New Testament and the Church's development. So the Incarnation and the Cross and the Resurrection and the Holy Spirit and the Judgment will come to their own, with life in all its aspects set in the light of them, in our pulpits. And men and women will listen, and in such numbers and in such a way, as perhaps they seldom listen to us now.

To cite one illustration of the need of all this: they will not hear any more, one may hope, the disastrously unethical sermons on the subject of the men who die in battle, to which they are so often subjected to-day; sermons which are subversive of both the grace and the righteousness of God, and which leave confusion worse confounded in the minds of thoughtful men and women, and minister to the shallow optimism of the thoughtless.

There is another direction in which many of us preachers must change within the sphere of the study and therefore of the pulpit: namely, in our outlook upon Social and World movements of our time.

This is not to say that our shelves are to be filled henceforth with volumes—the volumes few can afford to buy in any case—of economics, sociology, ethnology, international politics, and the rest. For that way the average preacher's business does not lie. But along the way of the Old Testament prophets, and along the way of the New Testament teaching and spirit of the Kingdom of God, there lie to the preacher's hand the things he must take up and declare about all the relationships in which men and communities and nations are to stand towards each other. And the preacher must make himself at least intelligent along these lines with regard to the Social and World movements of our time, not only because men and women will listen to the Christian message—it must be distinctively Christian—about these things, but also in order that, as a recent writer has put it, the Church may 'have a mind and so help the nation which so sorely needs it to have one too,' to express in these matters.

But the pulpit ministry of the Church is not the Church. And it is very far from being the case that the responsibility of what the Church shall be after the war rests wholly upon the shoulders of her ministers. A radical change is called for in 'the pew.' Of this let there be no doubt. The spirit of 'class,' the snobbish temper, the selfish fear of change and of new ideas, must be purged away. And the impression must be made by the average membership of the Church upon the

world, that here is a devoted fellowship of believers in God through Christ, and servants of Christ, worshipping Him in humble adoration and grateful love, and, further, out in the world as the Body of Christ on the great adventure of conquest for Him. It is when men, in observing and in coming into contact with the Church, get a sense of the life which is life indeed, a sense, too, of high and holy endeavour about her, a self-denying battle for God and love and all goodness—it is then that they will be drawn to yield to her their fellowship, loyalty, service, self-sacrifice.

All this, when one considers the timidity and fatal self-complacent respectability and selfish temper characteristic of so much of our Church life, at least in the years out of which we are passing into a new era, may seem a change too drastic and towards a level too high. Perhaps all one may say here is that this thing can be only by prayer (much prayer) and, perhaps after all, by something akin to fasting, too. At anyrate, the effecting of changes such as have been sketched here will assuredly go far towards winning for the Church and her Lord the men she is to-day looking towards with longing eyes, will go far towards solving the problem of what she must be —for it is not so much a problem of what she is to do—after the war.

In the Study.

War.

Towards an Anthology.

Professor J. A. Cramb.

The question 'What is War?' has been variously answered, according as the aim of the writer is to illustrate its methods historically, or from the operations of the wars of the past to deduce precepts for the tactics or the strategy of the present, or as in the writings of Aristotle and Grotius, of Montesquieu and Bluntschli, to assign the limits of its fury, or fix the basis of its ethics, its distinction as just or unjust.

War, therefore, I would define as a phase in the life-effort of the State towards completer self-realization, a phase of the eternal *nisus*, the perpetual omnipresent strife of all being towards self-fulfilment.

Nietzsche.

Ye say it is a good cause which halloweth even war. I say unto you it is the good war that halloweth every cause.

War has achieved more than was ever achieved by love of one's neighbour.

General Sherman.

War is Hell.

Moltke.

War is the most devilish but also the most heroic of human things.

Treitschke.

War is of God, it is God's dreadful medicine.

Clausewitz.

War is an act of violence to compel our opponent to fulfil our will.

J. R. P. Sclater.

War is an evil thing—it was born of the devil and its birthplace was hell.

Principal P. T. Forsyth.

War is the greatest of all the awful and complex moral situations of the world—second only to the final judgment day.

Verestchagin.

War is the loss of all human sense; under its influence men become animals entirely. The artist looks always for passion, and passion is seen at its height on the battlefield. Every hour brings something new, something never seen before, something outside the range of ordinary human life. *It is the reversal of Christianity*, and for the artist, the author, and the philosopher it must always have a supreme interest. But what a foolish game it is.

Mazzini.

War is the greatest of crimes, when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone or of a great lie to entomb.

Kant.

War is a deep-hidden and designed enterprise of supreme wisdom for preparing, if not for establishing, conformity to law amid the freedom of States, and with this a unity of a morally grounded system of those States.

Canon W. C. E. Newbolt.

War is a solemn judicial act, carrying with it the awful judgment of God, but scattering also blessings from its hand to the hearts of nations which have to be ruled with a rod of iron, while it is a hard teacher of grand virtues.

President A. Hopkins Strong.

War is duel and lynch-law on an enormous scale. And war is to be abolished just as we have abolished duel and lynch-law at the North.

Emile Boutroux.

War is destruction.

H. Fielding Hall.

War is the purifier of the spirit.

And war, internal or external, is the only escape from slavery, from the slavery of castes, religions, ideas which degrade and terrify, from cowardice spiritual and physical, from apathy, from that dry rot into which nations fall. No great awakening has ever come except by war. It is the great stimulant, spiritual and physical.

Machiavelli.

War is the only profession worthy of a prince.

W. R. Washington Sullivan.

By war we understand the appeal to *might* to decide a question of *right* between two or more civilized peoples, and of war thus defined I say that it is the great surviving infamy of our unmoral past, the persistence in us of animal instincts, of the ape and tiger which should long since have died out.

The Seven Words.

IV.

Christ the Sin-bearer.

'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'—Mk 15^{34}.

THE SIN-BEARER.

In the glare of midday, Jesus had been nailed to the cross. Thrice He spoke, and each time as to the affairs of others. Then did He resign Himself to the fate for which He had been born. The curse of our race fell on His innocent spirit and wrapt it in gloom. An answering gloom buried the cross and its load of woe. The sun hid its face as if it dare not look and dare not let men look. In the sudden night at noon the mob cowered and ceased to speak. For three long hours the hush and the darkness held. Then eyes, of more than mortal grief, were lifted to the louring sky; and the breaking heart sent forth the most sorrowful wail that ever rent the air. The unbearable desolation of Jesus' spirit found voice for itself in the words of a psalm familiar to Him from childhood; and He uttered them in the very accent of His mother-tongue—'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?'

I.

THE DARKNESS.

1. It was not the darkness of night, for it began at twelve o'clock in the day. It was not the darkness of an eclipse, for it was then full moon, and it is only at the new moon that eclipses of the sun can take place. It was not the darkness for which we can find an astronomic reason, or any other natural cause.

Our Lord had entered into the final conflict. Let us reverently think of this darkness and this word which follows it. He died for the sins of the whole world, the punishment of them, the weight of them. 'The pains of hell came about me, the sorrows of death overtook me.' And He tasted death for every man. This is what the darkness meant—the blackness of the world's sin shutting out the light of God's presence: the coming together of all the powers of darkness to struggle with Him for the dominion of the world. So He alone must strive. He took our nature upon Him, that in it He might fight the battle and win the victory. By man came death, so by man alone came the victory over death.

¶ The folds of a great black pall dropped mysteriously over all the scene from the sixth to the ninth hour, when the Hand that threw it on, lifted it off. How it was, we know not; how long it was in coming or in going, we know not; how far it spread, we know not; but there are grounds for the belief that it was not over Jerusalem only. Some say that notes of it are to be found in Chinese Chronicles. It is reported that it reached Egypt, that the astronomer Dionysius said when he saw it, 'Either the gods are suffering, or

the mechanism of the world is tumbling into ruins'; that it darkened over the obelisk of Heliopolis.[1]

2. There are hours of darkness when 'the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world' appear almost intolerable; when our own hearts and lives are touched with sorrows that make everything black as midnight; or when we ourselves feel what it is to face death, and we are overwhelmed by the sense of the unknown, and all things look curtained by doubt and uncertainty. It may be that we are not altogether unbelieving, but we long for a surer confidence. In spite of ourselves, shadows rest upon us that are weird and awful.

What then? Have we not Christ with us in all these trials? His hour was darker far than ours. It was an hour which wrung the cry from lips that had never before breathed but sweetest prayer, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' In spite of all, He believed in God, and He has taught us to believe in Him also. The cry of agony was quickly followed by the prayer of peaceful surrender, and He would lead us also to commit all to the same Father.

¶ How we should thank our Lord for speaking this Word, which shows us that He was indeed 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin'; that He in His human nature experienced all our sorrows and trials; so that He can fully sympathize with us. But more than this—He not only shows us that He had this trial, but in this Word He teaches us how to meet it. The words themselves are the inspired utterance of the Psalmist expressing the perplexity which we often feel in regard to God's providential dealings with us, especially in that large class of experiences which make us feel as though God had indeed forsaken us.[2]

II.

The Cry.

1. It is remarkable that Jesus in this cry used the Aramaic word for 'my God'—Eloi. The Greek-speaking Jews from the provinces who were there, not understanding the word but catching the sound of its first syllable 'El,' thought He was calling to Elijah for help, and said so. The sacred writers set down the unusual words just as He uttered them, partly to account for this mistake, and partly because their actual tones and sounds were dear to them, and were always fresh in their memory.

[1] C. Stanford, *Voices from Calvary*, 129.
[2] A. G. Mortimer, *The Chief Virtues of Man*, 62.

But why did Jesus use the Aramaic instead of quoting the Septuagint, as He did on other occasions? One reason for this may have been naturalness. He used words familiar in His early village life, as human nature, in its last extremity, is apt to drop into the dialect of its childhood. Another reason, yet more touching, is that the Greek translation in common use does not give the precise force of the Hebrew word for 'God' employed in the verse He quoted. Just then, when he was being 'crucified in weakness,' it was the very word for 'God' that He wanted—the word 'El,' which signifies strength, and is the name for God as the Mighty One. His cry was, 'My Strength, My Strength.' Although in that hour of darkness He does not utter the happy cry, 'My Father,' He, as the perfect man, clung fast to His rock, held on through all the blows of 'the waves and billows'; and, even in this short burst of language in agony, applied to God the word 'My' twice over, appropriating the 'Living Strength' as His very own.

¶ Elijah or Elias who was carried from earth without having tasted death, in a fiery chariot to Paradise, was regarded by the Jews as the conductor of the souls of the just to the place of repose, the bosom of Abraham, or Paradise. He was also regarded as the great helper in time of difficulty. The Jews to this day have the notion that he appears in different times and places to assist those who need help. No doubt the soldiers had heard this superstition; and when they saw Jesus faint and sinking with exhaustion, they misunderstood His cry to God as an invocation to Elias to come and help him, either by taking Him down from the cross, or by taking His soul and bearing it away to Paradise.

I do not think that the words of the soldiers were spoken in mockery. They were probably awed by the darkness, and we see, directly after, a soldier in pity put the vinegar to the lips of Christ, offering Him a draught which may shorten His sufferings. No; I think the words indicate a misapprehension and an expression of curiosity. It is as though they said in full, 'Well, we have heard over and over again these Jews say that when they die the Prophet Elias comes and takes their spirits to Paradise. Now this dying man has called Elias to his aid, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come and save him from further agony.'[3]

2. God is in Christ, revealing on the cross His infinite, His unimaginable love for man. But the voice is a man's voice like our own. And the words are those which a man spoke, one like ourselves, looking up out of the depths, out of the blackness and despair of pain and grief, into the dumb sky. It is all real—terribly, tragically real. Jesus feels that God has forsaken Him. And the

[3] S. Baring-Gould, *The Seven Last Words*, 52.

question which He asks is the ancient question which men have asked in tears, in anger, in amazement, since the world began.

(1) Are we to see in these words the last temptation of the martyr? As he looks back upon the life that he is leaving, and looks forward past the cross or the fire or the sword to the slow and doubtful issues of the great warfare in the future, the martyr must sometimes ask himself, 'Is it worth while? Is my blood really wanted?' Sometimes even he must ask himself, 'Am I quite sure?' It is the doubt that unnerved Cranmer till almost the last, when God gave him courage; the doubt that drove Jewel into recantation, to the everlasting shame of those who forced those true martyrs into that sin. But we cannot put that interpretation upon this cry of our Lord in His Agony. We cannot explain that cry as a momentary failing of human courage or human conviction. Every line of the Gospel forbids us to do so.

(2) This was not the cry of a man oppressed with the conviction of failure in his work. It was not the complaining expostulation of a man who rebelled against God's dealings with him, or called them unbelievingly in question. It was not the defeated cry of a man who shrank back when he came into close combat with the last enemy, when he felt the power of the night, reached the post of the foe, and heard the fiend voices raving for their prey. These feelings were all laid and conquered, in the garden of Gethsemane.

(3) It is the God-forsaken cry—forsaken of God. All His martyrs have had God with them. The three children in the furnace had God with them there. His saints have always felt the presence of their Lord with them, and His martyrs have died in joy because they have felt that the Lord was with them. But the Chief of Martyrs, our Lord Jesus Christ, must taste of the greatest agony of all—that is, being God-forsaken. Mind you, He never for one moment lost His faith in the Father; He said, '*My* God, *my* God,' but He did feel God-forsaken—'why hast thou forsaken me?' He had to be brought to this; it was the depth of the Passion—He was forsaken of man, forsaken of His disciples, and He must feel forsaken of God.

(4) It is the cry of the sin-bearer; the revelation of the love of the Father, which spared His Son for such unutterable and woful anguish; the cry which still vibrates in the conscience of the world. There is no despair in it, only the murmur of an inexpressible sadness; there is no complaint in it; a perfect human nature must in some way express itself. He still clung to God, whom He called His own God, and it was the felt preciousness of the presence of Him in whose favour is life that made Him wonder and mourn, and then ask, out of a heart which reproach had broken, why, in that supreme moment of perfect and willing self-surrender to that Father's holy will, the sustaining consciousness of His presence should have been removed?

¶ There is a moment in every death when the soul is almost overwhelmed. Death appears so cruel and so stern. It has been said that there is nothing so commonplace as death, and yet nothing so terribly original. Is it not true? We know that death is the end of our life, yet that knowledge does not help us to face it. It comes to each one of us as a novelty, a shock, something unexpected. No amount of past experience of the history of others takes away from us, or from our own sensations, some sense of wrong, some sense of terror—the grimness, the sternness, and the cruelty of it.

But that does not exhaust the meaning of the cry on the Redeemer's lips. For Jesus, though He died as man, died also as the Christ; and though man feels physical pain, Jesus felt spiritual sorrow in a way that mere man could not be called upon to feel it. It is for ourselves we die; and it is by ourselves we die; and we bear our own pains only; and we feel there is enough—too much, indeed—to endure. But Jesus died bearing the sins of the world. There was the horror of all the sin that brought Him to the cross, when He came to face death and bear the weight of all the sins of the world upon Him; because to His sensitive nature there was present in that death all that had led to it, all the weight of sin which imposed it upon Him.[1]

III.

The Dereliction.

The word 'forsaken,' however we explain it, has an awful sound, and in our Lord's case it had also a special history, for He was first betrayed by one of the Twelve, then deserted by the majority of the rest, and finally denied by St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, himself; and now in the very moment of death the experience presents itself in the most awful shape of all, and the Eternal Father Himself seems to turn His face away.

1. How could God forsake Him? How could He doubt whether God had forsaken Him? How could He make us suppose that His trust in God was shaken? Surely it was not that; surely those are not the words of despair and mistrust. What they fully mean, it would be dangerous to ask, for

[1] M. Creighton, *Lessons from the Cross*, 111.

they are the words of the Incarnate Son of God in man's nature. But no more comforting words than they, to our poor, weak, fainting nature, were spoken on the cross. Who does not faint and sink under the cross which God lays on him? Who does not sometimes feel that he is alone in the world, with none to help him, none to uphold him? Who does not feel sometimes as if even the comfort and hope of religion are not enough to bear him up? And yet does it not seem as if none but the faithless and the despairing could have such doubts, could feel such desolation? Oh, let us thank our merciful Saviour that He has shown us that these words, which are sometimes forced by trouble from our lips, need not be words of impatience and unbelief.

¶ This endurance of the feeling of abandonment and spiritual desolation is to us another token of the love 'unto the end' of our Lord and Saviour. This sense of alienation from God is one which is felt by many of God's elect.[1]

2. There is nothing sinful in this desolation and darkness. Our Lord's experience proves this. There can be no doubt that the great lesson which this word from the cross teaches us is the power of sin to separate from God and the utter darkness and misery which come from that separation. It was only the shadow of separation which fell on our Saviour, and how terrible was the suffering it caused! only the shadow of separation, for God forsakes those only who forsake Him.

¶ He felt the full weight of the Heavenly Father's wrath, so that I should be saved from it. Nay further, He felt it, in order that I should feel the full weight of His Sacrifice, and of His Love.[2]

3. It was necessary for Jesus to endure in His own Person the extreme consequences of sin. Of course, many of the consequences of sin Jesus could not endure in the very nature of the case. But when we ask ourselves what is intrinsically the worst consequence of sin, the answer we must give is this—the worst thing that sin does for us is that it separates the soul from God; it makes fellowship with God who is Light no longer possible to the man who lives in the darkness of sin. Jesus had therefore to pass through that experience; it was necessary to realize the sense of separation from God.

¶ In this is to be found the key to this desolate cry. Whatever may be left unexplained and unveiled, one thing is made manifest—it was sin that was at the root of it, the sin of others, for which He atoned.[3]

4. But the darkness soon passed. The Father heard and answered. Into the consciousness of the Saviour a Presence came that changed His consciousness of desertion and loss into one of victory and peace. And this consciousness lives in the sayings that are His last. One breathes the serenest resignation, the most holy and beautiful trust, like the smile that comes across the face of the dying in response to greetings not of this world —'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' The other welcomes the end, celebrates the triumph, proclaims that the death accomplished is the work done—'It is finished.' In the first He confesses that God has not forsaken Him, that the eternal hands are round His spirit and the eternal face brooding over His uplifted soul; in the second He declares that sin is not victorious, that its evil has but helped the completion of His work.

¶ What shall we learn from this word of the Son of Man? Like all the other words from the cross it helps us to understand a little of the mind of Christ. And it seems to show us that His victory in the hour of darkness and desolation depended upon His close and imperishable fellowship with God, unbroken though not fully realized at the supreme moment. The terror of death which comes to every son of man overshadowed Him too, in far more awful shape than it can ever come to us. But as He overcame, so may we, if so be that God is *our* God, One whom we have known and trusted in the days of our strength. If we can pray, '*My* God,' we shall not be forsaken at the last, however dim our vision of His protecting love. But so to pray in death, we must learn the prayer in life.[4]

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[1] S. Baring-Gould, *The Seven Last Words*, 50.
[2] J. B. Wilkinson, *Mission Sermons*, iii. 163.
[3] A. Wiseman, *The Seven Words from the Cross*, 58.
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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Making a Fresh Start.

(New Year, 1917).

'Dead, and . . . alive again.'—Lk 15^{32}.

I feel sure that every boy and girl here likes making fresh starts.

Don't you love getting a new drawing-book? The clean pages just look as if they waited for your pictures. You toss the old one carelessly aside; you feel you are done with it. That is a pity, I think; old drawing-books are most interesting. Take my advice and begin keeping yours.

I looked into one the other day. I learned many things from it, and they all had to do with a boy called John. He had a real taste for drawing; I saw that at once. 'John has the making of an artist in him,' I said to myself at page number one. His mother had told me that he had had no lessons, yet he seemed to be able to do wonderful things with his pencil. You should have seen the soldiers in that first page. There was very little drawing in the picture: the men were just put in with a few strokes, yet, how they ran! There were certainly artistic abilities in John; but before I had turned over a few more leaves I discovered that he was first of all a boy, a boy too like a great many others. He liked making fresh starts, and he was inclined to stop there.

I knew another clever boy. He was much older than John—almost a man, in fact. I shall give him the name of Fred. He also liked drawing. But he *loved* painting. There was colour in it, and the more Fred studied the colours of nature, and the colours of things around him, the more fascinated he became. He made up his mind that one day he would be a great artist, and managed somehow to persuade his father to allow him to become a student at one of our finest art schools. When he started to work there, everything was new to him; he had never felt so happy. One thing annoyed him, however; and I believe some of you boys will be calling him names in your own mind when I tell you what that thing was. He could not stand the colour of the wall-paper in his bedroom! The lady in whose house Fred lived had taken a great liking to him. Fred easily persuaded her to agree to a new paper being hung. 'I will do it myself,' he said, 'if you simply allow me to choose the colouring.' He chose a plain brown cartridge paper. Artists all like it, because it shows up their pictures so well. Fred had managed to collect not a few fine sketches, so when the room was finished even the lady who had to pay all the expenses was pleased. She quoted—'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' And Fred was happy. When he left his public school, his father had sent him into an office, and he disliked it. Now he had made a fresh start; he had begun to live.

But a month or two passed, and Fred was 'slacking.' Another month, and he had ceased to care for his pretty room. When I saw it, everything lay about in great disorder. The fine sketches were on the walls, but at once one could tell that it was the room of a fellow who 'didn't care.' He made another fresh start. You will be glad to hear that he is now getting on famously. Where do you think he is learning the great lessons of life? On the battlefield.

New surroundings do help us to make fresh starts. Why, even if a little girl but gets a new dress, a new hat, and new shoes, she feels she is somebody more important than when she wore her old clothes. But new clothes may have a better effect than that. They may make a girl feel that she wants to be tidy, to help mother, to be a *real* lady. I once told you a story about a May Queen. Let me tell you a little bit of it again. Her mother had given her a new white dress for the occasion. 'Mother,' she said, when she came home in the afternoon, 'I felt very, very happy all day, and I am going to try not to dirty my dresses any more.' Boys are just like girls, only *different*.

What boy does not feel he is a new sort of being when he puts on his first sports' outfit? It is getting up a step, and he makes all sorts of good resolutions.

Now, think of how well Jesus Christ understood us. The most beautiful story in the New Testament is about a fresh start. A young man went away into the far country, and tried to forget his home, but could not. He fell very low indeed, and when at last he 'came to himself' and returned to his father, who had never ceased to love him, one of the first things the father did was to call for the best robe in the house, the ring of sonship, and new shoes, and I believe he dressed his erring boy with his own hands.

Boys and girls, we are about to enter a New Year. All over the world the New Year is spoken of as a time for making fresh starts. Even in far away India, where the boys and girls get bewildered over the number of gods they are told about, there is a New Year goddess. 'Her work is to look into every house on New Year's Day to see whether all is clean and in order. If she finds a dirty house she will send bad luck all through the year. A week before she comes everybody is cleaning, cleaning; all the dark corners are swept out; all the walls and the doorways are painted in grand patterns; all the idols are washed. Little girls wear their best dresses then and put marigolds in their hair; fathers and mothers and all are clean and grand. Then all the lamps are lit so that *Lakshmi* may see into the corners, and everybody keeps the *Feast of Lamps* and makes holiday.'

In our country—we may say in the world's history—there has never been a New Year like the one that is coming. 'Make a fresh start with the New Year.' You have heard these words before. But with the dawn of 1917 upon us the older people are praying, 'Lord, help us all to make a fresh start.' They are in dead earnest, for they think of their country and its sorrows. The careless peace they look back upon now seems almost like death, and they are realizing that the only hope for the future of the nations is in God, and—shall I say it?—in the boys and girls. They know that you are to be the men and women of our Empire when the new start has been made.

What can you do? There were days at school in 1916 when you yourselves felt that you were mean and spiteful. You lost your temper, you had unkind and suspicious thoughts about your schoolfellows. Make a fresh start to-day by asking God to help you to be true, and noble, and kind, and good. As citizens, there is a great work waiting for you—a work that will need all the earnestness of which you are capable, and you cannot wait till you are grown up to acquire it.

You will be happy in being earnest. You will play your games all the better, you will be better sons and daughters, you will be better brothers and sisters, you will be better schoolfellows. There is not a man of us who does not wish he was in your place, and could live to see what God has in store for us. We believe it is something good. Boys and girls, try to deserve it; then even in making the effort the New Year will be a happy one for you—happy in the highest and best sense.

II.

A Fool's-Cap.

'I have played the fool.'—1 S 26^{21}.
'Fools for Christ's sake.'—1 Co 4^{10}.

Long ago there used to hang in my bedroom prints of two pictures by the famous artist Sir David Wilkie. They were both pictures of a schoolroom, but they were very different pictures. In the first the schoolmaster is present and all the boys are looking so busy over their tasks. But in the second the master is absent and the boys are having a high old time.

In these pictures, there was one boy who always used to attract my attention—the boy with the fool's-cap. He is the dunce of the class and he is seen sitting in the background wearing a tall cone-shaped paper-cap and looking very cross. Now-a-days boys are not punished in that way. If they don't know their lessons they get a caning, or are kept after hours, or have so many lines to write. But I don't know that the fool's-cap isn't rather a good idea after all, for the boy who won't learn his lessons is a good bit of a fool. He is punishing himself more than anybody else and will have to pay for his laziness later. He well deserves to wear the fool's-cap.

But what would you say supposing I told you that we all have to wear a fool's-cap? And yet that is true. We can't get away from being fools however hard we try. The question is, Which kind of fool are we going to be?

The Bible has quite a lot to say about fools, but

in the main there are just two kinds—the unwise fool and the wise fool. The first is the man who lives for himself, and who gives up everything for sin and selfish gratification; the second is the man who lives for others, and who gives up everything for Christ and righteousness' sake.

I want to speak to-day about two men in the Bible who owned that they were fools. One of them was a foolish fool, and the other was a wise fool.

1. The first man's name was Saul—Saul, the first king of Israel. Saul began life well. He was a fine man, head and shoulders above all the people. He was clever, and brave, and chivalrous, and seemed 'every inch a king.' But Saul had one big fault—he had no self-control. He allowed pride, and self-will, and envy to master him, and they led him on to ruin. It was because he lost control of himself that he forfeited his kingship. It was because he allowed the wicked passion of jealousy to master him that he tried to kill David and his own son Jonathan. And near the end of his life, when he looked back in one of his better moments on the way sin had led him, he cried out in bitter remorse, 'Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.'

Sooner or later sin makes fools of us all, as it did with King Saul. Often it looks very fair and pleasant at first, but that is just a way it has. If we saw it in all its ugliness we should not be so ready to follow it. There is a proverb which says, 'Sin begins like a spider's web, and ends like a cart-rope.' It begins by binding us with a tiny thread which a baby could break, but it ends by making slaves of us.

And so any boy or girl who is allowing bad temper, or love of self, or love of ease, or any other fault to get the better of them is just playing the fool. Any one who is allowing himself to be led away by bad companions is just playing the fool. And when sin has got us to playing the fool it sits down and laughs at us and lets us pay the consequences.

2. The other man I want to talk about was also called Saul, though his name was afterwards changed to Paul. But he was a very different kind of man from King Saul.

Saul of Tarsus began life as a Pharisee. He too was a young man of brilliant gifts, and all his friends prophesied great things of him. He was likely to rise to great esteem amongst the Pharisees, and already he was a zealous persecutor of the Christians. But one day, on the road to Damascus, Saul met Jesus of Nazareth, and from that day forth he became a 'fool for Christ's sake.' He gave up his brilliant prospects. He gave up his comforts and his home to be a poor travelling missionary. Instead of persecuting, he was persecuted. He had to work hard to keep himself. Often he was hungry and thirsty, sometimes he was beaten, many times he was mocked at, and in the end he laid down his life for Christ's sake. Again and again his old friends among the Pharisees must have said, 'What a fool that young Saul is!'

But I think if you were asked to-day which was the greater fool—Saul of Tarsus, or Paul the Apostle—you would have no hesitation in answering. If Paul had remained a Pharisee we would scarcely have heard of him. As it is, he is known as the greatest Christian missionary. He did the grandest and noblest work that any man could do. He gave up much, but he gained things far more precious—the love and fellowship of Christ and a crown everlasting.

I want to tell you about two men who, like Paul, became 'fools for Christ's sake.' The first is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. When he was a boy of fourteen or fifteen he was so impressed with the miseries of the poor that he resolved that he would devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless. When he grew up he entered Parliament, and from that time till the day of his death he espoused the cause of the oppressed, and especially of the poor children of England. Many a hard battle he fought in Parliament and out of it. Many an unpopular cause he took up. He fought for the over-worked factory hands, for the little children working in the mines, for the poor little boys who were sent up chimneys to sweep them, and for many other oppressed people. He was often bitterly opposed, but that did not seem to matter to him; he just held right on till people came round to his way of thinking.

But not only did he plead the cause of the poor; he gave his money and his time and himself to their service. In those days the slums of London were very terrible places, where many dark deeds were done. But Lord Shaftesbury had no fear. He went in and out among the people. He encouraged them, and helped them, and loved

them, until they came to love him in return. They looked upon him as a father, and called him 'our Earl,' and when he died rich and poor alike mourned for him as for their dearest friend.

Perhaps some of his friends may have called Lord Shaftesbury a fool to trouble himself about these people, but Britain would have been a great deal worse off and a great deal more miserable to-day if it had not been for his folly.

The other man I want to speak of is Father Damien. Father Damien was a young Belgian priest who heard of the awful misery that existed among a colony of lepers on the Island of Molokai, and he devoted his life to working among them. When he arrived at the island he found that not only were the lepers suffering from an awful and loathsome disease, but they were living as little better than beasts. The young priest set to work to improve things. Not only did he nurse the lepers, but he built them better houses, he gave them a better water-supply, he loved them, and he told them of God's love. And so from being little better than criminals the people came to be a self-respecting colony and children of God.

By and by Father Damien caught the terrible disease, and although he might have been cured by leaving the island, he would not desert the people he had loved and helped, and in the end he died. Some people might say Father Damien was a fool, and that he could have found good work to do elsewhere. But surely he was a very grand kind of fool, the kind we might all wish to become.

One word more. When the great European War broke out, Lord Kitchener called for men, and from workshop and office and university men came at his call and the call of duty and righteousness. Many of them gave up brilliant careers or good businesses, all of them took their lives in their hands. The world might call them fools. Yes, but they were glorious fools. Many of them have laid down their lives that we who were too young or too old to go might live.

Boys and girls, what are you going to do with these lives of yours that they have paid for with their lives? The future of England lies with you, and Christ has need of His soldiers too. Are you just going to 'play the fool' and squander your lives away, or will you, with all the noble soldiers of Jesus Christ, become 'fools for Christ's sake'?

Point and Illustration.

The Soul of Russia.

The Soul of Russia (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) is a great book. It may be that there is not an article in it that by itself can without exaggeration be called great. Yet the book is great. For it gives us, and that for the first time in all our contact with Russia, a sufficiently intimate and sufficiently varied account of the Russian character, to enable us to say that now we begin to know it. The contradictions of the Russian mind are obvious and enormous. Here they are all set forth in their bare contradictoriness; and we can weave them into a consistency which no longer perplexes us. The editor of the book acknowledges endless difficulties in the securing of the right contributors; her success is beyond anything that she could ever have set out for. The editor is Winifred Stephens.

Part of the supremacy of the book lies in its illustrations. In particular there is a series after Alexander Stelletsky's pictures which alone would have been the making of it. Let no one miss it. The Fund for Russian Refugees is to profit by its sale. The greatest profit will go to the purchaser.

By the way, there are some new anecdotes. This is one. It occurs in an article on 'The Russian Soldier,' by Colonel Peretts, a Russian Staff Officer. 'The soldier values his leader's care for him, and is in his turn eager to carry out his every wish, however arduous be the task required of him. In the moment of danger he will willingly sacrifice his life for such a leader. I personally know of an example of this in the case of one of my brother officers, Colonel Lukashevich. Lukashevich was, in 1877, in command of a company of the Irkutsk regiment. His company was one day despatched on a scouting expedition. Having reached a Turkish village, Lukashevich together with a non-commissioned officer walked on, his company remaining about fifty paces in the rear. They were already approaching the first building, when Lukashevich suddenly received on his back so violent a blow that he was unable to save himself from falling to the ground. A volley at that moment resounded from behind a fence, and his companion, who stood just behind him, fell with eleven wounds in his chest, while Lukashevich remained whole and unhurt. The non-commissioned officer, having suddenly remarked some Turks behind the fence, anticipating their shots,

had thrown his officer to the ground and himself received the bullets intended for his leader. The company, hearing the volley and seeing their leader prone upon the ground, hereupon ran up with a shout and quickly routed the Turks and took the village.'

Eternity in the Heart.

'He hath set eternity in their heart.'—Ec 3^{11}.

'The author meant to say that God has not only assigned to each, individually, his appointed place in history, but that He has also established in man an impulse leading him beyond that which is temporal toward the eternal: it lies in his nature not to be contented with the temporal, but to break through the limits which it draws round him, to escape from the bondage, and amid the ceaseless changes of time to console himself by directing his thoughts to eternity. This is the uniform meaning of the word in this book. Chap. i. 4, 10, ii. 16, iii. 14, ix. 6, xii. 5. The thought expressed is, not that of the hope of immortality, but rather the sense of the infinite which precedes it, and out of which at last it grows.'

A new exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes has been published. The author is the Rev. Minos Devine, M.A. The title is *Ecclesiastes; or, The Confessions of an Adventurous Soul* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is a book of excellent scholarship, and not Biblical scholarship only, but also Classical—although classical scholarship is not so necessary to the interpretation of Ecclesiastes as it was once believed to be. It is also a book of insight into the heart of man. Mr. Devine follows Koheleth in his doleful pilgrimage—not without sorrow of heart. He is anxious above all things that we should not measure him by that standard of life and faith which we owe to Christ. At the end of the exposition are found some detached notes in which matters of moment are discussed. From one of these notes is taken the quotation about eternity in the heart.

Viscount Bryce on St. Paul.

Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., has produced a work of art on St. Paul. For his book *Paul the Dauntless* (Partridge; 10s. 6d. net) is just as successful an effort of the creative imagination as was Holman Hunt's 'Scapegoat'; and like Holman Hunt he went to Palestine to obtain the local colour. Mr. Mathews writes a book for the people—we might say for 'the man in the street,' if we could believe that that mythical person is interested in St. Paul. He has not written, he says, for scholars. How easy it would have been for him to spin a popular story out of his reading and reflecting. But so he would not have been the Pre-Raphaelite he is. This is as good for the learned as for the unlearned. We can never have too much actuality in the life of a real man like St. Paul. It is no crude realism; it is, as we have said, a work of the creative imagination. The illustrations are Pre-Raphaelite also, and most illuminating.

The book has had the honour of a review by the hand of Viscount Bryce. The review appears in *The Laymen's Bulletin* for November. What Lord Bryce thinks of the book we need not quote—he thinks very well of it. We shall quote what he thinks of St. Paul:

'Sometimes one feels as if St. Paul and his career opened a new period in history. He marks the beginning of a time when the interest of mankind was shifting away from those political questions which had occupied their thought in earlier days, at least in politically developed countries like the Greek and Italian cities, to a new sphere of action and feeling—to inward religion and to ecclesiastical organization. From his time onwards we feel that the real currents of life in the ancient world are rather ecclesiastical and religious than political. We discover the great minds more and more among ecclesiastical writers. After Tacitus, who was a younger contemporary of St. Paul, we find no really great secular Roman writer (unless, of course, we include the illustrious Roman lawyers) down to the days of Claudian and Boethius. St. Paul is thus a predecessor of the famous Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, such as St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Augustine. The doctrinal questions which were discussed by these writers, and debated at the five first General Councils, were questions which laid more hold on the thoughts and emotions of the masses in the later Roman world than did those questions which had occupied the Greeks of classical times, and the Romans in the days of the Republic and the earlier Empire. This fact gives to Paul of Tarsus a sort of unique historical position. It is one of the tests of a man's greatness to think of what

mankind would have been if he had not lived. How different might the course of Christian thought and of ecclesiastical history have been if St. Paul had never been born or if he had never seen the vision on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus!'

A Holy Life.

What is a Holy Life as defined in God's Holy Word?

(*a*) It is a hidden life.—'Your life is hid with Christ in God' (Col. iii. 3).

(*b*) It is an open life, known and read of all men.—'Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men' (2 Cor. iii. 2).

(*c*) It is a crucified life.—'I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live' (Gal. ii. 20).

(*d*) It is a risen life.—'If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things which are above' (Col. iii. 1).

(*e*) It is a life lived in the love of God.—'Keep yourselves in the love of God' (Jude 21).

(*f*) It is a life lived in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.—'That life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God' (Gal. ii. 20).

(*g*) It is a life that walks in Christ.—'As therefore ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him, rooted and builded up in Him' (Col. ii. 6).

(*h*) It is a life lived in the Spirit: of walking in the Spirit; led of the Spirit; strengthened by the Spirit. 'If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk' (Gal. v. 25). 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh' (Gal. v. 16). 'If ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law' (Gal. v. 18). 'Strengthened with power through His Spirit' (Ephes. iii. 16).

(*i*) It is a life of active service.—'Working together with Him' (2 Cor. vi. 1). 'Perfect in every good work to do His will' (Heb. xiii. 20).

(*j*) It is a life of witness.—'Thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord' (Rom. x. 9). 'Ye shall be My witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth' (Acts i. 8).

That is the opening of a very profitable book on *The Secrets of a Holy Life* (Allenson; 1s. net) which has been written by the Rev. Richard Wood-Samuel. The secrets are Self-knowledge, Purity, Continuance, Sustenance, and Power. One after another these secrets are disclosed and made desirable by illustration and earnest entreaty.

Laughter.

'And a time to laugh,' says Koheleth. But is this such a time? Mr. Edwin Pugh affirms that it is. And he has produced *A Book of Laughter* (Palmer & Hayward; 6s. net) to prove it. Well, it depends on the cause and the character of the laughter. To God Himself is laughter attributed, and just at such a time as this, the Psalmist being the authority. Mr. Pugh would have us laugh with God at the folly of the nations that set themselves against Him. And he would have us laugh the more merry laughter of human wit and humour. For he would have us imitate the soldiers who go to the front. When we are asked, Are we down-hearted? he would have us answer 'No'! Here are two of the shortest things to quote:

'Your husband is a martyr to dyspepsia, I believe?' And she replied: 'Not exactly. He has the dyspepsia all right. But I am the martyr.'

'I saw one of the inmates wheeling a barrow from the building to a pile of stones. There was nothing remarkable in that, but he wheeled the barrow upside down, and I asked him why.

'"Because," said he, "that's the best way."

'I took the barrow from him with a smile and turned it the proper side up, and said: "That's the right way to do it."

'"That's all you know," said he. "Last time I tried it that way they filled it full of bricks."'

These examples are right enough, but the book is better.

A Pair of Boots.

Many a sermon has been preached on the Christian's armour. We have lately received a volume of sermons on it by one of the greatest of our preachers, Dr. J. H. Jowett. But the sermon which Mr. F. W. Boreham preaches in his new book, *Faces in the Fire* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net), is unique. As with all the sermons in all Mr. Boreham's books, the text is embedded in the sermon. We find it sometimes in the introduction; just as often in the peroration. This is the sermon:

There seems to be very little in a pair of boots

—except, perhaps, a pair of feet—until a great crisis arises; and in a great crisis all things assume new values. When the war broke out, and empires found themselves face to face with destiny, the nations asked themselves anxiously how they were off for boots. When millions of men began to march, boots seemed to be the only thing that mattered. The manhood of the world rose in its wrath, reached for its boots, buckled on its sword, and set out for the front. And at the front, if Mr. Kipling is to be believed, it is all a matter of boots.

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front of you;
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again;
Men — men — men — men — men go mad with watching 'em,
An' there's no discharge in the war.

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something different—
Oh—my—God—keep—me from going lunatic!
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company.
But — night — brings — long — strings o' forty thousand million
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

A soldier sees enough pairs of boots in a ten-mile march to last him half a lifetime.

Yet, after all, are not these the most amiable things beneath the stars, the things that we treat with derision and contempt in days of calm, but for which we grope with feverish anxiety when the storm breaks upon us? They go on, year after year, bearing the obloquy of our toothless little jests; they go on, year after year, serving us none the less faithfully because we deem them almost too mundane for mention; and then, when they suddenly turn out to be a matter of life and death to us, they serve us still, with never a word of reproach for our past ingratitude. If the world has a spark of chivalry left in it, it will offer a most abject apology to its boots.

It would do a man a world of good, before putting on his boots, to have a good look at them. Let him set them in the middle of the hearthrug, shining toes turned carefully towards him, and then let him lean forward in his armchair, elbows on knees and head on hands, and let him fasten on those boots of his a contrite and respectful gaze. And looking at his boots thus attentively and carefully he will see what he has never seen before. He will see that a pair of boots is one of the master achievements of civilization. A pair of boots is one of the wonders of the world, a most cunning and ingenious contrivance. Dan Crawford in *Thinking Black*, tells us that nothing about Livingstone's equipment impressed the African mind so profoundly as the boots he wore. 'Even to this remote day,' Mr. Crawford says, 'all around Lake Mweru they sing a "Livingstone" song to commemorate that great "path-borer," the good Doctor being such a federal head of his race that he is known far and near as Ingeresa, or "The Englishman." And this is his memorial song:

Ingeresa, who slept on the waves,
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!

That is to say, revelling in paradox as the negro does, he seized on the facetious fact that this wandering Livingstone, albeit he travelled so far, had no toes—that is to say, had *boots*, if you please!' Later on, Mr. Crawford remarks again that the barefooted native never ceases to wonder at the white man's boots. To him they are a marvel and a portent, for, instead of thinking of the boot as merely covering the foot that wears it, his idea is that those few inches of shoe carpet the whole forest with leather. He puts on his boots, and by doing so he spreads a gigantic runner of linoleum across the whole continent of Africa. Here is a philosophical way of looking at a pair of boots! It has made my own boots look differently ever since I read it. Why, these boots on the hearthrug, looking so reproachfully up at me, are

millions of times bigger than they seem! They look to my poor distorted vision like a few inches of leather; but as a matter of fact they represent hundreds of miles of leather matting. They make a runner, paving the path from my quiet study to the front doors of all my people's homes; they render comfortable and attractive all the highways and byways along which duty calls me. Looked at through a pair of African eyes, these British boots assume marvellous proportions. They are touched by magic and are wondrously transformed. From being contemptible, they now appear positively continental. I am surprised that the subject has never appealed to me before.

Now this African way of looking at a pair of boots promises us a key to a phrase in the New Testament that has always seemed to me like a locked casket. John Bunyan tells us that when the sisters of the Palace Beautiful led Christian to the armoury he saw such a bewildering abundance of boots as surely no other man ever beheld before or since! They were shoes that would never wear out; and there were enough of them, he says, to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude. Bunyan's prodigious stock of shoes is, of course, an illusion to Paul's exhortation to the Ephesian Christians concerning the armour with which he would have them to be clad. 'Take unto you the whole armour of God . . . and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.'

Whenever we get into difficulties concerning this heavenly panoply, we turn to good old William Gurnall. Master Gurnall beat out these six verses of Paul's into a ponderous work of fourteen hundred pages, bound in two massive volumes. One hundred and fifty of these pages deal with the footgear recommended by the apostle; and Master Gurnall gives us, among other treasures, 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe.' But we must not be betrayed into a digression on the matter of shoe-horns and kindred contrivances. Shoemaker, stick to thy last! Let us keep to this matter of boots. Can good Master Gurnall, with all his hundred and fifty closely printed pages on the subject, help us to understand what Paul and Bunyan meant? What is it to have your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace? What are the shoes that never wear out? Now the striking thing is that Master Gurnall looks at the matter very much as the Africans do. He turns upon himself a perfect fusillade of questions. What is meant by the gospel? What is meant by peace? Why is peace attributed to the gospel? What do the feet here mentioned import? What grace is intended by that 'preparation of the gospel of peace' which is here compared to a shoe and fitted to these feet? And so on. And in answering his own questions, and especially this last one, good Master Gurnall comes to the conclusion that the spiritual shoe which he would fain help us to put on is 'a gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit.' And his hundred and fifty crowded pages on the matter of footwear give us clearly to understand that the man who puts on this beautiful spirit will be able to walk without weariness the stoniest roads, and to climb without exhaustion the steepest hills. He shall tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall he trample under feet. In slimy bogs and on slippery paths his foot shall never slide; and in the day when he wrestles with principalities and powers, and with the rulers of the darkness of this world, his foothold shall be firm and secure. 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' Master Gurnall's teaching is therefore perfectly plain. He looks at this divine footwear much as the Africans looked at Livingstone's boots. The man whose feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace has carpeted for himself all the rough roads that lie before him. The man who knows how to wear this 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' has done for himself what Sir Walter Raleigh did for Queen Elizabeth. He has already protected his feet against all the miry places of the path ahead of him. If good Master Gurnall's 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe' will really assist us to be thus securely shod, then his hundred and fifty pages will yet prove more precious than gold-leaf.

Bunyan speaks of the amazing exhibition of footgear that Christian beheld in the armoury as '*shoes that will not wear out.*' I wish I could be quite sure that Christian was not mistaken. John Bunyan has so often been my teacher and counsellor on all the highest and weightiest matters that it is painful to have to doubt him at any point. The boots may have looked as though they would never wear out; but, as all mothers know, that is a way that boots have. In the shoemaker's hands they

always look as though they would stand the wear and tear of ages; but put them on a boy's feet and see what they will look like in a month's time! I am really afraid that Christian was deceived in this particular. Paul says nothing about the everlasting wear of which the shoes are capable; and the sisters of the Palace Beautiful seem to have said nothing about it. I fancy Christian jumped too hastily to this conclusion, misled by the excellent appearance and sturdy make of the boots before him. My experience is that the shoes do wear out. The most 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' must be kept in repair. I know of no virtue, however attractive, and of no grace, however beautiful, that will not wear thin unless it is constantly attended to. My good friend, Master Gurnall, for all his hundred and fifty pages does not touch upon this point; but I venture to advise my readers that they will be wise to accept Christian's so confident declaration with a certain amount of caution. The statement that 'these shoes will not wear out' savours rather too much of the spirit of advertisement; and we have learned from painful experience that the language of an advertisement is not always to be interpreted literally.

One other thing these boots of mine seem to say to me as they look mutely up at me from the centre of the hearthrug. Have they no history, these shoes of mine? Whence came they? And at this point we suddenly invade the realm of tragedy. The voice of Abel's blood cried to God from the ground; and the voice of blood calls to me from my very boots. Was it a seal cruelly done to death upon a northern ice floe, or a kangaroo shot down in the very flush of life as it bounded through the Australian bush, or a kid looking up at its slaughterer with terrified, pitiful eyes? What was it that gave up the life so dear to it that I might be softly and comfortably shod? And so every step that I take is a step that has been made possible to me by the shedding of innocent blood. All the highways and byways that I tread have been sanctified by sacrifice. The very boots on the hearthrug are whispering something about redemption. And most certainly this is true of the shoes of which the apostle wrote, the shoes that the pilgrims saw at the Palace Beautiful, the shoes that trudge their weary way through Master Gurnall's hundred and fifty packed pages. These shoes could never have been placed at our disposal apart from the shedding of most sacred blood. My feet may be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; but, if so, it is only because the sacrifice unspeakable has already been made.

The Third Chapter of Daniel.

By the Rev. Rayner Winterbotham, M.A., Hon. Canon of St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

It is astonishing to those who are testing for the first time the value of the process, how immensely the inspired Book of Daniel gains for the highest purposes of the preacher if he frankly accepts the (practically) unanimous verdict of scientific criticism as to its date and character. Internal evidence—strong, consistent, cumulative—fixes the date at 165 B.C. (within a year or two), and classifies the stories of the first six chapters as being (from a literary point of view) historical novels—founded upon fact, but fact very freely handled.

When one comes to think the matter out there is of course no sufficient reason why the Holy Spirit of inspiration should not have chosen the historical novel as a vehicle of revelation. It is with *character* and with *principles of action* that the Divine Revelation is first of all concerned—and these are often just the subjects which are, in matters of this life, best handled in a really good historical novel. We know that the Holy Spirit 'spake by the prophets,' but we are only now learning that He spake by the prophets with a freedom which is all His own, and not under the narrow and pedantic limitations which we had wanted to prescribe to Him. It is the unexpected which happens in Scripture, as in ordinary life—and for the same underlying reason. Habitually we draw conclusions from far too narrow a range of past experience, and therefore our forecasts of the future are pretty sure to be wrong. Habitually we strive to apply the prosaic and doctrinaire standards of our modern and Western education to the

Truth of God—and are shocked to find it something very different from what we expected. But wisdom is bound to be justified of all her children.

Let us note some points in which this splendid chapter becomes more splendid still under the light of modern criticism.

I. King Nebuchadnezzar.

He is by far the most interesting, and the most conspicuous, personage in the book. As we think of the book as a whole, it is *he* who dominates it—not Darius the Mede—not the swift and puissant Alexander of Macedon—nor the dull resistless legions of Rome who have already at the battle of Magnesia in the year 200 B.C. overthrown the greatest power of all the East. This is so plainly stated in the second chapter as to be unmistakable. The image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dreams 'whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof terrible,' portended the fourfold succession of world empires which were to follow one another across the stage of history. Of these the Babylonian, represented by Nebuchadnezzar, and embodied (so to speak) in him, was the golden crown, the front and flower of the whole. They who came after—however great—were inferior to him, as silver is inferior to gold, as brass is inferior to silver, as iron is inferior to brass. 'Thou art that head of gold,' cried Daniel to the great king Nebuchadnezzar. Now these would certainly be the words of flattery, of a somewhat false and fulsome flattery, if they had been historically the words of the prophet to the king of Babylon. In the cold light of history the Babylonian empire appears almost insignificant as compared with the Medo-Persian which succeeded it: still more so as compared with the really vast dominion of Alexander. It is not the rôle of God's prophets to flatter kings, and to feed their pride with falsities—least of all was it Daniel's. But in the thoughts and feelings of the later Jews the figure of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, loomed up vast and portentous, matchless for honour and glory. As they looked back through the years, the centuries, he was a far more impressive, more spectacular, figure than 'Darius,' or Alexander, or any other. There was about him a sombre magnificence; there was, for all his pride and cruelty and heathenism, a certain largeness of heart and greatness of mind; above all, there was a certain reserve of mystery,—which put him far above the rest. He had fought a duel *à outrance* with the God of heaven, and had gone under; but even in his fall he was vastly more interesting—was, in fact, greater—than any king of Persia or of Greece. The picture of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, as drawn in the early chapters of Daniel, is wonderfully impressive, wonderfully useful for purposes of teaching—but we can recognize it as real and true only when we understand that this was how he looked in the eyes of the Jews centuries after he actually lived.

II. The Three Worthies of Chapter iii.

According to St. Paul (2 Tim 3^{16}), the primary purpose of *any* inspired scripture lies in its application to our present circumstances, trials, conflicts, dangers as Christian people. If good people must accept this chapter as *history*, then they are immediately (and hopelessly) involved in endless 'questions' about psalteries and a hundred other things. In truth, the details are clearly legendary, reflecting the ideas and even the vocabulary of a much later date. Accept *that*, and the story is lifted out of the reach of controversy, and becomes at once one of the most splendid of all parables. In its own times (the second century B.C.) it was a 'midrash' of the highest value for the encouragement of those who had to face the Hellenic 'kultur' of Antioch; in our days, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, it is of no less, and of far more permanent, value for the encouragement of all who have to oppose the spirit of the age.

Look at it from this point of view.

It was an image of *gold* which the great king set up in the plain of Dura for all men to worship. It is an image of *gold* which the Prince of this world sets up for worship in every country where the servants of God are called upon to dwell. 'Ye cannot serve God *and* mammon,' says our Lord—and when we think about it, the saying is as surprisingly modern as His mention of banks, and of the interest which they pay on deposits (Lk 19^{23}), and other such things not generally supposed to have existed then. The truth is—as recognized in the New Testament—that the love of money had gone as deep, and had given rise to almost as many devices, then as it has now. The mere fact that our Lord familiarly used a proper name like 'mammon' as a synonym for material wealth is enough to prove that. Mammon is a god, and calls for service (*religious* service, wor-

ship), even as God does. Hence covetousness is spoken of in the Epistles as *idolatry*: it is not merely something like idolatry, or as bad as idolatry: it *is* idolatry (Col 3^5). If that image of gold in the plain of Dura had any name, it was for the Jews, as it is for us, 'Mammon.'

Observe the three persuasions, the three great and mighty influences, brought to bear on these men, to induce them to bow down. 1. The influence of *example*, 'all the peoples, the nations, the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image.' Everybody did it—at anyrate, everybody in the plain of Dura, as far as they could see. There must indeed have been myriads of Zoroastrians and others in the empire who would have scorned that idol—but they did not count because they were not there. So there are multitudes who regard not mammon to-day—but they are inconspicuous. What everybody (that you can see) does *must* be right. It is the hardest thing in the world to be singular. It is easier to face a hungry lion or a German machine-gun than the charge of taking a different line from your neighbours, your equals, your pals, in the little world to which you belong. Opinion and practice—opinion which seemed universal, practice which passed unquestioned—were brought to bear.

2. Where example *might* perhaps have failed, the influence of *art* reinforced it. 'The cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musick' made perhaps what would be in *our* ears only an intolerable noise. But it represented the highest effort of musical art then known. It appealed to *them*, and when the great volume of sound waxed louder and more loud; when it took on that note of urgent appeal which we recognize so well in some concerted music,—then, if they had resisted before, they could resist no longer. They just *had* to fall down and worship like the rest—even if they despised the image in their inmost hearts.

Art is of necessity the ally and the handmaid of wealth. It cannot help being so because it is expensive, and because it is essentially indifferent to all distinctions of right and wrong. It seems to many a sort of treason to say so; but so it is in point of fact. Art reached its highest level in Europe precisely in that land and that age (Italy of the Renaissance) in which vice was most rampant and most unashamed. Art can be trained to serve Christ, no doubt; but even so has to be jealously guarded, lest it overlay religion with selfishness and luxury.

3. If any still held out (and we know that a very few *did*) there was one more influence brought to bear. It was the crude and ugly one of terror. There was—out of sight, no doubt, and behind the scenes—a certain burning fiery furnace for such as *would* not fall down and worship. The furnace is still there. It does not burn so brightly now—at least in civilized countries—and it is kept still more out of sight. But the world still has its punishments for such as will not at any price serve mammon. It knows how to make them suffer, through poverty, through contempt, or even by penalties more direct. It is enough to say that the fear of these things is very real, and calls for the highest sort of courage to cast it out.

But if the trial be great, greater is the reward of such as overcome. 'Come forth, ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither.' So cried the great king in the inspired story, as he stood outside the fiery furnace and looked in. So he cried, not because he wanted to, but because he *had* to—because the God of heaven had been too much for him, and made him say these words, in spite of all his rage and fury. They are indeed, in the very truest sense, the words of the most high God Himself. So He cries to all His servants in all lands, in all ages, who have stood the test and endured the trial, and have been faithful to the end, 'Come forth, and come hither.' 'Come *forth*, ye good and faithful servants; forth of the fire that could not daunt you, and therefore could not harm you; forth of the heaviness which possessed you by reason of manifold temptations; forth of all the stress and strain, all the opposition and obloquy, all the discouragement and disaster, of your earthly trial. Come forth, and come hither; to me who am myself your exceeding great reward; to that eternal home prepared for you since the foundation of the world; to that supreme reward reserved on high for them that overcome.' 'Come forth, and come hither'—it is, in all the Christian scriptures, in all the experience of the saints, the voice of the Son of God, of Him that is unchangeably faithful and true, to all His servants everywhere who have suffered, and endured, and played the man, and done valiantly for faith and righteousness.

Habits of the Interior Life.

By Professor the Rev. J. S. Banks, D.D., Leeds.

The stirring events now taking place at Salonica (the ancient Thessalonica) draw our thoughts to the two Epistles, which were the first in point of time of St. Paul's Epistles. The story of the beginning of the Church in Thessalonica is told in Ac 17. The result of Paul's three weeks' ministry in the synagogue there was the adhesion 'of a great multitude' of Greek proselytes and 'not a few honourable women.' After the rough experience of Philippi this success filled Paul's heart with joy. A great and effectual door was opened, but it was as suddenly closed by the bigots who drove Paul and his companions first to Berœa, then to Athens, and again vented their spite in persecuting the new converts. We see the concern of the apostle in the fact that he sent Timothy from Athens to Thessalonica to encourage the Church to firmness in the time of trial (1 Th 3^2). Many passages in the two Epistles evidence the apostle's affection for his converts and confidence in their sincerity and high character, and not least the standard of Christian life he sets before them in 1 Th 5^{16-18}. The exhortations to the early Christians of Thessalonica are of universal application.

The striking point in the passage is that the emphasis rests on the adverbs. All Christians with their faith in God's character and promises rejoice and pray and give thanks, but not all do this always. It is here that the difference between the weak and the strong, the imperfect and the perfect, comes in. It is not enough to rejoice and pray and give thanks. Earnest, thoroughgoing Christianity is seen in the qualifying words, 'always without ceasing, in everything.' In the original the emphatic words come first. We are reminded of the blessing on the man that 'doeth righteousness at all times.' In other words, the joy and prayer and thankfulness of the Christian life are to be habitual, not occasional and haphazard. We know the difference this makes in ordinary life. Punctuality and diligence in the scholar and workman, obedience in the child, truth and fidelity in all, must be habits; otherwise confidence is impossible. Thoroughness in the religious life is equally essential. Bishop Butler reminds us that habits are never formed by indulging in sentimental reflexion and dreaming, but by repeated acts. In this way Christian joy and prayer and thanks, which are often intermittent and spasmodic, become habits of the soul.

'Always rejoice.' *Joy* is to be habitual in a Christian. How is this possible? By remembering and acting on the belief that the grounds of joy are unchanging, while the trials of faith are transient in their effects. By faith in the divine message the Thessalonican Christians had become children of God in the highest sense; they were forgiven, born again, new creatures in Christ Jesus, possessors of a new life and power and hope. They had entered into a new and near relation to God, and God stood in a new relation to them. These are not passing but permanent experiences. 'Children of God' is not an honorary phrase, an empty title, but the most real and enduring of all dignities in earth or heaven. The only possible effect is joy. It is most significant that in Scripture 'Blessed' is always the term used of the good, in the Psalter everywhere and in the Gospel—Ps 1, Mt 5, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked'; 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' In the whole of this passage Paul is uttering his own experience: 'We rejoice in tribulations also,' words which express the mind of countless hosts of patient sufferers. The Psalter abounds in anthems of praise; Ps 103 may stand for all, although Ps 32 is even more exuberant. What Christian will not join the Psalmist in the matter and the fervour of his song? 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' The psalm closes in a great outburst of joy, 'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.' 'In the Lord' anticipates Paul's exhortation to the Philippian Christians, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I will say, Rejoice.'

No wonder that in Christian days the river of praise runs with a deeper, broader flow. The *Te Deum* is both an anthem of thanksgiving worthy of the greatest of the psalmists, and a noble confession of faith. The Church's singers are a vast multitude—Bernard, Luther, Tersteegen,

C. Wesley, Watts, Bonar, are among the leaders. The unknown singers alone are a great host. Watts excels in hallelujahs: 'Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise.' 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' 'Before Jehovah's awful throne.'

Prayer is also to be a Christian habit. It is inwoven in the texture of Christian thought and practice. It scarcely bulks larger in the New Testament than in the Old. Then, as since, it was the soul of worship, the means of divine fellowship, the Jacob's ladder of divine communion; and the New Covenant continues the strain. The subject is ever to the front in the Gospels and Epistles. To pray 'without ceasing' in words is of course impossible. The use of the phrase shows that the essence of prayer was always found in the inner desire of the heart, the soul's fervent breathing after God, so perfectly expressed in Ps 63^1, 'My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee.' Prayer is the most spiritual act of man; in it the Lord's words are most perfectly fulfilled, 'They that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.' Mental prayer, if not the highest, is a very high form of prayer. It has been carried to great excess by some mystics and Quietists, so-called, in France and Spain. Still it is often the only form of prayer possible and is never unblessed. Montgomery's words are true and pointed, 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed'; and again, 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air.' The Christian soul lives by prayer, as the body by breathing. St. James's words are true to experience, 'The prayer of a righteous man *availeth much* in its working,' or, as the passage has been rendered, 'the energized (= inspired) prayer of a righteous man is *of great force*.' No idle breath, but a master force in the spiritual life. Jesus made no greater promises than those made to prayer (Mt 7^7, Jn 15^7). The association of prayer with the Holy Spirit is significant (Ro 8^{26}, Eph 6^{18}, Jude 20). Jesus spoke a parable to enforce the truth that 'men ought always to pray and not to faint,' a truth which Paul was quick to repeat as essential to the practical Christian life. 'Without ceasing' is the mark of the prayer that never fails.

Thanksgiving is also to be habitual. The apostle does not say 'for everything' but 'in everything.' There are many things for which we cannot give thanks, but we can be thankful in their despite. However many the adverse experiences of life, the favourable are always more; there is always more of the bright than the dark. A psalmist's experience was 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.' While the Lord reigns, goodness and righteousness can never be finally put to shame. A Christian has abundant justification for believing that the bright side of life is the truest to reality. Clouds hide but do not blot out the sun. Hard things are written of optimism. There was never a greater optimist than Paul. He defies evil at its worst. 'We are more than conquerors,' super-victorious. 'Where sin abounded, grace abounded more exceedingly.' The cross is not the last word; resurrection, triumph, and joy are to follow. 'To them that love God all things work together for good.' 'Our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.' What contrasts—affliction, glory,—light, weight—for the moment, eternal—more and more exceedingly! Paul is a master of words, but even on his lips words fail to describe the greatness of the Christian hope. John also writes, 'It is not yet made manifest what we shall be'; 'In everything give thanks.'

Literature.

THE RUSSIAN AS A STORY-TELLER.

One of the most surprising and at the same time most fruitful gains of the war is the approach we are making to the Russian mind. It was a distant and dreadful mystery before the war; admittedly not well known, and complacently considered to be better so. It is true we had begun to read some of the most popular of the Russian novelists, but we only wondered the more at the distance between us.

But the war has brought us near. Some of our men have lived with the Russian soldier, and found it possible. The psychology of the ordinary Russian peasant has been declared to be quite simple and sometimes admirable. And even the

religious life he lives, and the mythological stories he believes, have been found to be human enough, though of a somewhat primitive humanity. The consequence is that books about Russia are now of the kind which the booksellers call 'best selling.' And such a book as *The Russian Story Book* of Mr. Richard Wilson (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) will have a fine opportunity.

And it will not miss its opportunity. The stories are wonderful. The illustrations of Mr. Frank C. Papé are as wonderful as the stories.

A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY.

Mr. Ernest F. Henderson published in 1902 *A Short History of Germany*. He was already fairly well known for his historical work, especially for a History of Germany in the Middle Ages. The new book was well received. In spite of the fact that the author was educated partly in Germany and had married a German lady, no one complained or could complain of an unfair bias towards Germanism; while every one had to recognize industry in the gathering of facts as well as ability in the weaving of them into a reliable and readable narrative.

Mr. Henderson has now issued a new edition of his Short History (Macmillan; 2 vols., 15s. net). To the original book, which closed with the assumption of the imperial crown in the palace of Versailles on January 18, 1871, he has added three new chapters, which carry the history down to the murder of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. In the period covered by these three chapters, 'we have seen the country,' says Mr. Henderson, 'advance to unheard-of power and prosperity; we have seen it take its place as a world power and at the same time develop from a land unable to prevent its people from emigrating into one that attracted nearly a million foreigners yearly. And then, as though with the cut of a sharp knife, the old order ceased, the workers and traders turned into soldiers, the industrial plants into munition factories.'

The three new chapters deal, first, with Political Developments in the period from 1871 to 1914; next, with Economic Progress; and, finally, with Social Progress. Of these chapters the most instructive probably is the third. Mr. Henderson takes no side, but he speaks out frankly. In respect of German education, for example, he points to the tendency in recent years to make the instruction in elementary schools as realistic as possible by the aid of illustrative material. 'One is amazed,' he says, 'when visiting a modern school museum to see the innumerable devices of this kind. For religious instruction one can buy Solomon's temples, altars for burnt offerings, manna, myrrh, aloe, and hyssop, water from the Jordan, salt from the Dead Sea, crowns of thorns, golden calves, David's slings, parchment indulgences, and other objects; one firm in Berlin has between 60,000 and 70,000 stereopticon slides representing different phases of ancient art; the number of pictures and of illustrated books on all subjects is legion. Some of the schools have their own moving-picture apparatus, and there is a "Central office for scientific and school cinematography." Graphophones grind out the pronunciations of words; calculating apparatuses represent fruit gardens; false heads and throats show the actions of the vocal cords; in some schools fresh hearts, stomachs, lungs, eyes, etc., are procured from the butcher for the classes in biology, while firms make a specialty of pickled or embalmed organs. There are skeletons with attachments for hanging the organs in their proper places. For fifty or sixty marks one can even purchase the arm of a human embryo, while in some of the industrial art schools the young pupils, girls as well as boys, sit and draw details from actual human corpses.'

There is more opportunity, however, than we may think for the use of such realistic aids to education. For 'one evil in the schools, the existence of which will seem incredible to many, must be mentioned here: the use of alcohol by the pupils. The children themselves, of course, are not so much to blame as are their ignorant parents, many of whom think that beer is wholesome and strengthening. But the nation of late has been thoroughly aroused to the extent of the evil. Various comprehensive investigations have been made. An examination of 30,000 pupils in Saxony showed that 197 drank brandy daily, and that 2282 drank it at least once a week. An inquiry by a teachers' temperance society, conducted in different parts of the Empire, showed that out of 7338 children examined only 2 per cent. had never tasted alcohol, and that 11 per cent. indulged in it daily in one or another form. Many schools have now opened a regular campaign

against the evil. In the "Workman's Museum" in Munich there are wax models showing the ravages of alcoholism on the human organs; and the "beer liver," swollen to many times its normal size and honey-combed by disease, is a sight to frighten the boldest child.'

OCEANIC MYTHOLOGY.

The steadily gathering interest in the religions of the world which marks our time is bringing also an interest in Mythology. It is only now that a publisher would have felt it safe to undertake the issue of thirteen large volumes on *The Mythology of All Races* (Boston: Marshall Jones). Even yet it may take a little time for such a work to receive remunerative recognition. But the publisher has been fortunate in his editor. Dr. L. H. Gray is an accurate and enthusiastic scholar, and has had large experience. The choice of authors has also been good. Give it time and this work on Mythology will create a constituency for itself by its own merits. Meeting the growing interest in such studies, it will give that interest impetus and prepare for the time when the education will be accounted deficient which does not include a knowledge of the religious thought of other lands, however remote these lands may be, and however immature their religious aspirations.

The ninth volume (the third in order of issue) deals with *Oceanic Mythology*. The term Oceanic is used to cover Polynesia, Melanesia, Indonesia, Micronesia, and Australia. The author of the volume is Roland B. Dixon, Ph.D., Professor of Anthropology in Harvard University.

Dr. Dixon is one of the very few scholars who are capable of giving any useful account of a series of beliefs so extensive and intricate as those of Oceania. He makes no absurd claim to completeness. He even regrets that the war has interfered with such approach to completeness as he had hoped to attain. But the selection (and in any case a selection had to be made) is that of a master. In every instance he has given the Myths of the origin of things and of the Deluge. And that alone will bring readers to the book. But his work has been most difficult when he came to the choice among miscellaneous tales. We must thank him that he has not been concerned solely with such tales as are merely popular, but has selected such as are representative and instructive.

ISLAM IN ITS INFANCY.

A valuable work on the early history of Muhammadanism by al-Balâdhuri long lay in manuscript. In 1866 Professor de Goeje had it printed and published under the title of *Kitâb Futûḥ al-Buldân*. Now the Arabic original has been translated into English by Philip Khûri Ḥitti, Ph.D., of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout. It is published by the Columbia University as one of their 'Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.' The first volume alone has yet appeared. The title is *The Origins of the Islamic State* (P. S. King & Son; 16s. net).

Dr. Richard Gottheil, to whom the translation is dedicated, contributes a Foreword, in which he tells us that the Futûḥ al-Buldân of al-Balâdhuri is one of our chief authorities for the period during which the Arab state was in process of formation. He commends Mr. Ḥitti's translation. 'The style of al-Balâdhuri is often cryptic and unintelligible. This is perhaps due to the fact that the work, as it has reached us, is a shortened edition of a much larger one, which, though existent up to the seventeenth century, has not been found in any of the collections of manuscripts to which we have access. In its present form, the work mentions often men and matters that probably were treated of in the longer recension, but of which now we know nothing. Dr. Ḥitti's translation is, therefore, in a certain sense, also a commentary and an exposition. As such, I trust that it will be found useful to Orientalists as well as to students of history. His fine sense for the niceties of Arabic expression has often enabled him to get through a thicket that is impenetrable to us Westerners.' To these words it is enough to add that even to the uninitiated (and it takes a good deal of initiation to test the worth of the work or the fidelity of its translation) the book is brimful of interest, and that the form in which it has been published is altogether admirable.

LIFE AND LITERATURE IN POLAND.

The volume of *More Tales by Polish Authors* which Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has published (5s. net) has been translated with so much skill and sympathy by Else C. M. Benecke and Marie Busch that as we read it we do not once observe that it is a translation. The situation in the tale

of 'Two Prayers,' utterly diverse as it is from any experience of ours, is placed vividly before us. The description of the cold is real, and so well rendered that we begin to shiver. The tales are terrible in their sadness. What a struggle life is with the Pole, a struggle of man with man, and yet more of man with nature. We were promised dominion over the earth. We read these tales and feel that in Poland, as in Russia, the outstanding and awful fact is that that dominion has not yet been gained. Of course the stories are all realistic—once or twice mercilessly so, in their quiet way. The powerful story entitled 'The Stronger Sex,' by Stefan Zeromski, moves us at once to deep pity and irresistible contempt, and all out of its sheer realism. For an understanding of the struggle for bare life which goes on year after year in the untamed regions of Poland this book is enough.

THE SOUL.

The Soul and its Story is a great subject for a book, and Mr. Norman Pearson has risen to the greatness of it (Arnold; 10s. 6d. net). He has come at the right time. Our old ideas of the psychology of the Bible, and most other psychology as well, have had to be radically modified or abandoned altogether; and we have been looking for some authoritative guide to newer and more scientific conceptions. It is not that the Bible is wrong. Practical, and with the religious interest absorbing every other, the Bible is always right, if we would treat it fairly. It is our interpretation that is wrong. It is our demand that the Bible should give us more and other than it was ever intended to give.

Mr. Pearson is not a theologian. He therefore invited two theologians of repute—Archdeacon Bevan and the late Professor Gwatkin—to tell him what is now 'of faith' regarding the *origin* of the soul. Their replies are as interesting as they are able. Archdeacon Bevan writes: 'I should be inclined to say that no authoritative statement has been put forth by the Christian Church as to whether *Traducianism* (or the theory of derivation of the child's soul from that of the parent) is, or is not, to be preferred to *Creatianism* (or the theory that every soul born into the world is a fresh creation). It may be that the πνεῦμα as well as the ψυχή is implanted by the parent, or it may be that there is a spiritual birth at the same moment as the physical birth. If the soul of man was originally *evolved*, I should imagine that that was because it was *involved* from the very first in some germ form; but Genesis i. 26 seems to favour the idea that, as life and consciousness must have been new creations originally, so the *soul* was *added* to the human ape-like animal, which was thus "made *man*"; *i.e.*, (1) God made man of the "dust of the ground"—in other words, the *animal* called "Man" was evolved like other animals; but (2) God said, "Let us make this man into our own (spiritual) image"—so man "became a *living soul*." (I take it that a "*living soul*" means πνεῦμα plus ψυχή.) Being a "living soul," therefore, he would naturally transmit his entire nature (body, soul, and spirit) to his offspring.'

Professor Gwatkin is less venturesome but more final. He says: 'Liddon has no right to say that Christianity is committed to Creatianism. Leo of Rome says the precise contrary, and the Church of England lays down no doctrine on the matter. In fact, I believe both theories are untenable. If the soul comes straight from God, it must come pure, and the evil is in the body—which is Gnosticism. And if it is simply derived from the souls of the parents, we get into materialistic difficulties. As a matter of fact, a man is not simply the resultant of his ancestors. Even in plants we cannot keep a variety true from seed: we must have cuttings. Both theories are bad, for (1) they assume a dichotomy of body and soul instead of the threefold division of body, soul, and spirit. The non-bodily part is double, not single. And (2) Can we sharply and exactly separate even these three? Is even the body fully expressed by what we see? Are we not coming to see that we do not even know what matter is? May not this mortal frame enclose (not a *Luz* but) a new body fed by faith and ready to break the husk at the archangel's call? Delitzsch gave the position some forty years ago, but it needs revision in the light of the newer theories of matter, scientific and philosophical.'

We shall let these quotations introduce the book. Mr. Pearson separates the soul from the self; the one is continuous, the other is of the moment. And then he passes to a criticism of the materialistic denial of the existence of the soul, and from that to a most useful discussion of life, its conditions, appearance, and evolution. Further

chapters deal with Sex, the Soul and the Absolute, the Soul and the Particular, the Soul and the Universe. One of the subsidiary discussions is on the fashionable topic of Reincarnation.

A NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

The behaviour of the Germans, so different from what was expected of them, has led Sir Bampfylde Fuller to write a book on moral conduct. And in writing his book he claims to offer a new psychology. Its title is *Man as He is* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net).

His argument is that we behave under the influence of a great number of *impulses*. There is the impulse to replenish (eat and drink) and there is the impulse to recuperate (rest). There is also the impulse to reproduce and the impulse to reinvigorate (change). All these he groups under the title of impulses of Function. Then there are the impulses of Development—to construct and to imitate, to experiment and to repeat (memory). Finally, there are the impulses of Seeking and Avoiding—to adopt and to reject, to assert oneself (as courage) and to efface oneself (as fear), to be sympathetic (as affection) and to be antipathetic (as anger).

Now these impulses affect men's conduct, and that seriously. For 'we may then distinguish our conduct according as it is determined by visions of pleasure and pain, or motived by impulses to which pleasure and pain are unessential adjuncts. In fact, we lead two separate lives—the life of choice or of self-interest, and the life of impulse. The one may be figured as the smooth upper-current of a stream: the other as an under-current of swirls and eddies, which occasionally rise to the surface and disturb its placidity. It is the undercurrent which gives the stream its velocity.'

Conduct, then, depends upon the play of attack and defence between our unreflective impulses and our reflective power of choice. If we can select the right impulse to support, and if thereby it wins the battle, the victory is for good and God. If the wrong impulse is reinforced, or even allowed free play, the victory is such as the Germans hoped to win, but by God's grace never shall.

FRANCE TO-DAY.

Mr. Laurence Jerrold has written a book on *France To-day* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). He knows France well and he has great admiration. A militarist himself, his highest admiration is for military France, and this is the day and hour of her glory. His narrative is clear and crisp. When he tells the story of the Retreat from Charleroi and the Battle of the Marne, we see the shells dance and the bayonets flash. He exposes the blunders of the German command with its unchangeable organization. He rejoices in the cool clear-headedness of Joffre's strategy. But when he comes to the story of Verdun he is at his best. For he admires beyond measure the common French soldier with his simple determination to die there for France and scorn the thought of heroism.

When he deals with the Church and Religion Mr. Jerrold is not so happy. He does not understand religious feeling well. The Frenchman wants a human religion, he says, but does not say what that is. Because he wants a human religion there have been no great religious movements in France. And yet Mr. Jerrold has heard of the Jansenists and the Huguenots.

He is more at home when he enters French Society—the Society that does not worry about its sins. He is at home there, and again has great admiration. Mr. Jerrold believes that a new France will emerge from this war, and that it will be a better France than the world has ever known. Meantime let us all read this racy, almost riotous, appreciation of the France that now is. No doubt there are more things even in France to-day than are dreamt of in Mr. Jerrold's philosophy, but he knows much, and what he knows he can tell.

What to do for Christ and how to do it—that is the subject of a book which has been edited by Captain W. R. Davey, C.A. Its contributors are the Bishop of Salisbury, Prebendary Carlile, and many officers of the Church Army. The title is *Methods of Christian Work* (Allenson; 1s. 6d. net).

Messrs. Blackie & Son have published a well-illustrated and well-written book for boys under the title of *Great Deeds of the Great War* (2s. 6d.). The author is Mr. Donald A. Mackenzie. The illustrations are twelve large coloured separate plates and many black-and-white drawings in the text.

Mr. W. Warde Fowler, though much occupied with the study of Roman Religion, in which he is our great authority, has felt the pressure of the war. For relief he has written essays — short bright essays on all manner of profitable subjects. These essays he has published under the title of *Essays in Brief for War-Time* (Blackwell). Read them. They are easily read. They are just what they profess to be—essays in escape from depression. One is on Reading Aloud, one on Birds at the Front in France, one on Hope, Ancient and Modern. And these are but three out of twenty in the small volume.

In his book on *The Story of the New Testament* (Cambridge University Press; 4s. 6d. net), Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago, has succeeded in making a true story, and an entertaining one, out of the facts that are known regarding the origin, authorship, and contents of the New Testament Scriptures. His attitude is fairly conservative. He accepts all the Epistles ever attributed to St. Paul, except Hebrews and the Pastorals. Of the Pastoral Epistles he says that 'short genuine letters of his were made the basis of them by some later follower of Paul who composed them.'

At the end of each chapter Dr. Goodspeed gives 'Suggestions for Study.' These suggestions are also the finished work of the scholar.

A new contribution to 'Texts and Studies' is welcome in war-time. It is the fourth part of the eighth volume. Its title is *The So-called Egyptian Church Order and Derived Documents* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 10s. 6d. net). The author is Dom R. Hugh Connolly, M.A.

The book is a discussion of an extremely difficult subject—the date and interdependence of the most ancient Church Orders. Dom Connolly has written to upset received opinions. Since 1891, when Achelis published his *Canones Hippolyti*, the Canons of Hippolytus have been generally regarded as the most ancient of all Church Orders, and as the source from which all the others have sprung. Dom Connolly disbelieves both opinions. The results which his investigations have led him to are these:

(1) Neither the *Canons of Hippolytus* nor the *Apostolic Constitutions*, bk. viii., can be accorded the place of honour; (2) the *Canons of Hippolytus* in particular are one of the latest members of the group; (3) the so-called *Egyptian Church Order*, which has persistently been thrust into a subordinate position, is not merely the earliest of all, and the main source of each and all of the other Orders, but is in reality the work of Hippolytus, and dates accordingly from the early decades of the third century.

The name 'Egyptian Church Order' is no real title of the document which it denotes, but only one amongst other modern makeshifts for a title; it was invented and bestowed upon the document by Achelis, as he says, 'merely to give it a name, which so far it lacks.' Its proper title is 'The Apostolic Tradition.' And Dom Connolly hopes that under that title it will in future be included in an edition of the *Quae supersunt omnia* of Hippolytus.

'That consummate master of statecraft, that great world citizen, Benjamin Franklin, pierced through the veil of periodic misunderstandings between Mother and Daughter to a convinced belief in the far distant confederation of all English-speaking peoples as the natural evolution of ultimately recognized identity of their world mission and world interests. We venture to suggest that any such confederation or commonweal might fitly bear the name of *Britamerindia*, uniting either the whole or the characteristic part of the names *Britain*, *America*, *Erin*, and *India*.'

That paragraph shows at once the aim of Mr. Benchara Branford in writing his book *Janus and Vesta* (Chatto & Windus; 6s. net), and his ability to accomplish it. For it indicates earnestness along with ingenuity, and skill in arresting the attention. He believes that there are crises, periodical crises, in the lives of nations as of individuals. Such a crisis the European nations—nay, all the nations of the world—are in the heart of. Out of it will come, he hopes, this federation of the nations, and if it comes it will be worth the agony of the crisis. He has faith in Franklin. 'Into the thieves' kitchen of diplomacy of the eighteenth century he carried the honesty of the sound craftsman printer and the morality of the good father of a family.' He believes that Franklinism will beat Machiavellianism yet. What is Franklinism? It is this: 'If you wish for peace, prepare in every way for peace: by honest and open diplomacy:

by cautious and mutually progressive disarmament based upon a sober assessment of prevalent world-factors; by a spirit of sane international co-operation everywhere and always: by a conviction, instinctive and reasoned, that the ultimate and highest welfare of all states coincides with that of each.'

The great pleasure of the first disciples was the pleasure of surprise. They found every day some fresh occasion for wonder, and it always brought gladness. The Rev. Joseph Pearce thinks that Christ's servants ought to recapture this sense of wonder. The ministry is as new and surprising as it was at the beginning. In *The Wonder of the Ministry* (Chatwin; 3d.) he writes as one who knows the joy and strength of it.

In *Nationalism and Internationalism* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net), Professor Ramsay Muir shows how recent is the rise of the sense of nationality in Europe, and how steadily its progress has gone hand in hand with that of internationalism, or a sense of relation between one nation and another. 'Nationality,' he says, 'as a political axiom, even among the western European peoples, scarcely goes back so far as the French Revolution, but owes its ascendancy rather to Mazzini, and to the great nationalist movements which engrossed the attention of Europe from 1830 to 1870.' He desires to encourage this sense of solidarity in a nation—small nation as well as great, great nation as well as small. But he desires also to purge it of all sheer self-seeking. It is not the enemy of internationalism, nor is internationalism its enemy. Let us study this subject a little. Much will depend, in the years that lie before us, upon its right apprehension.

From Drummond's Tract Depot in Stirling there are issued cards and booklets, Biblical and Evangelical. One of them has for title, *Why has God permitted this War?* The answer is that the Devil is still going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it.

From the same publishing house have come copies of those popular and progressive annuals, *Little Footprints* (1½d.), *Good News* (4d.), *The Gospel Trumpet* (6d.), *The British Messenger* (1s.).

Descriptive studies of some Pre-Raphaelite Paintings have been made and published by the Rev. John Linton, M.A., under the title of *The Cross in Modern Art* (Duckworth; 5s. net). The painters whose pictures have been described are Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, John Everard Millais, William Holman Hunt, and George Frederick Watts. Mr. Linton knows that Madox Brown was doubtfully a Pre-Raphaelite. Was Watts ever counted one and all? Twelve pictures are described, and there are good reproductions of all the twelve. It is a pleasant book to read; and one encouraging fact is ever before the reader's mind—the greatest painters are also the best Christians.

The great question of the war is the place God holds in respect of it. Principal P. T. Forsyth has written a book on *The Justification of God* (Duckworth; 2s. 6d. net). Not every one will be able to read it, though he wants every one to read it, for he has no desire to address himself to the already persuaded. Not every one will read it, because it has all Dr. Forsyth's nimbleness of intellect in almost exaggerated illustration. But it is a great book, and simply must be attacked again and yet again. This is what Dr. Forsyth says about the Athanasian Creed—it is plain enough: 'As to that creed exception is here taken less to its matter than to its manner. So far as the matter goes, if the doctrine of the Trinity (which certainly is at the heart of Christianity) was to be expressed in the intellectual conditions of the fourth century it probably could not have been better done. I do not even object sweepingly to the damnatory note. There are not nearly enough preachers who preach, nor people who take home, the reality of damnation, or the connexion of liberty with it. The vice in the creed is the association of salvation or damnation with forms which, though they are not intellectualist, are yet much too intellectual and too little ethical for general faith, and must be taken on external authority. There must, indeed, be external authority, but not on the thing that makes a soul Christian and settles its Eternity.'

Mrs. Lily L. Allen is a follower of the once greatly followed Samuel Smiles. She believes in Self-Help. Make a man of yourself, she says, in *Personality* (Fowler; 3s. net). Be a person, she says. And in order to be a person she bids us study and practise right belief, self-knowledge,

intuition, decision, self-trust, thoroughness, and many other efficacious virtues and graces. Mrs. Allen writes persuasively; for clearly she is herself persuaded.

A biographical sketch has been written of *Robert Linklater*, who is described as 'Man, Missioner and Priest,' and 'an Ideal Catholic' (Wells Gardner; 3s. 6d. net). His work was done chiefly in London, at Holy Trinity, Stroud Green; and it was well done albeit on advanced 'Catholic' lines. The biography also, brief as it is, is well done. We see the man and we are drawn to him, whether we are drawn to the priest or not. We can accept one-half at any rate of a certain Presbyterian's opinion; 'Dr. Linklater the man, I love; Dr. Linklater the ecclesiastic, I abhor.' 'He possessed,' says one who knew him in his earlier life, 'a marvellously magnetic personality, which few or none could resist. Then, too, he was an Irishman, and had, therefore, a very keen sense of humour. This it was that gave him a healthy vision and kept his judgment from becoming distorted and atrabilious. His desire was not to make us goody-goody. In this he approached somewhat to Kingsley. But he did try to teach us a healthy, ruddy, manly Christianity.'

Dr. Masaharu Anesaki is one of the best and best known scholars of Japan. He has made Buddhism his special study, and he knows it in all the lands of its acceptance, though he knows it best in Japan. He has also obtained a mastery of the English tongue, such mastery as few foreigners can ever compass. He is Professor of the Science of Religion at the Imperial University of Tokio in Japan, and he has been Professor of Japanese Literature and Life at Harvard University in America. Dr. Anesaki has just published a biography of *Nichiren the Buddhist Prophet* (Harvard University Press). It is a surprise in the literature of biography. For Nichiren is an interesting and attractive personality, and Dr. Anesaki has made his life something of a prose idyll. Of course he was no prophet as the Hebrew prophets were. That his biographer knows and says. Yet he deserved to be distinguished both from the priest and from the theologian; and 'prophet' is the best title that could have been given him.

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., C.F., who lately issued a little book on Self-Training in Prayer, has now sent out a companion volume on the Lord's Prayer. Its title is *After this Manner Pray Ye* (Heffer; 1s. 3d. net). If there is anything left to be said on the Lord's Prayer, Dr. McNeile with his accurate knowledge and spiritual experience is likely to say it. But his aim is not originality—reality rather. He would have us pray with the understanding, but he would have us pray.

The Key of the Grave, by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, is undoubtedly a classic of consolation. It is right to re-issue it (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It might have been re-issued even earlier in the war.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have begun the issue of a new edition of *The Expositor's Bible* (2s. 6d. net each). The printing and the paper are a little warlike, but only in comparison with the earlier and dearer edition. The binding is very attractive. The volumes already issued are 'The Book of Deuteronomy,' by Professor Andrew Harper; 'The Book of Joshua,' by Dr. W. G. Blaikie; 'Judges and Ruth,' by Dr. R. A. Watson; 'The First Epistle to the Corinthians,' by Dr. James Denney; 'The Second Epistle to the Corinthians,' by the same; and 'The Epistle to the Galatians,' by Professor G. G. Findlay.

It will be enough at present simply to mention the issue of a volume of *Apocalyptic Problems*, by the Very Rev. H. Erskine Hill, M.A., Provost of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). There are ideas in it which deserve discussion, and we hope to return. Meantime let it be understood that the 'problems' are not abstrusely theological. They belong to the sphere of interpretation, and do actually interpret both the language and the ideas of the Apocalypse. Moreover, Provost Erskine Hill is the master of a lively and energetic English style, the very sworn enemy of all abstruseness.

Those who are affected with the eschatological ailment—and it has really settled upon some minds like a fever or bloody flux—must read a lecture which Canon Scott Holland delivered at Liverpool. It is published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *The Real Problem of Eschatology* (6d. net).

The Rev. Paul B. Bull, M.A., Priest of the Community of the Resurrection, calls his book on *The Three-Fold Way* (Longmans; 2s. net) 'An Aid to Conversion.' But it has to be understood that the word 'conversion' is used by him in a different sense from that to which Reformed theology has consecrated it. His use is the very opposite. By conversion he means the slow painful climbing of the mystical ladder, through the Purgative and the Illuminative to the Unitive Way. Conversion is usually associated with that New Birth to which Nicodemus was invited; Mr. Bull's 'conversion' is the advice to Nicodemus to persevere in the way he has been following. Of that way it is a fine candid exposition.

Messrs. Longmans have published the first volume of a work called *Teachings of Christ and the Apostles*, by a Priest (6s. net). Its aim is to provide the preacher with suggestions for sermons or addresses on the New Testament Lessons. This volume deals with the Teachings of Christ.

This has never been well done, though many have tried to do it. Those who have attempted it have not read the best commentaries, or they have not had the courage to follow them. But their chief mistake has been to treat the preachers for whom they write as if their minds were quite undeveloped. This Priest has done better. He has both courage and insight, and he demands a little hard thinking. This book will be less a crutch than a discipline.

The Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson, who spent much of his life at Fiesole, ministering at both the English churches in Florence, was a letter-writer. He had the gift, and he used it thankfully. His letters have now been published under the editorship of the Rev. C. E. Lambert, M.A., and under the title of *Letters of the Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net).

Many of them are occupied with doubts, and they counsel patience, not argument; many with sorrow, and they often counsel confession to a priest. But with the confession there are difficulties, and sometimes the advice is direct and courageous. Mr. Jeaffreson believed that God would recover everybody before the end, and that belief made consolation easier with him. He did not often use the Bible; and that is the more striking when we are told that his education was in an evangelical atmosphere. Again and again the word of a Psalmist or an Apostle occurs to us as appropriate, but he does not use it. One thing is always evident—his sincerity.

In the United States of America, we are told, there is at present a great appetite for books on Efficiency. The books spell it with a capital. It is their 'blessed word' now that the word Mesopotamia has fallen from that estate. The efficient writer is the writer on Efficiency; it is of less account how he writes. One of the writers, one of the most efficient, is Mr. Edward Earle Purinton. And Mr. Purinton's latest book, called *The Business of Life* (McBride; 6s. net), contains 'Efficiency Problems and their Solution.'

You will be surprised to hear that the book begins with a definition of Efficiency. The cunning dramatist leaves his solution to the end. But Mr. Purinton is too sure of his subject and his audience to trouble with tricks or plots. What is Efficiency? 'It is not an effort of greedy corporations to reduce their workers to money-making machines. It is not a panic to do so much that you wear yourself out. Efficiency is the science of self-management.'

The next question is, 'Are you efficient?' But on second thoughts Mr. Purinton says he will not ask it. Why? Because his readers carry heads not hods. 'The difference between a hod-carrier and the head of a great corporation is that the hod-carrier works his hod instead of his head. For the hod he has trained his muscles, to the hod he is bound. To get ahead—get a head!'

And so the book on Efficiency is written. It is all as lively as the lively passages quoted.

It is rarely possible to recommend books which advocate the instruction of the young in sexual matters. But *Sex-Education*, by Maurice A. Bigelow, Professor of Biology in Columbia University (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net), may be recommended without hesitation. It is a book for teachers. It may be read by pupils.

The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* has written a book on healing by prayer and faith. The title is *The Christian Doctrine of Health* (Macmillan; 2s. net). It is a subject much and anxiously considered at the present time. We doubt if we should ever have dropped the practice of it. We

would gladly recover it if we knew how. Well, the whole subject is discussed in this book, temperately and competently.

Professor H. B. Swete of Cambridge has published another volume of his lectures on the doctrines of the Creed. Every volume is a contribution of lasting worth. For there is no exaggeration; the scholarship is scholarship's last word; and the purpose of commending the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God is fulfilled. The new volume is on *The Forgiveness of Sins* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). It is divided into three parts: first, the Forgiveness of Sins in the Bible; second, the Forgiveness of Sins in the History of the Church; and third, the Forgiveness of Sins in the Experience of Life. There is an additional note on the Biblical Terms for Sin and Forgiveness.

When Prebendary William Leighton Grane delivered his Hulsean Lectures in 1913 (they are not yet published), he 'attempted to set in strong relief the Unifying Power of the Christianity of Christ, and then to illustrate and urge its application in certain regions remarkable for lack of unity. In the pre-war world there were three spheres of life conspicuous for its absence. We saw the Divisive spirit in full possession of Christendom itself—both Catholic and Reformed. We found it fomenting social and industrial strife. We feared it in those antichristian Inter-State relations which threatened the relapse into barbarism so soon to occur.'

Of these three scenes of failure the first is, from the Christian point of view, fundamental; because it relates to the very Body of Christ—the Organism created to be the guardian and dispenser of His Spirit. But this vital subject, by the limits of his Hulsean scheme, was condemned to fragmentary treatment in a single lecture, which seemed so inadequate to its urgency that he has devoted a separate book to its development. He calls the book *Church Divisions and Christianity* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

Granted the disunion of Christendom, what are the way-marks on the path of recovery? They are these three: (1) Willingness on the part of all organized Christendom to acknowledge error. (2) A new understanding of and regard for the most Fundamental Verities. (3) A much more absolute allegiance to the Supremacy of Christ. Of these the first is the greatest and the most difficult. Mr. Grane is sincere. When he says 'willingness to acknowledge error,' he means that those who think with him, and worship with him, are willing to acknowledge error, and that he himself will lead them. There is no other way. In all the history of this great controversy about reunion no book has been published rendering more sincere service than this.

The war has given the study of nationality a tremendous impetus. Patriotism, or the love of country, may be good or evil; we have not two words. But nationality (or the right of a nation to be a nation) and nationalism (best expressed in the boast, 'My country, right or wrong!') are distinguishable—although nationalism is used by some writers in a good sense. Dr. Edward Krehbiel, Professor of Modern History in Leland Stanford Junior University, has written a source book on Nationalism, that is to say, on the evil of setting one's nation above humanity. That evil ends in war sooner or later, and in the demoralization of Society. So he calls his book, *Nationalism, War and Society* (Macmillan; $1.50).

We have called it a source book. The author's object is to furnish thinkers and speakers with facts and references. And nowhere else will they be found, we believe, more accurately or more easily. His references to literature are especially copious and correct.

The book is strengthened by means of an Introduction by Mr. Norman Angell. Take two sentences from the Introduction: 'Most critics will reply, "Yes, that is all very well, but what would you have done in August 1914, when Germany challenged Europe?" Well, it does not invalidate anything that I am arguing, to say that I would have fought.'

Mr. William Butler Yeats has written *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* (Macmillan; 6s. net). And he has written with so much sincerity that the reader will not weary though there is no external incident to thrill the nerves. Apart from the perpetual sense of a supernatural world all around, a perpetually disturbing and sometimes seriously distracting world of supernatural beings, no longer to be taken account of in any civilized country except Ireland—except that, there is nothing in

the book which might not be experienced by any one growing from childhood to manhood under the guidance of a strong imagination. But it is all told so sincerely, and with so much grace of thought and language, that the volume cannot be spoken of otherwise than as a work of high art.

We shall quote one passage, a passage of a supernatural colour, as most expressive of the book. But the quotation must not be allowed to suggest that the life here displayed so unreservedly was other than healthy.

'Though it was all years ago, what I am going to tell now must be accurate, for no great while ago she wrote out her unprompted memory of it all and it was the same as mine. She was sitting under an old-fashioned mirror reading and I was reading in another part of the room. Suddenly I heard a sound as if somebody was throwing a shower of peas at the mirror. I got her to go into the next room and rap with her knuckles on the other side of the wall to see if the sound could come from there, and while I was alone a great thump came close to my head upon the wainscot and on a different wall of the room. Later in the day a servant heard a heavy footstep going through the empty house, and that night, when I and my two cousins went for a walk, she saw the ground under some trees all in a blaze of light. I saw nothing, but presently we crossed the river and went along its edge where, they say, there was a village destroyed, I think in the wars of the seventeenth century, and near an old graveyard. Suddenly we all saw light moving over the river where there is a great rush of waters. It was like a very brilliant torch. A moment later the girl saw a man coming towards us who disappeared in the water. I kept asking myself if I could be deceived. Perhaps after all, though it seemed impossible, somebody was walking in the water with a torch. But we could see a small light low down on Knock-narea seven miles off, and it began to move upward over the mountain slope. I timed it on my watch and in five minutes it reached the summit, and I, who had often climbed the mountain, knew that no human footstep was so speedy.'

Under the title of *The Ages of Man* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Charles Sayle has gathered together and published one or more references in literature to every year of man's life from the first to the hundred and tenth. Nor does he stop there, but goes on (though no longer without omissions) till he finds himself among the hundred thousands.

There is much variety of interest in the book, but like the dictionary it is not for continuous reading. For the most part there is one quotation for each year. Here is a year for which there are two:

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SHAKESPEARE.

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.—*King Lear*, I. iv. 40.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve if you will try; I wish you would set about it.—*Miscellanies* (ed. Birkbeck Hill), ii. 262.

There was an error in the notice of Dr. Lukyn Williams's Commentary on *The Epistle to the Romans* (R.T.S.) last month, due to a line having dropped out in the typing. The text is not given, but an interpretation of the text. Each great paragraph of the Epistle is interpreted in clear and interesting narrative, and then the Notes are confined, as was stated, to the very smallest compass.

Mr. J. Ellis, under the title of *Keep to the Right* (Scott; 2s. net), has published a volume of 'Ten-minute Talks to Children.' To the Talks he has added some five-and-twenty pages of Illustrations.

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A., in publishing a volume of sermons, says that 'each of them at the time of its delivery called forth a measure of testimony from those who recognized in it some voice of God.' What would other preachers give to be able to say the same! Perhaps it is owing partly to the fact that every sermon has to do with one or other of 'the things which cannot be shaken'—not even by the war. They are therefore sermons of comfort — not of consolation merely, but of the comfort that is strength. The title is *The Confidence of Faith* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. W. Escott Bloss, A.K.C., believes that a generation has grown up which knew not Newman, and he has retold the whole story of

Tractarianism, Secession, and the Cardinalate in a volume which he has called *'Twixt the Old and the New* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). The first chapter of the book prepares the way for the entrance of the principal actor by a survey of religious life, particularly in Oxford, for some fifty years before. Thereafter the story is the biography of Newman. It was wise to gather it round his imperishable personality.

Georgiana M. Forde is a hero-worshipper. And her hero is the Book of Common Prayer. She writes on *Heroes and Writers of the Book of Common Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net); but she has run all the heroes and writers into a composite photograph, out of which comes imaginatively the very Book itself. And so in them she worships and adores it. And is it not worthy? Is it not the product of their heads and their hearts? Did not the great men and good throw their best into it? More than that, the Book of Common Prayer has been everything to herself—education, inspiration, comfort. She has given herself to it, and to the commendation of it.

So this is the story of the men who made the Book of Common Prayer and of the Saints to whom it was consecrated. And it is in some measure an exposition of the Book itself.

The Everlasting Gospel (Stock; 2s. net) is the title of a volume of short practical sermons—not dominatingly doctrinal as their title might suggest—by the Rev. E. H. Keymer, M.A.

A new revised edition has appeared of *A History of the Church of the Cymry*, by the Rev. William Hughes, Vicar of Llanuwchllyn and Rural Dean (Stock; 10s. net). The book has been on the whole well received, for it brings together much historical information, and it is written without either rhetoric or resentment.

A new volume has begun of the University of Missouri Studies—a new volume of the 'Social Science' series. It has begun with a study of *Assyrian Historiography*, by Albert Ten Eyck Olmstead (Univ. of Missouri Press). Where do we find our facts for the history of Assyria? What reliance can be placed on the sources when found? These are the questions answered. They are answered with much learning and enthusiasm.

Three hundred and sixty-five ministers and laymen (mostly American) have each written a prayer, and the three hundred and sixty-five prayers have been published in one volume by the Vir Publishing Company under the title of *God's Minute* (2s. net). Let this prayer 'For Communion Sunday' be quoted by way of example. The author is Dr. O. E. Maurer of New Haven.

'We sing our eucharistic hymn this day, O God, with voices from which all tones of mortal sadness have vanished away. We sing the song of newborn life, and not of death. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was made flesh, and men beheld the glory of Thy love in the face of Jesus Christ.

'Come, O Creator Spirit blest, and impart anew Thy marvelous gifts. May Christ be born again in every heart. Purge our ears from the rattling noises of the world, until they are quick to hear the heavenly song of Thy peace and good-will for men. Lead all seekers to some spiritual Bethlehem and help them to find the Holy Child. May the nations come to His light, and rulers behold the brightness of His rising.

'May the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, that He may reign forever and ever.—*Amen.*'

The leading feature of *The R.P.A. Annual for 1917* (Watts; 9d. net) is a symposium on the question: Will Orthodox Christianity survive the World War? The answer is of course in the negative. But some of the writers write what is not expected of them. Sir Ray Lankester is one. He says: 'The Christian morality has been deliberately rejected by the leaders of German militarism. We are fighting for the triumph of that morality—to make an end of the German moral system which teaches that treachery, murder, and torture are rightly applied by Germans to their fellow-men in order to increase German wealth and material domination. The triumph of the Allies will lead to the firmer establishment of "peace upon earth, goodwill towards men"—the ideals of Christian morality.'

This is the day of specializing. But the specialist may be more or less special. The late Professor *Raphael Meldola* claimed no authority outside physical science, but there does not seem to have been any branch of physical science that was

beyond his grasp. An appreciation has been written (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net). It has been written by twenty-three specialists in science; and every one of them writes of him as if he were a specialist in the particular branch to which the writer belongs. And with all his erudition he was a man. His humanity seems to have impressed everybody—his sympathy, his humour, his general good comradeship. He could tell good stories too. Here is one he told about Charles Lamb.

'Somebody—let us say a fellow-clerk in the India House—had twitted Lamb with his infirmity of speech.

'"That's my p-p-peculiarity," said Lamb. "Everybody has some p-p-peculiarity."

'"Nonsense," said the other. "What is mine?"

'"Well," rejoined Lamb, "I sup-p-pose you stir your tea with your right hand?"

'"Why, yes, of course."

'"Ah, that's *your* p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people do it with a s-p-p-poon!"'

The Last Days of Babylon's Independence.

By Theophilus G. Pinches, LL.D., London.

In more than one respect the tablets which bear upon the fall of Babylon are of interest to us. Compared with the present war, that waged by Cyrus against Nabonidus and Belshazzar was a model conflict from the view-point of humanity and consideration for the vanquished. When we think, moreover, of the great change resulting therefrom, it was one of the briefest of conflicts. In the main the war waged by Cyrus against the Babylonians seems to have been due to his desire to dominate the then known world, or at least that portion of it which was most accessible, and best worth having; and in this it resembles the conflict now raging, for there are but few, in all probability, outside the boundaries of the central allies and the body of their subjects abroad, who would deny that the first desire of those empires is to dominate the world, and apply the destructive power of the weapons which they have so long toiled to perfect, to acquire not only the fullest political overlordship, but also an unassailable position in commerce. Cyrus's aim was probably the same, though whether he realized to the full the commercial advantages to be obtained thereby is a matter for discussion. In any case, the great power which Persia obtained must have had the advantage which falls to the lot of every nation possessing a similar central position and world-wide influence.

The entry, in the Babylonian Chronicle, for Nabonidus's 17th (and last) year, refers to certain religious ceremonies which were performed, possibly to ask the gods for success in the conflict with Cyrus and his allies which, it was felt, was coming. These ceremonies took place between Nisan and Elul, the first and the sixth months of the Babylonian year. The chronicler then states that Cyrus fought a battle 'in Opis' (*ina Upê* ^{ki}) upon the Tigris (*nâr Idiqlat*, written in the puzzling way which some of the scribes liked to use, namely, *ni-ni-lat*). According to my first reading, this took place in Tammuz, but the contract-tablets indicate no disturbance of the normal life of the country during that month, and as the ideograph for Tisri differs from that used for Tammuz by the addition of a single wedge only, this must be the month intended. The Babylonians were defeated, and on the 14th day of the month Sippar was taken without a battle, and Nabonidus fled. On the 16th Ugbaru (Gobryas) of Gutium^{m} (Media), with the army of Cyrus, entered Babylon, likewise without a battle, and Nabonidus seems to have been found and captured there. The next statement is to the effect that ^{su} *tukkumē* (? cuirassiers) of Gutium^{m} surrounded the gates of Ê-saggil (the temple of Belus), and *baṭla ša mimma* (? failure of a thing) in Ê-saggil and the temples did not take place (*ûl iššakin*, 'was not made'), and a (single) gem(?) passed not (out) (*simanu ûl êtiq*). Though not certain, this is the translation which I would propose for these unusual phrases, and it has at least the merit of being consistent, and of recording events which might well be due to the orders of such a man as Cyrus. The next historical statement of the Chronicle, as I translate it, is also characteristic. The words 'Cyrus entered into

Babylon' are certain, but for the next phrase, *ḫarinē ina pani-šu (w)atrūni*, many suggestions have been made. If *ḫarinē* may be regarded as a plural participle of *ḫarānu*, denominative from *ḫarranu*, 'road,' then the best rendering would be 'those who went before him were numerous,' and they went as 'proposing peace (or safety) for the city' (*šulum ana âli šakin*). After this we have, apparently, what they said: *Kuraš, šulum ša Bâbîli, gabbi-šu, qibi*, 'Cyrus, command peace (safety) for Babylon, all of it.' If this be what the chronicler says, it agrees thoroughly with the account in Xenophon, *Cyrop.*, book vii. 8. The date of Cyrus's entry was the 3rd of Marcheswan. Notwithstanding that he was present in Babylon, it was not he who appointed the governors there—this duty was left to Gobryas, 'his governor' (*Gubaru, piḫati-šu*—see THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for April 1915, p. 298, lines 2–5*b*). As has been often noted, the death of the son of the king (Belshazzar) took place on the 11th.

The contract-tablets give transactions for the 7th and the 9th of Tisri. As the city was taken by Cyrus on the 14th of the month, datings at Sippar now cease. The next document, which refers to silver, is dated at Sippar on the 10th of Marcheswan, the day before Belshazzar's death. Strassmaier's No. 1055 is marked by him 'Nbn. 17.9.0.'—that is, 'Nabonidus, 17th year, month Chisleu, no day.' But Nabonidus was no longer king at that date, as he seems to have been captured about a fortnight before the 1st of the month.

Two explanations are possible: (1) The news of Nabonidus's capture and Cyrus's accession may not have reached Sippar, or (2) the tablet records payments made from the temple-treasuries in advance. In support of the latter, it is noteworthy that the first payment was for Chisleu, the second for the whole of the 17th year, the third for Nisan, the fourth for Chisleu again, and the fifth for Elul. If this tablet was written about the 1st of Nisan, it naturally does not clash with the Chronicle.

The first dated tablet of the reign of Cyrus is given by Strassmaier as being 'Cyr. acc. 7.0'—*i.e.* 'Cyrus, accession year, Tisri, day lost.' Unfortunately, the month name is mutilated or partly defaced, and therefore doubtful. Though not legally king of Babylonia until the 12th of Marcheswan, Cyrus had entered Sippar on the 14th of Tisri, and the reading may be correct. This would imply that the Sipparites did not, at the time, know who was their king, Nabonidus or Cyrus. Later in the month, however, there was no doubt, as a tablet referring to barley, and bearing the date 'Marcheswan, day 24th, Cyrus, king of Babylon,' shows.

The invasion and conquest of Babylonia by Cyrus therefore seem to have occupied forty-two days—it was on the 1st day of Tisri that Cyrus fought the battle of Opis, and he assumed the rule of the country, through Gobryas—Darius the Mede—on the 12th of Marcheswan. Normal life at Sippar was hardly disturbed until the 10th of Tisri, and was resumed on or before the 24th of Marcheswan. The capital's calm was disturbed for a few days less, and would have resumed its normal course sooner but for the crowds of petitioners seeking Cyrus's presence.

In addition to Cyrus's moderation, Xenophon makes a point of his desire that the population should suffer as little as possible from the devastation of the country in the district where the troops might ultimately operate (*Cyrop.*, v. 4), and to this end he proposed to the 'Assyrian' king that the labourers should not be interfered with. This the latter agreed to, and he would doubtless have kept his word had the fortune of war favoured him instead of Cyrus. Evidently 'frightfulness' (in better English, 'ruthlessness') formed no part of Cyrus's policy.

Contributions and Comments.

Reunion with Our Own in Another Life.

I READ Canon Winterbotham's article in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for November with great interest, but at the end I was sensible of some perplexity which repeated perusal has deepened. I understand neither the need of disproving what seems to be the view he wishes to overthrow, nor what he seeks to establish. His main argumentation goes to demolish a theory of the after-life which I cannot believe any intelligent person entertains outside, perhaps, Turkey. His own concluding sentences seem to follow his preceding arguments with as doubtful logic as the famous 'conclusion of the whole matter' in Ecclesiastes. With all deference may I indicate a few points in the article which appear to me specially unsatisfying?

1. As pillars of the Christian position the Canon mentions the Creeds and the Bible. Yet there are many truths of importance which the Christian may hold, though they are unexpressed in any Creed, and not clearly referred to in Scripture. Every one admits that revelation on the future life is scanty, and that uncertainty attaches to all speculations on it. Still it is legitimate to construct any theory of it which satisfies the longings of the human heart, and is inconsistent neither with Scripture nor with reason. The Canon's own conclusion is, after all, only of this kind, for he quotes neither Scripture nor Creed in support of it.

2. But I must point out in passing that his statement about the Bible is peculiar. The usual formula in the O.T. in narrating a death is, '*he slept with*' (or '*was gathered to*) *his fathers*.' What precisely that implies is not my business. My point is, it needs consideration from one who says *tout court*, 'There is not a single word in the Bible to support the assertion that we shall find our own again in another world.' Also there is an awkward verse in which David says of the dead, 'I shall go to him.'

3. The Canon's view of the immortality of love is puzzling. How can love *per se* be immortal? A relation can survive only if the objects related survive. He takes as an example 'calf-love,' and admits it does not often last throughout this life. What possible meaning is there in the thought that a love which ceases in this life is yet immortally preserved? It may of course survive everlastingly in its effects, but I do not think that is what the Canon means.

4. The article mixes up, so that they appear to be practically identical, what will surely seem to most to be totally different considerations, viz. the finding of our loved ones again, and the resumption of family life. I cannot see how the one question determines the other in the slightest. A man's wife is not only a wife, she is a *person* with whom his life has been bound up. What I imagine every man desires and expects to find in heaven is not his wife *qua* wife, but that other person who in this stage of being *was* his wife. Even in this life there are circumstances familiar enough when one mixing in some social group formed with no reference at all to the family, and therein keenly enjoying oneself, feels peculiar satisfaction in that some other person is present to share in the joy, or deep regret that that one is absent. Sex is in no way involved. The family is for the time transcended. It is simply a desire that that other person should be present. The Canon has forgotten that there is such a thing as David-Jonathan love, with which sex has nothing to do.

5. The article ignores the very strongest argument for recognition in the next life. Recognition has little to do with family relationships, it has everything to do with memory. A conception of the future life without memory—I am sure the Canon will agree—is absolutely meaningless and worthless. The parables of Dives and Lazarus and of the Last Judgment teach the survival of memory. They are pointless without that. But if memory survives, recognition is assured. Hence, despite the article, I dare say the sorrow-laden may continue to cherish for their comfort and truth the closing lines of Newman's hymn.

W. D. NIVEN.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Blairgowrie.

Matthew x. 16.

'Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'

The word 'harmless' in English has a passive as well as an active sense. The commentaries and translations take it in the latter meaning, and alternative renderings are 'simple,' 'guileless,' etc. It is probably in this sense too that King James' translators used it, for Shakespeare also uses it in this way. Thus he speaks of a harmless fairy, the harmless necessary cat, the harmless dove, etc. But besides meaning 'not doing harm,' harmless may also denote 'unharmed,' and this appears to be the older usage. The New English Dictionary cites Chaucer, 'To passen harmlesse of that place She graunted him'; Caxton, 'The scottes escaped harmeless'; and Thackeray, 'Pecking up her food quite harmless and successful.'

The same remark applies to the Greek. The A.V. translates by 'harmless,' ἄκακος (He 7^{26}) and ἀκέραιος (Mt 10^{16}, Ph 2^{15}), which latter it renders 'simple' in Ro 16^{19}, where it balances 'wise,' as in the present passage. For a passive use of ἄκακος, see Moulton and Milligan, *Voc. of the Gr. Test.* In the case of ἀκέραιος the meaning 'unharmed' appears to be more original than 'not harming.' If we adopt the latter sense the verse in Matthew will embody two commands: if the former, then the two imperatives will be equivalent, as often in Hebrew, to a conditional sentence, and the meaning will be: 'If you are wise as serpents, then you shall be unharmed as doves.' The Twelve are being sent out like sheep among wolves, but if they behave wisely they shall be unhurt. This gives good and appropriate sense; and it is backed by the Arabic proverb, 'Safer than a dove of the sanctuary.' The security of the Temple birds in Jerusalem is referred to in Ps 84. It is true that the pigeons in the Temple, unlike those at Mecca, were kept in the charge of a special officer for sacrifice, but it is remarkable that doves are never mentioned as being used for ordinary food in the Old Testament; and there is a good deal of evidence that the pigeon was regarded as sacred in Syria, as in Mecca. The simplicity of the dove is the opposite of wisdom (Hos 7^{11}). See Lucian, *Dea Syria*, §§ 14, 54; Xenophon, *Anabasis*, I. iv. 9; Bochart, *Hierozoicon*, vol. II. *ad init.*

T. H. Weir.

University of Glasgow.

The Spiritual Body.

In a sermon published some years ago by Dr. Momerie entitled 'The Spiritual Body,' the author, explaining 1 Co $15^{2ff.}$ says: 'So let us be sure we get the right answer to the question, When, where, and how is man sown? If you were to ask this of superficial readers of the Bible most of them would reply—When he is laid in the grave. They imagine that the sowing of the seed corresponds to the burial of a dead man's body. But it does not—it cannot. For this reason. Sowing takes place before death—interment after. The sowing of the seed, so far from corresponding to a man's death, corresponds in point of fact to his birth. This earth of ours is the seminary—seminary, you know, means a seed-place—this earth of ours is the seminary of Heaven. A man is sown when he is born into this world: just as a grain of wheat is sown when it is placed in the ground. And let me ask you particularly to notice—this is the chief point—the body that shall be is not sown. The body that is sown never rises.'

Can you tell me if this point of view is advanced by any other writer?

H. Kirkland-Whittaker.

Chaplain's House,
Banstead Downs, Sutton.

Peace.

The following quotation from St. Augustine is apposite to the present time, and points forcibly to the danger which the projectors of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope have been striving to meet.

Having conceded that there may be a peace worth fighting to procure, Augustine proceeds:

'Hanc pacem requirunt laboriosa bella: hanc adipiscitur quae putatur gloriosa victoria. Quando autem vincunt qui causâ justiore pugnabant, quis dubitet, gratulandam esse victoriam, et provenisse optabilem pacem? Haec bona sunt, et sine dubio Dei dona sunt. Sed si—neglectis melioribus quae ad supernam pertinent Civitatem, ubi erit victoria in aeternâ et summâ pace secura—bona ista sic concupiscuntur, ut vel sola esse credantur vel his quae meliora creduntur amplius diligantur, necesse

est miseria consequatur, et quae inerat augeatur' (*De Civitate Dei*, lib. xv. cap. iv.).

F. C. CHOLMONDELEY.

Adlestrop Rectory,
Chipping Norton.

The Prodigal Son.

THE Prodigal Son, when he came to his father, did not say as he intended, 'Make me as one of thy hired servants.'

To me, this omission is one of the most natural and beautiful things in the parable. It was only the father's great love that brought the prodigal to genuine repentance, when the vivid sense of sin obscured all thought of safety.

Do we not meet something like this almost every day? Suffering often sobers men, but probably hardens them quite as often. But one thing they can rarely resist: they break down utterly before a great and generous forgiving love.

Is it not there that the Cross also first grips the sinner?

I have tried to put this idea into verse.

I thought I had repented when one day
I munched the husks in misery and fear;
Alas, I only envied far away
The hired servants and their better cheer.

And there and then had I resolved to own
All my unworthiness and all my sin.
To hide my pride and face a father's frown,
And only seek the labourer's bread to win.

I started forth, and ever on the road
Rehearsed the words with all the ardour due,
And smiled, and hardly felt their inward goad—
Till suddenly my father came in view.

Alas for planning! When he panting ran
And flung his arms about me, and would cling,
And weep, and kiss my cheek so grimed and wan,
I had no heart to ask for anything.

'Twas then the mighty tempest broke within,
And all my soul was tossed by fiery tides;
Then bitterly I felt and owned my sin,
And verily could think of naught besides.

Yea, I repented. Hard had been my heart;
Affliction sobered me, but still I strove;
The cords that bound me only fell apart
Before a father's overwhelming love.

J. COMYN JONES.

Bourne, Lincs.

Acts xxvii. 39.

MY attention has been called to Mr. Cowan's contribution, in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES of last July, regarding the subject of this verse. There are several considerations which, I think, are fatal to the theory advanced by him.

The first is the wording of the narrative itself. It runs thus: Κόλπον δέ τινα κατενόουν ἔχοντα αἰγιαλόν, εἰς ὃν ἐβουλεύοντο εἰ δύναιντο ἐξῶσαι τὸ πλοῖον, καὶ . . . κατεῖχον εἰς τὸν αἰγιαλόν. περιπεσόντες δὲ εἰς τόπον διθάλασσον ἐπέκειλαν τὴν ναῦν. The first thing which the voyagers saw, when daylight came, was a bay with a beach. Into this they determined, if they could, to drive the ship. Hoisting the foresail, 'they were holding on' (imperfect tense) for the beach. But, on the way, 'having fallen in (aorist tense) with a place where two seas met,' *i.e.* the narrow channel between Selmûn islet and the mainland of Malta, they drove the ship aground.

Clearly it was only as they were coming up into the bay that they fell upon—discovered—the place where two seas met. They did not know of its existence till they found themselves driving upon it. In other words, the simple meaning of the text would seem to be that they saw (1) the whole bay with its beach from the mouth of the bay, and (2) a place where two seas met disclosed itself unexpectedly to them behind what had looked like a spit of land, but was really an islet on the starboard side.

There is no beach visible from a ship lying at anchor in the open sea opposite the narrow channel where two seas meet.

The second consideration is, that there *was* a 'thrusting' of the ship to be done even if it was lying off the mouth of the bay. It had to be 'thrust' into the bay, not such an easy matter in the circumstances as might be supposed. Any one who has seen, as I have on more than one occasion, the difficulty with which even a steamship gets into either of the two harbours of Valetta under a violent 'gregalé' (the identical wind of this story), will not think it quite so simple for a sailing-ship, anchored in the open, to get up sail and steer safely into St. Paul's Bay under that wind. As Ramsay points out, St. Paul's ship had to get out of the direct line of the wind in order to avoid being driven on the rocky ground ahead of it. If to do this was difficult in the circumstances, it may

be judged how impossible it would have been to try to guide the ship into a narrow gap like the channel between Selmûn islet and the mainland, estimated by Smith as not more than a hundred yards in breadth, and that at right angles to the wind, which is what is required on Mr. Cowan's theory.

Ramsay's note (*Expositor*, August 1897) is worth giving at length: 'The problem which was presented to the sailors was to avoid the rocks and to drive the ship on the sandy beach, if *possible*. As the last words (εἰ δύναιντο) imply, this was by no means easy. As they lay anchored by the stern, with the full strength of the wind behind them, they had the rocky ground right before them. It was necessary not merely to drift, but to guide the ship away to the south, off the direct line of the wind. . . . If they were anchored only about a quarter of a mile from the land, it is obvious that their big ship, lightened of its cargo, with only a small fore-sail spread and a strong wind blowing, would have great difficulty in keeping off the west shore of the bay until they reached the sandy beach at its head.'

While it is true that sailing-*boats*, like the Gozo ones with their lateen sails, can tack swiftly and cleverly owing to their small size, it is very different with a sailing-*ship* of a size sufficient to carry nearly three hundred persons. Such a vessel cannot be handled like a fishing-boat. Hence, again, a reason for the εἰ δύναιντο of the text.

Lastly, the depth mentioned (fifteen fathoms), just before anchoring, seems to preclude the idea that the ship came to anchor off the north-west side of Selmûn islet. In order to be able to see from there the place where two seas meet, it would have to be lying at least a quarter of a mile out from the islet, in the open sea, where the depth is a good deal more than fifteen fathoms. On the other hand, the chart shows that, off Koura Point, east of the mouth of the bay, there is a gradual shallowing such as fulfils the conditions of the story.

During the last twenty years I have studied St. Paul's Bay from all points, by repeated visits to it. In May 1907 I went up and down its waters in a steam-launch, while a sailor on board took soundings at my request. In September 1914 the ship I was in, one of 3000 tons, had to spend the night at anchor in the bay. It was interesting to view the place all round from the deck in the morning. I do not think there can be any doubt that St. Paul's ship got into the bay as other ships do, namely, from the mile-wide entrance to it.

G. A. Sim.

Malta.

Disciples and Apostles.

Dr. Griffith Thomas's question in The Expository Times of November, as to why μαθητής occurs so often in the Gospels and not at all in the Epistles and Apocalypse, deserves following up. The word, I reckon, occurs 72 times in Matthew, 44 times in Mark, 38 times in Luke, 78 times in John, and 30 times in the Acts; total, 262. In the Gospels the word stands, in the great majority of cases, for the Twelve, or for those early disciples out of whom the Twelve were chosen. In the Acts it stands, in every place but one, for the new converts.

Now look at the use of the word Apostle. It occurs eight times in the Synoptics, not at all in John, 30 times in the Acts, and 39 times in the Epistles and Apocalypse. It stands for the Twelve in seven cases out of the eight in the Synoptists; and in 28 cases out of the 30 in the Acts, none later than 16^4, that is, after the narrative is concentrated on St. Paul. In the Epistles and Apocalypse, where the Twelve as such do not naturally appear, it stands for them six times. (St. Paul uses the word of himself, alone or with others, 22 times. Twice it is used of St. Peter; six times it has a general reference to the Church's leaders; once it is used of our Lord, in He 3^1; twice of false apostles, in 2 Co 11.)

Now notice especially the seven instances in the Synoptists of the Twelve being called Apostles. Two (Mt 10^2, Lk 6^{13}) are at their original appointment. Two, in Luke, are on the night of the Last Supper (22^{14}) and the day of the resurrection (24^{10}). This leaves only three cases of the use of the word for the period of the actual ministry. Of these, two refer to the same occasion, when the Twelve returned from their Galilean preaching tour (Mk 6^{30}, Lk 9^{10}). That is, the men who are called Disciples over 200 times in the Gospels are in this case called Apostles because they had just been actually engaged in evangelistic work.

There remains the seventh case, the most interesting of all. It is Lk 17^5, 'The Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.' Why should

they be called Apostles here? One would think it was as Disciples that they would ask for an increase of their faith. No; if we just drop out Luke's 'Great Interpolation' (9^{51}–16), and then compare Mk 9^{33-42} and Mt 18^{1-18}, we shall find that Lk 17 links itself on with 9^{46-50}; and we shall see that the reason why their faith needed increase was because the dispute about which should be greatest, and the question of forgiving a brother, and the complaint against the rival who was casting out devils and yet not following them, were all connected with their work as Apostles. So when they ask for more faith, they do so *qua* Apostles, and are so called by the Evangelist.

What is the point of all this? It is threefold. (1) In the Gospels the Twelve are in the Disciple-period, the period of education, of preparation; in the Acts and Epistles they are in the Apostle-period. (2) No one can be a true Apostle without being a Disciple first. (3) Every Disciple ought to aim at being, by Divine grace, also an Apostle.

EUGENE STOCK.

'Touch me not.'

MR. FARMER does not allude to it; but does not Peter's reply to Christ afford a strictly parallel case? Jesus asked him, 'Lovest thou me?' (ἀγαπᾷς). Like Mary, he knows as yet of no other kind of love than personal reverence and affection, and so replies, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee' (φιλῶ). Our Lord intimated to *all* the disciples, that it was expedient for Him to go, or the Comforter could not come to them; in other words, their personal attachment to Himself would hinder their acquisition of true Christian love (Ἀγάπη) or the 'enthusiasm of humanity' (Seeley), which alone can establish His Kingdom upon earth.

GEORGE HENSLOW.

Bournemouth.

Lamentations ii. 13.

THE first phrase in La 2^{13} (מה אעודך) has always been regarded as difficult (see commentaries and dictionaries). It is admitted that the meaning, 'what shall I testify unto thee?' or 'take witness for thee?' gives no sense. But the proposed emendations, as מָה אֵעֶרְךְ or מָה אֲעִידֵךְ, do not help in the least, and even create new difficulties.

I should like to suggest that עוד has here the same meaning as עוד in יעודד (Ps 146^{9} and Ps 147^{6}) and in ונתעודד (Ps 20^{9}). יעודד means 'he restoreth,' 'he relieveth,' 'he giveth strength to.' ונתעודד means 'and we were restored.' We thus see that there is a verb עוד which means 'to restore, to give strength to, to relieve, to encourage' (see also the *Oxford Gesenius*, p. 728). In Pss 146 and 147 this verb occurs in the *Polel* and in Ps 20 in the *Hithpolel*. I submit that we have the same verb in La 2^{13} in the *Kal* (according to the Ketib) or in the *Hiphil* (according to the Ḳeri). מה אעודך would then have to be rendered: 'How shall I relieve thee?' or 'how shall I give thee courage?'. מה אעודך would then be parallel to ואנחמך, while מה אדמה לך is parallel to מה אשוה לך. This double parallelism seems to me also to support the explanation offered here.

The following would now be the translation of the verse:

How shall I relieve thee (by words of comfort, or give thee courage)?
What shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem?
What shall I equal to thee?
And (how) shall I comfort thee, virgin daughter of Zion?
For thy breach is great like the sea: who can heal thee?

The verse has now an entirely satisfactory meaning, and is also more symmetrical.

SAMUEL DAICHES.

Jews' College, London.

Genesis iv. 20.

THE Massoretic Text at the close of this verse is obviously unworkable; something has gone wrong when a natural rendering presents the extraordinary statement that Jabal 'was the father of one who dwells in a tent and cattle.' Certainly, even in highly civilized and settled communities, dwelling in a tent continues to be a mode of life familiar enough to excite no surprise; but it is surprising to find 'cattle' grammatically co-ordinated here with 'tent' as a second dependent on the governing participle 'dwelling'; the two nouns are obviously incongruous in their received connexion.

To solve the difficulty, various devices have been adopted. The rendering of the Septuagint Translators, *πατὴρ οἰκούντων ἐν σκηναῖς κτηνοτρόφων* ('the father of those who dwell in tents, feeding cattle'), is obviously rather loose and evasive;

while the Latin Vulgate, *pater habitantium in tentoriis, atque pastorum*, makes a slight variation; it is to be noted, however, that in both of these Old Versions, יֹשֵׁב was evidently read as the plural, viz. יֹשְׁבֵי, which was probably the original form; further, the closing term was viewed as a participle, rather than a simple noun. The English Translators of the 1611 Version, in order to make fair sense, paraphrastically inserted several words, thus, 'the father of such as dwell in tents, and (of such as have) cattle'; while the Revisers' rendering is more brief, viz. 'the father of such as dwell in tents and (have) cattle.' More recently, Kittel, in his Hebrew Bible, reads the last two words as אָהֳלֵי דֵּעָה מִקְנֶה ('tents of cattle,' cattle-tents). But by reading יֹשֵׁב as יֹשְׁבֵי, and the closing term וּמִקְנֶה as its resemblant וּמַחֲנֶה, congruity of ideas is secured, and the whole expression runs smoothly: 'He was the father of those who dwell in tent and camp.'

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

John Galsworthy.

There is more prose than poetry in that book which Mr. John Galsworthy calls *A Sheaf* (Heinemann; 5s. net); but we shall quote a poem from it and so give it a place here. What is the book? It is a collection of contributions to recent periodicals, made mostly since the war began. All is of the finest feeling for style, Mr. John Galsworthy being one of our supreme artists in literature.

Mr. Galsworthy is a lover of animals and a hater of war. The first part of the book is strong enough in its irony and exposure to shock the most indifferent out of the wearing of 'aigrettes.' The last part is fierce enough in its denunciation of the futile cruelty of war to shame the most pronounced militarist out of his militarism. And all that is good. There is just one thing that is bad. Mr. Galsworthy has no God. When the war is over our 'creed will be a noiseless and passionate conviction that man can be saved, not by a far-away, despotic God who can be enlisted by each combatant for the destruction of his foes, but by the Divine element in man, the God within the human soul.'

This is the poem:

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me!—
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

Frederick George Scott.

There are few poems in the little book entitled *In the Battle Silences* (Constable; 2s. net), but every one of them is a poem. They have been written 'at the Front.' They are all the offspring of the war. They all find the war good for the making of heroes. This is the shortest of them all:

KNIGHTHOOD.

To H. T. O.

In honour, chivalrous;
In duty, valourous;
In all things, noble;
To the heart's core, clean.

Thomas Hardy.

The poet is born, not made: Mr. Hardy is a poet. The pessimist is made, not born: Mr. Hardy is a pessimist. There is 'something wrong' in every poem of the *Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy* which Messrs. Macmillan have issued in their 'Golden Treasury' series (2s. 6d. net), but they are none the less poetical. What

experience of life has darkened this writer's sky? What hope deferred? What faith unfought for? These two poems are typical:

TO LIFE.

O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling pace,
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny—
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And maybe what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!

'I SAID TO LOVE.'

I said to Love,
'It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,'
I said to Love.

I said to him,
'We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,'
I said to him.

I said to Love,
'Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No elfin darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,'
I said to Love.

'Depart then, Love! . . .
—Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou
Without thy kindling coupling-vow?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of?—
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.—So let it be.'
I said to Love.

Oscar Boulton.

Mr. Boulton has issued a collection of his poetry under the title of *Poems* (Kegan Paul). The volume contains early Poems, Translations, Peninsular Ditties, and many miscellaneous verses. This is the way Mr. Boulton treats the subject of

THE ANGELS AT MONS.

Were there angels at Mons? Did they hold the foe back,
When the galloping squadrons came hot on our track?
Was it these that we glimpsed by the flash of the guns,
Looming faint in the fog that distracted the Huns?

And that cry that so startled us? Hark! Soldier, hark!
To the voice of the sweet, mailèd maiden of Arc!
Calling, bell-like and clear, 'mid the thunderous blast
To her French and us English, sworn comrades at last.

Did you see them? No matter! I know they were there,
If the hearts of our host were uplifted in prayer,
If our mission was just and our purpose was true,
If we fought hard for them then they fought for us too.

If we strove for the right, if we warred against evil,
If in fighting the Huns we were fighting the Devil,
Then it mayn't be denied that the Lord was our Guide,
And the bright hosts of Heaven came in on our side.

If the boom of our guns and the din of our strife
Were the call of mankind to a worthier life,
Welling up with glad shouts from the souls of the slain,
Then the Angels were with us, and will be again.

William Butler Yeats.

The new volume of poetry which Mr. W. B. Yeats has published will be welcomed with particular pleasure by those who are able to welcome it at all. For it is wholly in the poet's manner, and that manner is very acceptable to those who can receive it. To receive it some aptitude for interpretation and some study are required; few of the poems carry their meaning in their face. Perhaps for their full appreciation some such experience of life as Mr. Yeats himself has had is necessary—something of the Irish mind, with a world of supernatural and quite unaccountable beings in the air; something of the Irish history with an unforgotten sense of wrong done upon the earth. We shall quote one of the poems. It is one of the least difficult to understand. The title of the book is *Responsibilities, and Other Poems* (Macmillan; 6s. net).

To a Child dancing in the Wind.

I.

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

II.

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
Or warned you how despairing
The moths are when they are burned,
I could have warned you, but you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.

O you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
But I am old and you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Is Mysticism simply 'a poetical way of putting things'? Is Sir Rabindranath Tagore a mystic? He has certainly a poetical way of putting things. Listen to this. We select from his new book, entitled *Fruit-Gathering* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net), two sections. The book is divided into eighty-six sections in all.

LII.

What music is that in whose measure the world is rocked?

We laugh when it beats upon the crest of life, we shrink in terror when it returns into the dark.

But the play is the same that comes and goes with the rhythm of the endless music.

You hide your treasure in the palm of your hand, and we cry that we are robbed.

But open and shut your palm as you will, the gain and loss are the same.

At the game you play with your own self you lose and win at once.

LXVI.

Listen, my heart, in his flute is the music of the smell of wild flowers, of the glistening leaves and gleaming water, of shadows resonant with bees' wings.

The flute steals his smile from my friend's lips and spreads it over my life.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

A Foreword.

URGENT BUT NOT EXPOSITORY.

The war has been a disappointment. Before it began there had been for some time a depression in religion. Church-going was falling off. There seemed to be so little to go to church for. Meetings for prayer had often to be abandoned.

When the war began it was believed that all that would be changed. It was thought that men would go to the House of God in order to understand the meaning of the calamity of war. Women, it was confidently expected, would go for strength and consolation. It has all been a disappointment. After two and a half years of war, and unparalleled suffering, religion in the land is as lifeless as ever.

The churches are in very many cases not so well attended as they were before the war. And that is not to be accounted for altogether by the fact that many men are fighting and many women working at the time when they used to be at church. The interest of public worship is difficult to maintain. So difficult is it felt to be that on every hand one hears of the impossibility of carrying it on after the war as it now is. And there is no difference between the service that follows a prescribed ritual and the service that does not. Whatever happens, says one, we cannot continue the present Morning and Evening Prayers. Whatever happens, says the other, we cannot continue to preach the same theological sermons.

Those are the remedies proposed—a shorter Prayer-book service, if the Prayer-book is to be retained at all; or shorter sermons and shorter prayers, and all very practical and up to date. What the war has not done is to be accomplished, 'as soon as the men come back,' by a radical reformation of our present *form of worship*.

And yet the very men who propose this reformation do not believe in it. How could they believe in it? Has it been recorded in all the history of the world that a reformation of religion took place through changing the forms of public worship? These forms are the expression of religious life. Change the life, waken the dead into life, and it will find its own forms of expression. But to expect a revival of religion by curtailing the sermon or the prayers is to expect a new lease of life by changing out of a frock-coat into a jacket.

Religion is at a low ebb among us because we are playing with it. We are playing with it; we are not practising it. We know that without morality religion is nothing, a mere pretence before men, a foolish mockery in the face of God. We profess

astonishment and bitter disappointment that the services of God's House are so unattractive—though we try so hard to make them attractive. We know of course that nothing that we can do will give new life to religion, or new interest in religious exercises. It is the Spirit of God that must do it. And all the while we are making it impossible for God to do anything for us. We are trying to ascend into the hill of the Lord, we are trying to stand in His holy place, *without clean hands.*

'Hear the word of the LORD, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah.

'To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the LORD: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats.

'When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?

'Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.

'Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.

'And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.'

'Your hands are full of blood.' We have been often told, and we all believe it, that the war would be ended sooner if we were to put an end to the selling of alcoholic drink. Well, let us say that by stopping the sale of alcohol we could put an end to the war just one day sooner. We open our morning newspaper. The first news we turn to is the list of the killed, wounded, and missing. Its daily average is three thousand or a little over. *The blood of these three thousand is on our hands.* And they are British only. There is also the daily French list, the Russian list, the Italian list, the Roumanian list. Our hands are full of blood. Isaiah the prophet might have written his inescapable condemnation of you and me, of you and me by name; it fits us perfectly. Our hands are full of blood.

And what is this daily toll at the various war-fronts to the daily demand this sale makes at home? We listen to the occasional official reports and we pretend to be satisfied. But we know better. The local papers—the great dailies have no room, but the local papers are heart-rending reading in these days. This is yesterday's edition of one local paper. The father goes to the war. He leaves his work and his home. His wife gets her allowance from the War Office. She never had so much free cash in her hands before. She takes to drinking. A man is accepted as lodger—they could do without lodgers formerly. The woman and he live together. The daughter discovers the adultery. There is a divorce. That soldier returns to a ruined home. His children go out to the world dishonoured and ashamed. The mother, a well-doing woman till she took to drinking, becomes an abandoned wreck. Who profits by the transaction? Those only who have some interest in the sale of alcohol.

But do we mean to say that the Church of Christ can put an end to the sale of strong drink? That is what we mean to say. If the Church, or, let us say if you like, the Churches, in this land would resolve to do it, they could put an end to the sale of intoxicants within a week. The Prime Minister is ready. If the Government knew that the Christian people of the land were ready and determined they would not withstand them for a day.

And what would it be for the Church? If we were to speak for Scotland alone, we should say, without fear of contradiction, that the Church has not had such an opportunity in that land since the Reformation. We do not forget the Covenanting Struggle or the Ten Years' Conflict. But now the issue is greater. More persons are concerned

in it. They are concerned in it more radically. God has more interest in it. We want a revival of religion. We are actually praying for it. Yet many of us are doing nothing that is worth speaking about to put an end to this sale. Cleanse your hands, ye praying sinners. Not till then will the revival come.

Why are we doing so little to bring this traffic to an end? Well, some of us are interested in it. As the Chief Magistrate of a northern city said naïvely to a deputation, 'You must remember that a great many private persons have an interest in the drink trade.' Then some of us are self-indulgent. We are Christians of a sort, and we do not see the absurdity of belonging to this wholly new type of Christianity—the Christianity of the self-indulgent. And last of all we have too little imagination.

We have too little imagination. One night a man whom we know was on his way home. It was late—about the time when in those days the public-houses closed. He noticed two children standing at the mouth of a close. When he asked them what they were doing there at that time of night, their answer was, 'We are waiting to see if our father is owre drunk to lick us.'

Our friend was well-meaning. He was a moderate drinker certainly, and had even repeated on occasion the jovial remark that the most intemperate people he knew were the temperance people. He was a well-meaning man without much imagination. But that sight arrested him. Those little girls were waiting to see if they could go to bed without the fear of a half-drunk father letting loose his maddened temper upon them. They were praying to God, in their own way, that He would not let their father out of the public-house until he was helplessly drunk.

Some time ago Lord Rosebery told us that if the country did not throttle the drink traffic, the drink traffic would throttle the country. Has the war come to give it its opportunity? There are those who think so. We do not ourselves believe it for a moment. But one thing is certain. If the Church of God in this land does not throttle the drink traffic, the drink traffic will throttle the Church. And there is little time to lose. We believe that the drink traffic will be throttled. God's in His heaven: we cannot believe that He should send this great nation down to the company of the extinct nations of the earth while yet it has so great a work to do for righteousness. But how will it be if the nation is saved by others? How if it is saved by the shipbuilders on the Clyde? 'For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'

Notes of Recent Exposition.

RECENT events have led men to cast doubt on the worth of the specialist. The doubt will pass with the events. The Rev. A. Lukyn WILLIAMS, D.D., Canon of Ely, is a specialist. He has given a long life (Bishop Chase speaks of 'a friendship which is "hastening to fulfil" its fortieth year') to the study of Christianity in its relation to the Jews. The field is limited, and he has mastered it. He was chosen to deliver twelve lectures before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn on the Foundation of Bishop Warburton. He chose as the subject of lecture *The Hebrew-Christian Messiah* (S.P.C.K.; 10s. 6d. net).

By 'the Hebrew-Christian Messiah' Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS means 'the presentation of the Messiah

to the Jews in the Gospel according to St. Matthew.' It is a limited subject and it is a large book. But then it is all here. The innumerable little books that have been written about it may be removed from their place and put away. It is all here, and authoritatively. And, if it is a limited subject, it is after all a subject great enough to repay the special study of a man's long lifetime.

One of the things which have arrested the attention of Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS in his study of St. Matthew's Gospel is the fact that St. Matthew believed in the divinity of Jesus. There seems to be nothing in all the First Gospel that has astonished him more. For St. Matthew was a Jew. If you interject that the First Gospel was not written by St. Matthew, it makes no difference. The writer was a Jew. How did a pious and loyal Israelite come to believe that the man whom he knew on earth as Jesus of Nazareth was God?

The superficial reader of the history of religion tells us that belief in the deification of men was common at the time when the Gospel according to St. Matthew was written. And no doubt it was common, quite common, among the Greeks and the Romans. But no one believes that St. Matthew or those about him were in the least degree affected by what was done in Athens or in Rome. They were Jews. They were not even Hellenists—though there is no evidence that even the Hellenists ever thought of deifying men. St. Matthew and the first Christians were Jews of Palestine, monotheistic to the backbone, not in the least likely to be affected by heathenism.

Yet St. Matthew believed that Jesus was divine. He believed that He was greater than the angels. He believed that He was on an equality with the Father. How did he come by such a creed? And when?

Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS does not believe that he arrived at this belief during our Lord's earthly life. He may have accepted St. Peter's acknowledgment of Jesus as the Messiah, the Son of the living God. But St. Peter himself by this acknowledgment came far short of belief in the full Godhead of Jesus. 'During the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth, St. Matthew received the impression of Him as a unique personality, quite above and beyond any other he had seen, but he never regarded Him as God.'

The Resurrection must have made a difference—partly the fact itself, partly the words of the risen Master. 'For now the Twelve, with the other believers, knew that Jesus was on so high a pedestal that all authority in heaven and earth was given to Him, and that His presence with His people was assured to them all the days until the completion of this current age.'

And if the Resurrection did much, Pentecost did more. But Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS believes that it was not till after Pentecost that St. Matthew was able to express in identical terms the mutual knowledge of the Father and the Son. Putting it as he hopes 'with no suspicion of irreverence,' he says that 'the doctrine of the full divinity of Jesus was the result of holy thought and meditation guided by the Spirit. Then, and only then, after, it may be, weeks or months, or possibly a few years (though we have no hint that the time was so long), the value and the purpose of Jesus' life, words, death, and resurrection were at last understood.' And thus it came to pass that 'in spite of St. Matthew's strict monotheism, which brooked no tampering with the deification of men, the pressure of the events of our Lord's life, together with His teaching, compelled him to come to the amazing conclusion that Jesus was not only the Son of David, and the Son of man, but even the Son of God, in the highest meaning of that supreme title.' To strengthen that faith in his readers was one of the reasons why he wrote the First Gospel.

Well, it is something to know how St. Matthew

came to believe in the divinity of our Lord. But it is not everything. Much more important for us is the question, How do we ourselves come to believe in it?

Some will answer, in the words of the children's hymn, because 'the Bible tells me so.' And some in words that are just as childish, 'because the Church has included the divinity of Jesus Christ in its creeds.' Which of these answers does Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS give?

'Not because St. Matthew said He was. Nor because the other Apostles said so. Nor because all the writers of the New Testament said the same thing. Nor, again, because the Church tells us so. We each started with this reason, no doubt. When we were children we were bound to believe what we were told, if we were to arrive at any creed or knowledge worth holding or knowing. But for grown and intelligent men to believe so stupendous an assertion as the divinity of Jesus solely on the strength of another man's belief, or on the belief of others, countless though these be as the grains of sand along the shore, and united though they are by a spiritual tie so close and living that it is compared in Scripture to that of the various members of a human being—number and size do not count against one immortal mind—is to abdicate the functions of discernment and decision implanted in us by God. By all means let us give weight, due and proper, to the authority of numbers and of moral superiority; but to accept a truth solely because of what others say, without making any effort to understand the principles that have guided them to accept what they now offer us—this is to despise the inheritance of sanity, the awful gifts of will and choice. To accept blindly a *quantum* of dogma at the bidding even of Holy Church is what no man, above all no Christian man, is called upon to do. That is but a false humility which urges us towards it.'

The paragraph is worth quoting. It is worth quoting to the end. There is no more loyal 'Churchman' living than Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS; there is no 'Biblical Christian' that is more reverent than he. But he is a man, with a man's responsibilities. And the first of all his responsibilities is responsibility for what he believes. If he believes in the divinity of Christ it is because the facts of history, interpreted as he is able to interpret them, compel him to that belief.

'Can we, then,' he asks, 'as thinking men, believe in the divinity of Jesus? I answer that the question is rather: Can we help believing in it, if we accept the Gospel narrative as substantially correct? And, further, I will say, treat the narrative as critically as you may; remove, if canons of historical criticism demand it, saying after saying, and explain away miracle after miracle, strictly in accordance with scientific knowledge; cast everything into the crucible of the severest tests possible, without bias either for or against the miraculous, or for or against Christian dogma, if such freedom from bias can be found, and the residuum is that One still stands out before us unique in history for the powers He displayed over disease and nature; for the holiness He exhibited in every place and in all circumstances; for the continuous communion He enjoyed with His Father in heaven; for the love which prompted Him to give at last His very life for others; for the triumph He gained after death—One who claimed to be above angels, and even to be on an equality with God; One upon whom the earliest Christian Church, the society of the first believing Jews, was built, and in Whom, as they affirmed, they obtained pardon and peace and power, in a word, eternal life.'

Such is He whom the Gospels give us—the Gospels as a modern scholar must receive them. Who was He? Was He a good Jew, put to death for reforming tendencies? The books that tell His story are Gospels—what Gospel would there

be in that? Was He a man in advance of His age—so far in advance that millenniums may pass before there arises another like Him? The difference is not enough. He stands apart, not in time, but in conception. Time will pass, but we do not look for the man who will one day stand beside Him.

Who was He? Was He the one man among men so filled with the Spirit of God that He became the revelation of the Most High—the express image of His person? You may as well fall down and worship Him at once. For that is the very man of whom Thomas said, 'My Lord and my God.'

And if you ask why you should fall down and worship Him, if you ask why you should name Him God, the answer is, Because He has power on earth to forgive sins. 'When we study the Gospel of St. Matthew, it is evident that the Son of God is come not only to exhibit God's holiness and love, but to do so with the express object of freeing us men from sin. Whatever may be said for the belief that the Incarnation would have taken place even if sin had had no power over us —and there is much to be said for it—the Gospel of St. Matthew knows nothing of this. We read instead, in the first chapter, that the Son of the Blessed Virgin shall be called "Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins"; and in the twentieth, that Jesus Himself says, He came "to give his life a ransom for many." To us, sinful people, saved by the Incarnation of the Son of God, and by that alone, His coming is the everlasting subject of our gratitude and praise.'

It is Christopher Harvey, near the middle of the seventeenth century, who sings:

Alas! shall I present
My sinfulness
To Thee? Thou wilt resent
The loathsomeness.

'Be not afraid, I'll take
Thy sins on Me,
And all My favour make
To shine on thee.'

Lord, what Thou'lt have me, Thou must make me.

'As I have made thee now, I take thee.'

What is meant by 'the second death'? 'He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But for the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.' What is this second death? Turn to Provost Erskine Hill's *Apocalyptic Problems* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) and you will see.

The Seer of the Apocalypse has three worlds within his ken. He has the physical, the emotional, and the mental worlds. The symbols of the book standing for these three worlds are the earth, the sea, and the air. But we may ignore the symbols now. The Seer has these three worlds within his ken. And so have we.

First we have the physical world. Our correspondence with it depends on the possession of a physical body endowed with senses which enable our consciousness to respond to the vibrations of that world. But our consciousness also responds to vibrations coming from the emotional and the mental worlds. How can that be unless we have some sort of emotional body and some sort of mental body which correspond to our physical body? We do not see these bodies. We do not taste or handle them. We simply postulate their existence because we cannot explain the facts of our consciousness without them, just as the scientist postulates the existence of ether because he cannot explain the phenomena of light without it.

We call the physical body the real or objective

body, because it belongs to this world. The emotional and mental bodies we call subjective, because they belong to the world that is to come. But the one is as real as the other, if only we could realize it. Macbeth's dagger was indeed 'a dagger of the mind,' as Lady Macbeth called it. The guilty Thane could not 'clutch' it with his hand. But if he had laid aside the physical body, if he had laid it aside simply by dying, then the dagger of the mind might have been as visible, and to some subtler grasp of the hand as 'clutchable' as any 'real' dagger here.

We put off the physical body in death. Are we then bodiless? No; we are clothed upon with an emotional body. We are not clothed upon with a mental body at once. But we are at once clothed upon with an emotional body. It is a body which depends upon the emotional life we have lived in this world. It depends upon the desires we have felt and the encouragement we have given them. 'Here, let us suppose, is a man who is continually brooding on what is vile. He listens eagerly to what is evil. He has "eyes that cannot cease from sin." He gives free rein to every passion, he stimulates and gratifies natural cravings and creates others which are artificial, using his body meanwhile as the instrument through which these desires, gaining strength from day to day, find their gratification. Every such desire contributes to build up in him an emotional body, tuned, so to speak, only to respond to vibrations which are evil.' And when that man finds himself in the other world he will find himself 'clothed upon' with a body which corresponds in its degradation to those desires and cravings which he indulged on earth.

What is he to do now? He must be 'tormented in this flame,' as the rich man was. He must suffer as Tantalus suffered, or as the Gluttons in the Purgatorio suffered, until he is purged of his evil desires and inclinations. When that time comes he will be allowed to put off the emotional body, as once he put off the physical. He will die a second death.

But if a man's desires on earth have been pure, and lovely, and of good report; or if he has overcome other desires by self-restraint and surrender to God, he will be clothed upon, when he passes into the other world, with the mental body, if not at once, at least after a short and comparatively painless experience of the emotional body. For the mental body is the body of those saints in light over whom the second death has no power.

Now if this speculation of Provost Erskine HILL explains anything it explains much more than the second death. It explains the conditions of that life upon which we enter with the death of the body.

Provost Erskine HILL believes that when we lay aside this present physical body we pass to an existence which does not differ in any serious respect or degree from our present existence. In other words, he believes in what is called continuity. He believes in the continuity of the life to come with the life that now is. As we are, so we find ourselves. We are caught, as it were, at the point of departure, and told to proceed from that point, by whatever painful steps and slow we are fit for.

That is a much greater matter than the matter of the second death. We may accept, or we may reject, Provost Erskine HILL's ingenious interpretation of the second death without being seriously disturbed. But we cannot accept his theory of continuity without having our ideas of the life to come profoundly modified. And not only our ideas of the life to come, but also our attitude to Christ and all that He said about the life to come.

There has just been published a small book by Dr. James DENNEY, Principal of the United Free Church College in Glasgow, on *War and the Fear*

of God (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It is a reprint of a few articles contributed to *The British Weekly*, together with three sermons, which also deal with important issues thrust before us by the war. In one of the articles Dr. DENNEY approaches the thought of victory over death.

It is an easy thought for him. He has no doubt of the victory which has been achieved by Christ. He has no doubt of the victory having been achieved for us. This great scholar and untrammelled critic of tradition finds all life that is worth living and all hope that is worth having in the atonement for sin made by Christ on the Cross. He has no fear in face of death beyond the fear that the flesh carries.

But he does not believe in moral continuity. He says that 'death is a tremendous breach of continuity of some kind, and by all analogy should have strange and perhaps literally immeasurable consequences. When the Westminster divines taught that the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory, and that their bodies being still united to Christ do rest in their graves till the Resurrection, they may have said more than they knew, but they certainly spoke more in the spirit of the New Testament revelation than those who tell us that death really makes no difference.'

And the reason why he cannot believe in moral continuity is that it is too terrible. Is that a surprise? Is it not, as much as anything, on account of its reasonableness that the advocates of moral continuity offer it for our acceptance? But in religion the most reasonable doctrine may be the most incredible and awful. For in religion—in the religion of Christ at least—we are invited to transcend the stretches of the reason. The moment we condescend on what is reasonable we find ourselves involved in compromises which take away everything that faith looks forward to. We advance here and retreat there as 'a reasonable view of things' leads us about, until we are left with a belief which is no belief but, in Dr. DENNEY'S words, 'too terrible an unbelief.'

'If,' he says, 'we had just to go on as we are with the same degrading temptations, the same moral impotence, the same miserable facility of injuring others and of setting in motion evil we cannot control, most men, like Mr. Godkin, would "compromise on annihilation." But the New Testament is written in quite another key. Whatever be the rights of continuity, death is a stupendous event and has stupendous consequences. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." To depart and to be with Christ is not to prolong life as it is; it is far, far better.'

There is no doubt that this is all too high for reasonable belief. But we must not reject it on that account. It may be beyond all that we deserve, beyond all that we can even think of. Yet we must not refuse to believe in it. After all, is not everything that belongs to the gospel beyond our deserving and beyond our imagination? Is not the one difficulty in the gospel which haunts us through life just this, that it is too good for us? We are always saying that we would rather take less. 'Full forgiveness now, that cost the atoning death of Jesus; glory, honour, and immortality in a future in which sin is unknown—blessings like these we are too humble to accept. But such humility is but poorly veiled pride. It is far deeper humility which with its eye turned to God and not to self exclaims, "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth."'

Prayer.

By the Rev. Thomas Adamson, D.D., Glasgow.

'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'—Mt $7^{7.8}$.

There is nothing which the world would be more glad to be sure of, or that most Christians desire to be clear about, than the value of prayer. Does God answer it, does He always answer it? Many people doubt whether He does at all. Most Christians doubt if He answer more than a few. Perhaps the majority of Christian people pray with a doubtful mind: *i.e.* not in doubt of what they desire, but whether God will respond in any way to their desire, which is just to say that in such conditions they do not pray at all. They keep up the form on the off-chance that there may be an answer. But they are not surprised when they see none; they cease to expect and then to pray, such praying is unworthy of the name at all; it hampers, not helps, spiritual life.

Yet here are Christ's words. Apart from the place in which they are found, they bear the hall-mark of the Lord. No other could have ventured to utter them. And unmistakably their message is that every prayer is answered by God, that no prayer fails of its right effect with Him. Thrice, and always more emphatically, Christ insists on it. And He knew. He emphasized its importance, because He knew how difficult it is for us to accept and to act consistently on this truth.

The whole evil proceeds from the different view taken of what is involved.

Men, even Christian men, make prayer the means of trying to get from God what they desire. That is only a subordinate use of prayer; though it is good on a limited scale and so far as it goes. People, however, seldom look on prayer as the means by which God may be able to give them what He desires. The former way looks suspiciously like the heathen way of threatening or cajoling the gods. The latter is the aim of Him who devised prayer and gave it to us. For though His ways are not ours, nor His aims, they are high above ours as the heavens are above the earth. And assuredly they are wiser and better than ours. Men in praying can see nothing better than they ask for: they do not see as God sees. For one thing they look only for that for which they asked. They expect to see it. They walk by sight, and not by faith. They do not guide themselves by the God to whom they pray, but by what they themselves are. They think of Him by what they themselves would do. They distrust Him, when they do not see the result. They cannot imagine the answer coming in another shape, or being delayed that something better may be given.

And if that is true of their view as to the answer, what must be said as to their prayer itself? There are prayers and prayers, just as there are Christians and Christians. Prayer reflects the heart that utters it, as well as the God to whom it is offered. Some prayers grovel in the dust and are utterly unworthy: others soar heavenwards and even touch the clouds. Now God's will is to make prayer helpful to men. He designs by it to raise men from the unworthy to the glorious in their petitions. He instituted prayer as the means for gaining this gracious aim. He treats all prayers in this way and uses them for this end. He tries to make them the means not of giving men in an easy slipshod way what they would like, but in the purest love what is in their best interest. He bends everything to that. He will deny or delay or give differently, where the prayer is not for the best. How can the answer be seen, or even sent, if the heart be set on other things and incapable of appreciating it?

One cannot fail to see in the text that though the whole refers to the certainty of an answer to every prayer, the truth is thrice repeated, but in each case differently. Had the aim been simply to emphasize that great truth, the formal repetition of the same words, with perhaps a 'verily, verily' before them, might have been sufficient. One cannot imagine, however, that such solemn words had no special meaning, especially on His lips who 'spake as never man spake.' Moreover, the truth they are intended to convey is necessary to the full understanding of the greater truth contained in them all—that God answers every prayer. The repetition of the truth by means of three emblems was designed to show *how* it is that God answers

all prayers, though in such a way that men do not always recognize it. For men *ask* for *things*. They *seek* for *persons*. They *knock* in order to gain *access* to an *interior*. And that is the order in prayer—*things*, *person*, *fellowship*. The matter may very well be illustrated by means of the structure of an Eastern house; indeed, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Christ may have had the idea in His mind consciously as the basis of what He said. In the East a house is usually surrounded by a high wall and fronted by a heavy wooden gate as some sort of protection. If the travellers call and are admitted—which is doubtful always,—they have a measure of safety and shelter, even though they get no further; just as Mary the virgin, when the inn was full, had to go to the cattle-sheds at the side and her child was laid in the elevated hollow, which was the manger, and was cradled among the straw. Of course the visitor may get further in, if the master of the house is content. The stranger has not seen him at the gate; his servant or his son opened it, or he pulled back the heavy wooden bolt by means of a long rope. However, he will be found in what now would be called the public rooms of the house. And if he be satisfied more than usual with the visitor, he will perhaps take the extreme step of receiving the person into the private apartments with their intimacy. In the case of men this is all a mere possibility, becoming at every step more unlikely. But God is not man. With Him it is true absolutely at every step. Persons may ask things as at the outer court, or seek a person as in the public rooms, or knock for fellowship as in the inner sanctuary, but the truth never fails—every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

For instance, a person might begin by praying for mere things. Now, not all things are unworthy to be asked for. Those which are unworthy are usually recognized in their true character as what cannot be pressed for. But when the Lord taught men to pray 'give us this day our daily bread,' He showed that it was not a wrong thing in itself. The spirit made all the difference. Luxury, drunkenness, pride were forbidden when He said, 'Say not what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed. After all these things do the heathen seek. Your heavenly Father knows that ye have need of these things. Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The situation is seen in these words. Men and God are looking at the matter from opposite poles. Men have little idea of a right perspective; they see small things as great because these are near, and great things as small because these seem afar off. God tries to educate men to see things in proper proportion. And the great rule is that everything is out of place and so out of all proportion if it be seen apart from Jesus Christ. This is an absolute rule. It is as true of spiritual things as of temporal—almost more so. Suppose that a man asks forgiveness, but does not consciously associate his desire with the person of Christ. A person is perhaps not entitled to say that the request will not be granted. But at least this can be said, that the gift will not bring the assurance and joy and healthy spiritual vitality which were intended to accompany it. The man could never have any assurance that he was forgiven. For Christ is man's guarantee for, just as He is the means of, all good. The 'For Christ's sake,' with which prayers so frequently close, are no vain words. They 'condition' all the rest of the prayer. If a man be better than a sheep, how much better the sacrifice of Him who was Godman than such trifles as food and clothes, or even than such wonderful things as forgiveness or holiness. Why, all these are but things; and though all other things were added to them, how could they ever outbalance His worth, or even be worth mentioning in the same breath as Him? He more than covers the value of the whole. How can it be but that all things come by Him? How can it be but that, having Him, men have all things? All things are yours, for ye are Christ's. Men are complete in Him. If God gave Him for them, nothing but Christ is needful. To have Christ means to have not only food and clothes guaranteed, but forgiveness granted; ay, and holiness too. God does not give as a niggard. He gives all. He who has Christ receives all things as a gift, just as he receives the fruits of the Spirit in their cluster and not just singly. And he who prays for Christ receives not only the pardon he desires, but much more besides, much that it will take time to unfold. Nay, he can be sure not of the immediate need, but of the full result; for he has Christ.

Now this is the way in which God desires men to pray. He desires them to see all in perspec-

tive. All things whatever must be correlated to Christ, else they are no blessing. If a man prays to be wealthy, it may be the worst thing for him to have his prayer granted. If the desire is not connected with Christ and subordinated to Christ, the soul's perspective is wholly disordered; the greed, if gratified, would mean 'leanness' to the man's soul. Let it be quite clearly understood that, as God looks on His Son as of more value than all else beside, men must give Him the same place as God has given Him; they must put Him first and value Him more than all. Any deviation from this rule is ruinous. To desire forgiveness and despise Christ is to defeat its own object. To desire holiness apart from Him is impossible.

Now it is the continued experience of what Christ means that leads men up into fellowship with God. The years show how truly 'God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.' He who sees in Christ the means of all good, who finds his own increasing need and continuing unreliability, will be led to look up and see who He was who provided so for him. He will recognize his God. He will become assured that 'no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The Father he cannot mistake. His confidence and love are drawn out. He can go to God in the assurance that even if he make mistakes he will be received in the same spirit it which he comes; he will not be misjudged; he may even feel that, like Abraham, he can treat God as his friend and do what another dare not, or intercede and press his case. He knows what fellowship with God means in Jesus Christ; and as he looks on every thing only in connexion with Christ, he understands too what it is to be like-minded with God, and to pray according to His will. Such a man's prayers soar beyond the clouds instead of trailing along the earth. He has no doubt as to the answer to them all. What is good the Lord will give, is the rule of his faith. His prayers lift him out of his old self. He could not pray them now. He has come not only to see that God always answers prayer, but he sees in order to that how God does it; for he has been led upwards by God's treatment of his prayers—asking, seeking, knocking.

Literature.

WATTS-DUNTON.

'My experience,' says James Payn in his *Literary Recollections*, 'my experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the Lawyer, the hardness of the Man of Business, the contempt of the Man of the World, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

This tribute to the literary man is quoted in *The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (Jack; 2 vols., 30s. net). It is the best introduction to a notice of the biography. Watts-Dunton was a literary man and he was kind. From beginning to end the reader is in touch with authors. If they are artists, they are also authors, as was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who has much of the book to himself. Watts-Dunton was a literary man. But he was also kind-hearted. Let us give an example. 'On one occasion Watts-Dunton befriended an artist with whom he had been on intimate terms in days gone by. This artist, a portrait painter whose genius was never recognized except by a limited circle of friends, lost heart when old age was coming upon him, and fell into evil ways. He squandered the paltry sums he received for his work from picture-dealers and pawnbrokers in drink. He drifted out of sight of all his friends; his condition became so desperate that, homeless and without a soul, he started off to tramp through England, no one, not even his only sister, knew whither. Every one believed him dead. One day, however, there was a ring at the front door of The Pines, and a grimy-faced man, dust-ridden and in rags, inquired of the servant if Mr. Watts-Dunton was at home. Watts-Dunton was out; but it so chanced that his sister, Mrs. Charles Mason, at this moment passed through the hall, and recognized the tramp as an artist who in better days had painted her portrait. She was deeply moved at the wretched plight into which her brother's old friend had obviously fallen. She gave him enough money to provide him with a "square

meal" and a night's lodging, and told him to call again. The artist made his appearance on the following morning, looking somewhat more reputable; and Watts-Dunton, greatly concerned when realizing his distressful condition, took compassion on him. He engaged him as an amanuensis, which proved a failure. He then hit on the idea of fitting up a room at The Pines, with easel, palette, and brush, where he might paint to his heart's content, Watts-Dunton superintending the progress of every picture with the greatest zeal, and providing his old friend weekly with an adequate sum of money to pay for a bedroom in the neighbourhood, it being understood that all "board" would be supplied at The Pines.'

The greatness of Watts-Dunton lay in his capacity for friendship. He wrote much in the way of criticism, and few could write with his incisiveness; but reviews and notices do not live. He wrote poetry and he wrote fiction, but not even his sonnets, and not even 'Aylwin,' will long outlive his own admiring generation. It is as a friend that his name will pass into history. And this book, though the authors of it are not Boswells, will give him his immortality.

The authors are Mr. Thomas Hake and Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett. They are not Boswells, we say. Indeed, the one chapter which Mrs. Watts-Dunton herself has written excels their best; it is the one chapter which carries the reader off his feet, so warm and true and unreserved is it. But they have made it clear to all the reading world that this man had truly what is often foolishly called 'a genius for friendship'; and it is so great and good a thing that we say he will live by it.

His friends are here as well as himself. Whole chapters are given to them. And in the glow of his warm friendship for them they are at their best—better sometimes (as Swinburne) than we thought it was in them to be. This is about Rossetti. 'To say that any artist could take a deeper interest in the work of a friend than in his own seems bold; yet this could be said of Rossetti. The mean rivalries of the *littérateur* that so often disgust us found no place in that great heart. To hear him recite in his musical voice the lyric of some unknown bard—recite it in such a way as to lend the lines the light and music of his own marvellous genius, while the bard sat by with head bowed low so that the flush on his cheek and the moisture in his eye should not be seen—this was an experience that did indeed make the bardic life worth living.'

THE MYTHICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE GOSPELS.

What becomes of the lad who takes to the reading of the Rationalist Press Association sixpennys? He is not the worst kind of lad. He is not incurably sensual, nor as a rule indolently self-indulgent. Yet we lose sight of him. He goes to swell the numbers of the non-churchgoing, he often becomes fiercely anti-Christian; and sometimes he remains so until the end.

What ought we to do with such a lad? Leave him alone? That is the easiest thing to do. But we flatter ourselves if we think that by leaving him alone he will come back to us of his own accord. The Rationalist Press sixpennys are far too plausible for that. And they are far too radical in their plausibility. They set the Church and Christ in an atmosphere that is peculiarly difficult to get out of—an atmosphere of deception and sham.

What are we to do with him? We cannot meet him in argument, for we know less of the Rationalist Press than he does. We know next to nothing of the elaborate system by which Christ and the Gospels have been resolved into myths—every feature of the character of Christ, every event in His history, every text of any consequence in all the Gospel records. The thing has been reduced, we say, to an elaborate system, one writer following another until to-day its conclusiveness to an uneducated lad's mind is irresistible.

What are we to do? We have first of all to make ourselves acquainted with this system. We can do that by reading the works of Professor Drews of Karlsruhe, Professor W. B. Smith of New Orleans, Dr. Jensen, Mr. J. M. Robertson—without going further back, and without scattering ourselves over too wide a field. All these men have given themselves, within recent years to the elaboration of the proof that Christ and the Gospels are a product of a myth-making tendency inveterate in the human race. If that is too heavy an undertaking—for all these men have written voluminously—the study of a single book will reach the same end. Dr. J. T. Thorburn's volume on *The Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net) contains

everything that is of any importance in all these writers, and it has the advantage of offering an unbiased answer to every one of the arguments which they employ.

Dr. Thorburn's method is to go through the history of Christ contained in the Gospels from incident to incident and tell how the mythological interpreters have explained each incident and what foundation there is in fact for their explanation. He begins with the names Mary and Joseph, and a more amazing, more entertaining chapter than this first chapter on Mary and Joseph is not to be found in the book, or in any other book that we are likely to be able to turn to. The ingenuity is amazing, the pseudo-scientific credulity is most entertaining. Speaking of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Dr. Thorburn says that his 'excursions into the field of theology all bear the marks of great haste and extreme recklessness of statement.' We have an example on the very first page.

'The whole birth-story,' writes Mr. Robertson (*Christianity and Mythology*, p. 319), is indisputably late, and the whole action mythic; and the name [Mary] is also to be presumed mythical. For this there is the double reason that Mary, or Miriam, was already a mythic name for both Jews and Gentiles. The Miriam of Exodus is no more historical than Moses; like him and Joshua she is to be reckoned an ancient deity Evemerised, and the Arab tradition that she is the mother of Joshua (= Jesus) raises an irremovable surmise that a Mary, the mother of Jesus, may have been worshipped in Syria long before our era.'

One characteristic of that paragraph is the vagueness of its statements; another characteristic is their confidence. These two characteristics distinguish this writer's work throughout. But sometimes even a writer of this type has to condescend upon a definite statement, and then Mr. Robertson is sure to come to grief. And that ludicrously, as Dr. Conybeare showed not long ago. But the other men, who have studied the subject more, are not in any way happier. Very plausible as long as they are allowed to proceed unmolested, they do not seem to make a single statement which escapes the charge of inaccuracy or irrelevancy. And Dr. Thorburn has no mercy. He has made so special a study of the subject that nothing escapes him. He brings out their contradictions and incredible blunders with the calmness and precision of a trained detective.

When we have read Dr. Thorburn's book, we shall know what it is that leads so many of our young lads astray, and we shall know how to prepare them beforehand for resistance.

CREEDS AND CHURCHES.

When Dr. Alexander Stewart, Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, died, there passed from earth one of the most accomplished of theologians as well as one of the best of men. For some years he had been hampered by illness. He delivered the Croall Lectures in the winter of 1901–1902. They dealt with *Creeds and Churches*, a subject which he had at his finger-ends. Yet it is only now that they are published (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

Let us listen for a little to the delivery of them. Let us hear the lecturer tell the story of how the Apostles' Creed obtained its authority. 'A legend had grown up to the effect that on the day of Pentecost, the apostles, before dispersing on their several missions for the conversion of the world, gathered together and agreed upon a common form of belief, that they might carry it as the glad tidings to the remotest ends of the earth. Each, it was said, contributed a clause, and the result was the Apostles' Creed as it was received at the time. There are several versions of the order in which the apostles made their contributions. According to one of the most complete, St. Peter said, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth"; St. Andrew added, "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord"; St. James, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"; St. John, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried"—and so on to the end, all the twelve taking a part; and though, as we have said, the order varies, in all the versions St. Peter begins and St. Matthias ends the list. From a historical point of view the tradition is worthless. It probably originated, partly at least, in an etymological mistake, the word Symbol which had begun to be applied to the Creed being connected, not with *σύμβολον*, a mark or sign, but with *συμβολή*, which, especially in the plural, signified the contributions which were made to provide a common meal. So the

"Creed was regarded as a collation or epitome of doctrine contributed by the twelve Apostles."' 'This tradition,' he says, 'which afterwards received the sanction of the Roman Catechism, 1566, is to this day current in the Church of Rome, and her clergy are required to teach it to the people.'

The whole book is as pleasant to read, and as well worth reading. It is not a volume of theology; it is a volume of history. And so easy is the author's mastery of his subject that even when he comes to the classification of Confessions, he loses neither himself nor his reader. His position is never in doubt, though it is never expressed with the least approach to an *odium theologicum*. Thus he says: 'Creeds are subordinate to the Bible. They are not substitutes for it; they do not intentionally add anything to it, or take anything from it. They are helps to the understanding of it, and they are means by which man may learn from man, and Church from Church, how far they are agreed in the interpretation of it in matters which concern their highest interests, and how far they can co-operate in the work which lies before them.'

Dr. John Morrison has so edited the volume that for once we have a posthumous book which suffers nothing from being posthumous.

BUDDHISM.

Messrs. Harrap are the publishers of a large and extremely handsome volume on Buddhism, of which the title is *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* (15s. net). The author is Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc., a good Buddhist scholar, who has already done much literary work, most of it on Indian Buddhism.

The great difficulty of describing Buddhism in a single volume is the diversity of its creed and practice in different countries. So serious is this difficulty that in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS it was found necessary to take up each country separately and have its Buddhism described by a scholar who had given himself to the study of Buddhism in that particular country—Ceylon, China, Burma, Japan, and the rest. But Dr. Coomaraswamy is writing here for the uninstructed. The book is popular. He is not careful to preserve distinctions which are necessary for the scholar. His study has been of Buddhism in its great principles, and of the Buddha himself in the experiences of his life and the hopes (if they could be called hopes) which clung to his service for mankind. In short, he has given us a sketch of Buddhism which we can place beside a similar sketch of Muhammadanism or Christianity, and make comparisons, if we care to do so, between them.

The temptation of the Buddhist enthusiast is to claim an excessive antiquity for the Master and his work. There are Buddhists who will take five hundred years more than they are entitled to. Dr. Coomaraswamy has read too much in Western literature on Buddhism to fall before that temptation. Then he writes well, having an excellent command of the English tongue. His story of the Buddha's wanderings is a fascinating narrative.

The volume has been counted worth the very best that the publisher could do for it. There are forty plates of illustrations, and eight of them are in colour.

ASSYRIOLOGY.

Under the title of *Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria* (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. Lewis Spence has published a volume in which he has succeeded in presenting a fairly complete account of what is known as Assyriology. He has written the story of Babylonian excavation. He has distinguished the Babylonian from the Assyrian religion and estimated their comparative worth. He has told tales of the Babylonian and Assyrian kings, and in such a way as to make the tales serve the purpose of a history. He has described the magical practices and superstitious beliefs of the Babylonians and Assyrians in respect of animals and demons. He has brought the great gods within sight and lost no touch of their greatness in the proximity; and he has introduced us to the priests at their elaborate worship in their gorgeous temples. What is there that he has left out? And it is all told in plain English, for the series is a popular one.

But the writing is not all. The illustrations are very many and very remarkable. Some of them we know well, but they are well drawn here. Some of them—we mean those plates by Evelyn Paul—are amazing in their audacity of conception and colouring. The scene on Carmel (to mention the only illustration which touches the Bible story) has

never in a printed book been more daringly devised or more effectively coloured.

SCOTLAND.

Dr. William Law Mathieson has concluded his History of Scotland. The fourth and final volume is entitled *Church and the Reform in Scotland* (Maclehose; 10s. 6d. net). It covers the years from 1797 to 1843.

Dr. Law Mathieson's History has its features. It is social more than political. It is ecclesiastical more than social. But the word 'ecclesiastical' must not be used with that smack of contempt now frequently heard upon its utterance. Dr. Law Mathieson is not an 'ecclesiastic.' His chief interest is in the religious life of his country, but not in the political aspect of its religion, though that was so pronounced in the period covered by this volume. His inmost delight is in the life of the people who believed in God and Calvin, the people who were at their best in their homes, in such homes and at such exercises as Burns describes in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'

It follows that he should speak kindly of the Moderates. And it follows that he should deplore their moderatism. If they had continued to have their way—and how easy it seemed to be for them to continue to have their way, the whole momentum of the State and most of the heavy impetus of the aristocracy being with them—Scotland would have been unable to-day to meet the German menace. For she would have lost her ideals. Therefore in ending his History with the year 1843, the year of the Disruption, Dr. Law Mathieson has been well guided. For if he has left us with a rent Church, it is a Church with a healthy and vigorous conscience. The controversy then was the Headship of Christ or the Headship of Caesar. Spell Caesar in the German way, and it is exactly the contest we are engaged in at this moment. And it was the issue of that controversy, in which the government of the land was morally beaten by being legally victorious, that made it possible for a great and conscientious liberal statesman like Sir Edward Grey to declare himself on the side of Christ.

It is a trying time in the history of Scotland that is described in this volume. Yet to read the story again is for any Scotsman to say with Jeffrey that he is proud of his country. Dr. Law Mathieson is no partisan. If he recognizes, as he does, the greatness of the issues at stake, he sees clearly enough that not all the men nor all the methods were faultless. But he sees that even the wrath of man was used to the furtherance of that work which was God's.

The Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., has written a *Handbook of the History and Development of Philosophy* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). Its contents are (1) a list of writers on philosophical subjects—in chronological order; (2) brief notices of prominent men associated with philosophic thought—in alphabetical order; (3) alphabetical list of the various philosophical systems—with concise definitions of the same; (4) a History of Philosophy; (5) an account of the Inception of the Idea, and the Correlation of Thought to produce new Combinations; (6) a similar account of other philosophical subjects, as the Influence of Modern Thought on Philosophy and of Philosophy on Modern Thought; and (7) an exposition of Casuistry. It is a miscellaneous gathering, and it is meant to be. If the student of philosophy finds it accurate, and we think he will, he should be grateful to Mr. Bevan for gathering it all together so conveniently.

Professor Sanday has published another pamphlet on the War—its origin and its issue. He calls it *In View of the End: A Retrospect and a Prospect* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 1s. net). Need we say that it is of absorbing interest? Need we say that it is the last word of Christian wisdom and impartiality?

One of the most unexpected things is discovered at the very end. Dr. Sanday believes in German veracity. It is of a kind, certainly, and not exactly *our* kind; but it is veracity.

To the lover of poetry—not a great army—an irresistible appeal will be made by Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn's book on *The Rudiments of Criticism* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d. net). Not a great army, we said. So also says Mr. Lamborn: 'Every one, almost, finds pleasure in music; yet delight in poetry is an enjoyment revealed but to a happy few; so that I have known a professed lover of music whose knowledge of poetry was limited to a line or two of Shakespeare's description of "the man that hath no music in

himself," with which he used to taunt people who had not learned to play the piano.'

Mr. Lamborn is a wise critic—usually. But he is too hard on Eliza Cook and her old arm-chair. He has ideas on education—new and also true. There is too much reading aloud in public schools. Children should be trained to write poetry: he offers specimens, and they prove his principles. He is distressed over optional Greek, 'for optional Greek will lead to optional Latin, and then the last stronghold of liberal learning, where so many generations of men have learned the meaning of humanity, will be transformed into a great technical school where clerks learn book-keeping and druggists learn dispensing.'

Three new volumes have been issued of the 'Short Course' Series (T. & T. Clark; 2s. net each). Professor George Milligan would be glad to recommend the use of the Revised Version, for he believes in it heartily. But that is not his only object in writing about *The Expository Value of the Revised Version*. He desires to encourage expository preaching. And he could have taken no better way to encourage it. This is expository preaching, and there is not a dull page in the book. If the people will not listen to preaching like this they will listen to nothing.

Principal W. B. Selbie has issued some expository studies in the Fourth Gospel. The title is *Belief and Life*. Add Love and Light, and you have all St. John's great words. But Belief and Life are the way of entrance into St. John, and that is into Christ. The simplicity of the exposition will not hide the trained scholarship that it rests upon.

Principal A. J. Tait's book is an exposition of *The Prophecy of Micah*. No prophet offers himself more readily or more fruitfully for a short course of sermons than Micah. Dr. Tait has made good use of his opportunity. Is it not the searchlight of such a prophet on life and on conscience that we most especially need at this time? The confident superficiality of our religious life is made to look very foolish in the presence of a preacher of righteousness like Micah.

Through a Padre's Spectacles is the title which the Rev. J. Golder Burns, B.D., C.F., has given to his memories of work at the Front and in the Camps (Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). The experiences are vivid to him, and in the simplicity of pure English he has made them a living reality to his readers. There is no 'working up'; and yet the humour and the pathos are both very telling. Mr. Burns has much to say about the religion of the British soldier. This is one plain paragraph: 'I don't know how it is at home, but there is a distinct revival of religion among the troops in Flanders. I would not wish to be misunderstood. Our soldiers have not all become saints. But a belief in the truths of religion is more common, and not only so, but men out here are not ashamed of their faith. At home you have an intercessory service every week. Here in this camp we have one every night. When the Church of England chaplain takes the service, I ring the bell, a piece of rail which I strike with a mallet, and, when it is my turn to officiate as minister, he acts the part of handy-man. At these services over five hundred men have made profession of their faith.'

Do not miss the papers which are being issued in connexion with *The War and our Faith* by the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the Memorial Hall (2d. each). They are written by scholars—Dr. Horton, Principal Franks, Dr. Morgan Gibbon, Principal Griffith-Jones, Mr. Thompson, Principal Selbie, Principal Ritchie, Mr. Darlaston—and they enter seriously into the questions that agitate or ought to agitate our minds at the present time. No papers since the war began have impressed us more with the gravity of the moral and spiritual issues that are now before us.

It cannot surely be that after the war we shall go on sinning as we sinned before. If we do we shall not be able to plead ignorance of our sins. What they are is agreed upon among all who have looked seriously into the causes and occasions of the war. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who is no preacher or parson, agrees wholly with Mr. Norman Maclean. His *Essays in War-Time* (Constable; 5s. net) describe with dreadful plainness the abyss of indulgence and wretchedness into which the nations of the earth have been plunging. His scientific response is more startling than any exhortation. If there are those still among us who do not worry about their sins they had better read this book and worry.

The essay on Walter Pater in *Figures of Several Centuries*, Mr. Arthur Symons's latest volume (Constable; 7s. 6d. net)—the essay on Walter Pater, we say, in that charming book is particularly charming. Does it come to any other as it comes to us after reading the voluminous and disconcerting biography by Mr. Thomas Wright? It sets Pater on his throne again. It restores his manhood. It gives him excellence. It makes him once more himself and worth being so.

There are other essays in this book. There are other two-and-twenty. And they are all biographical and all charming. They are not all so redolent of relief as that on Pater. But they have all the light touch, the reserved approach, the sure familiar fireside interpretation, the language in which the right word is always in the right situation.

Who are they? They range from St. Augustine to Thomas Hardy, through Charles Lamb, John Donne, Emily Brontë, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Coventry Patmore; and outside this country, Villon, Casanova, Flaubert, Cladel, Ibsen, Huysmans, Baudelaire, Naidu.

The Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, D.D., late Minister of the South Parish, Paisley, was a 'practical' preacher. That does not mean that he preached 'cauld morality.' He preached morality, but out of the love of a heart that had once said and kept for ever saying, 'I love, because He first loved me.' The new volume has been well chosen. It contains fifteen sermons under the simple title of *Sermons* (Paisley: Gardner; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. C. W. Formby, M.A., is convinced that the British Empire is 'at the Cross Roads.' What he means by that is that we are in great danger from the inrush of materialism. And the evidence again of the inrush of materialism is the Welsh Church Bill. So the first half of his book, called *The Soul of England* (Wells Gardner; 2s. 6d. net), is an earnest plea for 'hands off,' and leave the Welsh Church alone. After the middle of the book, however, he passes to wider issues, and traces the footsteps of the materialistic enemy in nearly all the departments of national life. The warning is wise. Materialism *is* the enemy. We cannot be too vigilant.

The religion of the soldier is sometimes quite primitive. At its highest it is not very theological. When he touches theology at all it is much in the way of the little girl who said, 'I love Jesus, but I hate God.' In *Jesus of Nazareth and the Christian Churches of To-day* (Heffer; 6d. net), Mr. Henry Goodman instructs us all in the true estimate of God. He is the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour.

The evangelist, says Professor W. M. Clow, has left the pulpit and has taken up his place at the street corner. He would have him return to the pulpit. He is himself an evangelist. He is an evangelist, first and last, using the word in the large sense. That is to say, he preaches the gospel of salvation, but it is salvation from sin to righteousness and true holiness. And all his materials he finds in the Bible, especially in the New Testament. He does not need to invent, exaggerate, or even dramatize. His volume of sermons is called *The Evangel of the Strait Gate* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

The first volume of Father Stanton's sermons must have done well, for here is another already. Its title is *Faithful Stewardship* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). Seventeen of the nineteen sermons in the volume were preached within the last year or two of his life, and were reported verbatim by Miss C. Ross. The last two were preached forty years ago. They are here for comparison and for their own sake. The editor as before is the Rev. E. F. Russell, M.A.

Mr. Norman Maclean believes that this war will not come to an end until we are cleansed from the evil ways which were the cause of it. He does not mean militarism only. That is but one of the evil things, and it is more a result than a cause. He means the selfishness that refuses to burden itself with family cares; he means the continuance of the temptations that are offered to the drunkard; he means sin, yours and mine, the sin of the respectable and professedly Christian people of this land. Until we put away our sin and so encourage or even compel others to do likewise, the war will not have fulfilled its mission and will not end. So he writes his book with the title *Stand up, ye Dead* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) that we may see the evil as it is and repent.

Hurrah and Hallelujah is the title which

Dr. J. P. Bang of Copenhagen has given to his exposure of Germanism (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). An exposure it is. Out of their own mouths has he judged these wicked servants. He quotes the professors, the preachers, and the politicians; and (ashamed as we are to say it) the preachers are the most blood-thirsty. One of the amazing things is the frequency and calmness of their use of the phrase 'the German God.' Says Dr. Bang, 'I have even found a German writer, in perfect seriousness, beginning a prayer with the words "O German God."' Another equally remarkable thing is the completeness with which patriotism is allowed to sweep everything else out of its way. Pastor W. Lehmann ends a sermon with: 'We love our earthly Fatherland so much, that we gladly barter our heavenly for it.'

There are books that fall in value as the years pass. There are books that rise. One can prophesy a rise for *Shakespeare and Precious Stones* by George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M. (Lippincott; 6s. net). For it has been written by the lover of books as well as the lover of Shakespeare, and it has been made by the publishers as attractive as the arts and sciences can make books now. The war has not touched the quality of the paper, for the printing was done in the United States of America.

The war is suffering. That is its most obtrusive meaning. Is the war therefore evil? Not so, says Mr. Sherwood Eddy. For suffering is not evil, but good. There may be evil in the war—brutal passions let loose brutally—but the suffering as suffering is God's instrument for our progress in all that is worth while. Thus Mr. Eddy argues excellently in *Suffering and the War* (Longmans; 1s. net), as well as in *The Meaning of Suffering*, and even to some extent in *Faith of Honest Doubt* (Longmans; 3d. net each).

Dr. Rufus M. Jones has become so well known as an expositor of Mysticism that any book on that (or indeed any other) subject by him is sure of a wide circulation. His new book entitled *The Inner Life* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net) has been written to tell us, not how to become mystics, but how to make our mysticism a blessing to ourselves and our neighbours. We gain the blessing by the practice of the presence of God; we give it by encouraging others to that practice, but especially by the savour of the life we live. All is described with that singular clarity of thought which finds the clear word instinctively.

Dr. F. J. Foakes Jackson has published the Lowell Lectures which he delivered in Boston in March 1916. The title is *Social Life in England, 1750–1850* (Macmillan; 5s. net). They are just what popular lectures ought to be—slightly informing, very entertaining, perfectly wholesome. Well, we have made progress. We are better than our fathers were, and in every way. We are more comfortable, of course, but we are also better behaved. God's in the world, and it is *not* going to the dogs.

Dr. Foakes Jackson is particularly pleasant on Crabbe. In that lecture and in another there is not a little that is quite new.

Among the remedies now so liberally offered for the salvation of the Church (or such remnants of it as may still be salved), the last, and least to be expected, is that of 'more theology.' Yet that is the remedy offered by the Rev. Oliver Chase Quick, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in *Essays in Orthodoxy* (Macmillan; 6s. net). 'It is commonly said,' he tells us, 'that less theology is what we need; but those who counsel thus are surely guilty of a highly dangerous confusion between remedy and disease. Most people, no doubt, prefer that religious teachers should appeal to the heart rather than to the head. They prefer being asked to feel to being made to think. But it does not follow that their preference should be encouraged. As a nation we welcome what we call "the gospel," we dislike theology, and we detest dogma. But the fact that we attach too much importance to feeling, too little to thought, and almost none to authority, is really no ground for supposing that we cannot or ought not to effect any change in our scale of values. As a matter of fact, the unpopularity of theology and dogma springs far more from a misconception of their purpose than from any tenable objection to their use.'

That is all true and demands emphatic declaration. Mr. Quick is right. It is theology that we need, more theology—theology that brings God, and the redemption that is in Christ, and the sanctifying Spirit, and above all the necessity for

a sense of sin and repentance—a theology, we say, that brings all these into our life, into every part of our being, heart and head and conscience and will, that is the theology we need, and we need more of it, not less, than ever we have had before. Mr. Quick is not afraid of being called orthodox. He is not afraid of being what he is called. He is orthodox on the central doctrine of the Faith, the doctrine of Christ's atonement for sin. What he says on that, and on the other great doctrines which he discusses, he says as a wise steward of the mysteries of God.

Messrs. Nimmo have reissued *Poetical Works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox* (3s. 6d. net). In spite of the war the paper is good, the printing clear, and the whole 'get up' of the book most desirable. The illustrations, it will be remembered, are by Alice Ross. They are quite unusually interpretative.

The Rev. Martin Anstey, B.D., is a Bible student. He has been trying to make the Bible his own. And now he tells others in *How to Master the Bible* (Partridge; 2s. net) what his methods are. He is not content to know the Bible scientifically: he must know it also experimentally. He must enjoy it. He must feel the power of it. And again he is not content until others share the joy and the power of Bible study with him.

Plain prescriptions for the securing of *Good Health for All* have been set forth, in 'a series of hygienic chats,' by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Pickering & Inglis; 1s. 6d. net).

There is room yet for one book, even for a series of books. The subject is Symbolism. A small contribution is made by A. Bothwell Gosse in *The Rose Immortal* (Rider; 1s. net). The symbol of the Rose has penetrated to every land, and this pleasant author discovers the meanings men have found in it. There is the Red Rose of Sorrow, the White Rose of Joy, the Golden Rose of Union, and the Little Black Rose of Silence.

Mr. Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P., describes scientifically all the variety to be found and felt of *Human Temperaments* (Scientific Press; 1s. net). He writes confidently and has no space for qualifications. But on one of the temperaments he is somewhat at fault. He treats religion as if it were entirely a matter of temperament. He calls it the inclination to self-sacrifice. And self-sacrifice is not altogether and always an admirable thing in his eyes. He has surely forgotten that right religion is the love of God and man. And to love the Lord with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves is more than a matter of temperament.

Let us array all our Christian forces for the purity and beauty of the home. Prebendary H. P. Denison is ready to do his part. He has written a book on *The Mystery of Marriage* (Scott; 2s. net), in which he shows how urgent an enterprise it is and how urgently Christian.

Miss L. Swetenham has written a book on *War: The Cross of the Nations* (Scott; 1s. 6d. net), which the Bishop of Edinburgh has introduced to us. 'No one,' says Dr. Walpole, 'can read the first two chapters on Man's Spiritual Insensibility and Humanity's Idol without feeling that some terrible discipline that would shake man's being to its foundation was necessary, and so feeling we may be able to enter into God's plan for Europe in the war and to share the hope of the writer that His purpose may be fulfilled.'

To some of us the Descent into Hell is no longer credible. It is quite credible to the Rev. R. E. Hutton. In *The Life Beyond* (Scott; 2s. net) he publishes some 'Thoughts on the Intermediate State and the Soul in the Unseen World,' and among them is the thought that when Jesus descended to Hades He rescued the souls of men kept until then in bondage and brought them with Him up to Paradise. 'It was a true instinct,' he says, 'which led the Jews to speak of the righteous dead as in Abraham's bosom rather than the bosom of God; for until Jesus Christ, "the Seed of the woman," had "opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers" and Himself entered therein, the souls of the righteous were excluded from the Vision of God.'

Adeline Campbell, the author of *Scripture Spoil in Sacred Song*, has the gift of remembering the right Scripture passage to illustrate or enforce her argument. In *Scripture Thoughts* (Stock; 2s. 6d.

net), she simply sets down the thought and adds the Scripture passages.

After Death, What? by Archdeacon Wilberforce, is an addition to the royal 16mo purple series (Stock; 1s. 6d. net).

In *The Power of Faith* (Stock; 3s. net), we have probably the last volume of Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce's sermons that we shall ever have. And that is a sad enough thought. For they were more than interesting; they were always strong arguments for some great truth or courageous attacks upon some great evil. This volume is kindred. Think of 'Human Devils' as the title of a sermon; and the sensation is not in the title but in the fact.

It is an old idea of John Caird that every nation has a message for the world and must be encouraged to utter it. That idea is carried out for Britain in *The Vocation of Empire* (S.P.C.K.; 6d.), a small volume containing a course of sermons preached in the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, in Lent, 1916. The preachers were Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Mr. William Temple, Mr. E. A. Burroughs, Bishop Copleston, Archdeacon Harper, and Chaplain John Ellison.

The Rev. G. R. Oakley, M.A., B.D., has rewritten in his own eloquent and imaginative way the Christian history that lies behind the names of Eadwine, Oswald, Oswine, Eadmund, Ælfred, Eadward, Henry, and Charles. He has reproduced the old Saxon atmosphere, and even to some extent the old Saxon spelling of the names. The title is *The Cross and the Sword* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net).

The Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D., Canon of Worcester, has published seven sermons on *God's Progressive Revelations of Himself to Men* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). They make an instructive course, and would certainly sustain the attention. For besides the continuity of interest, there is in every sermon the modern note. The first sermon introduces the idea of progressive revelation. The subsequent sermons deal with God's revelation of Himself as Creator, in the Family and Nation, as the God of Righteousness, as the Fulfiller, in Christ, and as Saviour.

Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley and Mr. G. H. Box, who have often worked together before, have once again joined hands in a most promising enterprise. They have resolved to translate certain early documents that are valuable for the study of Christian Origins. The second volume of the Series is *The Wisdom of Ben-Sira* (*Ecclesiasticus*), translated by Dr. Oesterley (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Is there any need for a new translation of Sirach? We have the Revised Version. The answer is that the Revised Version was issued before the discovery of the Hebrew manuscripts of the book—one of the most disturbing discoveries of our time. This is a very different book from Ecclesiasticus in the Revised Version. Dr. Oesterley knows the last word of scholarship. His introduction is as workmanlike as are his translation and notes.

If there is man or woman among your friends who has not yet realized the danger we are in from alcohol, give them a copy of *The Nation and Alcohol*, by Vice-Principal Anne W. Richardson. It is published by the Student Christian Movement (6d. net).

What has Christ to offer to the Savage, to the Muhammadan, to the Hindu, to the Buddhist, to the Taoist or Confucianist, to the Shintoist? Mr. William Paton answers in *Jesus Christ and the World's Religions* (United Council for Missionary Education; 7d. net).

Mr. W. S. Urquhart, D.Phil., Professor of Philosophy in the Scottish Churches College in Calcutta, is not a whit behind the best of the German students of Hindu Philosophy. He is in one respect distinctly before the best—he knows the Hindu as well as his literature. Professor Urquhart's book on *The Upanishads and Life*, which has been issued by the Association Press, 86 College Street, Calcutta, must on no account be missed by missionary or man who would know what Hinduism is. Dr. Urquhart is a Christian, and he is never unaware of the fact that the grace of God has appeared to the Hindu also; but he is scrupulously fair to the Hindu faith and the Hindu philosophy. His scholarship and his Christianity make injustice impossible to him. There is a whole life's study in the book, and yet it may be bought for tenpence.

The Archaeology of the Book of Genesis.

By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D., D.Litt., Professor of Assyriology in the University of Oxford.

Chapter x.

3. In Jer 51^{27} Ashkenaz is associated with Ararat and Minni, and must therefore have been to the north-east of Assyria. As I first pointed out many years ago, this agrees with the situation of the country called Asguza by Sargon. But in this identification we again have an instance of the transference of an unknown geographical name by the later geography to a country with a similar name but in a different part of the world. The Ashkenaz of Genesis belongs to Asia Minor, not to the far east. Hence we must fall back upon its old identification with the Ascanius of Phrygia and the Troad. Ashkenaz, in fact, represents a word of the same form as the Hittite Tarkhu-na-zi(s), 'son of the land of (the god) Tarkhu,' and refers us to a word Aska, from which Ascanius was a derivative. Sir W. M. Ramsay has shown that this word survives in Aska-ênos, a title of the god Mên at Eumeneia. Ascania was the Phrygian district which lay to the west of the Cappadocian plain.

Togarmah, if the reading is right, has been explained by Professor Delitzsch, who identifies it with the Til-garimmi of the Assyrian inscriptions in the north-east of Cappadocia, which was conquered by Sargon. The Assyrianizing of the name would be similar to that which transformed the Hittite Tarbusip on the Euphrates into Til-Barsip, 'the Mound of Barsip' (classical Barsampsê). But instead of Togarmah the Septuagint has Thorgama (here and in 1 Ch, as well as Ezk 38^{6}, though not 27^{14}), which would correspond with the territorial title Targha-miya(s), 'of the land of Tarkhu,' found in the Hittite texts. In either case, however, the situation of the country would be much the same.

Rîphath is unknown, no similar geographical name having been met with anywhere, and in 1 Ch 1^{6} it is written Dîphath. It is therefore possible that the Hebrew text is a transliteration of a cuneiform *Askanazi adî patu* (or *pat*) *Tugar-immi*, 'Ascania as far as the frontier of Togarmah.'

4. Elishah is the Alasiya of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, the Alsa of the Egyptians. I have shown (The Expository Times, xii. p. 29) that it is the Aleian plain of Homer, to the east of Tarsus, the Ionian Ἀλήιος, 'Aleian,' presupposing an original 'Alasyan.' The supposition that it is Cyprus is untenable, since Cyprus appears in this verse under the name of Kittim, while in Egyptian it was called Asi. Letters passed between the kings of Egypt and Alasiya, and we learn from them that Alasiya exported copper, doubtless derived from the copper mines of the Taurus. After the rise of the twenty-first Egyptian dynasty (1100 B.C.) the name is found no more.

Tarshish, between Alasiya and Kittim or Cyprus, must be Tarsus, called Tarzi by Shalmaneser II. (834 B.C.). The final *sh* of Tarshish is the suffix of the Hittite and Cilician nominative; the first *sh* represents *z*, as in the Cilician Syennesis for Suanna-zis. As Sir W. M. Ramsay has shown, Tarsus was originally connected by a channel with the sea and was the centre of a great maritime trade. Later geography transferred the name to the west, when the silting up of the coast had destroyed the maritime character of Tarsus, and it is possible that in the prophetic age it denoted Tartessos in Spain.

Kittim is Kition, the modern Larnaka, the chief Phœnician seaport in Cyprus, which gives its name to the whole island in the O.T.

Dodanim must be corrected into Rodanim, as in 1 Ch 1^{7} and the Septuagint (which similarly has Ῥόδιοι for Dedan in Ezk 27^{15}), that is to say, the Rhodians. It will be noticed that the Ionian territory thus extends from the Gulf of Antioch to Rhodes, including Cyprus, and that the Phœnicians have not as yet colonized either the latter island or Rhodes. The Greek dialect of Cyprus was allied to the Arcadian, but it was probably derived from a later Greek colony than the Yavan of Genesis,—if, indeed, the latter spoke a Greek dialect at all. The name of the Ionians continued to cling to Cyprus, which in the Assyrian inscriptions is accordingly called by Sargon *mat Yavnâ*, 'the land of the Ionians.'

The omissions in the list of the sons of Japhet are more remarkable than the names that occur in it. There is no mention, for example, of either Ararat or Lud, which appears so frequently in the prophetical books in association with the other Japhethites. The name of Lud or Lydia is first met with in the inscriptions of Assur-bani-pal, and it has been suggested that as the name of a kingdom it is not older than the foundation of the dynasty of Gyges. Ararat, Ass. Urardhu, was merely the Assyro-Babylonian name of a mountainous district before the rise of the kingdom of Urardhu, about 840 B.C. From that time forward, however, this kingdom played so important a part in the history and politics of Western Asia that it could not fail to have been noticed in a geographical table. The Lycians, again, called Lukki in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, are omitted, which points to an age later than that of the tablets.

5. *'Iyyîm*, 'coastlands,' is the Babylonian *nagê*. A comparison of the verse with vv.[5. 20. 31. 32] would show that the original had *annûti marê* (*Yapati*) *kî pî kimti(-sunu) û lisânâti(-sunu) ina matâti-sunu û pikhâti-sunu*, 'These are the sons of Japhet according to (their) families and tongues in their lands and districts'; or simply 'in their lands' if בְּאַרְצֹתָם and בְּגוֹיֵהֶם, for which we have לְגוֹיֵהֶם in v.[31], are merely alternative translations of *matâti*.[1] Then would have come *sa yuparriśu nagê matitân*. The variations in the phrase are instructive and point to variant paraphrastic renderings of the same phrase.

6. The sons of Ham are given in geographical order from south to north, Cush or Ethiopia, Kesh in Egyptian, coming first. The dual form, Mizraim, 'the two Mazors,' refers to Upper and Lower Egypt, 'the two lands' of which the Egyptian Pharaohs call themselves kings. Mazor, 'the wall of fortification,' which protected Egypt on its Asiatic side, and is also termed Shûr (Gn 20[1], etc.), properly signified Northern or Lower Egypt, and is used in that sense in Is 19[6] 37[25], Southern Egypt being Pathros, Egyptian Pa-to-ris, 'the land of the south' (Is 11[11]). In Babylonian, Mazor appears as Mizru, a name which can be traced back to the age of Khammu-rabi, but which was assimilated by the Assyrians to their word Muzru, 'a borderland.'

Phut is mentioned in a fragment of the annals of Nebuchadrezzar, describing his invasion of Egypt in his 37th year, where it is said that in the course of the campaign he defeated 'the soldiers of the city of Pudhu-Yâvan (*i.e.* Phut of the Ionians), a distant land which is within the sea.' This seems to show that it denoted Cyrene, since Amasis, the antagonist of Nebuchadrezzar, was an ally of the Cyrenaic Greeks. At any rate, we may conclude that the old tradition is right which identifies Phut with Libya. Indeed, in the prophetical books it is difficult to see what else it can mean.

Canaan was the brother of Cush and Mizraim only so long as it remained an Egyptian province. With the fall of the Egyptian empire in Asia in the reign of Meneptah about 1250 B.C., and the conquest of Palestine by the Philistines and Israelites, it passed out of the zone of Ham. The name is written Kinakhna and Kinakhkhi (Greek Khna) in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, and probably means 'the lowlands.' In Nu 13[29] the Canaanites are described as inhabiting the coast and the valley of the Jordan.

7. Havilah was the 'sandy' desert of Northern Arabia, the home of the Ishmaelites, and extended as far as the Shûr or 'Wall' of Fortification which protected Egypt and ran pretty much along the line of the present Suez Canal (Gn 25[18], 1 S 15[7]). It corresponds with the Melukhkha or 'Saltland' of Babylonian and Assyrian geography.

Saba may be Śabu, the mountain of Bel, 'a distant place,' to which the god Zu fled after the theft of the tablets of destiny, according to a Babylonian legend. Professor Hommel has suggested that Śabitu, 'who sits on the throne of the sea' or circumambient ocean, where she was visited by Gilgames, after his journey through the desert of Mas to the gates of the setting sun, was 'the woman of Śaba.'

According to Gn 25[3], Sheba and Dedan were grandsons of Abraham by Keturah, whose descendants were to be found in the neighbourhood of Midian. Dedan, accordingly, bordered upon Edom, according to Jer 49[8] and Ezk 25[13]; cf. Is 21[13]; similarly, the Sabæans made raids upon Uz (Job 1[15]). The actual home of the Sabæans, however, was in Southern Arabia, where was the kingdom of the queen of Sheba who visited

[1] Semitic Babylonian had no exact equivalent of the Heb. *gôy*, 'people,' *uqu*, which is used for it in the texts of the Persian period, being borrowed from Sumerian, though it is found already in early Babylonian hymns.

Solomon. But, like the Minæans before them, whose traders carried the incense of the south to northern lands, and whose kings have left monuments of themselves in Northern Arabia, the Sabæan kings extended their power to the north of Arabia and established colonies there. Tiglath-pileser IV. came into conflict with them on the Babylonian frontier, and Sargon, when in Palestine in 715 B.C., received tribute from Ithamar, the Sabæan king. In a Babylonian contract-tablet published by Dr. Strassmaier, which is dated in the reign of Samsu-iluna, the son and successor of Khammu-rabi, the name of Sabâ, 'the Sabæan,' occurs, but the Saba meant is more probably Seba than Sheba.

8. 'Now Cush had begotten Nimrod.' This must be an insertion, since the sons of Cush have been already mentioned, and Assyria and Babylonia were in the zone of Shem (v.[22]) and not of Ham. The Cush of v.[8], however, is not the Cush of v.[6], but either the Kassites as in Gn 2[13], or the city of Kis which played a leading part in the early history of Babylonia. 'He was the first to be a "hero" in the land,' *i.e.* as we learn from vv.[10. 11], the land of Babylonia and Assyria. This shows that we have here another extract from the 'book of Origins'; see 4[26] 6[1] and 9[20]. In this fresh extract it is the origin of sovereignty that is described. As the statement that Nimrod was 'the first to be a hero' is not qualified by the addition of the words 'after the deluge,' it would seem that he must have been an antediluvian, and therefore born to one of 'the sons of Elohim' (6[4]), more especially when we remember that the antediluvian patriarchs of Babylonia were kings. On the other hand, the royal title is deliberately withheld from the Hebrew patriarchs, and from the position in which the account of Nimrod stands in the narrative we must gather that the Biblical writer regarded him as living after the flood. This certainly was the view taken by George the Syncellus, who identified him with Euêkhoos (Enwe-Êkua), the first of the postdiluvian kings of Babylonia. We cannot attain certainty, however, until we have discovered the name of Nimrod in the Assyro-Babylonian texts. The origin of sovereignty is given in the legend of Ṭtana, in which the son of Etana appears to have been represented as the first king; but the legend has come down to us in so mutilated a state that we do not know even the latter's name. We read in one of the fragments of it:

'The great gods, the spirits of the earth, who fix destiny,
were seated devising counsel for the world;
the framers of the (earth's) corners, the creators of created things,
the Igigi (angels of heaven), in opposition to man,
were decreeing anarchy for men;
no men in quiet seats had established a king;
at that time no tiara or crown had been made,
and no sceptre of lapis lazuli had been fashioned.
Not a single shrine was resplendent;
the seven demons bolted the door against mankind.
The sceptre, the crown, the tiara, and the shepherd's staff
lay before Anu in heaven.'

It was to obtain possession of them that Etana flew to heaven on the back of an eagle. But the attempt to storm the sky failed; the eagle and its rider fell together to the earth and were apparently dashed to pieces. Ælian erroneously transfers the adventure to Gilgamos, *i.e.* Gilgames.

The four facts recorded of Nimrod are—(1) that he was the first *qarradu* or 'hero,' Heb. *gibbor*; (2) that he was a hero-huntsman 'in the presence of Yahweh'; (3) that he was the first ruler of Babylonia and Assyria, and (4) that he was the builder of Nineveh. The second fact may indicate that the notice of him ought to have come after 4[26], and that consequently he was really an antediluvian. That the marginal rendering in v.[11]—'out of that land he went out into Assyria'—is right is shown by Mic 5[6], where the parallelism requires that 'the land of Nimrod' should be Assyria.[1] The god Assur, moreover, was a city, not a man or hero, and the Babylonian deity with whom he was afterwards identified was *An-sar*, the upper firmament. Assur, too, was the older capital of Assyria from which the country derived its name, and ought to have been mentioned as a city before Nineveh. And, as Schrader has remarked, if the ordinary translation of the verse is adopted there is no country named in which Nineveh and its sister towns would have been built.

[1] V.[5] as it stands is corrupt, and a *paseq* has accordingly been set against the unintelligible וה שלום אשור. This is plainly a marginal gloss which has made its way into the text, and must contain the name of Shalmaneser. The original reading would have been והיה כי אשור יבא, 'and it shall be when Asshur comes into our land'; 'Asshur' or 'the Assyrian' was then glossed by 'namely Shalmaneser,' and when the gloss crept into the text אשור and אסר were confounded together, and שלם was written שלום. In v.[6] פתחיה must be corrected into פתיחה, 'they shall shepherd the land of Asshur with the scimetar, and the land of Nimrod with the sword.'

Nothing corresponding with the name of Nimrod has yet been found in the cuneiform texts, but the correctness of the spelling (making allowance for a possible interchange of *d* and *r*) is certified by its occurrence in Micah.

9. The saying was current among the West Semites, whose deity Yahweh (Yahum) was; see 9^{26}. Perhaps the expression implies that Nimrod hunted in that part of Babylonia in which the West Semites were settled.[1]

10. The foundation of sovereignty was naturally connected with Babylon when that city under Khammu-rabi became the capital of Babylon and absorbed the traditions of the other cities of the kingdom. Moreover, Babylon was close to Kis. That Babylon should head the list of Babylonian cities shows that the passage belongs to an age subsequent to the rise of Khammu-rabi's empire. On the other hand the mention of Akkad refers us to the age of Sargon and Naram-Sin when that city was the capital of a powerful empire. It was at that period that it gave its name to the whole of Northern Babylonia. At an earlier date it had no existence, at all events as a city of importance, and at a later period it became a suburb of Sippara. Erech (Bab. Uruk) was one of the earliest seats of Semitic influence in Babylonia; it was the centre of the cult of Istar, and the capital of a dynasty. Its wall was said to have been built by Gilgames, whose history was closely associated with it. Calneh—Khalannê in the Septuagint—would seem to correspond with the Babylonian city Kul-unu, the Semitic name of which was Kullab. In the Talmud, however, it is identified with Nippur, now Niffer, where stood the chief and oldest sanctuary of Northern Babylonia. It is said to be 'in Shinar' in order to distinguish it from another Calneh,—the Kullâni or Kullania of the Assyrian inscriptions, which was in Northern Syria (Is 10^{9}; cf. Ezk 27^{23}). Shinar is the Sankhar of the letters from the kings of Alasiya and Mitanni (Aram Naharaim) in the Tel el-Amarna correspondence, and is written Sangar in the geographical list of Seti I. The origin of the name is unknown, since it is not found in the Assyro-Babylonian texts, but the Tel el-Amarna tablets show that it was used by the nations who bordered on the Hittites in the Mosaic age.

[1] It is possibly worth noting that 'the god NI of Kis,' mentioned in the Babylonian inscriptions, may be 'the god Yau of Kis,' since the ideograph NI is explained by *Yau* as well as *ili*, 'god,' in S[a] i. 18, 20.

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

V.

John Donne.

Who or what was John Donne, it may be asked, that he should be given a place in this elect company? The question is not an easy one to answer. Not that I have any doubt it can be answered, but the fascination of Donne, though so real to all who have felt it, is yet so subtle and elusive, so defiant of definition, that it is very difficult to justify to the uninitiated even a very moderate enthusiasm. Donne was, it is true, an intimate friend and, in a sense, the master both of George Herbert and Izaak Walton; and on the principle of 'friends of a friend should themselves be friends,' it is hardly possible to be much in the company of these two good men without desiring to know more of their friend. But this, though it may lead to an introduction and a nodding acquaintance, is obviously insufficient for admission to the closer fellowship of our bookshelf by the fire. What more, then, is there to be said?

I.

In the first place, few as are his readers to-day, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, in an age famous for its great men, John Donne, letter-writer, preacher, and poet, was one of the most famous of the subjects of James I. Indeed,

Mr. Edmund Gosse, with his unrivalled knowledge of Jacobean life and literature, does not hesitate to speak of him as 'perhaps the most brilliantly equipped mind in His Majesty's dominions,'[1] and this at a time when Shakespeare, Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes were still living.

Donne's contemporary fame rested mainly on his preaching. Dr. Jessopp from the side of divinity,[2] and Mr. Gosse from the side of letters, agree in naming him the greatest preacher of his age. Izaak Walton's account of his preaching, based of course on his own recollections, is perhaps too well known to need repetition here. I may quote instead Mr. Gosse's admirable estimate: 'The popularity of Donne as a preacher rose to its zenith in 1626, and remained there until his death in 1631. During those years he was, without a rival, the most illustrious and the most admired religious orator in England. Lancelot Andrewes died in September of the former year. He had enjoyed a marvellous reputation; he had been called *stella predicantium*. But the celebrity of Donne surpassed that of Andrewes, and was unapproached until Jeremy Taylor came. Age gave to the fiery and yet sombre Dean of St. Paul's an ever-increasing majesty of prestige. His hearers borne along upon the flow of his sinuous melody, now soft and winning, now vehement in storm, now piercing like a clarion, now rolling in the meditative music of an organ, felt themselves lifted up to heaven itself. In these early days of Charles I. a sermon delivered by the Dean of St. Paul's was the most brilliant public entertainment which London had to offer.'[3]

This is lofty praise indeed; yet we are assured that, long before Donne had made for himself a reputation as a theologian and preacher, he had come to be regarded as one of the great letter-writers of his time. Such indeed was his reputation that, twenty years after his death, his son issued a quarto volume containing a hundred and twenty-nine of his father's letters, the first collection of private letters, it is said, ever published in England.

It is, however, his poems rather than his letters or sermons by which Donne retains his secure if not considerable place in English literature. Here again his contemporary reputation was immense; and this is the more remarkable since, with a few exceptions, his poems were not given to the world till after his death. During the eighteenth century they were almost entirely lost sight of. In the following century interest both in the man and in his work revived again. Samuel Taylor Coleridge included him among the 'English Divines,' whose works he enriched with his own annotations; Henry (afterwards Dean) Alford issued his *Works* in six volumes;[4] George MacDonald gave him a chapter to himself in his *England's Antiphon*; Bishop Lightfoot lectured on him as one of the 'Classic Preachers of the English Church';[5] Dr. Jessopp, lifelong admirer and disciple, wrote of him in the 'Leaders of Religion' series; Mr. E. K. Chambers brought out a critical edition of his poems in two volumes; and, finally, in the last year of the century Mr. Edmund Gosse produced his exhaustive and critical biography.

And yet, when all is said, it must be freely admitted that neither as poet, preacher, nor letter-writer is Donne ever likely to gain the suffrage of more than the few. The long, learned, and brilliant sermons which all London crowded to listen to in old St. Paul's are to-day but a handful of dry dust. The letters which have never been reprinted until our own day are now, thanks to the industry and genius of Mr. Gosse, dusted, sorted, and annotated for the benefit of the modern reader. Yet when even an enthusiast like Dr. Jessopp is constrained to admit that as a letter-writer Donne can be attractive *at first reading* only to the few, one cannot help wondering how many, even Mr. Gosse, will succeed in luring back to the necessary second reading. Of Donne as a poet it is less easy to speak. His deep and abiding influence is known to every student of our literature. He was the founder of the school whose most distinguished representatives are Herbert and Crashaw. Two or three of his sacred poems — especially the 'Hymn to God the Father,' beginning 'Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun'—have secured a place in our modern anthologies. Dr. Saintsbury declares that were he to undertake the perilous

[1] *Life and Letters of John Donne*, vol. ii. p. 3.

[2] See his *John Donne*, in the 'Leaders of Religion' Series, p. 152.

[3] *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 234.

[4] Of this, the only edition of the Works of Donne which has ever been attempted, Mr. Gosse has not one good word to say; 'it is,' he declares, 'no better than so much paper wasted.'

[5] The lecture is now reprinted in Lightfoot's *Historical Essays* (Macmillan's Eversley Series).

task of singling out the finest line in English sacred poetry he should give his vote for Donne's—

so long
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.

As a sample of Donne at his best I may quote the lines of which George MacDonald was so fond,[1] written during the poet's last illness:

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with Thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made Thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Yet here, too, the word of qualification and even of condemnation cannot be omitted. In saying this I am not thinking so much of the obscurities, the roughnesses, the grotesque conceits, the studied eccentricities that mar so much of Donne's poetry—what Mr. Gosse truly calls his 'irremediable imperfection as an artist.' In matters of this sort every age has its own standards, and it is useless to complain because those of the seventeenth century were not as ours. But Donne's offence lies deeper. To speak plainly, there are extant poems of his which are fit only for the dunghill. And if any one naturally loth to verify the statement for himself is disposed to think it the harsh verdict of a lean and sour puritanism, he may perhaps be satisfied when he finds even so seasoned a man of letters as Dr. Saintsbury driven to declare that Donne is at times 'simply and inexcusably nasty,' 'almost impudently licentious in thought and imagery.'[2] Again it is necessary to keep in mind our altered standards. Literary indecencies which public opinion to-day would not tolerate for a moment passed without comment in the days of James I. But when all is said the unhappy fact remains that across some of his poems Donne's shame is written in letters of fire.

If, then, these things are so, why, my imaginary questioner may ask again, and this time with heightened emphasis, why give to John Donne a place among our fireside favourites?

II.

The answer to the question is to be found not so much in anything that Donne wrote as in the man himself, in the strange fascination of his complex and mysterious personality. Yet his secret who can tell? There is about him a splendid obscurity as baffling as it is attractive. Of scarcely any of his illustrious contemporaries do we know so much as we know of him, and yet he eludes us. 'No one,' Mr. Gosse truly says, 'is so difficult to realise, so impossible to measure, in the vast curves of his extraordinary and contradictory features.' Nevertheless, we may seek by the aid of a few rough notes to obtain some conception of this truly remarkable man.

And at once we are impressed by the large place which Donne filled in the lives of many of the most distinguished men of his time. He was, we may be sure, no ordinary man who could meet on terms of intellectual equality such men as Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon, Sir Henry Wotton, John Selden, Bishop Hall, Bishop Montague, Bishop Andrewes, George Herbert, and Izaak Walton. Women, too, of the highest rank and culture, delighted equally in his society. Royalty itself condescended to press upon him the duty of offering himself to the service of the Church. And yet for all this familiar intercourse with the great and learned, we note in Donne throughout a certain intellectual aloofness and isolation. In religion, for example, he was brought up a strict Roman Catholic, and his mother, who outlived him, died in the same faith; but Donne himself in early manhood espoused and for the rest of his life loyally adhered to the Anglican Church. His independence of the prevailing fashions in the literary world was still more pronounced. He was a man of five-and-twenty when Spenser died, and over forty at the time of Shakespeare's death; but he never appears to have betrayed the smallest interest in either. He had an intimate knowledge of the literature of Spain, but concerning the literature of his native land he observes for the most part only an 'austere and contemptuous silence.' 'It seems,' says Mr. Gosse, 'as though the poetry inspired by the Renaissance passion for beauty, the poetry written by Spenser and Shakespeare, and continued by a hundred tuneful spirits down to Shirley and Herrick, was to Donne as meat offered to idols.' It is easy, of course, to dismiss all this as a kind of intellectual near-sightedness, very pitiful to behold; in Donne it was rather a natural stubbornness of mind which must see things for itself, which refused to admire merely what it was bidden to admire, which would

[1] See *England's Antiphon*, p. 116.

[2] See his *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 146, and Introduction to Mr. Chambers' edition of Donne's *Poems*.

be as clay in no man's hands, which knew both how to choose and how to follow its own path.

But probably the main interest of Donne's life for most readers to-day lies in the strangely abrupt contrasts which it presents. His was, to borrow Bishop Lightfoot's phrase, a dislocated life. Now life may be dislocated in two ways: by a change of belief and by a change of character. There is the dislocation of the convert and the dislocation of the penitent, of a Luther and of a Bunyan. Donne's, as Lightfoot says, like St. Augustine's, was both the one and the other.

It is not easy for us to-day to realize with what fierce intensity the points in debate between the Roman and Anglican Churches were disputed in England during the first half of the seventeenth century. The issues involved were so immediate, so vast and far-reaching, that no serious man could be indifferent to them, least of all a thinker so restless and inquisitive as John Donne. As we have already seen, the controversy ended, so far as he was concerned, in his renouncing the Roman and embracing the Anglican faith. But the change was not due to 'any violent and sudden determination,' nor until he had, as he himself says, to the measure of his power and judgment, 'surveyed and digested the whole body of divinity, controverted between ours and the Roman Church.' It was not, Mr. Gosse thinks, until the year 1607, that is, when Donne was now a man of three-and-thirty, that he ended his wanderings in the No Man's land between the rival religious bodies, and definitely threw in his lot with the Church of England. And it was, if Mr. Gosse is right, this prolonged intellectual uncertainty, even more than moral scruples due to his wild and tempestuous youth, that postponed his ordination until his forty-second year.

But if by 1607 Donne was a convinced Anglican, he had still to experience the great spiritual change which made of him the man and the preacher he afterwards became. And in this connexion it is impossible to ignore the painful facts concerning Donne's early life which either ignorance or reverence led Walton to pass over so lightly in his beautiful but highly-idealized portrait of his master and friend. The simple truth is that behind the licentious poetry to which reference has already been made there lay a licentious life. There is no need to repeat the unsavoury details; they may be read in Mr. Gosse's biography. Once more the comparison with St. Augustine comes to our minds. 'There was in Donne,' says Archbishop Trench, 'the same tumultuous youth, the same entanglements in youthful lusts, the same conflict with these, and the same final deliverance from them; and then the same passionate and personal grasp of the central truths of Christianity, linking itself, as this did, with all that he had suffered and all that he had sinned, and all through which, by God's grace, he had victoriously struggled.'[1] Victorious, yes, but—

> Wounds of the soul though healed will ache,
> The reddening scars remain
> And make confession;
> Lost innocence returns no more;
> We are not what we were
> Before transgression.

And so Donne found it. 'Thou hast set up,' he cries in an exquisite prayer 'which lies like an oasis in the rather sandy wastes of the *Essays in Divinity*,' 'Thou hast set up many candlesticks and kindled many lamps in me, but I have either blown them out, or carried them to guide me in and by forbidden ways. Thou hast given me a desire of knowledge, and some means to it, and some possession of it; and I have armed myself with Thy weapons against Thee. . . . But let me, in despite of me, be now of so much use to Thy glory, that by Thy mercy to my sin, other sinners may see how much sin Thou canst pardon.' And again, in his great 'Hymn to God the Father,' he prays:

> Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
> Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
> Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
> A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
> When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
> For I have more.'

And once more when the sands of life were fast running out, as 'Paul the aged' rejoiced in that he had obtained mercy while yet he could not forget that once he had been 'a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious,' so in the heart of Donne memories both bitter and blessed strove together for the mastery: 'I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss.' Nor let it be supposed that this is merely the language of religious convention, the spurious piety which talks about its 'sin' but

[1] Quoted in Lightfoot's lecture referred to above.

forgets its 'sins.' The sob of the penitent is in it. It is the speech of a man who knows where and how and when he has done amiss, and with his finger on the ugly things of his own past cries aloud, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And the grace of God which has so often made His heroes out of broken lives wrought mightily in Donne, transforming a 'magnificent rebel' not indeed into the 'crystal-hearted saint' of Walton's page, but into 'a still more brilliant and powerful servant.'

III.

Donne's 'abilities and industry in his profession,' writes Walton, 'were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entry into sacred Orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him: but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life.' There seems good reason for doubting the story of the 'fourteen advowsons,' but there is no mistake about Donne's attachment to London. A few facts will illustrate the intimacy of the great preacher's tie with the city of his birth and of his choice.

He was born in or near Bread Street, off Cheapside—John Milton's Street—and within a stone's-cast of the famous Mermaid Tavern. The chief scene of his ministry was old St. Paul's. In the modern cathedral, against the wall of the south choir aisle, stands his strange effigy, the sole memorial, it is said, of the old cathedral which perished in the Great Fire.[1] Still going west we come to the site, now occupied by the Congregational Memorial Hall, on which stood the old Fleet prison of which, for his indiscreet marriage with the daughter of Sir George More, Donne was for a time an inmate. At Lincoln's Inn he was preacher—or 'Divinity reader' as it was called—for five years, before becoming Dean of St. Paul's. Hard by is the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, where Izaak Walton was vestryman and Donne for seven years vicar. A few yards still further west is the church of St. Clement Danes where lies his patient, weariful wife, the mother of his twelve children. And finally, to close without completing the list, on or near the site of the Olympic Theatre stood Drury House, in which, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, Donne received from its owner, Sir Robert Drury, hospitality and friendship.

[1] 'It is the long, gaunt, upright figure of a man, wrapped close in a shroud, which is knotted at the head and feet, and leaves only the face exposed—a face wan, worn, almost ghastly, with the eyes closed as in death. This figure is executed in white marble, and stands on an urn of the same, as if it had just arisen therefrom. The whole is placed in a black niche, which, by its contrast, enhances the death-like paleness of the shrouded figure. Above the canopy is an inscription recording that the man whose effigy stands beneath, though his ashes are mingled with western dust, looks toward Him whose name is the Orient' (Lightfoot).

In the Study.

The Seven Words.

V.

Christ the Human Sufferer.

'I thirst.'—Jn 19[28].

1. Our Lord has been hanging six hours on the cross, and yet this is the first word which makes any reference to His bodily sufferings, the first which implies any sort of request for their alleviation. It is a single word—a short word of two syllables only—this fifth word which He utters. It may have been that He had no power to say more, that His tongue clave to the roof of His mouth, and that His voice failed Him for thirst. The end is very close now, there is very little more that He has to do. He knows that all things are now finished, and soon He will say, 'It is finished.' Now, in order that the Scriptures might be accomplished, He saith, 'I thirst.'

The Scriptures referred to are no doubt the 22nd Psalm, as thus: 'My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death'; and, again, the 69th Psalm, with its still more distinct outline of what actually came to pass at the Crucifixion: 'They gave me also gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me

vinegar to drink.' Extreme as was the anguish of this thirst, it is probable that if these words of prophecy had not given licence and liberty to Him, had not, as it were, solicited this utterance from Him, He would have refused to embody it in words, and no outward voice would have told what He was inwardly enduring.

2. There is a natural sequence between this word and the last. That was the voice of soul-loneliness; it was uttered when the conflict was at its fiercest point, when the crisis had been reached; and the seat of that conflict was the soul. That crisis had now passed, and, with a natural sequence, Christ becomes conscious of His distressing physical condition. While the mental and spiritual conflict had lasted, He had not felt fully the agony of the body. There is a strange law of precedence which sometimes comes into play in our human nature. The body, though in distress, can be for a season forgotten, because of great mental engrossment or anguish. Sudden intelligence of danger or distress has been known to banish physical pain; there was, so to speak, no mind to notice the distressing intelligence from the body. Soldiers have fought through the long fight, and have scarcely been conscious of wounds received in the fray; but when the battle was over, then they became aware of their wounds and the painfulness of them.

So with the Christ. While He was fighting with the forces of hell, and compassing the salvation of men, He had no time to feel His physical pain and suffering. It was only when the conflict had passed, and the storm had begun to abate, that He commenced to feel the sharp pain of His bodily suffering, and cried, 'I thirst.'

3. But there was more than the instinctive cry of pain in those words. There was the appeal of human weakness for help. The greatness of our Lord's nature was never more divinely revealed than in this appeal for human help. It is only the truly great that can forgive with that last perfect generosity of forgiveness—the forgiveness which begs for help from the wronged. The smaller nature loves to wrap itself in its cloak of false pride, and in doing so most effectually proclaims its meanness. It is the hall-mark of the petty nature to refuse a kindness from one who has some time or other offended it.

¶ Always suspect that as the meanest prompting of your heart which comes to your lips in the words, 'Oh! I wouldn't owe anything to him.' The great natures glory in owing anything to anybody, and most of all in owing it to an enemy. For there is nothing which binds a man to your heart like the silent and grateful forgiveness. Let the man who has wronged you feel that you are generous enough to be his debtor, and you have disarmed him of the last weapon of his hostile armoury. More than that, you have made him a humbled and grateful friend. And so it was that our Lord drew men to Him even upon the cross, grappled to His heart the very men whose thoughtless cruelty had chosen Barabbas in His stead and delivered Him to be crucified. The natural cry of physical pain and physical need called out in those rough natures a sympathy that His great spiritual agony could never have evoked.[1]

¶ Christ does not use language like that of Cassius when he laughed at Cæsar because he was sick, and said:

> And when the fit was on him, I did mark
> How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
> His coward lips did from their colour fly;
> And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
> Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
> Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
> Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
> Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
> As a sick girl.

And why should it not? He was but a man; he was but 'as a sick girl,' and what is there in a sick girl to despise, after all? Jesus Christ said, 'I thirst,' and in this He says to every sick girl, and every sick child, and every sick one throughout the world, 'The Master, who is now in heaven, but who once suffered on earth, despiseth not the tears of the sufferers, but hath pity on them on their beds of sickness.'[2]

I.

The Human Nature of Christ.

1. It is to St. John that we owe the preservation of this Fifth Saying from the cross. Why should St. John alone of the four Evangelists record it? The reason probably was that there existed in the Church of the Apostle's days a marked tendency to deny the reality of the Lord's human nature, and so to view His Passion as purely phantasmal.

False teachers crept into the Church who said, 'Christ had no real human nature; He was a man in appearance only; what was thought a body was an optical illusion, a miracle that produced upon the senses the impression that a body was there, but there was no solid reality. It is impossible to believe that Jesus Christ, the great God, actually came 'in the flesh.' To these teachers St. John referred in the words, 'Every spirit that confesseth

[1] A. L. Lilley, *Nature and Supernature*, 216.

[2] C. H. Spurgeon, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, 1915, p. 604.

not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' 'Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist.' His eye is upon them as he sets down this word of Jesus, 'I thirst.' Only that which comes in the flesh can thirst; then Jesus came in the flesh.

2. The tendency to minimize or to disregard the reality of the human nature, which in the Incarnation the Son of God assumed, has, however, continued in the Church all down the ages. If the thought should rise that the Saviour, being God, did not suffer what an ordinary man would have suffered, let us set ourselves to find an instance when our Lord used His Divine power to shield Himself during His earthly life. That Divine power shines forth in mighty words and mighty deeds. 'Never man spake like this man.' 'No man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him.' His Divine glory shines forth to the favoured three on the Holy Mount when He was transfigured before them. But He hungered, and He thirsted, and He was weary with His journeys, and He was tempted, and He was in an agony. There is nothing man suffers which He did not suffer. He was indeed 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief': the deepest of sorrows, the most terrible of griefs; and He never uses His Divine power to free Himself from the needs and pains natural to man.

II.

His Thirst.

His thirst was the result of His physical and mental sufferings. Jesus was thirsty in every part of His nature; in body, soul, and spirit. His Passion was borne in the perfection of His human nature.

1. *Bodily thirst.*—It is first and undoubtedly a natural thirst. We remember the agony and the bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane. We remember the long wearisome journeys from one tribunal to another. We remember the loss of blood consequent on the terrible scourging. We remember again how the blood must have flowed out when the nails were driven through the Sacred Hands and the Sacred Feet. From His lacerated hands and feet the blood was slowly oozing; and the wounds would be inflamed by exposure to the air, the cruel rending of nerves and the unnatural tension of the suspended body would exhaust the Sufferer and produce thirst. Remembering all these things we arrive, no doubt, at one cause of the thirst of Jesus Christ on the cross.

¶ One of the most insufferable, even maddening, of pains to which the mortal frame can be exposed is unassuaged thirst. It is caused by other pain of every sort, and it is the awful crown of all the pains that cause it. That is the agony above all others which proclaims itself in never-to-be-forgotten looks and cries to those who have stood upon a battlefield; and whatever there may be of protracted and manifold physical suffering and of mental distress and agitation to cause the thirst of those who lie amid the ghastly scenes of carnage there—all that assuredly there was in the case of Him who was nailed in the strong Eastern noonday heat, and amid the encompassing crowd of fiends and fiend-like men, to die on the accursed Tree.[1]

2. *Thirst for souls.*—But there is a deeper meaning in His words. Once in His ministry, Jesus, 'being wearied with his journey,' rested by a well as He went through Samaria, and 'it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.' We know how our Lord in these words meant more than appeared on the surface, and how He gently rebuked the woman: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee *living water*.'

And now again, 'wearied with his journey,' and also 'about the sixth hour,' He who spake these words is dying on the cross; He is purchasing for all His children the water of life with His own blood, but, as that blood flows down, drop by drop, to assuage the thirst of the world, the loss of it causes that thirst which mystically it also satisfies. If it can now be said of the redeemed, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,' it is because on Calvary the burning heat of the sun has forced from the lips of the dying Saviour the cry, 'I thirst.' And for what does He thirst, but for our salvation and the fulfilment of the holy will of God?

Still, in one sense, our Lord in glory says, 'I thirst.' He thirsts for the love of men, for the salvation of souls; as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth the soul of Jesus for His redeemed. As a tender parent yearns and longs

[1] P. C. Purves, *The Divine Cure for Heart Trouble*, 191.

for His children to grow up pure, and good, and noble, so yearns Jesus over us His children. He thirsts that we may thirst for Him; when we thirst for Him in a barren and dry land where no water is, we learn to minister to Him by helping others, as He said, 'In that ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

3. *Thirst for God.*—But the words 'I thirst' have a third meaning, the greatest and highest of all. Jesus' bodily thirst, and the thirst of His soul, were as nothing compared with His spiritual thirst for His Father. The clouds of sin had separated His soul for a while from the vision of His Father's face. He had said, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' But now the clouds had rolled away; the brief moment of separation was over; and He said, 'I thirst.' Yes, He thirsted for the end, for the moment when He could say, We will go into the House of the Lord, for the work is done; I will go into the House of God—Heaven—taking with Me human nature sanctified, redeemed, glorified! He thirsted for the end, the glory of God! And we too must in some degree thirst in these three ways.

III.

Christ's Thirst satisfied.

1. *His bodily thirst.*—There are three draughts on the cross mentioned. The first is the proffered opiate, refused because He meets death without respite or alleviation. The second is the mock wassail-cup, the caricature of the imperial coronation wine. The third is that on which we meditate. Jesus had declined the stupefying potion which was offered Him immediately before He was nailed to the cross, because He desired that His faculties might be kept clear while He was bearing the burden of our sins; and now for the same reason He accepted the vinegar, which was meant to refresh, and was also given with a touch of pity and kindness. Some one brought the longed-for relief. He held the sponge to the parched lips, and the thirst of Jesus was relieved for the last time. We do not know anything of the merciful bystander; but, friend or foe, his act was greater and more momentous than he knew. And He who promised a reward to every one bringing a cup of cold water to the thirsty, He who so richly repaid the Samaritan woman who gave him to drink at the well is not forgetful, we may be sure, of the watcher who relieved His thirst at the cross.

2. *The thirst of His soul.*—Who is there that would not have been prompt and glad to give literal drink to that thirsty One upon the cross? Who would not have fought a hard way through all hosts of Philistines to reach the Well of Bethlehem and draw water thence for this greater David's thirst? But the Saviour is still saying, 'I thirst.' How and where? Listen! 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.' 'Lord, when saw we thee athirst, and gave thee drink?' 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' Wherever the brothers and sisters of Jesus are suffering, sitting in lonely rooms and wishing that somebody would come and visit them, or lying on beds of pain and needing somebody to come and ease the pillow or to reach the cup to the dry lips, there Christ is saying, 'I thirst.'

The world is perishing for want of the water of life. The cry of Jesus is the cry of the slums, of the lapsed masses, of the friendless and despairing, of thieves and murderers, of the pagan multitudes, of those who dwell in the regions of darkness and of the shadow of death, of the poor and unbefriended and unholy everywhere. Would you give Jesus to drink? Then put the cup of water to their lips.

¶ We have the power to satisfy this thirst of Christ, not only in ministering to our Lord in the person of His poor, but by offering to Him our own self. He thirsts for our eternal welfare. To-day let us, who have been regenerated in the waters of life, see that we satisfy this thirst by ourselves thirsting after righteousness. The less we thirst after Him, the more He suffers; by thirsting for Him we give Him to drink. But after all, it is our own good that He desires, thirsts for; it is our own thirst he would allay. We must thirst—whether we will or no; but He would fain satisfy us! 'I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely' is His own gracious promise.

¶ Let us then in listening to the cry, 'I thirst,' draw near and ask of Him who thirsts to fulfil His promise to give us of the water of life freely, so that we 'shall never thirst.' 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'[1]

[1] R. E. Hutton, *The Crown of Christ*, i. 506.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

February.

An Old-Time Party.

'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great wealth.'—Pr 13^{7}.

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'—Mt 6^{33}.

Your grown-up friends will tell you that they can never forget their schooldays. They remember the lessons, and they remember their schoolfellows they remember the fun too.

It used to be a question with us whether the fun of winter or the fun of summer was the better. While in July and August we favoured summer, in January and February we believed very strongly in winter.

One of winter's attractions was a party we all liked very much. It was held on a certain Tuesday in February. In some calendars it is marked as Shrove Tuesday. That does not sound very festive, does it? It was not meant to do so. Originally Shrove Tuesday was a day set apart for humiliation and the confession of sin, in preparation for Lent, which began on the day following.

In course of time the idea of confession and penance was set aside, and Shrove Tuesday came to be regarded as a day of mirth and sport. It is strange to think that a children's party at length grew out of it—a party which in the north of Scotland used to be looked forward to as a very happy event. It is as the children's festival that I want to speak to you about it.

Boys and girls in a village school might sit puzzling over their sums on a disagreeable February afternoon, and be comforting themselves with thinking, 'This is pancake day, we shall have great fun to-night!' They looked forward to a party at which pancakes, or, to give them their Scottish name, *bannocks*, held a prominent place. Little *bannocks*, big *bannocks*, they were of all sizes. Games followed tea; but the event of the evening was the cutting up of a pancake, or *bannock*, that was bigger and thicker than any of the others. In it were concealed a ring, a sixpence, and a button. Each boy and girl got a piece of the pancake, and thus had a chance of finding one or other of the articles. To find the ring was the chief honour; the boys were generally eager to get the sixpence; nobody wanted to get the button.

There must have been wise heads at the starting of the party that became a children's one. To get the ring meant that the finder would be beloved; the boy or girl who found the sixpence would become wealthy; but the finder of the button was one who would never make much of anything—he would 'never get there,' as we say.

The old-fashioned party preaches a sermon to us—a sermon about boys and girls. It places them in three sets—those to whom Love is the greatest thing in the world, those to whom money is everything, and those who get the button, who never make much of anything.

The first two need to be united. It is a good thing to be careful of money; even love cannot

get on without it. The Great Master was the son of poor people. In His home there would never be more than just enough to satisfy very simple wants. He Himself worked for a livelihood until the last year or two of His life. But, while He saw the need of money, He knew that the love of it could draw the mind away from what was good. His whole life was a story of love. And because some people are followers of Him, out of their lives they make a story a little like His. A tired workman, making his way home after a day's toil, passes a toy shop; he sees something in the window that makes him stop. It is a little toy horse. He can ill afford it, but he goes in and buys it for the sick boy he has at home. That man had both the sixpence and the ring. Don't you understand? If you have the sixpence, you need the ring—you need the love.

A Tasmanian preacher in one of his sermons tells of the little spring that trickles from beneath a stone on the mountain side.

'Where have you come from, little spring?' he asks. 'From the deep, dark heart of the mountains!' the spring replies. 'And whither away in such a dreadful hurry?' 'To the deep dark bed of the ocean; can't you hear it calling?' On it rushed, laughing and leaping all the way, singing a song, leaping over waterfalls until at last it found the great river, plunged gaily in, and moved grandly with the waters out to the deep, deep sea. 'Happy little spring!' the preacher adds. But he goes on to tell of rivers that have set out to go to the sea. They too have heard the cry of the deep; but they lost themselves in the sand. *They never got there.*

Boys and girls, do you understand the lesson? I think you do. Be sure you find the ring, then look for the sixpence; never be content with the button.

The advice Jesus gave, was—*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.* He followed the advice with a wonderful promise. It was that everything necessary would be added to us. What do we need more?

II.

The Right Kind of Ears.

'Speak; for thy servant heareth.'—1 Sam. 3^{10}.

The other day I read a story which came all the way from Japan. A missionary was walking along the streets of a Japanese town, and at one corner he came upon a man who had a group of children gathered round him. He was telling them a story. This was the story he told:

'Once upon a time a little boy went to heaven, and when he got there he saw some very queer things lying on a shelf. "What are these for?" he asked. "Are they to make soup of?" "Oh no," was the reply, "these are the ears of the little boys and girls who never paid any attention to what they heard. The good things never got past their ears, and so when they died their ears got to heaven, but the rest of their bodies did not." A little farther on he saw another shelf with more queer things laid on it. Again he asked, "Are these for soup?" "Oh no," was the reply, "these are the tongues of the little boys and girls who were always telling other people how to be good, but were never good themselves, and so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies did not."'

Now, of course, this is just a fairy story, but like many a fairy story it has a meaning. God has given us hands and feet and ears and tongues and hearts and minds, and He means us to use them in the right way. Some people don't use them at all, and some people use them in a wrong way. And so for a few Sundays I want to talk to you about the right way of using these gifts which God has given to us.

To-day I am going to speak about the right kind of ears. Ears are very important things, aren't they? We couldn't get along very well without them. You will find your text in the First Book of Samuel, the third chapter and the tenth verse—'Speak; for thy servant heareth.'

You all know the story of Samuel. You remember how his mother prayed that if God would send her a son she would lend him to the Lord all the days of his life. You recall how she brought him to Eli the priest, when he was a little boy of about three years, so that he might serve God in the tabernacle. You remember how Samuel was busy in the tabernacle doing the little odd jobs—running messages for Eli, drawing the curtains which formed the doors, trimming and lighting the lamps—until one night when he was asleep in one of the rooms beside the tabernacle court something great happened—God spoke to him.

Samuel had the right kind of ears. But what are the right kind of ears? I suppose we have all

ears, and yet they are not always the right kind of ears because we don't use them in the right way. It was a frequent saying of Christ's, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' A great many of the people to whom He spoke did not understand Him. It is said of His own parents, who had brought Him up, 'They understood not the saying which he spake unto them,' and sometimes even His disciples, who were so much in His company, did not understand His word. They were not listening in the right way.

1. Well, there are four things that the right kind of ears must be. And the first thing is, they must be *open* ears. Your ears would be of no use to you at all if you were deaf, and they would be of very little use if you stuffed them with cotton-wool. Then you would hear voices as a distant murmuring. What is it that deafens people's ears to God's voice? Well, very often it is the din of the world. It is so loud in their ears that they do not hear the still, small voice. And sometimes it is cares and worries that shut their ears, and sometimes it is indulgence in sin. I think the ears of children are often more open to God's call than the ears of grown-up people, because they are not deafened by the noise of the world — by its pleasures, and cares, and sins.

2. And then, in the second place, the right kind of ears must be *understanding* ears. There might be nothing wrong with your ears, your hearing might be perfect, and yet you might not know what a person was saying, because he was talking in a foreign language. We must have ears that understand God's language. And yet it is no foreign language in which God speaks to us, but the language of our everyday life. Only we mistake His voice for the voice of other people. Even Samuel made this mistake at first. God called to him, and he thought the voice was Eli's. And God speaks to us often in the voice of our minister, or our teacher, or our mother. We think it is they who are speaking, and it is really God.

Why, if we only understood, we could hear God speaking to us constantly, for He speaks in so many different ways. When you see any beautiful sight, or hear any beautiful sound, that makes you wish to be good, that is God speaking. God made all things beautiful, and He speaks to us through them. When you hear or read about brave and noble men and women and feel you would like to be like them, that is God speaking again.

I think people who no not understand are rather like mules. The mule has very large ears, and I expect he makes rather a point of them and thinks them very handsome, but they don't serve him to much purpose. Do you remember what the Psalmist said, 'Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding.' So don't let us be like the mule: let us keep the ears of our understanding open.

3. And then, in the third place, the right kind of ears must be *attentive* ears. Your hearing may be perfect and people may be talking in your own language, yet you may not hear because you are not listening. Mother asks you three or four times to run an errand for her, but you are so engrossed in your book or your game that you don't hear her. And we are sometimes so much taken up with our work or our pleasure that we don't hear God's voice, because we don't stop to listen for it.

4. In the fourth place, the right kind of ears must be *obedient* ears. You may have perfect hearing, you may understand, you may be quite aware of what is going on around you, and yet you may not hear because you do not *wish* to listen. Samuel learned obedience by doing the unimportant, uninteresting, drudgery work in the Temple, and when God's call came he was ready for it.

Let no boy or girl be ashamed to obey. It is only those who have learned to obey who know how to command. Baden-Powell tells a story of a man in the Boer war who spoilt a very promising ambuscade by disobeying an order. The men had been forbidden to fire, but one man fired a shot and made the enemy aware of the force which was lying in wait for them. 'It would have been different,' said Baden-Powell, 'if he had learned to obey when he was a boy.'

So the right kind of ears are those that hear God's call and obey it. And I want you to notice, in the last place, that God calls boys and girls. He called Samuel in the Tabernacle, He called David the shepherd-lad, He made use of a little maid in His healing of Naaman, the Syrian. Jesus called the little children to Him when He was here below, and the disciple who lay upon His bosom was the youngest of the twelve. God calls boys and girls. Let us ask Him to give us the right kind of ears so that we may hear and obey His call.

III.

Worshipping Children.

A volume of stories and addresses by the late Rev. J. G. Stevenson has been published under the title of *Worshipping Children* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). It is good; it is all good. Here is a fair example:

Norna.

Once there was a little girl called Norna, sometimes very good, sometimes rather cross, looking quite pretty in a sun-bonnet and aged seven years and some odd days. Norna had a grandmother who sometimes thought that she might behave better, but who all the time was very fond of her, as is the way of grandmothers. Norna got tremendously excited one day when she knew that her grandmother was going to take her a long railway journey to Scotland; and at the appointed time, with much anticipation and a half-ticket, she found herself seated in a railway carriage with grandmother right opposite. Before the train started an old blind lady came to the carriage-door on the arm of an attendant and was safely guided inside. Very carefully she felt her way until she was able to sit down on the cushion. Norna looked at her rather hard, fascinated by her sightless eyes, for she thought it could not be rude to stare at blind people; and as Norna looked, into her own little heart there came great pity for the blind lady and a great thankfulness to God because she herself could see.

Norna lived in Liverpool, and at some times of the year Liverpool is a very nice place to get away from. So once the train was clear of the city Norna's spirits rose, and she grew so glad that she quite forgot the blind lady. Mile after hurried mile the train sped, and before long the engine was painfully climbing the hill country in the Lake district. In the half-mist the hills lay around like drowsy lions, and Norna's grandmother was so delighted that she called out aloud, 'Norna, dear, do look at these magnificent hills!' 'Hush, grannie,' said Norna at once, 'hush!' And she spoke as though she meant it. Grannies are not used to be ordered to hush by their granddaughters, but there was something about the way Norna spoke that made her grandmother keep quite quiet. A minute or two afterwards Norna explained herself. She came and whispered in her grandmother's ear, 'You see, grannie dear, that poor blind lady in the other corner cannot see; and I was afraid that if she heard us talking about the beautiful hills it would hurt her more than ever to think that she is blind.'

Norna's grandmother understood; and she had no thought of anything but praising her, for it is always splendid when small children are considerate of other folk. Jesus Christ especially likes them to be considerate of those who are old, or lame, or ill, or infirm, or blind.

What about you? One day I saw an old blind man hobbling along the pavement, when out of school came a lot of noisy boys rushing like a menagerie let loose. They did not mean to be unkind, but they ran right into the old blind man and almost knocked him over. This was inconsiderate, and you must never act in that way. Indeed, if ever you see a blind person who is halting because he does not know exactly where to tread next, be sure to go to him and ask him whether you can tell him anything or lead him anywhere or do anything for him. Try hard to be considerate, not only to blind people, but also to all others who have a call upon the pity of Christ and the sympathy of little children.

Point and Illustration.

'Oh, but you will Come and Pray.'

It is to be hoped that many of the army chaplains will write down their experiences. If they have eyes to see, as most of them have, there will be something in their narratives that will help us all to be more real in our religion. The Rev. Frederick Humphrey has told his story in *The Experiences of a Temporary C.F.* (Hunter & Longhurst; 2s. net). And he has told it just as we would have it told—plainly and truthfully. There is not a word of eloquence to 'heighten the effect,' there is not a word of exhortation to 'drive the lesson home.' Let us take this from it:

'It was the writer's custom to visit certain men at evening time for a brief Scripture-reading and prayer. On leaving a ward one night he noticed a lad lying in a corner bed evidently suffering terrible pain; the poor boy was moaning and crying. "Is the pain very bad, sonny?" "Aye," answered the lad, "it is that!" "I wish I could do something to take it away," said the Chaplain.

"Would you like me to pray with you?" With a wistful look the suffering lad questioned: "Do you think it will do any good?" "It can't do any harm," answered the Chaplain. "God is our good Father, and He tells us to make our requests known unto Him. You want ease in your pain and a good sleep; let us ask our Heavenly Father," and kneeling by the bed a simple prayer asking this definite thing was offered, and the Chaplain left with a "good-night" wish. The next day, going through the ward, he called at the corner bed, and found a smiling welcome awaiting him. "Oh, chaplain," said the lad, "I did have a good sleep, aad the pain is so much better." And then he added: "You will come in again to-night and pray?" "Now see here, sonny," said the Chaplain; "I am quite willing to come in and pray for a good night's rest; but suppose the prayer is not answered again, you must not say it is no use praying. It may be God's will that you should suffer. It is quite well for us to pray for the things we want; but we have not learned the real meaning of prayer until we can pray, 'Thy will be done.' Can you manage that?" For a time the lad lay quiet, and the Chaplain wondered whether he had blundered in speaking so soon of the top round of the steep ladder of prayer. Could one who knew little or nothing about prayer be expected to mount so high? And then came a cry from the heart: "Oh, but you will come and pray!" Not once, nor twice, but many times was prayer offered, and it was fully answered when that lad left hospital, recovered from his wounds, happy in the knowledge of Christ as His Saviour and God as His Father.'

The Moderns.

Mr. John Freeman is a penetrating critic of his contemporary men of letters, whom he calls *The Moderns* (Scott; 6s. net). The Moderns are George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, and Robert Bridges. They are not all living; but, living or dead, they are all modern. They have the modern manner; they are modern men. He criticises them all acutely, unsparingly, though he is more restrained, we think, with the dead than with the living. He criticises none of them unfairly or with bad temper. And as he criticises he gives the reader a surprisingly sound estimate of the men they are, and the work they have done.

With Coventry Patmore, Mr. Freeman is at his best, and we thank him for that essay. Yet even here he is not appreciatively asleep. Every over-strain of emotion is detected. He says: 'For my own part, this is the only modern verse, other than some lines of Shakespeare, Burns, and Keats, which I find it hard to read without tears; and though I have read these odes a hundred times I know not where, precisely, the secret of their unfailing poignancy is lodged, or how it is to be described:—just as, though I have watched them a thousand times, I know not how to explain the acute poignancy of a sea-bird's flight or the scream of a swallow. Many of these singular utterances are the expression of personal experience; but even where this is not obviously the case, Patmore's psychology of love and grief, of the ingenious cunning of sorrow, is as true as it is subtle. In *The Azalea* he dreams that she he loves is dead; he wakes, and for a delicious moment is thankful it was only a dream—until he is reminded, by the breath of the azalea, that indeed, indeed, she *is* dead. In *Departure* he reproaches her for going the "journey of all days with not one kiss or a good-bye," seizing upon the lesser grief as a shield against the greater. With *The Toys* every one is acquainted, and also, perhaps, with the following little piece which is only printed here in order that Patmore may speak fitly for himself:

If I were Dead.

If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, 'Poor Child!'
The dear lips quivered as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor Child! Poor Child!
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor Child!
And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make?
Poor Child! Poor Child!
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me!
Poor Child!

If any criticism might be ventured upon, in considering such an acutely painful poem, it would be that this stark rehearsal of intimate grief is intolerable. Just the same absolute note is heard in *A Farewell*, mitigated by those casual touches of pure beauty which make even such grief endurable, and by the remote hope of rencounter (to quote one of the most magical of single lines):

> Seasoning the termless feast of our content
> *With tears of recognition never dry.*'

Siberia.

'The earth is full of the habitations of cruelty'—well, at any rate Siberia is. Mr. I. W. Shklovsky travelled *In Far North-East Siberia* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net) among the people who inhabit the Kolyma, and surely a more undesirable land to live in or a more undesirable people to live among, the earth has not.

A truly terrible story is told—and it is told as all the stories are, with the inescapable impressiveness of the dreadful reality itself—a story of what comes of banishing criminals to these inhospitable regions. The official title for the Kolyma region is 'Unsuitable for human habitation.' The experience of the haillak, as the exiled criminal is called, is intolerable; but even more intolerable is the experience of the people among whom he is sent to live.

'In their reckoning each haillak costs the Oulooss ten or twelve roubles per month, and this, when the Yakuts themselves are obliged to live on bark, flavoured with a little sour milk, and when in the Verkhoyansk region they are obliged to eat field-mice so that they may not die of starvation. In order to protect their wives and daughters from the haillak, the Yakuts give him an orphan girl with whom to cohabit. Pitiable indeed is the plight of this wretched girl! Her terrible tyrant rules her with fist and cudgel, and her face is never free from bruises. The haillak so despises the Yakuts that, though he may live for years among them, the only word of their language which he will condescend to learn is "give!"

'Life under these conditions is equally intolerable on both sides. The Yakuts regard the haillak as vermin, as a savage, wicked beast that drains their life; as an evil satyr who will violate wives and daughters in the presence of their husbands and fathers. On the other hand, the criminal forced to live among savages, who do not understand him, feels his position to be worse than solitary confinement. Finally, driven to desperation, he does something terrible in order to compel the authorities to remove him from this accursed region. While I was in the Kolymsk district one of these criminals, without any reason, threw the child of a small chieftain into a fire and held him there with an iron rod until he was burnt to death. Despair gave courage to the Yakuts. They sprang upon him, bound him, and took him to Sredne Kolymsk, and from there to Yakutsk, where he was sentenced to twelve years' hard labour.

'Near Nijne Kolymsk there is a clan of eighteen Yakuts who have to maintain fourteen of these transported criminals. It is difficult to believe, but it is a fact that the entire clan are the slaves of the haillaks. The Yakuts give to each haillak everything necessary — draw-nets, nets, dogs, sledges, etc.; the savages themselves, having no nets of their own, work for him, receiving for themselves only one-third of the total catch. Very often the haillak will trade all the things for drink, and then demand new ones.'

The Fisherman as Expositor.

By the Rev. Nicholas Oliver, Newton Abbot, Devon.

It is a strange thing that, considering the number and importance of the disciples who were fishermen, no scholar seems to have studied the Bible, and especially the Gospels, from the fisherman's point of view.

Biblical students have given the fullest attention to the agriculture of Palestine, but the cult of the fisherman seems to have been neglected. This is surprising, because from a fisherman's standpoint many things assume a different aspect.

I.

It is an accepted belief that John, for instance, must have been unlettered and poor, because he was a fisherman.

That Peter and John were 'unlearned and ignorant men' according to the standard of the Scribes and Pharisees in Jerusalem we all know. But no one who knows what their standard was would accept their dictum as applying, say, to the ability to write the life and sayings of Christ. From the fisherman's point of view it is seen that neither Peter nor *John* could have been poor men.

This is shown in the accounts of fishing operations in the New Testament. In practically all the pictures of the fishing work sketched for us there, the method is what is known as *seining*; as a matter of fact the very identical word of which this English term is the lineal descendant—*sagene*—is used in Mt 13^{47}. In Matthew and Mark the term used of the fishing apparatus is 'circle-net' (*amphiblestron*), whilst Mark, according to Westcott and Hort, gives the 'twist' to the verb by making it 'circle-casting' (*amphiballo*).

The general interpretation put on this by landsmen is that the disciples were fishing with a drawnet, in quite shallow water, dragging it ashore like a small salmon-net. That this was not the case, however, is seen by their references to 'their *partners* in the other boat' (Lk 5^{7}), and by the fact that there was a difference in the size of the boats, the second craft being described in Jn 21^{8} as the 'little boat.' This is an exact description of fishing with what is known as the 'stop seine,' a large, swift-rowing boat, and a small tender or 'follower.'

Now a seine of this description was the most expensive piece of machinery known in that calling. It is a very expensive thing nowadays; it was far more so then, when net had to be braided by hand. Moreover, it requires a big crew to work it, and consequently has always been financed by either a wealthy capitalist or a number of fairly well-to-do men in partnership.

If the father of James and John was able to finance that type of fishery and to have hired servants to manage the craft (Mk 1^{20}) he could not have been a poor man; and in the district of Capernaum such educative facilities as were common to Greek-speaking communities would certainly have been within the reach of a family such as his. This gives us a different impression of the standing, and therefore education, of Zebedee, James, and John at least, and also has some bearing upon the position of Peter, since Simon was partner with them (Lk 5^{10}). Their partnership must have constituted a fairly well-to-do company, and these well-known disciples were the capitalists.

II.

Another matter in which the fisherman's viewpoint is illuminating is in the interpretation of certain New Testament words.

There is, for instance, the word *huperoon*, rendered in the A.V. 'upper room,' and in the R.V. 'upper chamber.' Those who are acquainted with the habits of the fisherman and his methods of work would be inclined to put it in one word, like the Greek, and translate it 'loft.' In that case it would call to mind, not a small room easily lit after sunset, where everything which occurred would be plainly visible to all, but a long, dark loft, with a small lamp of cheap oil—probably fish oil—and tow. Such a lamp would be enough to show the faces of those met around it, but nothing more. How easy it would be in such a place, most of it in darkness, and its best light but semi-darkness, to misunderstand and therefore to misinterpret what was seen.

Then there is that word *sunalizomenos* (R.V. 'being assembled together,' Ac 1^{4}), which has been such a puzzle to etymologists. The Vulgate renders this by *convescens*, 'eating together'—'as if,' says one commentator, 'the word were derived from *hals*, salt.' Some of the Greek fathers interpreted the word in this sense, Chrysostom expounding it by *trapedzes koinon*, 'the table of fellowship.' The commentator referred to, however, traces it to *halês*, 'close-packed.' Might not a knowledge of fishery have provided the key to this word, and solved the difficulty?

It is often stated nowadays that for a proper understanding of New Testament Greek we ought to study, not the Greek of the schools and the literati, but the Greek of the merchant, the shopkeeper and the man of affairs, and that when the mass of Greek bills of lading, commercial correspondence, agreements, etc., now in the possession of the scholars has been classified, it will revolutionize our conception of certain New Testament words and phrases. A better illustration of this

and a better example of colloquial Greek could perhaps hardly be found than the word *sunalizomenos*.

It is manifestly the equivalent (Greek) of our modern saying 'packed like sardines,' though without the humorous element, because it was an ordinary concept; moreover, it is not our way of packing sardines, but the method of the Eastern Mediterranean littoral. For, although the word is traced back to *halés*, that word in its turn must be further referred to its undoubted original, *hals*, 'salted.' Literally the word means 'salted together.'

The explanation of so strange a term is found in the importance of the trade in salted fish, and the method by which the salting was done. Data are plentiful, but must be looked at with the fisherman's eyes.

We know that the Phœnicians had an export trade in salted fish as far back as the time of Nehemiah.

'There dwelt men of Tyre therein, which brought fish and all manner of ware and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah and in Jerusalem' (Neh 13^{16}).

It would have been impossible to get fish from Tyre, or even from Joppa to Jerusalem in a fresh state; they must therefore have been salted, and as the journey from Tyre was largely overland, weight would naturally have been an important factor, hence the dry method of salting would have been the one favoured.

It is pretty certain, from the remains which still exist, that the Phœnicians carried out this method of 'curing' fish all along the Mediterranean coasts and into Spain. The very name of Malaga (Hebrew, *malach*—the *ch* being guttural—'salt') means a salting place.

From Spain this trade seems to have been carried by the Spanish Phœnicians even to the most westerly parts of Britain, since the Palestinian method and the Palestinian press are common to all.

The method of 'curing' was to place a layer of salt on the ground, generally under cover, and on this to deposit a layer of fish. After some time the salt gradually turned to brine, which, slowly percolating through the mass of fish, effectively salted them.

When this process was complete, they were packed in light barrels, and the brine and oil squeezed out of them by heavy stones hung on one end of a long pole. The inner end of the pole was stuck in a hole made for it in the wall of the press-house, and, in cases where the house was on a rock foundation, a hole in the rock did equal service. In this way the fish, in addition to being pressed dry, were *packed closely together*.

The press used for this purpose in Cornwall and West Devon, up to about thirty or forty years ago, was precisely similar to that in use in Palestine in Biblical times for pressing grapes, and is still in use in most country districts of the Holy Land to-day. (See *Encyclopædia Biblica*, col. 5314; Mackie, *Bible Manners and Customs*, p. 45.)

It is fair to assume that where these press-holes are found in the rocks and ruined walls along the coasts, and where the Syrian form of press has been used, they may be taken as an indication of Syrian influence and trade.

The connexion between Galilee and Phœnicia must have been pretty intimate; see Lk 6^{17}, Ac 12^{20}.

The term 'salted,' therefore, to the Syrian, whether Phœnician or Galilean, would mean, as the word *halés* suggests, close packed together; but the knowledge of the etymology of the word gives a more vivid picture than is conveyed without it.

In these ways—and possibly in others, as, for instance, the study of weather phenomena and its bearing on certain so-called miracles of the Old Testament especially—a close study of Scripture from the fisherman and mariner's standpoint may cause 'Yet more light. . . .'

Contributions and Comments.

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

I HAVE read with great interest your summary of Professor Swete's discussion of the identity of the beloved disciple. With the reasons he gives against identifying him with John the Son of Zebedee I am in entire agreement. In my *Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus* I also conjectured that the beloved disciple was the host at the Last Supper, and that this explains the seat he occupied, and also his being alone in recording the incident of the washing of the disciples' feet. I cannot identify him with Lazarus; but my conclusion does not rest on the same ground as Professor Swete's. As I have pointed out elsewhere, there was some reason, now lost to us, why the family of Bethany was in the early days of the Church passed over in silence. It is not improbable that the beloved disciple stood in some close connexion with it, and that for a similar reason his name also was not mentioned in the early traditions. Is not the account of the arrangements both for the use of the ass and of the upper-room a clear indication that the identity of the owner of both, probably the same person, was to be concealed? If there was this close connexion with the home in Bethany, the arrangements recorded could be made there without any visit of Jesus Himself to Jerusalem for any such purpose. If the beloved disciple was rich, influential, intimate with the high priest, as the evidence available suggests, it is not at all improbable that he belonged to one of the leading priestly families in Jerusalem. This is confirmed by the statement of Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, that 'John, too, who leaned on the Lord's breast, who had been a priest and wore the high priest's mitre, both witness and teacher—he sleeps in Ephesus' (Eusebius' *Ecclesiastical History*, v. xxiv.). We may be doubtful about the high priestly dignity here ascribed, but the basis of the tradition may have been the fact of a close connexion with the high priestly family. Was it because of this close connexion that the identity of the beloved disciple was passed over by the early tradition, as he desired to keep his discipleship concealed? Is he referring to himself as well as others in Jn $13^{42.\ 43}$, and condemning himself for his lack of courage? A companion of Jesus in the earlier phases of the ministry, a secret disciple when Jewish opposition had intensified, and as such an interested and sympathetic witness of the ministry in Jerusalem, the historical reminiscences contained in the Fourth Gospel may have come from him. If this was so, it seems to me that Professor Swete's identification with the rich young ruler must be given up, as it was at a late stage that he came into contact with Jesus. The two facts, that Jesus is said to have loved the rich young ruler, and that He asked a question concerning eternal life, may lend some support to such an identification. But against it is the fact that he cannot have been an eye-witness from the beginning, unless the Synoptic records give us a false impression. That the beloved disciple may have been in many respects like this rich young ruler is highly probable. But the account of Jesus' love suggests a fresh view of the description 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' It may have been intended as a confession: 'still loved, though afraid openly to acknowledge the loving Master.' It is very gratifying to me to find so great a scholar as Professor Swete moving in the same direction as I have been led to go by my studies. I am sure that the more thorough the study of the problem, the less probable will the traditional view appear.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

New College, London.

Reunion with Our Own in Another Life.

I.

AN article under the above heading appeared in the November issue of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Apparently its purpose was to disentangle the clear promises of Revelation from the natural yearnings of the human heart. There was much to which one could readily assent—indeed, most men need to guard against the easy error of picturing future life under the influence of present conditions. But the article not only criticised the imagination of sexual relations and family life (in its limited

earthly sense) in heaven, it left one with a perplexing doubt as to how far the criticism of human sentiment was intended to go—and how much the silence of the Scripture on the question of Reunion was meant to imply.

If we were discussing a merely Platonic conception of Immortality the question might well be put—What warrant have we for assuming anything in the nature of Recognition in heaven (Reunion apart from recognition is hardly relevant to the discussion before us)? An existence spiritual, bodiless, naked, is so far outside of our experience that we have no starting-point, no way, and therefore no certain goal. We lose ourselves at once in the trackless expanse of the Unknowable. We may imagine, but we cannot argue. We may use vague language, but there is no corresponding mental picture even of the vaguest outline. But we are dealing with a Revelation through Jesus Christ. We have the New Testament as a starting-place; we have the Lord Jesus Christ as the Way; and, if the New Testament does not explicitly lay down a definite doctrine of Reunion, it does not leave us without guidance, nor wholly without example.

It is too much to name the attempt to obtain the hope of Reunion from the 'Communion of Saints' as 'feeble.' Nor is every reference to Scripture on this subject either 'pitiable' or 'contemptible.' But isolated texts are never the strongest of arguments. Let us rather lay stress on the fact that Scripture dwells on the truth of Resurrection, and has little to say about Immortality. The New Testament knows nothing of a ghost- or shadow-world. It speaks of bodily Resurrection—'not the body which has been,' not the sinful, corruptible, limited body of flesh. There is something essential—a mysterious inner life—that endures; and to this God gives another body—a 'body of glory,' a 'spiritual body.' The resurrection of this present fleshly body, and the naked 'unclothed' life of a spiritual Immortality, are not the only possible alternatives. Paul, at least, is clear and consistent enough. He expects to be clothed with a spiritual body from heaven. And this, if language means anything, implies personal identity. The Pauline eschatology 'consistently affirms for man a real and complete continuance of being, not an incorporeal immortality like that to which Greek thought looked, but a bodily immortality, a permanence of life in the integrity of man's entire nature' (*Dict. of Bible*, vol. i. p. 756[2]). Now we may not be able to say how recognition will take place in that future life; nor what is to replace the present mechanism of eye and brain. But surely if there are two persons, well known to each other here, both translated to higher life, both maintaining their personal identity in its completeness (and therefore having some memory of the past), and both possessed of the same spiritual faculties, then we must take a further step and conclude recognition to be inevitable. Example is obviously difficult to find. But the appearance and recognition of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration is at least suggestive. And the fact that the risen Jesus was not always recognized is not of great relevance, when we bear in mind that His case was unique. It was one of relation between two worlds. It is an example of recognition of a spiritual body by the eye of flesh. Perhaps even then such recognition was possible only to the spiritually prepared person—but it is mediated by physical vision. But the argument is independent of illustration. If Paul's doctrine of the spiritual resurrection-body (to say nothing of New Testament suggestions as to social life in heaven) is not to be brushed aside as meaningless, then, though sexual relations cease, and family life (in its present limited sense) be no more, there must be recognition and reunion. Let us make due allowance for the unspeakable difference between the two lives, the two sets of conditions, the two means of communion. Still the love, and the joy of fellowship, and the spiritual union, which are as real here as any sexual relations and feelings, have their fulfilment yonder—a fulfilment not less but more full of meaning, in a world where the individual and the social lives will both be perfect beyond our present knowledge or imagination.

The article referred to has another line of thought that is rather perplexing. Perhaps the writer's purpose was merely destructive of error and therefore negative. It may be that the impression we received from his silence was as erroneous as his own use of the silence of Scripture would seem to be. But what is to be made of this statement (the reference is to 'first love'): 'Their love had no fulfilment on earth and can have none in heaven; but the love itself is immortal, it must survive'? Now when Browning tells us that

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky
Is music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by-and-by,

we understand ourselves to be moving in the realm of poetic fancy where truth is not always expressed in literal terms. But the avowed intention of this article is prosaic. It is to break down sentiment, as such, however beautiful. And so the question will out, What is the immortality of a love that never has had, never could have fulfilment? If love be immortal it must surely imply reunion. Is there anything more personal than love? It is not something that exists apart—it is not only personal, it demands the relation of two persons. If we are to dream of love separated from the heart that felt it, and from the person who called it into being, we have passed into a realm of shadows indeed.

Sentiment must be guarded by Reason and guided by Revelation. But in the light of Revelation the human hope is shown to have a Divine origin. Safeguard it by all means. Strip off the non-essentials. Let the transitory accidents, the earthly conditions, be put into the background. But still love is personal as well as eternal. And the fact that eternal life is eternal love—not empty and meaningless, but full and rich, not a *de novo* creation, but related intimately to the present existence—compels the hope that, as love, here, may be very real and personal and yet be 'in Christ,' so yonder He may be the sum of love without destroying its individual meaning and relations. So we may still commit the heart-to-heart secrets of this life to a temporary grave in the confident hope that they too will have a glorious resurrection.

There! That is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

A. E. Parkes.

Bedford.

II.

'These little ones.'

Ah, God! If it may be!
—The children whom we lose on earth
Be ours for ever above!
—The fledgelings grow and leave the nest;
They wander far afield;
In other lands they make their homes;
With other mates they rear their broods;
We cannot keep them ever by our side;
And tho' the bonds are dear
Of children's children on our knees,
They are not ours alone, but also theirs
—To whom, indeed, we grudge not any good,
Yet memory brings those little arms
—Their father's or their mother's—round our necks
—Our own dear little ones, now grown apart.
But when those little arms are loosed,
When with dim eyes we fold the clothes
The mother fingers made so lovingly,
And sadly put them by,
Ah, may it be
That yet in heaven
The children needed there for perfect bliss
May be those little ones we lose on earth
—Then were they ours for ever!
And we should have such compensation rich
For our great earthly sorrow!
We shall be then—so spake Thy Holy Son—
As angels are in heaven,
And earth's relationships all glorified,
Yet may we look for recognition sweet,
And angels of earth's ages shall be there,
And ours among them.
Then surely shall they welcome us again,
And nestle to our arms,
And children be to us for evermore,
Their growth the growth of heaven
—An increase in their childish ministries
Which none but child can give.
Ah, God! We cannot know,
Yet trust we still
Their angels do behold the Father's face,
And when we reach the heavenly land
They'll minister His love to us,
And shall be ours for evermore.

H. T. C. Weatherhead.

Uganda.

The Verb 'to shepherd.'

In the original of the Old Testament and New Testament the verb 'to shepherd' is frequently used; but for some unknown reason the Anglo-Saxon equivalent is never used either in the Authorized or the Revised Version. In the New

Oxford Dictionary it finds a place as of modern and limited use, though implied in the verbal substantive 'shepherding' of earlier use. A study of the passages in which רָעָה occurs in the O.T. and ποιμαίνω in the N.T. will lead most readers to recognize the necessity, for adequate translation, of an equivalent verb. 'To shepherd' is a word of exceptional fulness of meaning. The origin of the Hebrew verb רָעָה is by Gesenius traced to the same stock as רָאָה, 'to look upon,' or 'oversee'—a very natural derivation, as a shepherd is one who looks after a flock. The ideas occur in an interesting combination in Ac 20^{28} and 1 P 5^{2}, where the ἐπίσκοπος is charged to be faithful as a ποιμήν, after the Chief Shepherd's example, 1 P 2^{25}. The title 'shepherd' was commonly applied in ancient times to a king or 'ruler' of men, and so the verb came to be used in the general sense '*to rule*'; another part of the shepherd's duty being to feed or pasture his flock, it was also used in the sense of '*to feed*' and 'to feed upon.' But these were secondary uses from the original 'to shepherd'—the noun 'shepherd' being a participial form in Hebrew = one shepherding a flock, and including all that is a shepherd's duty to his flock. The context must always determine whether it is used in its full or its restricted meaning; but it should be recognized as having its full significance unless the context requires a specific sense. And in the usage of both the O.T. and N.T. the full significance is peculiarly rich and tender. What, in the divine use of it, it implies we may gather from Ezk 34 and Jn 10; what in man's experience it had proved, Ps 23 has sung to generations. There is no synonym for the verb 'to shepherd.' Only a pitiful pedantry could accept 'to tend' as its only recognized equivalent. A few illustrations will prove the necessity for a more adequate rendering. In blessing the sons of Joseph the dying Patriarch used the beautiful words, 'The God which *shepherded* me all my life long unto this day . . . bless the lads' (Gn 48^{15}). What that meant on the lips of the old flockmaster, of constant care and toil and guarding day and night, we know from his own experience (Gn $31^{38\text{-}40}$ $33^{13.\ 14}$, Jn 4^{12}). Even had Jacob been as fond of 'savoury meat' as his father—of which there is no evidence—he would hardly have spoken only of being 'fed' all his life long. Ps $78^{70\text{-}72}$ should surely be translated, 'He chose David as his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds: from following the ewes that give suck he brought him, to shepherd Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he shepherded them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands.' Similarly 2 S 7^{7} and 1 Ch 17^{6}. Mic 7^{14} should read, 'Shepherd thy people with thy rod (שִׁבְטְךָ as Ps 23^{4}) . . . let them pasture in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old.' The prayer of Ps 28^{9} is, 'Save thy people, bless thine inheritance; shepherd them also and carry them for ever': as the prophecy of Isaiah foretells, 'He shall shepherd his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that give suck.' The contrast in Ezk 34 between the true and the good shepherd is thus frequently emphasized. The repetition in v.^{23}, 'I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall shepherd them, even my servant David; he shall shepherd them, and he shall be their shepherd,' is evidently intended to assure God's flock of what His promised servant shall be to them. And in Jn 10 our Lord claims to be that true David and 'good shepherd,' and no self-seeking hireling. It is significant of David's penitence that he confessed his sin that as Israel's shepherd (2 S 24^{17}) he had been their ruler, not their shepherd.

In the N.T. ποιμαίνω should in most of the eleven places where it occurs be rendered by 'to shepherd.' In Mt 2^{6} the Revisers have rendered it, 'A governor who shall be shepherd of my people Israel'; and in Rev 7^{17}, 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd.' How much simpler and kindlier the literal 'shall shepherd them.' In Jn $21^{15\text{-}17}$ Ποίμαινε in v.^{16} is distinguished purposely from Βόσκε in vv.$^{15.\ 17}$. Why is it not rendered 'shepherd my sheep'? 'Tend my sheep' is too poor a rendering. In 1 P 5^{2} it should similarly be 'shepherd the flock of God' (and so also in Ac 20^{28}). Evidently the thought of shepherding, in its true significance, is in Peter's mind throughout this chapter (vv.$^{4.\ 8}$) as in chap. 2^{25}. He is speaking as one who having gone astray had been restored by the Chief Shepherd, 'ποτε ἐπιστρέψας στήριξον τοὺς ἀδελφούς σου,' Lk 22^{32} (note ἐπιστρέφω in Ps 23^{3}, Ezk 34^{16}, LXX, and στηρίζω, 1 P 5^{10}). Lk 17^{7} should be rendered, 'Who is there of you having a slave ploughing or shepherding?' The R.V. changes the 'feeding cattle' in A.V. into 'keeping sheep.' But a flock-master is a 'keeper of sheep,' and our Lord's

question presses the distinction between the labourer at the plough and the shepherd with the flock, and their master. In 1 Co 9^{7} St. Paul asks, 'Who shepherds a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?' The R.V. retains the A.V., 'Who feedeth a flock, and eateth not,' etc. Feeding is but one of a shepherd's cares for his flock; and singling it out here is peculiarly unfortunate, as it reduces the apostle's appeal to a *quid pro quo* demand, contrary to the scope and spirit of his argument. The Corinthians did not feed him (vv.$^{11, 12ff.}$, 2 Co 12^{13}). His spiritual shepherding meant far more than feeding (1 Co 3^{2}), it cost him 'many a sorrow, many a labour, many a tear' (1 Co $4^{11, 12}$, 2 Co 2^{4}). In Jude ^{12} the rendering 'feeding themselves' is appropriate as a quotation from Ezk $34^{2, 8, 10}$. In the three remaining passages, Rev 2^{27} 12^{5} 19^{15}, ποιμαίνω is properly rendered '*rule*,' as it is 'with a rod of iron,' for as we are reminded in Ezk 34 and Mt $25^{31ff.}$, a shepherd is a divider of the flock. His tasks in guiding, guarding, and separating his flock are not always gentle, yet He is still the same shepherd (Rev 7^{17}).

Among recent translators one or two have occasionally taken courage to use the verb 'to shepherd'; why not recognize it frankly as poets, and writers like Ruskin and Lowell and others? It is a word of special fulness and tenderness, and appeals to the heart as no synonym or substituted phrase can do. ARCH. HENDERSON.

Crieff.

Matthew xi. 12.

THE interpretation of the passage depends largely on the precise meaning given to the three words, βιάζεται, βιασταί, and ἁρπάζουσι.

βιάζομαι has been rendered thus, 'to be made the object of an impetuous movement'—a movement not so much impetuous in the sense of violent, as purposeful, determined to win its end.

Liddell and Scott translate βιαστής or βιατής as forceful, mighty, strong; not necessarily, I think, in a bad sense only—witness the combination of χερσὶ βιαταί with σόφοι in Pindar's first Pythian Ode.

ἁρπάζω may quite well mean 'occupy,' 'grasp,' or even 'comprehend.'

Combining these renderings we have something like this: 'From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven is made an object of endeavour, and the strong take possession of it.' What have we here but an acknowledgment of the new note of virility in the teaching and religious standpoint of John, whose ideal of the kingdom was as something to be attained only after much striving and perhaps many blows.

Endeavour as we may to explain this passage, we can never transcend Bunyan's figure of the 'Palace.' This was the outcome of his own sturdy common-sense reading of these much-disputed words, 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.' Remember, too, how he wrote with his eye on the object, for in his day the winning of the kingdom was no easy task. W. COWPER ROBERTSON.

Cleish.

St. Luke xix. 8.

FROM time to time I am irritated by finding this verse, in which Zacchæus says: 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted aught of any man, I restore fourfold,' taken as indicating his usual practice and not as an evidence of his regret for a sordid and fraudulent past. The last of those to interpret his words in this way whom I have come across remarks in passing: 'The present tense would indicate a retrospective rather than a prospective rule.' Anything more imbecile in the way of interpretation I could not conceive. The whole point of the story is that this was a man of infamous reputation and that Jesus excited surprise and scandalized the people of the town by accepting or rather asking hospitality from him, and that this wonderful procedure on the part of the Saviour touched the heart and changed the life of the publican. Instead of this view of things we are asked by the above interpretation of his words to believe that he was a man of comparatively saintly life. But apart from this consideration the words themselves become ludicrous if taken as descriptive of his ordinary practice: for they would mean, 'I am in the habit of giving half my goods to the poor, and whenever I wrongfully exact anything I restore it fourfold.' I think if such a statement had been made, the natural reply would have been, 'It would be much better to give up wrongful exaction altogether.' Dr. Weymouth's translation of the passage seems to me very good: 'Here

and now, Master, I give half my property to the poor; and if I have unjustly exacted money from any man, I pledge myself to repay to him four times the amount.' JOHN WILLCOCK.

Lerwick.

The Patriotism of Jesus.

FROM early times the Church has had to meet the charge of holding an unsatisfactory position in regard to the claims of national life, and present events are leading men to demand of us that our ideal of life should show no grave *lacunæ*, needing to be filled up by appeals to other sanctions. It may be admitted that the practice of Christians is, in this respect, better than their doctrine, and, as a matter of fact, the influence of the Gospel always tends not only to chasten, but to intensify national character. We do need, however, a clearer definition of the Christian authority for Patriotism. Is it, or is it not the case, that our Lord had no word to speak to men upon this great subject? The present note is offered as supplementary to the treatment of Patriotism in the article 'Nationality,' *D.C.G.* ii. 231. Various passages from the Gospels are there cited to prove the patriotic attitude of Jesus Himself. There is one passage, however, which I would venture to add—Mt $25^{40ff.}$, 'Inasmuch as ye did it . . . my brethren . . . unto me,' etc. One is aware that Matt. has very much the character of a disciple's manual, and that words and addresses here are put together outside the occasions of their utterance. Yet it is surely permissible to accept the Gospel so compiled as a witness to the general mind of Christ. If we may do this, then the eschatological discourse in chaps. 24 and 25 falls into three fairly clear sections, showing the Parousia in relation to Israel, the Church, and the Gentile world respectively. The last-named section begins with the picture of the Son of Man coming in His glory to judge *the Gentile races*. (τὰ ἔθνη is often used in the N.T. in contradistinction to οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι, and in Ac 15^{17}, following the LXX of Am 9^{12}, we have, as here in Mt 25, πάντα τὰ ἔθνη, which our English versions render 'All the Gentiles.') 'These my brethren' are the Jews, and Jesus, even in forecasting His glory, identifies Himself with them—surely affording His followers a notable lead in Patriotism. This interpretation of the passage is, of course, not new and has often been lightly set aside. But in studying the relations of the Gospels with the O.T. Pseudepigrapha, amongst other points of contact in the whole passage before us, one has been struck with the connexion between Christ's word, 'Inasmuch . . . my brethren . . . me,' and the passage in *The Testament of Joseph*, i. 4–6:

'These my brethren hated me, but the Lord loved me.'

. . . . . .

'I was beset with hunger, and the Lord Himself nourished me.
I was alone, and God comforted me:
I was sick, and the Lord visited me:
I was in prison, and my God shewed favour unto me.'

Here, the sufferings of Joseph (and those in Israel he represents) are the same kind of sufferings as those of the brethren of Christ in Mt 25. The language is so close that it is difficult to think that the Gospel does not deliberately borrow the phrases thus employed. And if this is the case, 'these my brethren' in Mt 25 are indeed the Jews, and Jesus identifies Himself with them, as we have already conjectured.

In one particular this interpretation may, perhaps, be qualified. Throughout *The Testaments* the figure of Joseph continually emerges, as representing that element in Israel which suffered unmerited trials. See especially *The Testaments of Benjamin*, iii. 8, in which Joseph is said to fulfil the law of vicarious sacrifice. In the conception of the author of *The Testaments*, Joseph appears as a righteous nucleus in Israel, suffering, like the servant of the Lord in Is 53, the just for the unjust. So also it would seem from Mt 25, despite Israel's prevailing unbelief, this nucleus survives as the true Israel, enduring through all the calamities of the Parousia, to be acknowledged in the end as His Kingdom by the Lord Himself. In this case the Patriotism of Jesus is seen in His self-identification with all the better elements in Israel, rather than with the entire nation. But this is only to define Patriotism a little more ethically.

A. D. MARTIN.

Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

The Editing of an Encyclopædia.

In the *Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (elsewhere noticed) there is a letter from Watts-Dunton to the Editor of a certain encyclopædia, in which he says:

'Many a conversation I had, in the old days, with my dead friends who edited the ninth edition—Spencer Baynes and Robertson Smith—upon the enormous difficulties of editing that lofty work. Robertson Smith used to say in that quiet, humorous way of his, that to edit satisfactorily a large Encyclopædia required almost as happy a combination of the two opposite forces of the human mind—practical ability and speculative ability—as were needed to marshal an army and lead it into action. The practical side, he said, was exercised in finding the proper writers and dealing with their contributions without treading upon the authorial toe—the most sensitive kind of toe, he said, in the entire animal kingdom. The speculative ability was exercised in throwing the imagination forward to the far-off day when the last volume of the work should leave the binders.'

And Robertson Smith never had to edit an Encyclopædia throughout a European war.

The ninth volume of The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics is in the press.

Katharine Tynan.

No one could have imagined that Katharine Tynan had said so many clever and quotable things. Here, in *Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan* (Washbourne; 1s. net), is a saying for every day of the year, three hundred and sixty-five, and nearly every saying is witty as well as wise. Take two or three at random:

'It is the great thing about women: they have no consciences where their affections are engaged.'

'After all, God is good, God is very good. I could not have lived my life at all if I had not felt so convinced of the goodness of God.'

'Self-sacrifice is good in its way, but we must take care that we don't sacrifice ourselves to the detriment of others.'

'There's a mist that's over Ireland where the blackbird calls,
And when you come it's risin', and when you go it falls.
It's made of green and silver and the rain and dew,
And the finest sun is over it you ever knew. . . .
. . . . . .
Och, sure it isn't mist at all, except a mist o' tears,
A haze of love and longin' for the happy years,
When myself that's old and fretted now and colder than the stone
Was young in golden Ireland with the friends long gone.'

Alexander Mackie.

A great teacher, although unconscious of his greatness, was Alexander Mackie. He was notable in other ways—as a gardener, as a fisher. But the service he rendered to education in the north of Scotland is his claim to remembrance and the meaning of this memorial volume. *Alexander Mackie: Prose and Verse* is the title of it (Aberdeen: Rosemount Press; 2s. 6d. net).

The short memoir has been written by Mr. John Minto Robertson, M.A. He has written in the right spirit. No 'smarming' would have been tolerated by the living and it would have been an outrage on the dead. Here is the man as we knew him.

The contents will be a surprise to the uninitiated. The 'Verse' is of little ambition, but it is always well within the margin of the poetical. The 'Prose' is worth reading and re-reading. We shall quote a paragraph, and then a single stanza from a poem in the Aberdeenshire dialect.

'A Tree planted by the Streams.'

'Afforestation is in the air, and our waste places will soon be crowded with rising firs and larches. This is well, but we should be careful to see that in the new departure the artistic side of tree life shall not be obliterated, and that in certain areas the beauty that comes from leaving trees to grow green and broad under natural conditions and without artificial restrictions, shall be preserved.

'One wonders why our preachers have not utilised this distinction for moral purposes. The solitary tree, growing by itself and with ample scope for

development in every direction, blown upon by every breeze, thrusting its roots deep, and its branches wide apart, is typical of that individuality, sturdy, independent, stalwart, and beautiful, which is rarer to-day than it was in previous centuries. The trees of the close-packed forest, slim, tapering, all of a uniform pattern, without individuality or marked idiosyncrasy, are an analogy to modern life in large cities. Our close-packed civilisation tends to make all citizens after one pattern. Individuality is sunk; we develop no knotty features; our roots are shallow; we have not buffeted with the winds and the storms; we are units in a crowd, as like as peas. We have rubbed off our knots and our gnarls, but we have lost something of the moral beauty that comes from independent development. Our value as commercial, wage-earning instruments is, perhaps, thereby increased, but our individuality of character as men is as certainly diminished.'

THE LOON FAE FOGGYLOAN.

He wore a muckle gravit and his beets were byous roch,
His knickers warna jist the shape to set a sturdy hoch.
His cockit bonnet sat gey stiff upon his huddry heid,
A stoot an' hardy gurk he wis, wi' cheeks like roses reid.
He came to bide in Aiberdeen a month wi's Uncle John;
Anither loon he wis fan he gaed back to Foggyloan.

Oxford Poetry, 1916.

The most remarkable thing about the little volume of *Oxford Poetry, 1916* (Blackwell; 1s. net) is that, while there are twenty-seven poets and fifty-three poems, not a poet nor a poem touches or is touched by the war. That is no cause for complaint, perhaps rather for thanksgiving, but it is a surprise.

Another remarkable thing is its evenness of inspiration. He would be a clever reviewer who would place this poem first and that poem last. So in making a selection we shall be fair to both sexes. The first is by Lilian L. Spencer; the second by Sherard Vines.

THE IN-COMING TIDE.

Somewhere are dim green silences, and peace,
And cloud-fleets slowly marshalled o'er the blue,
And trails of liquid bird-notes, clear and true,
With whir of glancing wings that find release.

Where dawn-flushed roses scattered fragrance shed
On swaying hare-bells' sheltered woodland dream,
And hush of twilight shrouds the darkening stream
As Night draws near, with silver-sandalled tread.

Oh! ship of dreams, borne in on hastening tide,
Whose restless waves are sunless now, and cold,
My heart is dumb, and suddenly grown old
With lonely longing for the men who died.

EPIPHANY.

An hour of May for me
Is true Epiphany,
When the birds sing to us
'Creator Spiritus,'
And in each little nest
The Lord is manifest;
When thorn along the down
Is white with holy crown,
When plover scream and swerve,
Who their master serve
And all the brilliant wood
Is breathing God,
Now, no man may not see
True Epiphany.

Willoughby Weaving.

A volume of poetry recommended by the Poet Laureate ought to catch on. Mr. Bridges makes no extravagant claim for Mr. Weaving, but he says that 'there can scarcely have been a more genuine and prolific poet in the trenches'; and he selected one of his poems for his own recently published Anthology. We shall select one also. Let it be this interpretation of an incident attributed by some interpreters to St. John:

ST. JOHN.

John, the beloved disciple,
Leaned on Jesus' breast,
And he knew what another disciple feared
And ten but dimly guessed.

The broken fragment of bread he took,
And tasted flesh in the food;
And then he took the wine-cup,
And bitterly drank blood.

And the calm strong words of Jesus
Seemed tremulous and far,
A motion of very desolate lips,
The stifled voice of a star.

Alone he seemed in the Garden,
Entranced at Jesus' side;
And he felt his great heart broken,
And his body crucified.

And they laid their hands upon him
That would so boldly stay;
But he left in their hands his garment,
And naked he fled away.

The title of the book is *The Star Fields* (Blackwell; 5s. net).

S. Reid-Heyman.

The long unrhymed poem 'Ut Quid, Deus?' in Mr. Stephen Reid-Heyman's volume *A Vagabond's Wallet* (Blackwell; 2s. net) has poetry enough in it, and tragedy enough, for the success of any book. If the rest of the book is less tragical, it is all poetical—the work not so much of a master in an art as of a seer in a world of fierce reality. One of the few short poems is this sonnet:

Touch these mute lips, and waken them to sing
Here in the weary Earth. My voice shall gain
Such harmony from tumult, that the strong
Sweet chords shall circle all the world. The pain
Which weighs on Empires cannot check the strain
Of utter gladness; nor the spirit rest
In all its bitterness from the refrain,
That what may come is evermore the best—
Tho' Thy hand slay me still I count me blest.
Pierce thro' this heart, oh! iron of my God!
Lest I forget, lest I forget to bring
My praises with my prayer. This very load
Of dumb entreaty bids my song take wing.
Strike with Thy Sword again, and waken me to sing.

Stephen Paget.

Mr. Stephen Paget has his own way with young people, and it is a very frank way. He does not object to their use of slang—if it is not swearing. 'Slang is the weeds of language: but weeds are beautiful: besides, they make beautiful contrasts: such as we admire when the croquet-lawn is silvered with daisies, and when poppies add their scarlet, and corn-flowers their blue, to a field of wheat. Nobody wants to hear you talk with the preciseness of a Dutch garden: it is far better to talk like a Devonshire lane: best of all, to avoid extremes, and be neither too stiff in your talk, nor too off-hand. Superfine English is the orchids and hot-house rarities of our language: good English is its open-air roses, lilies, and carnations: slang is its bindweed and ragged robin, thyme and meadow-sweet. Think what a wealth of slang is in Shakespeare. The young men in Romeo and Juliet are quick with it: even Hamlet does not despise it: Falstaff and his satellites are drawn together by it: King Henry v. is less delightful than Prince Hal, because he has left it off. Even the women of Shakespeare are not above it—Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind: nor does any tragedy refuse it a place of interlude and relief. Shakespeare without slang would still be poetry, but would not be Shakespeare.'

But he has his preferences even in slang. 'I prefer my *swagger* to your *swank*, and your *bounder* to my *cad*. I think that you have no word equivalent to my *swell*: for my swell was a gentleman, and your *nut* is not. I congratulate you on your apt use of *some* and *the limit*, and on your disuse of *hectic* and *chronic*.'

That is in the article on 'The Beauty of Words.' It is not an informing article—the last thought of Mr. Paget is to be informing. But it will be read and it will leave thoughts in the mind. So will the article on Handwritings, on the Way of Science, on Moving Pictures, and all the rest. And so will the very title of the book, *I sometimes Think* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

Dr. Arthur Wright, Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, has sent a paper to the *Journal of Theological Studies* on the position of Judas Iscariot among the Twelve. He has been rejoicing in the way in which Dr. Swete has lately been overturning traditional assumptions. He also has a traditional assumption to overturn.

That assumption is that during our Lord's ministry, Simon Peter was the leader of the Twelve, and Judas Iscariot somewhere else. Dr. Wright believes that Judas Iscariot was the leader of the Twelve, and that Simon Peter, though his force of character gradually brought him forward, began somewhere near the other end. What are the proofs?

First of all, Judas held the bag. Now the bag is the symbol of authority. There is an American anecdote, of which Dr. Wright is not aware, that on the wedding eve the husband said to his newly-wedded wife, 'Is it you or I, my dear, that's going to be president of this concern?' to which she sweetly replied that she would be quite content to be the treasurer. The treasurer is the person in authority. So it is now. So it was then.

The bag is the symbol of authority—and the instrument of temptation. Judas lost while Peter gained, both in spirituality and in honour. Peter's confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' which surprised himself, no doubt, as it surprised them all, brought every eye upon him. When the controversy arose as to which of them was greatest, Judas had long been losing ground, while Peter had been gaining ground. The dispute, in Dr. Wright's opinion, was a deliberate attempt to oust Judas from the primacy, and to give that place to Peter. But the Lord interposed. It was His rule to let both grow together until the harvest. It would destroy Judas's last chance of repentance if he were disgraced. And it would be ill for the future of the Church if every suspected officer were at once ejected.

But Judas had his warning. The words were addressed to the Twelve: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in that which is least is unjust also in much.' The words were addressed to the Twelve, but they were specially meant for Judas, and would appeal powerfully to his conscience.

So at the Last Supper Judas is still the leader of the band. For Dr. Wright has no doubt about the order in which the disciples leaned on the couches. He follows Mr. E. J. Lewis in his picture of the Last Supper. Judas is next to our Lord on the one side, and John on the other. Peter is manifestly out of reach of the ear of our

Lord. He cannot himself whisper the question, 'Who is it?' so he beckons to John to ask. 'John leans back to catch our Lord's ear, who whispers in reply. Iscariot whispers into the other ear, "Is it I?" None of them could have spoken out aloud, but if we admit the whispers all is plain.'

But Dr. WRIGHT reserves his best evidence to the end. In Mk 14^{10} Judas is called 'one of the twelve.' The Greek is peculiar. It is literally 'the one of the twelve.' Dr. WRIGHT has no doubt whatever that 'the one of the twelve' means the first or the chief of the Twelve. And he is glad to find Dr. Moulton agree with him. So he concludes that Judas by transgression fell not only from a place among the Twelve, but from the first place. He has become the last, as the last became first.

We have been well told that when the war is over we need not expect to see our churches crowded with soldiers. One chaplain has estimated, after the deliberate examination of a great number of them, that one per cent. of the men in camp were in the habit of attending church, and his belief is that after the war one per cent. will continue that habit.

What are we to do then? Clearly we must find out what kept them from attending church before the war. Two things kept them. The Christianity we had to offer them was not worth their acceptance. And even if it had been worth their acceptance we did not know how to offer it.

Let us ignore the second objection for the present. Why is the Christianity we offer not worth their acceptance? Because its offer is to the poor in spirit. The very first words of the Christian religion are 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And this, which the men understand to mean poor-spirited, is the one thing above all other things that they will have nothing to do with. The religion, they say, of which the very first offer is happiness to the man whom the world calls a shirker, is not worth looking at.

The objection is exaggerated and absurd. But it is there. And not only is it there, but in some form or other, more or less articulate, it is almost universally there. Nothing gives the ordinary soldier more surprise than to find the chaplain in a place of danger. And he is always on the outlook for an explanation which will restore him his normal idea of a Christian. Mr. John HARGRAVE writes an entertaining book entitled *At Suvla Bay*. When he went out with the stretcher-bearers 'a parson came with us,' he was surprised to see. 'I marched just behind the adjutant, and the parson walked with me. He was a big man and a fair age. We went past the well and the bivouacs. *I could see he was very nervous.*' And from that he proceeds until he has taken away all the virtue from the parson.

How are we to meet that objection? It is very difficult to meet. There is nothing more difficult that we have to do. For the very heart of Christianity is in that sentence, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And there it is, meeting every man in the face as he turns his face towards Christ. The objection is so difficult to meet that even so excellent a scholar as Dr. Selwyn has tried the desperate solution of translating the words, 'Blessed are the poor, by the Spirit.'

In an article in the *Journal of Theological Studies* Canon SLOMAN deals with that translation, and dismisses it. He comes back to the Old Testament. In the Book of Psalms the true servants of Jehovah are often represented as humbled and oppressed. They are encouraged by being told that nevertheless the Lord is with them. Take Ps 34^{18}. Driver's translation is, 'The Lord is nigh unto the broken in heart; and he saveth them that are crushed in spirit.' Now these servants of Jehovah who are so often broken in heart and crushed in spirit are sometimes called the poor, for the simple reason that they generally

did belong to the poorer classes. And so in the Septuagint the terms 'crushed in spirit' and 'poor in spirit' became interchangeable. And where St. Luke, with his Gentile associations, simply says, 'Blessed are the poor,' St. Matthew the Jew goes back directly to the sense of the Psalms and makes the meaning clear by saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'

That is Canon SLOMAN'S interpretation, and it is no doubt the right one. Is the difficulty removed? By no means. The fact is still to be faced by every man who would come to Christ, that he must seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness before everything else, and that the search will often find him among the poor in spirit. Not among the poor-spirited. If he can only see it, just the opposite of that. But among those who are broken in heart and crushed in spirit, and that not only on account of their own sin, but often also on account of the oppression of the ungodly. That is Christianity. And if the soldier says that such a Christianity is not worth having, is there anything more that we can do with him?

One of the Chaplains to the Forces tells us that he was talking with a junior officer about church-going. The officer admitted that he did not go much to church. You keep telling us, he said, what we ought to do. We know that already. Why do you not tell us how to do it?

The Rev. Charles E. RAVEN, M.A., Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, has determined to answer that officer's question. He does not seem to have been an army chaplain. But he has had a wide experience of men. And he has come to the conclusion that wherever you are, in the army or out of it, it is quite useless to continue telling the people what they ought to do. You must tell them how to do it. And you must tell them that first. Now to tell them how to do it is to bring them to Christ. It is to let them know who Christ is. He has accordingly written a book with as much simplicity and plainness of speech as he can command, and has called it *What Think Ye of Christ?* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net).

There is just one way of telling a man who Christ is. It is to make clear to him what are the doctrines of Christianity. These doctrines, the essential doctrines, are not numerous. Nor are they really difficult to understand. We have first of all to see that we understand them ourselves. And then we have to take some pains to put them into intelligible language, language that will be intelligible to junior officers. We have to prove what a distinguished theologian and preacher used to assert, that there is no doctrine of the faith too deep to be expressed in everyday English. Mr. RAVEN has been a teacher of theology in Cambridge University. He has also had the oversight for some years of a common country parish. He has had to understand what the doctrines of Christianity are. He has taken trouble, he takes trouble in this book, to make them intelligible to ordinary men.

The essential doctrines of Christianity, we said, are not many. There are numerous things that may be said about Christ, and if they are true they are all essential to a full understanding of Him. There is the revelation that He has made to us of God. There is also His oneness. And there is His many-sidedness. All these aspects of Christ Mr. RAVEN considers pretty fully and most attractively. But our purpose at present is to know Christ in such a way that we shall be able to do the things which it is our duty to do. And to that end two doctrines are quite sufficient. One is the doctrine of His Divinity; the other is the doctrine of His Atonement.

Now it is not to be denied that there are difficulties in both these doctrines. There are insurmountable difficulties. But neither is it to be denied that with these insurmountable difficulties we have nothing necessarily to do. We have to know Christ in such a way that He will be to us

—what is the usual word?—a Saviour. That signifies that He will be to us the means of the forgiveness of our sins. And not only of the forgiveness of our sins, but of our deliverance from them. We have so to know Christ that He will be to us who already understand what we ought to do, the desire and the strength to do it. And for that purpose there is enough in the doctrines of the Divinity and the Atonement that is quite within the comprehension of every one of us.

Take the Divinity first. The Doctrine of the Divinity has to tell us that Christ is able to forgive us our sins. Jesus did this when He was upon the earth. 'Son,' He said, 'thy sins are forgiven thee.' Had He this power as a man? No one would for a moment allow it. For no one believes that one man can forgive the sins of another man. The Jews were entirely right when they said, 'Who can forgive sins but God only?'

It is provoking to find that just here Mr. RAVEN deserts us. He has said so much about Christ that is altogether acceptable, and he has said it so supremely well, that it is with the keenest disappointment we discover that his doctrine of the Divinity of Christ stops short of Godhead. He knows quite well that the doctrines of Christianity are useless unless they give us a Christ who can save. In his Introduction he says, 'A theology if it is to be acceptable must not only be subjected to the enquiry, "Is this true?" but to the sterner question, "Does this work? Does it save souls?"' And it is not that he is troubled about the difficulty of understanding the doctrine of Christ's Divinity. He stops short of Deity quite unexpectedly. The only reason we can find for it is that he is determined not to introduce anything that would be offensive to the scientific reason. But to admit that there is a God at all is to exceed the range of physical science. To admit that Jesus was God may be one step more, but after the other it is a perfectly reasonable step. In any case, Mr. RAVEN concludes that Jesus the Christ did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from such men as we are, and thereby makes His Divinity of none effect. If Jesus was not God in any sense in which it is folly to talk of men as gods, there is no such doctrine as a doctrine of His Divinity.

The other doctrine that is essential to a Christ that can save is the doctrine of His Atonement. And here also Mr. RAVEN falls short. We are again disappointed, but this time perhaps it is not so unexpected.

There are two things which the Atonement of Christ has to accomplish. It has to make us sorry for our sins, and it has to satisfy the righteousness of God. Mr. RAVEN writes admirably of the effect of the cross of Christ in making a man truly sorry for his sins, and ready to return to God. For one thing, he speaks out fearlessly about sin itself. 'Unpopular as is such a beginning nowadays, sin, the fact of sin, is the only sound starting-point for religion. It is in their rejection of the Fall of man, or of the condition of mankind which this unpleasant doctrine purports to account for, that the typically modern theories, theological and political, make the blunder that is their undoing.'

'And sin,' he goes on, 'as every one knows who has ever felt its power, is no superficial blemish. No mere palliative, no surface treatment is any use. It needs the knife; and we must cut deep. Indeed the only language at all appropriate to the magnitude of the change required is that of Scripture. We want a new birth: our flesh "must come again like the flesh of a little child" if we are to be clean: we must "die unto sin" if we are to "live unto righteousness." What we require is something that will literally lift us out of ourselves. For the old theologians were right when they said that the primal sin was pride, selfishness; and only by escaping self can we escape sin. Is there any power that can set us free? How is a man to be delivered from the burden of this death?'

And he is just as admirable in what he proceeds

to say about love—the vision of the love of Christ on the cross in its effect upon us, making us repent of our sinfulness and bringing us into such a response of love that we say, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' It is all admirable; but it is not enough.

We may doubt if the vision of the love of any man, even the love of the man Christ Jesus, is enough to kindle the response of love in the heart of every other man. When Paul's heart is kindled by it he sees something more in the cross of Christ than the love of one individual man for other men. He always sees what we might call a representativeness in the death of Christ. Thus he says, 'The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died.' That representativeness of the cross of Christ is impossible in any real sense upon Mr. RAVEN'S doctrine of His Divinity. For it implies a relationship to the universe of God which no mere man can sustain. That relationship belongs to the doctrine of Christ's Divinity. Rejecting the Divinity, Mr. RAVEN has no place for it in the Atonement.

The universe is hung upon a law of righteousness. All its motions are orderly. It reflects the orderly mind of God. When a man by his sinfulness breaks through that orderly movement it is not enough that he should be sorry for it. It is enough for him, but it is not enough for the universe. In the physical sphere, if a man by his carelessness smashes the tooth of a wheel, it is not enough that he should say he is sorry for it. The interruption to the even flow of the machinery must be removed. So is it in the moral sphere. Even more so, because the adjustments of the moral order are more delicate than those of the physical order. Our own conscience demands reparation as well as repentance. The conscience of the whole universe demands it. And since it is notorious that a man cannot make reparation for the evil he has done in the universe of God's moral order, it falls upon Christ, who is the power of God and the wisdom of God, to make that reparation as an essential part of His Atonement.

Is this too difficult for the ordinary intelligence? We do not think so. We have never found it so. The ordinary intelligence is never really at rest in repentance for sin until it recognizes that Christ has made reparation for the wrong that sin has brought into the world.

The Psalter and the Present Distress.

BY THE REV. JOHN E. M'FADYEN, D.D., PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND THEOLOGY IN THE UNITED FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

TO-DAY we are being swept along by forces which we can neither persuade nor control, and there are moods in which we almost permit ourselves to be convinced of what some one has rather cynically called the futility of all human discussion. Yet the man who has nothing to say to the sorrows and the horror, the tragedy and the welter, of the world to-day, has nothing to say at all: for what are they but the general sorrows and tragedies of men 'writ large'? The mystery we face and the burden we carry to-day is, though doubtless on a stupendous scale, the mystery and the burden which men have borne from the beginning. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but so is man, so also is human life. We are not 'the first that ever burst' into this tempestuous sea. The men who wrote the Psalms and the men who all down the ages have sung them were tossed upon it too; and it is just here that the Psalter can render us its inestimable service. It was out of the depths of a sorrow as keen as ours that the Psalmists cried to God, and the deep of our experience answers to the deep of theirs. They knew what was in man, and that is why they

find us to-day. They knew the strangeness and the sorrow of life, but amidst it all they also knew God to be their Shelter and their Strength. Never have there been men who felt the pathos of life more keenly. It was to them a mystery, and they knew that by searching they could never fully find it out, but they sought, like the brave men they were, till sometimes their hearts grew bitter and throbbed with pain (Ps $72^{2.\,3.\,16.\,21}$). They voice that 'sense of tears in mortal things' which is felt by all who look with fearless eyes at the pain and surprises of life. They exhaust the range of metaphor in trying to express their sense of its frailty. It is like the grass or the meadow-flower, like a passing shadow, like a dark night, like a breath that passes and never returns. And the enemies are there too. Throughout the whole length of the Psalter, and even in the briefest and the gentlest Psalms like the twenty-third, you can hear their stealthy tread and listen to their venomous words: and ever and anon there falls upon the ear the sob of a breaking heart that longs to fly away and be at rest and lodge in the wilderness, far from the stormy wind and tempest ($55^{6f.}$).

In such a world, or at least with such a mood upon them, the Psalmists feel their homelessness: they are but pilgrims and strangers in the earth. They suffer and they toil, rising early and sitting down late to the evening meal and eating the bread of sorrows (127^{2}). They have no hope or comfort but in God; but in Him they can rest like a weaned child on the bosom of his mother (131^{2}). Small wonder that the words of men who looked into life with such stern sorrow in their eyes should have found all through the centuries an echo in the hearts of other men bowed by the weight of grief or persecution or war. In all times of distress, when men and nations were walking through the valley of the deep shadow, their words have been a comfort and an inspiration—to men like the Huguenots, the Covenanters, and many another in their grim battles for justice and for freedom. The well of the Psalter is very deep, and we, like these men, may draw from it. Indeed, it is not so much a well as a river, whose streams through many an age have made glad the city of God.

The world of the Psalmists was a world of conflict—of peril, darkness, and tragedy; but through their darkness flashed rays of the heavenly light, or we might more truly say that their darkness was pierced by a mild yet steady light which not seldom shone so brightly as to chase it all away. For, as the darkness and the light are both alike to God, so the Psalmists, each in his own measure, tasted something of that divine superiority to the chances and changes of human fortune. 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed' (57^{7}). They are not afraid though the mountains be torn up by the roots and flung into the sea. If only Almighty God is with them, how can flesh harm them (56^{4})? So with quiet hearts they lie down amid perils (4^{8}) refreshed and sustained by the God who never slumbers nor sleeps (121^{4}).

The despondency and sorrow which crush so many a heart to-day had already been felt and voiced by the singers of the olden time—by men who asked:

> Is His love clean vanished for ever?
> Is His faithfulness utterly gone?
> Hath God forgotten to be gracious,
> Or in anger shut up His compassion? ($77^{8f.}$)[1]

They have been voiced by men who say:

> My spirit is faint within me,
> My heart is bewildered within me.
> I remember the days of old,
> And brood over all Thou hast done ($143^{4f.}$).

In our time, as in the days of the Psalmists, there are men who 'fret themselves because of evil-doers and of the men who bring wicked devices to pass.' There are hearts that do not know how to answer the challenge of the sceptic when he asks, 'Where is now thy God?' To-day, as of old, there are those who cry:

> How long shall the wicked, O Lord,
> How long shall the wicked exult,
> With their blustering arrogant words,
> Their braggart and wicked speech,
> Crushing Thy people, O Lord,
> And afflicting Thy heritage,
> Murdering widows and sojourners,
> Slaying the fatherless? (94^{3-6}).

There are those whose faith has been staggered till

> Their feet were almost gone,
> Their steps had well-nigh slipped (73^{2}),

and who have been driven to say for a season:

> So I sought to understand it,
> But a wearisome task it seemed (73^{16}).

It is not only, however, that the larger features of those ancient songs are reproduced in the experi-

[1] The translations I have taken from my *Psalms in Modern Speech* (Jas. Clarke & Co.).

ence of to-day; but even many of the details, though one does not look for details in poetry like the Psalms. The lines which describe the cruel and resolute craft with which the enemies of Israel planned their wars might have been written to-day:

For see! Thine enemies roar,
They that hate Thee lift up their head,
Laying crafty plans for Thy people
And plotting against Thy jewels.
'Come, let us blot them out as a nation,
That Israel's name be remembered no more' (83^{2-4}).

And then comes the muster of nations from the various parts of that small world, which reminds us of the muster to-day from the ends of the earth:

For, conspiring with one accord,
They have made a league against Thee—
Tents of Edom and Ishmaelites,
Moab, and the Hagrites,
Gebal and Ammon and Amalek,
Philistia, with the people of Tyre (83^{5-7}).

To-day too, and on a more terrific scale, we have seen

Kings of the earth conspiring
And rulers consulting together

to snap the bonds and fling away the cords that bind human society together ($2^{2f.}$). To-day, as then, we have the policy of frightfulness. To-day, as then, we have baby-killers, and to-day, as then, there is the thirst for reprisals:

Happy be he who shall recompense thee
For all thou hast done unto us.
Happy be he who shall seize and dash
Thy children against the rocks ($137^{8f.}$).

To-day, as then with Edom and Israel, two brother nations are fighting, nations whose languages are closely akin, and the one is saying of the capital city of the other:

Lay her bare, lay her bare,
Right down to her very foundation (137^{7}).

To-day we know something of the terror that flieth by night—a terror all the more terrible that it is not the creation of nature, but the work of malignant genius. It is a time when

Nations roar and kingdoms totter,
He utters His voice, earth melteth away (46^{6}).

Now, as then, we have the clashing of two cultures. The background of the later Psalms which we know as the Maccabean is the struggle of the Greek and the Hebrew, not very unlike the titanic struggle which is being waged to-day. Then the representatives of the one culture were seeking to impose it by force upon the representatives of the other, and the champions of the spiritual order resisted the encroachment even unto blood. With the 'high praises of God in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand' (149^{6}) they fought to the death, not to extend their culture over nations that resented it, but in defence of their own peculiar life. They did not fight for dominion, but for freedom to live their own life, to exercise their own religion, to preserve the type which had been handed down from the ancient days, and which had made them the distinctive people that they were.

Then, again, we are brought near to the experience of the Psalmists, not only by the circumstances of the days in which we live and the struggles which we face, but also by the temper—the fierce and vindictive temper—which is begotten of such struggles. Through many a Psalm breathes the wild and cruel spirit of war:

I chased the foe till I caught them,
And turned not till I made an end of them.
I smashed them—they could not rise—
They fell beneath my feet.
I beat them like dust of the market-place,
Stamped them like mud of the streets ($18^{37f. 42}$).

Some of the most brilliant Psalms are songs of praise for victory in war:

God arises, His enemies scatter;
They that hate Him flee before Him.
As smoke before wind is driven,
As wax doth melt before fire,
So before God vanish the wicked ($68^{1f.}$).

Again:

Everywhere heathen swarmed round me;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down.
They swarmed, yea, swarmed around me;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down.
They swarmed around me like bees,
They blazed like a fire of thorns;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down (118^{10-12}).

There are pictures not a few of the hideous havoc wrought by war, and it is no accident that these pictures are most detailed and vivid when the havoc was wrought upon the things and the places dear to the religious heart. For nothing so stirred the Jews to sorrowful indignation as the desecration of the holy and beautiful house in which they had worshipped the God of the fathers. They are grieved to the soul when the blood of the saints

was poured out like water, and the dead were left for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to devour (79[2]); but they were grieved with a sorrow too deep for words, when the house of God was defaced or destroyed by the ravages of war: and, with the fate of Rheims and many another ancient and famous church before our eyes, we can enter into the sorrowful soul of the Psalmist who lamented:

Like lions Thine enemies roared through Thy house,
Replacing our symbols by signs of their own,
Hacking, like woodsmen that lift
Axes on thickets of trees,
Smashing with hatchets and hammers
All of its carved work together.
They have set Thy temple on fire,
To the very ground they have outraged
The place where dwelleth Thy name.
They have said in their heart, 'Let us utterly smite them.'
They have burned all the houses of God in the land (74[4-8]).

In the light of all this it is not so very difficult to understand the passion and the fury with which the outraged heart reacted upon these things. We used to shudder at the imprecatory Psalms, and let us hope we shudder still—for we have not so learned Christ; but we, who have seen in these latter days what antecedently we could never have believed of the horrors and the inhumanities of war, are able to understand those Psalms as they have seldom been understood since the flaming words leaped from torn and bleeding hearts. We could not take their dreadful prayers upon our lips: we could not ask God to feast our eyes upon our foes, or to grant that our feet might be washed in the blood of the wicked. But too well we understand to-day the mood from which such prayers can spring.

O Lord, Thou God of vengeance,
Thou God of vengeance, shine forth.
Lift Thee up, Thou Judge of the earth,
And pay their deserts to the proud (94[1f.]).

Perhaps nowhere does this passion of resentment blaze out more fiercely than in the eighty-third Psalm:

Deal Thou with them as with Sisera,
And with Jabin at the torrent of Kishon,
Who at Endor were destroyed,
And became as dung for the ground.
Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb,
All their princes like Zebah and Zalmunna,
Who have said, 'Let us take to ourselves
The dwellings of God in possession.'
Whirl them, my God, like dust,
Like stubble before the wind.
As the fire that kindleth the forest,
As flame that sets mountains ablaze,
So with Thy tempest pursue them,
And terrify them with Thy hurricane.
Fill with dishonour their faces,
That they seek Thy name, O Lord.
Everlasting shame and confusion,
Disgrace and destruction be theirs.
Teach them that Thou alone
Art most high over all the earth (vv.[9-18]).

These hymns of hate were sung by good men whose hearts were stung by grief and cruelty into bitter vindictiveness. They are not the expression of national spite, they are not a mere cry to the national God to avenge the people who worship Him; they are a cry to the God of all the earth to avenge the moral order of the world, which had been wronged by the cruelty and rapacity of those who are denounced. In essence they are nothing but the vehement expression of a belief in the moral order, and of the desire to see its consummation hastened upon the arena of history. The men whom the Psalmists hate and curse are not cursed as the enemies of Israel, but as the enemies of God and His law: they are those who would dash children against the rocks, the cruel and the proud, who know no pity and no reverence, but who defy God and trample upon the instincts of justice and of mercy which lie deep in the unsophisticated heart.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the imprecations of which we have been speaking are not always found upon the lips of those who have so cruelly suffered. From some of those who have suffered most no such word is heard at all. The writer of the forty-second and forty-third Psalms prays for deliverance from crafty and crooked foes. 'It pierces me to the heart,' he tells us,

To hear the enemy's taunts,
As all the day long they say to me,
'Where is thy God?' (42[10]).

But he calls down no fire from heaven upon the men who pressed him so hard. 'O soul of mine,' he simply says,

O soul of mine, why art thou downcast?
And why art thou moaning within me?
Hope thou in God:
For yet shall I praise Him,
My Saviour, my God (v.[11]).

There is no suffering in the Psalter so keen as that revealed in the sorrowful words of the twenty-second Psalm—words which our Saviour made His own in the hour of His agony; and yet no imprecation rises to the lips of him who poured out his soul in that Psalm. We are reminded of the noble words of Job towards the end of the great speech in which he vindicates his character and which touches the highest point of Old Testament morality:

> I never rejoiced at an enemy's fall,
> Nor triumphed when any misfortune befel him:
> I never have suffered my mouth to sin
> By demanding his life in an imprecation (31[29f.]).

But these lofty heights of self-control were scaled by few; and alike in their general circumstances and in their temper those distant days lie very close to the circumstances and the temper of to-day.

The Note of Joy.

Now before going on to point out some of the lessons which the Psalter is fitted to teach us to-day, it is worth our while, in the midst of all these grim realities, to remember how the Psalter begins and ends. It begins and ends upon a note of joy. It begins, 'Happy is the man who goes on his way' with the law of God in his heart. The Psalter is full of sorrow and strife, of perplexity and problems, of sobs and sighs; yet here, at the very beginning, is the answer, in anticipation, to all those doubts and fears. The Psalm assures us that, even in such a world as this, there may be such a thing as a happy man. And again, through all the sorrows which crowd its pages, the note of joy rings out—so much so indeed that the Hebrew title for the Psalter is The Book of Praises—but from the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm the chorus of praise grows louder and louder till, in the end, the whole universe is called upon to offer its multitudinous song of praise to Jehovah. It was the joyous recognition of the fact that, despite all seeming, the purpose of God goes marching on; that the world is in Hands as strong as they are kind; that the King of the ages, who could maintain His throne at the flood, could sit securely there for ever (29[10]). For His are the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end.

Literature.

TURKEY, GREECE, AND THE GREAT POWERS.

Mr. G. F. Abbott is entitled to write about Turkey, for he is the author of *Turkey in Transition*, and he is also entitled to write about Greece, for he is the editor of *Greece in Evolution*. We cannot possibly give him the go-by and comfortably console ourselves with the indignant declaration that he knows nothing about it. But he has written a most disconcerting and even distressing book about Turkey and about Greece, and about the way in which we and our Allies have mismanaged both. Its title is *Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers: A Study in Friendship and Hate* (Scott; 7s. 6d. net).

It is a story of clever management on the part of the Central Powers, and especially Germany, first of Turkey and then of Greece. It is a story of almost incredibly stupid mismanagement of these countries, first of one and then of the other, on the part of the Entente Powers. Britain is most to blame, according to Mr. Abbott, for the mismanagement of Turkey; France is most to blame for the mismanagement of Greece.

As regards Turkey, the first blunder, and it was a serious one, was the appropriation of the two Turkish war vessels which were almost ready for delivery when war broke out. Germany met that blunder by the present of two still better vessels, and gave them the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. We never recovered that first bad step. But it was not the only blunder committed by the one side or taken advantage of by the other. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Abbott, 'when we contemplate the evolution of the various belligerents' policy towards Turkey, as it has been set out in the foregoing pages, we cannot avoid sharing Sir Edward Grey's naïve wonder "that the inevitable catastrophe did not come sooner."'

The mistakes we have made with Greece are still more numerous and still more inexcusable. But their responsibility belongs to French diplomacy rather than to British. Mr. Abbott

cannot see that King Constantine could at any stage of the worrying proceedings of the Allies have acted otherwise than he did. He does not allow that he is in any sense, or ever has been, a pro-German; he simply had to try to save his country from ruin. Mr. Abbott has a great opinion of Venizelos as a statesman, but he holds that his policy was impossible, simply because we were not able to support our promises with deeds. One has a suspicion that Constantine is not quite so single-minded a patriot as Mr. Abbott makes him out to be. That he has had an understanding with the Kaiser for some time does not seem to admit of any doubt. That he behaved treacherously in the beginning of last December is absolutely certain. Nor is it easy to believe that all our diplomats can be so incapable as Mr. Abbott makes them out to be. It is true that he does not blame the man on the spot, for ambassadors, he says, are nowadays merely outrageously well-paid clerks. It is the Foreign Offices that have been at fault. But surely even Foreign Offices are not so unanimously ignorant or wrong-headed that they should never once have stumbled upon the right method with either Turkey or Greece. The future will reveal something that is now dark. Meanwhile we have Mr. Abbott's book for one side of the argument.

WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

There has now been published the eighth and last volume of the Standard Edition of *The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.*, edited by Nehemiah Curnock (Kelly; 8 vols., £4, 4s. net). One could wish very heartily that the editor had lived to see the last volume of his great work out of the hands of the printer and binder. But he did not grudge his going. He felt indeed that 'a gracious Providence had lengthened out his life in order that he might pay this service to the memory of John Wesley, and the tributes to the Standard Edition which reached him from all quarters gave him the purest pleasure.'

All one can say now is that the name of Nehemiah Curnock will henceforth be associated with that of John Wesley. For this is editing that only once in a century or thereby a book receives. Few books are worthy of it, and the worthy book has not always the good fortune to obtain it.

The eighth volume ends with an Index to the whole work; an index which occupies about one hundred and twenty closely printed pages, in double column; an index which, we are confident, may be relied upon, for it has all the appearance of painstaking accuracy characteristic of a standard edition; an index which will be of inestimable service to those who are fortunate enough to have so great an edition of so great a book at hand for constant reference.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The subject of *Distributive Justice* (Macmillan; $1.50) has been discussed in all its economic aspects with masterly fairness by John A. Ryan, D.D., Associate Professor of Political Science at the Catholic University of America. As a Roman Catholic, Professor Ryan writes under a certain limitation. Wherever there is a papal pronouncement on his subject he has to accept and defend it. It can scarcely be said, however, that this is a disablement, because these pronouncements are for the most part, if not invariably, in favour of the man in possession, while Professor Ryan's own sympathies are with the man who is still out of possession. Were he not a Roman Catholic he might run into Socialism, and he might run a good long way in. He is held on the brink by some Encyclical. Thus, if he were left alone, we think from his sympathies that he would deny the right of private ownership in land. He traces the history of what is called the natural right of land ownership through the Church Fathers, and shows how strong is the theological opinion against it. But Aquinas pronounced private property to be necessary for human life. Cardinal de Lugo followed his example. And then Leo XIII. settled the matter in the Encyclical 'On the Condition of Labour.' Private property in land, said the Pope, is necessary to satisfy the wants present and future of the individual and his family, and he said to the State, 'Hands off!'

Professor Ryan writes in a fine spirit throughout, and with delightful lucidity of language. He ends with a warning which had better be heeded in time. 'Although the attainment of greater justice in distribution is the primary and most urgent need of our time, it is not the only one that is of great importance. No conceivable method of distributing the present national product would provide every family with the means of supporting an

automobile, or any equivalent symbol of comfort. Indeed, there are indications that the present amount of product per capita cannot long be maintained without better conservation of our natural resources, the abandonment of our national habits of wastefulness, more scientific methods of soil cultivation, and vastly greater efficiency on the part of both capital and labour. Nor is this all. Neither just distribution nor increased production, nor both combined, will insure a stable and satisfactory social order without a considerable change in human hearts and ideals. The rich must cease to put their faith in material things, and rise to a simpler and saner plane of living; the middle classes and the poor must give up their envy and snobbish imitation of the false and degrading standards of the opulent classes; and all must learn the elementary lesson that the path to achievements worth while leads through the field of hard and honest labour, not of lucky "deals" or gouging of the neighbour, and that the only life worth living is that in which one's cherished wants are few, simple, and noble. For the adoption and pursuit of these ideals the most necessary requisite is a revival of genuine religion.'

MEDIÆVAL JEWISH PHILOSOPHY.

A History of Mediaeval Jewish Philosophy has been written by Isaac Husik, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net). In an Introduction of fifty pages, Professor Husik introduces us into the atmosphere in which Jewish thinkers of the Middle Ages had to do their thinking. Although made up of a good many elements, some of which had come from a long way off, it was nevertheless an atmosphere that was distinctly cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined. Two instruments the Jewish philosopher had to work with: first, the Bible, together with the Mishna and the Talmud; next, his own reasoning powers. But the peculiarity of his position was that these two sources of thought were never, and never could be, set in opposition. The Bible was the authority full and final, for the Jewish philosopher never doubted its inspiration. The reason had therefore to be occupied in the interpretation of it. And, fortunately for philosophy, the Bible is of such a nature that it offers pretty nearly limitless scope and diversity of interpretation.

After the Introduction, which is a piece of excellent writing, full of information and interest, the philosophers are dealt with separately. They range from the beginning of the rationalistic movement in mediæval Jewry among the Karaites and Rabbanites of the ninth and tenth centuries in Babylon right down to its decline in Spain and the south of France in the fifteenth century. Professor Husik traces the ascendancy curve of this movement from Saadia through Gabirol, Bahya, and Ibn Daud till it reaches its highest attainment in Maimonides; and then he follows its descent through Levi Ben Gerson to Crescas and Albo.

It is a history of philosophy, not of philosophers. Although the men are treated separately, each in his own chapter, long or short according to his importance, there is little biography, there is little attention given to personal peculiarity. Every man's philosophical inheritance is noted, and then the use he made of that inheritance is fully described, and the difference of the whole philosophical outlook as he passed that inheritance on to his successor. It is a book which might have been difficult to read. It could have been stuffed with outlandish expressions and outrageous ideas. It is a book, on the contrary, which the least philosophically instructed person may read with ease and probably will read with quite unexpected pleasure.

AUTHORITY, LIBERTY, AND FUNCTION.

Between March 1915 and June 1916 a series of articles appeared in the *New Age*, written by M. Ramiro de Maeztu. These articles have been republished under the title of *Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War* (Allen; 4s. 6d. net). There are two ideals of life. The German ideal is authority. The British ideal is liberty. They are both wrong. The true ideal is function. Each individual in the State recognizes the value of his own life, and is prepared to give it up in self-sacrifice for the good of the State. His personal power or energy is to be directed, not for his own advantage, but for the benefit of society, and in relation to a well-defined function. But no abstract of ours will do justice to the author's argument; we must give his own abstract of it. 'The principle of function is a better

base of societies than the principles of authority and liberty. It is better because it is more just. And when I say that it is more just I assert in the principle of function a quality independent of the wills of men. It is more just whether they like it or not. But in order to triumph it is necessary that men should like it—all men; or at any rate the most powerful and influential. How can they be made to like it? The way will be prepared by the historians who study the present war. I myself have no doubt that its horrors must be attributed to the fact that the world has fallen a prey to the two antagonistic and incompatible principles of authority and liberty. The war will have shown that the more unjust of these two principles—although the more efficient—is that of unlimited authority. It is the more unjust because no man has a subjective right to command others. It is the more efficient, provided that the authorities are not stupid, because it unifies the social forces in the direction prescribed by the authority, and because it implies a principle of order. The mere fact that a combination of half the world was necessary to defeat Germany is proof of its efficiency. The strength of the liberal principle lies in its respect for vocation. But in the liberal principle there is no efficiency, for there is no unity of direction. Nor is there justice in it, for it allows some individuals to invade the field of others. The idea of liberty leads men to act as if every letter printed in this article expanded right and left and tried to conquer the space occupied by the adjoining letters. The result of absolute liberty is universal confusion. But the reason why both these principles of authority and liberty should be rejected is the same for each: that both principles are founded on subjective rights. And these rights are false. Nobody has a subjective right to anything; neither rulers nor ruled.

'This conclusion will be reached by historians and thinkers. But that is not enough. It is not enough for men to know that it is necessary to sacrifice all kinds of rights founded on personality in order to establish society on a firm basis of justice. Personality must be sacrificed. That is not only a theory but action. The critique may refute authority and liberty as bases of society. But to the conviction that our true life consists in being functionaries of absolute values we arrive only by an act of faith, in which we deny that our ego is the centre of the world, and we make of it a servant of the good. This act of faith is a kind of suicide, but it is a death followed immediately by resurrection. What we lose as personalities we reconquer, multiplied, as functionaries. The man who asks for money simply for himself cannot ask for it with the same moral confidence as he who asks for it in order to study a problem or to create social wealth. St. Paul says (1 Cor. xv. 44) that in death "It is sown a natural body," but that in the resurrection "It is raised a spiritual body." The doctrine of Death and Resurrection opens also the way for the submission of man to higher things.'

When you take up a book like *Portraits of Women of the New Testament*, and see how many there were of them, and how important was their place, you wonder if there is any particular in which the Church has departed more from the New Testament example than in this, that it has cleared women out of its councils. The Rev. Thomas E. Miller, M.A., tells the story of no fewer than twenty-four women. What would the New Testament be without them? How different would it be if even the women called Mary were all cut out of it. Let us give the women their place again, that the Church may recover its power in the world. Let us read this book and see the variety of character and the all-pervasiveness of influence of the women of the New Testament (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net).

A complete and convenient account of *The German Colonial Empire* has been written by Paolo Giordani, and translated into English by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton (Bell; 2s. 6d. net). It is a book to read right through and then to have at hand. For no doubt there is more to be said about the German colonies yet, and we ought, every one of us, to know the facts.

The Revised Version is being gradually edited for the use of schools. It forms a distinct series from that of the 'Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.' It is distinct also from the little white shilling series, which works on the Authorized Version. *The Books of Ezra and Nehemiah* have been edited by the Rev. T. W. Crafer, D.D. (Cambridge: At the University Press; 1s. 6d. net). Ezra and Nehemiah are better books for school

reading than some Old Testament books that are more popular with schoolmasters. The historical and the heroic element in them both appeal strongly to the pupil. And this is an ideal edition for the purpose. Dr. Crafer has strictly confined his notes to the explanation of the text before him. There are many theories, such as Dr. Torrey's that no Ezra ever existed, but he does not waste words over them.

Are we aware in this country how systematically and how extensively they are studying the English Bible in America? We may see it in their magazines, or in the occasional issue of their handbooks. Thus, in connexion with the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Dr. Herbert L. Willett has issued a handbook on *The Message of the Prophets of Israel to the Twentieth Century* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net). With its arrangement of material according to the days of the month and its searching review questions, nothing could be more workmanlike.

In *The Struggle for Justice* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 1s. 3d. net), Mr. Lewis Wallis maintains with much force of language that our orthodox religion is seriously defective in its individualism. The doctrine of personal salvation, he says, is not Biblical. It does not recognize the social problem. 'Orthodox theology was developed under the influence of the upper social classes, which, as a rule, have not wanted the subject of property to be brought into any sort of connection with religion.'

At the Cambridge University Press there is published a volume of lectures which were delivered at the summer meeting in Cambridge in 1916 by members of the University. They differ from the usual summer meeting lectures in that they are occupied entirely with one subject. That subject is, according to the title of the book, *The Elements of Pain and Conflict in Human Life, considered from a Christian Point of View* (4s. 6d. net). There are five lecturers, each of whom delivered two lectures: Professor Sorley on Theism and Modern Thought; Professor Oman on Human Freedom and War; Dr. Tennant on the Existence of Moral Evil and the Problem of Suffering; Professor Stanton on Providence and Prayer; Dr. Moore Ede on Competition as between Individuals and Classes and as between Nations. Now of all these topics the most important at the present moment is unquestionably the doctrine of Providence. Professor Stanton, who edits the book, has handled that topic himself. He has done so wisely, circumspectly, quietly, helpfully. It is a notable chapter in a notable book.

It is a long, long way from Suvla Bay; but Suvla Bay can never be forgotten. But if any of us, not having been there to have the memory of it cut into our souls, should even for a day be inclined to forget the wonder of its sacrifice, let us have beside us always *At Suvla Bay*, the Notes and Sketches made by John Hargrave of the 32nd Field Ambulance (Constable; 5s. net). No other record that we have seen can touch it, in respect either of the writing or of the illustrating. And the two come together irresistibly.

How are we to bear the trials that have come upon us and are coming? By looking unto Jesus. The Rev. Simson Wallace knows no other way. But not by looking unto Jesus as an inoffensive and involuntary Sufferer. It is by looking unto Him who saw the cross before He entered the world, who came deliberately to bear it, who took every step of His life in the direction of it, and who overcame the world by means of it. In identification with this Jesus by faith we make our cross our victory, and not otherwise. It is a volume of sermons; the title is *Enduring the Cross* (Edinburgh: Henderson; 2s. 6d. net). They are the sermons we all have to begin to preach when the men come back.

Those of us who have read the simple manly story of the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy's life with 'The Immortal Seventh Division' will certainly be glad to hear that a selection has been made from his sermons and published. The title is *Soul Attitudes* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). They will also be glad to find that they are not five-minute sermons with nothing in them, such as soldiers are supposed to rejoice in, but evangelical and expository, every one of them handling a big subject and handling it worthily. It is true that Mr. Kennedy had little interest in the speculative theology that used to pass for preaching. The issues to him are practical: 'This do and thou

shalt live.' But he is great in illustration, determined, like St. Paul, to be all things to all men if by all means he may save some.

It is interesting to be able to associate a man with a doctrine. We always associate the name of Sydney H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc., with the doctrine of immortality. We need not recall all that he has written on that subject; it must be a good deal. For, as we say, we keep thinking of it and him together. But the most elaborate and the greatest thing that he has written is his latest book, entitled *Eternal Life Here and Hereafter* (Lindsey Press; 2s. net). Let us remark first of all that it is an extraordinarily cheap book, considering its size and the amount of hard thinking and good writing that it contains. The title is Eternal Life; but the subject is Immortality. Of course Dr. Mellone is concerned with the quality of the life to come, but his attention is given to the fact. And if we do not obtain the continuance of life, it is no use talking about the nature of it. The enemy of the belief in a life to come is the idea of steady progress in this life and contentment with that. Dr. Mellone does not oppose the idea, but he is not content with it. He finds both thoughts in the teaching of Jesus. The Kingdom of God comes in this life, and the Kingdom of God does not come until this life is over. 'The contradiction,' he says, 'is only apparent, and vanishes when we perceive that the ethical motive can work without any setting of apocalyptic expectations. None the less it is ever a hope and faith about the *future*; and its final confirmation must be sought for, not "behind the veil," but in an experience and insight of the *present* which time cannot destroy.'

Any one who happens to pick up from the bookseller's counter a book entitled *The Spiritual Ascent of Man* (University of London Press; 5s. net), and sees that it is introduced by the Master of Balliol, will very likely turn to that Introduction and read it. And when he has read the Introduction, which he can do standing at the counter, he will be sure to buy the book. For in three short pages the Master has said all that should be said, and said it perfectly.

The book has been written by Dr. W. Tudor Jones as an encouragement, to those who must have reason for the faith that is in them, to approach Christianity by the way of philosophy. Dr. Jones is sure that when the war is over men will turn their attention to the things of religion as they never did before. Well, Christianity will stand the scrutiny.

It is one of the most astonishing books that the war has produced or is likely to produce. We knew that science is in harmony; we now see that philosophy is in harmony also. And not with a religion that has no pith or moment in it, but with the Christian religion, with the religion of the Incarnation: 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among them' is the last word of philosophy, the philosophy of the beginning of the twentieth century. 'All the results of science, philosophy, and history can be accepted as the clothing of Christianity, for all these leave untouched the *nucleus* of the Christian Religion. That nucleus has ever been, ever is, and ever will be the same. And Christianity by means of this nucleus is capable of granting man what he needs. The essence of the nucleus is the eternal fact revealed in the life of the Founder—the union of the Divine and the Human. This message of Christianity, exemplified in the life and death of the Founder, is the final solution to the riddles of the universe and of life. There is no possibility of saying anything further on the subject. God was revealed in Christ, and this glad message has had a history of nearly two thousand years, and has healed the wounds of humanity in every age and clime.' With such a word as that we can take courage and go forward.

Those who have strength of will to read this book on *Strength of Will*, by the Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net), and who practise its precepts, will have more strength of will at the end than they had at the beginning. There is much in the book about the will—the awakening of the will, the maladies of the will. But the purpose of it is to strengthen the will, and to that end definite exercises are enjoined for every day of the month. And not only are definite daily exercises enjoined; maxims are laid down to be remembered and practised on every occasion on which the will comes into exercise. It is a practical book. And surely the practice of it must have done men good; for, although published in December 1915, it had already reached a fourth impression by August 1916.

Mr. Horace J. Bridges has written 'a Book for Laymen and the Unchurched.' His object is excellent. He would show laymen and the unchurched that in rejecting religion they reject much good. He would show them that they miss half the joy and all the glory of life. And why should they reject it? Religion, he says, is not really an unreasonable thing. It is only the theologians and religious experts that have made it so. It is a matter of actual experience. Any man may experience it. And beyond the actual experience of any man no man need trouble to go. So he calls his book *Some Outlines of the Religion of Experience* (Macmillan; $1.50).

But religion is a wide word. What does he mean by it? He means Christianity. No doubt there are other forms of religion and some of them are very good forms. He is so pleased, for example, with the Greek religion of Socrates that he says, 'Divinity can no more be denied to Socrates than to Jesus,' and again, 'He is, in short, a Saviour.' Still, Christianity is the best form of religion. Jesus is the best Man and the best Saviour.

But the experience of Christianity is not anything supernatural. There is no such experience. The Christianity which Mr. Bridges recommends to laymen and the unchurched is a Christianity in which there is no resurrection from the dead or any other abnormal experience. He accounts for such an idea as the resurrection of Jesus from the dead having got into Christianity by referring to the science of mythology. Myths and legends have a way of springing into life, no one can tell how. But, once there, they grow with amazing rapidity. He is therefore not at all surprised that within a few years after the death of Jesus the belief was universal among His followers that He had risen from the dead.

That is not quite satisfactory. Indeed, it is not at all satisfactory. Mr. Bridges must study this subject more than he has done. He himself is quite content with the teaching of Jesus, but he will find that laymen and the unchurched will no more be moved to repentance and salvation by the mere teaching of Jesus than by the teaching of Socrates. It is true they said, 'Never man spake as this man'; but it is also true that never man did what this Man did, or was what this Man was.

What do you make out of a title like *The Long Road of Woman's Memory* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net)? That is the title of Miss Jane Addams's latest book. Now Miss Jane Addams knows how to write books and how to have them read. This book is all about a Devil Baby. If we had been writing the book we should have given that as the title; but she knows better.

A report went out that a Devil Baby had been born and was being kept in Hull-House, where Miss Addams lives. All kinds of people came to inquire about it, but mostly women, and most of all elderly women—the elderly women whose husbands had treated them ill, and who looked upon a Devil Baby as a judgment of God upon ill-treating husbands. They came, not for revenge—the desire for revenge on their husbands had long since passed away—but simply to be assured that there was justice in the world, justice for everybody in the long run. Miss Jane Addams talked to these women. She talked to all the women who came, and their number was enormous. She talked also to the men who came—for there were men who came, though few and sheepishly. And then she recorded her conversations with all these men and women, and the book was written. It was written, not for sensation or as mere biography, but in order to help the women's cause and to deliver them from the tyranny of the men.

Of course there was no Devil Baby. And how the story arose no one seems able to tell. But the women who came from all parts of the city of New York to see it knew all about it, though they had different versions of its origin. 'The Italian version, with a hundred variations, dealt with a pious Italian girl married to an atheist. Her husband in a rage had torn a holy picture from the bedroom wall saying that he would quite as soon have a devil in the house as such a thing, whereupon the devil incarnated himself in her coming child. As soon as the Devil Baby was born, he ran about the table shaking his finger in deep reproach at his father, who finally caught him and, in fear and trembling, brought him to Hull-House. When the residents there, in spite of the baby's shocking appearance, wishing to save his soul, took him to church for baptism, they found that the shawl was empty and the Devil Baby, fleeing from the holy water, was running lightly over the backs of the pews.

'The Jewish version, again with variations, was to the effect that the father of six daughters had

said before the birth of a seventh child that he would rather have a devil in the family than another girl, whereupon the Devil Baby promptly appeared.'

Mr. Charles Villiers Stanford and Mr. Cecil Forsyth have co-operated in the writing of *A History of Music* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). One writes one chapter and another another throughout the book. Whether they have revised one another's chapters we cannot tell; at any rate the writing of the one is remarkably like the writing of the other. And the book derives nothing but advantage from the co-operation. It is a complete history, beginning at the beginning and going to the end, compassing the whole earth, and dealing with everything connected with music both vocal and instrumental. It is a popular history; it is not written either for the expert or for the student, but for the general reader. Not only is it written popularly, it is popularly illustrated. There are full-page portraits of all the great musicians. There are also many illustrations in the text of musical instruments, and some of the instruments have beautiful full-page illustrations to themselves.

The Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society, 1915–1916, has been published. In addition to certain notes by Professor J. H. Moulton and others, it contains three important papers: one on the Transmission of the Ḳurān, by Dr. Alphonse Mingana; one on the Origin of Chinese writing, by Professor E. H. Parker; and one on Ships as Evidence of the Migrations of Early Culture, by Professor G. Elliot Smith. The Journal contains also an abstract of a lecture, by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, the great Buddhist scholar, on Nirvāna. Nirvāna is the *summum bonum* of Buddhism. It is freedom from desire. Does that mean annihilation? Professor Poussin concludes that it does. But Sakyamuni's purpose was not to teach annihilation, but simply the crushing of all desire. His followers found that annihilation followed logically (Manchester: At the University Press; 5s. net).

Thirty Years of Conferences and Conventions in Scotland for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life have found their historian in the Rev. Norman C. Macfarlane. The book is called *Scotland's Keswick* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net). They have found their biographer and theologian as well as their historian. Mr. Macfarlane has probably attended more of the meetings, known more of the men, and appreciated more of the teaching than any man who is still alive. So he has defended the theology point by point. He has sketched the character and career of the men. And he has comprehended the evolution of the whole complex movement in a way in which no one else could have done so completely and so characteristically, if indeed there is any one else alive who could have done it at all. And the book which he has written is an entertainment from first to last. Never were men or movements treated with more frank familiarity or, let us add, with more loving sympathy. Some men, it may be, will scarcely know themselves, so intimately appreciative is Mr. Macfarlane's estimate of them. But their friends will know them, and rarely think the praise too high. For these men—we may say it at least of those who have gone before—were of the desirable of the earth. It was true likeness to Christ that they sought; and coming from the land they came from, they were rarely flattered with phrases, or mistook emotion for spiritual life.

In *Our Happy Dead* (Morgan & Scott; 1s. 6d. net), Mr. Hugh D. Brown, M.A., B.L., recalls to us the plain teaching of Scripture regarding the souls and bodies of believers. There is no speculation; there is simple interpretation.

'Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?' The Rev. A. W. Gough, M.A., in one of the sermons which he has published under the title of *Repentance and Strength* (Nisbet; 2s. net), gives himself to the answering of that question. It is worth answering. It is worth answering because the nine did so much more than we give them credit for. And when we see how much they did, we see how much more the one did, and the difference it made to him. There are other examples of unexpected exposition in this book. Let preachers read it. They will find sermons in it.

The Church Pulpit Year Book, 1917, does not seem to differ from previous issues, unless it be that the notes are more numerous than formerly. There is no doubt that the work grows in value, and has probably become an indispensable addition to most libraries now (Nisbet; 2s. 6d. net).

Did ever an army contain so many men who were at once great fighters and great writers? The British Tommy need not say, 'A chiel's amang us takin' notes'; every other 'chiel' seems to be at least capable of 'takin' notes' and then of illustrating the notes he 'taks.' Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's *Bullets and Billets* (Grant Richards; 5s. net) lifts its head above the multitude, first by the author's ability to say exactly what he sees and exactly what he feels, and next by his still more conspicuous ability to make a drawing of himself and his comrades just as they feel and are. It is the pictures that will sell the book in the first place, and that not because of their exaggeration, though they are often ludicrous enough, but just because they are not exaggerated, because the actual experiences of the men in the trenches throughout the first winter of the war were as ludicrously awful as these.

A very fair as well as a very competent statement of the spiritualistic problem will be found in a book entitled *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos*, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S. (Rider; 1s. net). It is from the hand of a man who believes in spiritualism.

Mr. Robert Scott is adding rapidly to his handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice. Four volumes appear together this month.

One is *The Prayer of Consecration*, by W. J. Sparrow Simpson, D.D. (2s. 6d. net), with an Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop of Oxford heartily approves of the book, for he says, 'I am in cordial agreement with the desire which it expresses that sanction should be obtained for an alteration (permissive not obligatory) in the order of the prayers in our present Communion Service, or, still better, for the alternative use of the liturgy in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.' This commendation does not express the full scope of the volume, which contains a complete history of the Prayer, with illustrative and affirmatory quotations from great writers throughout. Although its main purpose is no doubt expressed by Bishop Gore, it is really a contribution of some value to the general study of liturgics.

The next volume is entitled *Some Defects in English Religion* (2s. 6d. net). The author is the Rev. J. N. Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. This is a volume of sermons. Its title does not cover all the sermons in it, only the first four. What are the defects in English religion which Dr. Figgis discovers? They are Sentimentalism, Legalism, Cowardice, and Complacency. The rest of the book is almost entirely devoted to the praise of love. There is a sermon on Bethlehem, or the helplessness of love, the text being, 'In a manger' (Lk 2^{7}); a sermon on Carmel, or love contemplative—'He departed into a mountain to pray' (Mk 6^{46}); a sermon on Capernaum, or love active—'He went about doing good' (Ac 10^{38}); a sermon on Tabor, or love transfigured—'He was transfigured before them' (Mk 9^{2}); a sermon on Jerusalem, or love acclaimed—'Hosanna to the Son of David' (Mt 21^{9}); and a sermon on love triumphant, the text this time being, 'Christ, who is our life' (Col 3^{4}).

The third volume contains twelve letters to one unsettled in the English Church. Its author is the Rev. T. J. Hardy, M.A.; its title *Catholic or Roman Catholic?* (2s. 6d. net). It is a re-statement and re-refutation of the claim of Rome. It is expressed with modern knowledge and with modern toleration. Letters written to prove a point are usually unreadable. This book will certainly be read.

'If the ghost of Renan were to visit the scenes he knew when he lived on earth he would find himself in a new world. Nor is it a world which he would appreciate. When he died in 1892, the young men of that day were his devout disciples, contemptuous of religion and patriotism, and considering the chief joys of life to be the joys of thought. The average young Frenchman of to-day has abandoned the attitude; he is intensely patriotic and probably religious as well, and rates the joy of action far above the joy of thought.' So says the Rev. G. C. Rawlinson, M.A., very simply and truthfully, when in his book on *Recent French Tendencies* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net)—the last of the four mentioned—he comes to speak of 'Les Jeunes.' It is a study in French religion, beginning with Renan and ending with Claudel. Not a few books about France have been published recently, but the picture of the religion of the Frenchman has always been wanting. This little book supplies it. It is a contribution to history, well-informed and without bias.

The lover of nature will revel in *My Devon Year*, by Eden Phillpotts (Scott; 2s. net). The observa-

tion is as minute as that of a botanist; but it is made for artistic delight, not for scientific classification. The facts are innumerable, yet they all have the place which nature gave them; all that the hand of the artist does is to draw our attention to them. Mr. Phillpotts sees and then shows—these are his two gifts, and they are both his beyond measure. Perhaps we might cut out a very small portion of one of the pictures. 'The lake and the shore, separated by a straight white road, blend indeed into a complete picture, yet preserve their characteristics, and yield obedience to the sea on one side and the lagoon upon the other. Those things that love the ley lie inland, while on the southern side thrive the creatures of salt soil and salt breezes. These stretch tendrils and nod blossoms to the sea; they venture over the sandy shingle even to the confines of high tides; they prosper in the rack of old storms, trail fair blossoms amid fragments from ancient wrecks and the orts and ruins of man's contrivances that have floated hither from the ships. Here, amid chaos of pebble and planes of sand, springs the sea-holly's silvery-blue foliage and darker bloom; various spurges thrive beside it with green leaves and flowers, and the glaucous leaf of the horned poppy makes yet another shade of lovely silver-green against the more verdant growths and its own corn-coloured blossoms. The sea-convolvulus has a white star of five rays within her rosy chalice. She lies upon the sand and shines up at the rain-clouds; and not far distant the rare purple spurge still haunts these strands, and straggles ruddy upon them. Above the actual beach small things work an embroidery of brightness into the grass, and wild thyme and bedstraw spread their purple and gold underfoot. Here, too, the roundleaved mallow opens its pale eyes; while beside the mere grows that minute and most rare herb, the strap-wort; and the tiny littorella blooms close at hand in the marsh. Rabbits hop along the low dunes, and sheep graze there and shine very white after shearing.'

Concentration is necessary for most exercises; for prayer it is essential. What are the essential elements in prayer? The Rev. M. G. Archibald, M.A., has brought them together in *The Call to Prayer* (Scott; 6d. net).

The Rev. J. H. Molesworth, M.A., who knew Lord Kitchener in Egypt, has written an appreciation under the title of *A Soldier of God* (Scott; 6d. net). To this he has added two sermons, one on 'The Land of Far Distances,' preached in September 1914, the other on 'The New Era,' preached in August 1916.

The Rev. W. Hendy Cock, L.C.P., F.G.S., B.Sc., has made a short collection of *Thoughts on the Seven Words from the Cross* (Scott; 1s. net). They are mostly from well-known sources; but it is just these sources that we are apt to overlook.

Sixteen months before the declaration of war, Mr. M. Macdonald wrote to the *Matin* and offered to form a contingent of foreigners willing to serve as French soldiers in case of war. Why he believed even then that war was inevitable he tells us. He does not so plainly tell us why he enrolled as a private in a French regiment rather than in a British. He seemed to think it the most convenient thing to do, as he was living in Paris. It brought him no glory, little pay, and slow promotion. But it gave him the opportunity of describing the actual life of the French common soldier day by day; and we should think that no volume can be compared for realistic fidelity to that which he has written and called *Under the French Flag* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). It is an absolutely plain and unvarnished tale that he tells, the bare facts of every day's experience. But these bare facts are worth telling. Mr. Macdonald is unconscious of his own heroism, and for that matter he is unconscious of the heroism of the French soldier. But this simple narrative shows, beyond all the efforts of art, that the most ordinary human being is capable of incredible self-sacrifice, when an ideal such as the love of country has taken possession of him.

The new volume of *Greatheart*, the boys' and girls' missionary magazine of the United Free Church of Scotland, is much less warlike than it might have been—and for that many thanks. The editor, the Rev. G. A. Frank Knight, M.A., is as keen as any of us on the issues that are at stake, but he has refused to keep his children month after month in an atmosphere of strife. Indeed, the range of interest is as wide as ever; the illustrations and anecdotes come from all parts of the world. The bound volume makes a handsome

and acceptable birthday gift (United Free Church of Scotland Publication Offices.)

Mr. W. J. Clennell of H.M. Consular Service in China has a very unusual gift of clear writing. In a book entitled *The Historical Development of Religion in China* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net) he has undertaken to tell us all that is really worth our knowing of the religious beliefs and practices of the Chinese, and that in order of their evolution. It is just about as difficult a literary task as a man could undertake. For the religious beliefs and practices of the Chinese are nearly incomprehensible in their character, nearly inextricable in their confusion, and altogether uncountable in their number and variety. Why, Professor J. J. M. de Groot of Leiden has written in English (because he had no hope of finding a sufficient audience in Dutch) an account of the religion of the Chinese in six immense volumes, and has only half-finished his task. And yet he has given a detailed account of only one small corner of China, the city and neighbourhood of Amoy. Yet Mr. Clennell, by his undoubted mastery of the subject, and still more by his mastery of the English language, has written an intelligible and even fascinating history of the progress of religion in China from prehistoric times until now—so fascinating that we undertake to say that not one of those who begin to read the book will lay it down unfinished, if they have to do so, without something like painfulness.

The Last Messenger.

By the Rev. J. M. Creed, M.A., Fellow and Chaplain of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

'But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son.'—Mt 21[37].

Modern men find difficulty in ascribing finality to a Saviour who was born into the world nearly two thousand years ago, and lived in an environment different from their own. The difficulty is chiefly theoretical, but it is acute. There are indeed those who are disposed to regard all morality as convention, but those who believe in the validity of moral judgments do not, in point of fact, find the Gospel Ethic an unsatisfying ideal. The modern man's difficulty does not arise from the Parable of the Prodigal Son, nor is it suggested by deficiencies in the Sermon on the Mount, but it has its origin in a way of thinking which has become second nature. The question we instinctively ask to-day is not, What is this? but, How did this grow? Religion, like everything else that falls within human experience, is being reviewed in the light of the doctrine of Evolution. 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' asked St. John Baptist. Modern man seems forced on *a priori* grounds to look, not for one, but for many others yet to come. That is what paralyzes modern preaching.

The documents of the New Testament leave us in no doubt as to the attitude of the first Christians to our Lord. To them He was the final word of God. In the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen our Lord gives His interpretation of the story of Israel. Jehovah had planted a vineyard, and let it out to husbandmen. Again and again had He sent His servants to receive the fruits, and as often had they been abused or martyred. At last the Lord of the vineyard sent His son, saying, They will reverence My son. That was the final act of God; it was the beginning of the end. The apostolic writings are in the same vein. In the opening verses of the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul declares himself to be 'an apostle, set apart for the gospel of God, which he promised beforehand by his prophets in the holy scriptures, concerning his Son, who has been born of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared Son of God in power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead—Jesus Christ our Lord.' In the Fourth Gospel Jesus is the Word of God made flesh, the absolute revelation of God to man—the personal mediator of Eternal Life.

The primitive Christian *did* believe in the finality of Jesus Christ. The Cross had brought the world to a halt; Christ had 'flung off from Himself' the powers unseen which hung about His path, and in the Cross had made open triumph over the

spiritual forces which ruled men's lives. The victory was already won, and the Saviour might be expected at any moment to consummate what He had already achieved.

But Christ did not come; and the world did not end. During the centuries which have passed since the gospel first stirred to its depths the spiritual life of the old Græco-Roman world, down to the present day, the world has not stood still. It would seem impossible to conceive a more complete refutation of the primitive Christian faith than the *fact* of the history of the last two millenniums. And yet the enigma of Jesus Christ has not been solved. It is no exaggeration to say that the Christian Church is the most important factor with which the historian of European civilization has to deal. The obvious fact that history did not stop has not prevented people from believing in the finality of Jesus Christ, who suffered under Pontius Pilate. Is that belief still tenable to-day? Has an age-long delusion been at last dispelled, or may we hope to effect yet another combination between belief in the finality of Jesus Christ and acceptance of the developing facts of the world? For that is what Christian theologians have hitherto succeeded in doing, and the future of the Christian Church depends—humanly speaking—on the success of her theologians now.

If the problem has been set aright in what has been said, there are two centres of theological gravity—the Bible and the Age. It is discouraging to find that there are writers of repute who seem to believe that the Churches can construct their theology on the basis of one only of these two centres—and that the second, the Age. A scholar to whom students of the New Testament owe much, Professor Kirsopp Lake, has lately published a volume of lectures, originally delivered in Boston, U.S.A., under the title *The Stewardship of Faith*, in which he combines a study of the development of the Apostolic Church with suggestions as to modern requirements. The only significance that he seems able, in these lectures, to assign to the first period of Christianity is that it presents us with a striking instance of development, which we must aim at repeating. 'I have tried to show,' he says in the preface, 'the way in which the first Christians did this work [of teaching Christianity] by translating their message from the terms of Jewish thought to those of the Græco-Roman world, and adding to it considerably in the process. And I have also tried to suggest that the Churches of to-day ought to consider seriously the necessity for moving on in the same direction.' And again: 'Christians were men who had seen a vision,' and the duty of Christian teachers is 'to teach their pupils to join with them in seeing visions and dreaming dreams.' The statement is, no doubt, true, and the moral a good one, but what *was* the vision? and was it a *true* vision? Those are the real questions we have to face, and we cannot escape them by the apotheosis of 'development.' Development is not, in itself, 'a good.' If the sons of the kingdom are represented in the parable by wheat, the sons of darkness are represented by tares—and they both developed.

But Professor Lake does not, I think, really deal with these questions at all. Our conception of the Person of Jesus Christ must, in order to be convincing, provide an historical starting-point for the religious type which has been built upon the foundation of His life, death, and resurrection, and it is, I think, more than doubtful whether, if we judge by this criterion, Professor Lake's chapter on 'The Teaching of Jesus,' combined with the substitute he proposes for Christology at the end of his interesting chapter on 'Uninstructed Christianity,' will be found adequate.

The same writer rebukes modern theologians—especially English theologians—for their undue interest in history, to the neglect of 'the facts of observed religion.' The criticism is of value as a reminder to old-established theological schools of the daily increasing importance of the science of psychology, and this is the point which Professor Lake wishes to make; but both here and throughout the book he surely misses another and an essential point. What are 'the facts of observed religion' in this year of grace 1916? Religion is at present undergoing a change more far-reaching perhaps than any since the sixteenth century. In our own country the old forms of national piety are dissolving before our eyes; and what is the solvent? Of course there are many contributory causes, but can it be denied that criticism of certain ancient historical documents has been a main factor? 'The facts of observed religion' send us back to ancient history and dead languages. There are still people in England who know the 91st Psalm as 'He that dwelleth,' and can tell you at what chapter and verse to read to them from St. John, but those people are dying out, and that is

the outstanding fact of contemporary religion. The plain man does, as a matter of fact, suppose that Christianity is bound up with historical happenings, and now that he is told that some of what he has taken as *bona fide* history is not history at all, he is puzzled.

And psychology can give us no real help here. Psychology is of importance in helping us to a method in presenting truth of all sorts, but it does not itself give us anything to teach or anything to believe. It cannot. Its function is to describe the behaviour of the living mind: that is all. We may well hope that psychology is going to provide us with a new common denominator to the first century, and the twentieth, and so teach us a new way of representing the meaning of Scripture. It cannot for Christianity replace Scripture. The historical criticism of the last half-century is of far greater importance to contemporary religion than much popular theory, both inside the Church and out of it, allows us to admit. The Church has not yet discovered a new method of using her documents, and that is her greatest need. It will be met in time. The writings of the New Testament are the classic monuments of the profoundest agony in the story of man's spiritual life. There will be those among the men who are passing through the valley of the shadow of death for a great cause, who will help us to find there the facts which take us from the temporal to the eternal; which show us man as the child of God, injustice as sin, and redemption as the act of God.

At present we do less than justice to the Faith. We half apologize for suggesting that the first century may have something to teach the twentieth. The prophets, we say, were miracles of intuition, or even inspiration—considering how long ago they lived; but we do little to meet the real question which is in men's minds: Why should I study them to-day? There is a clear issue here: either the prophets of Israel are of lasting significance to mankind in general, and therefore of significance to modern man in particular, or else—

> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.

And the Old Testament and the New, as we clearly see now, hang together. We can no longer hope to throw the Old Testament to the critic wolves, and save the New. In the case of both we must come to terms with the new learning. Our Lord cannot be understood apart from the Old Testament Revelation which He completed. The theologian's first task is the same to-day as it has been in the past—to help to create a new Christian epoch by the re-interpretation of Scripture.

We are not in these days awed by great names; it makes little impression on our contemporaries to tell them that Origen and Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Luther, Professor von Harnack and the Pope would all assent to the affirmation that the Person of Jesus Christ is of central importance for Religion; and it is good for us to know that we cannot rely on the prestige of the past. But the argument from tradition is irrefutable in proving that the Biblical Revelation cannot be disposed of as a stage in religious evolution which has been since superseded. From the first century to the twentieth, Religion in Europe for all practical purposes has meant Christianity. Until to-day the the Apostolic Age has always been regarded as in some sense normative for Christianity. The historical tradition has always formed one—though never the only—element in theology. It is perhaps abstractly possible that we are now about to evolve a different religion, which will dispense with the historical basis, but analogy is against the hypothesis and there is no presupposition in its favour. Once it is recognized that the moral, the intellectual, and the emotional needs, to which Christianity answers, are permanent in humanity, the *a priori* difficulty of the modern man in ascribing finality to our Lord disappears. And in favour of our belief that Christianity—historical Christianity—is about to take a new lease of life, there is the mass of critical work on the documents, accumulated by modern scholarship, which has not yet borne fruit in the life and thought of the Church as a whole.

Theology, then, must be based on the Bible. Teachers in the Church must know the Bible, and be prepared to answer questions about the Bible. It is through the Biblical Revelation that Christianity enters the field of human life and history as an objective fact, of which mankind at large must take account.

But our task does not end here. A living system of Christian thought must be in vital relation, not only with the historical facts on which the Church is built, but also with the main tendencies of contemporary life and thought.

At this point our difficulties increase and multiply. Theology is not to-day Queen of the Sciences, and

the civilized world does not, as a whole, acknowledge the suzerainty of the Holy See. Formally at any rate, the mediæval world, out of which we have grown, had a ready answer to the problems which to-day are so difficult both in practice and in theory. But that answer is closed to us. We cannot go back. Each age has to work out for itself the problem of authority, and in the new age we shall have to start once more almost from the beginning.

Without attempting to deal in detail with any one of the pressing problems, which are opened up by the question of the relation of Christian doctrine to the life and thought of the world about us, let us try to find some guiding thoughts.

Roger Bacon believed that, if he could read the original sacred text aright, he would therein disclose all possible scientific discoveries.[1] That point of view has gone for ever. Natural science will never again be called upon to show cause why she should depart from the cosmology of Genesis. A similar consideration applies to History. The new construction of the history of mankind will not be within the framework which did duty for all Christendom until within living memory. Perhaps we may say that theology has much to learn from, and no contribution to make to, the inductive study of natural phenomena and of history. Science and History are autonomous. But while theology must never presume to dictate results, theology is rightly interested in ascertaining the *a priori* limits of scientific and historical inquiry. The theologian will try to make clear the ideal aim of Science — that Science is a human description of how things happen; that Science can never create a really new fact; that it merely provides us with a more adequate account of something which is already given. So too with History: the theologian is interested in the abstract question of the nature of History as a critical account of events. However complicated critical questions may be, the event itself, he will remember, remains unchanged. It is the interpretation of a fact, not the fact itself, which develops.

While, therefore, the theologian will contribute nothing to inductive inquiry in itself, he will try to keep in touch with the presuppositions of inductive inquiry, and he will insist that any attempt to correlate scientific advances with human experience as a whole, must take account of the unique, and, as he believes, final fact of Christ.

Perhaps a somewhat similar discrimination is possible in considering the relation of theology to the great problems of social life. These problems must be dealt with on their merits. By calling ourselves Christians, we do not absolve ourselves from the duty of exercising our innate ideas of justice on each question as it presents itself. Unless, indeed, we are prepared to consider questions on their merits, it is impossible for our faith to remain healthy. The Christian Church, however, will maintain and vindicate her belief that she is the custodian of a Spirit which must be reckoned with as a definite factor, and she will not cease to declare that it is only in the Spirit of the crucified Saviour that real peace—either individual or social—can be found.

To sum up: Christianity is by definition the Religion of the Christ. The Christ is a definite Person, who appeared at a certain point in history. The theologian's first task is to grasp the fact of the Christ in its historical setting. The critical appreciation of the documents of Scripture is the necessary preliminary to this task. Until we have arrived at some general agreement on the historical questions raised by the study of the Old and New Testaments, we cannot expect theology to be coherent or stable. At the present moment our most trusty guides seem to warn us that the end of the inquiry has not yet been reached. But it should not be beyond the wit of man to attain to a real comprehension of the Religion of the Bible, and the end may be nearer than we think. The second task of the theologian is to apply this ascertainable objective fact of the Christ to the life of our own day. For this we require an act of faith in Jesus Christ and in that Spirit, proceeding from God, which has not hitherto failed the Church. The enemy is scepticism; scepticism as to the possibility of real knowledge of our Lord's life and work; scepticism as to the validity of moral judgments; scepticism as to the validity of the conclusions of the reason. We must trust the faculties with which God has endowed us; we must patiently serve Him by obeying His voice whencesoever it may come to us. Finally, if we would be servants of Jesus Christ, we must live remembering that every human soul is of value in the eyes of God.

[1] 'Sed tota philosophiae intentio non est nisi rerum naturas et proprietates evolvere, qua propter totius philosophiae potestas in sacris literis continetur; et hoc maxime patet, quia longe certius ac melius et verius accipit scriptura creaturas, quam labor philosophicus sciat eruere' (*Opus. Majus*, viii.).

Christ's Confidence in Himself as a Teacher.

By the Rev. William Morison, D.D., Edinburgh.

The character of Christ inspires us with confidence in His teaching. That *He* believed what He would have us believe, is our surest ground for believing it. The purest heart has the clearest vision. 'I think,' says Emerson, 'we very slowly admit in another man a higher degree of moral sentiment than our own, a finer conscience, more impressionable or which marks minute degrees, an ear to hear acuter notes of right and wrong than we can. I think we listen suspiciously and very slowly to any evidence to that point. But once satisfied of that superiority, we set no limit to our expectation of his genius. For such persons are nearer the secret of God than others; are bathed by sweeter waters: they hear voices, they see visions where others are vacant. We believe that holiness confers insight, because not by our private but by our public force can we share and know the nature of things.'

This is the ground on which we repose our trust in the teaching of Christ, and it is the ground on which He asked us to repose it. He said His judgment was just because He sought not His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. He said, 'If any man will to do the will of God, he shall learn of the doctrine.' Such was, according to Christ, the *via intelligentiæ* in spiritual truth.

Christ was a confident teacher. 'Nerve us with incessant affirmatives'—so the demand we make of our spiritual teachers has been put, and well put. We crave positives, we are impatient of negatives. In the great and necessary truths of life we must have certitude. There are convictions which are the bread of life; they must be indubitable: no breath of suspicion must pass over them.

'In things certain and mysterious,' says Joubert, 'by their greatness and nature *make* people believe them: in things that are matters of practice and duty demand them. "Fear God" has made many pious—the proofs of God's existence have made many atheists. What we treat as problematical tends to become doubtful. Religion, like all other absolutisms, should never justify itself.' Another writer ('Credo' in the *Hibbert Journal*, April 1909) says to the same effect: 'Religion does not apologise for itself, does not stand on the defensive, does not justify its presence in the world. If theorists would vindicate Religion they may do so: but Religion comes forth in the majesty of silence, like a mountain amidst the lifting mists. All the strong things of the world are its children: and whatever strength is summoned to its support is the strength which its own spirit has called into being. Religion never excuses its attitude, and when at last a voice is lifted up it simply chants the Faith until the deaf ears are unstopped, and the dead in spirit come out of their graves to listen. There is nothing so masterful; and it speaks as one who has a right to the mastery. It is the major control of thought, to which all systems whatever bear witness, either silent or confessed. Authority is not what it requires, but what it confers. Its indicatives are veiled imperatives, and no hypothetical propositions ever escape from its lips. So that, unless a man is overborne by religion, we may truly say that his religion is vain.'

All our greatest spiritual teachers answer the demand of the soul for affirmatives. They speak from convictions which are as unquestioned as their own existence; they are wrought into the very substance of their being.

Such were the Apostles. They were great Christian Positivists. They knew whom they believed. With every fibre of their being they clung to Him, and with the whole weight of their souls they trusted Him. They went forth, 'to give men the everlasting foundations. These and these only sounded on their lips: of these they made both shield and lance in their battle to kindle faith' (Dante). They preached inevitables—what they could not but preach. They had a perfect understanding of the consequences their word carried. They knew that men would need to be well assured regarding the facts of a life which claimed their absolute trust and self-surrender. They felt how tremendous that claim is, and that the grounds on which it rested must be above all challenge. We know how they bore their testimony—with what confidence—with what urgency—with what an emphasis of repetition: 'That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and

our hands have handled, of the Word of life (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.'

We find the same certitude in all men of apostolic build. It has been said of Luther that he would have cut off his right hand sooner than he would have written his thesis against the Pope, had he thought he was bringing on with all his might the pale negatives of Unitarianism. He took his stand on truth which he had won out of a great divine experience, and which no one could argue him out of.

There are few spiritual teachers so powerful as Bunyan. What was the secret of his power? It was his own convincedness. It was the passion of his own faith. The word he preached was to himself a reality. 'I see it to be so, I see it to be so. . . . I have been in my preaching . . . as if an angel of God had stood at my back to encourage me. Oh! It hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it and to fasten it upon the consciences of others that I could not be contented with saying, "I believe and am sure": methought I was more than sure (if it be lawful so to express myself) that these things which I then asserted were true.' There is the secret of Bunyan's vitality. There is how the writings in which he has given us his own spiritual history are like a well of living water, grateful to all the generations. The world does not burden itself with the memory of teachers who have only negatives to offer it. And may not the ineffectiveness and unfruitfulness of much of the religious teaching of our own time be due to the weakness in it of the positive note? 'Credo,' speaking of the makers of the ancient creeds, says: 'Theirs was not the spirit of spurious open-mindedness so much in fashion nowadays, which worships a note of interrogation—the timidity which dare commit itself to nothing. The lines have fallen to us in a highly apologetic age. We apologise for the highest things; we introduce them tentatively—often with a veiled implication that the opposites are almost as good. How can the world fail to despise a religion which is accompanied by a perpetual excuse for its own existence? . . . Whatever comes before us with the air of a suppliant cannot be the spirit of the absolute God.'

Above all other teachers Christ satisfied the demand of the soul for affirmatives. He had confidence in His own doctrine. He unhesitatingly asked every man to commit to His guidance the fortunes of the soul. He was sure of all that He taught regarding the relations between God and man, regarding human hopes and fears, regarding the meaning of life, the aims of life, the issues of life. He never spoke doubtfully or conjecturally. As little did He ever speak ambiguously. He was not 'Yea and Nay, but in Him was Yea.' We never find in Him what has been described as faith diversified with doubt or doubt diversified with faith. He does not discuss—He asserts. 'Verily, verily,' was His opening word when He taught—so conscious was He of the unquestionableness of what was to follow—of its proceeding from the very source and fount of truth. What the Gospel of John makes Him expressly say of Himself is implied in the whole manner of His teaching—'I am the Truth.' He made belief in the truth and trust in Himself one and the same thing. While He not only allowed but insisted on the freedom of the soul in relation to all other teachers, He claimed submission to His own authority. 'One is your Master, even Christ.'

Such was the boldness of Christ as a teacher. And yet He was unconscious of His boldness. And there is nothing more noteworthy, or that should give us more confidence in His teaching, than this fact. For what is its explanation? Is it not that He always felt that He taught what it should have been easy for all men to believe; that He taught inevitable things which men could not but believe—things which they carried in the bottom of their own hearts. It was this that made the people say—'He speaks as one who has authority, and not as the Scribes,' or (to give the thought of the people as it has been well translated), 'As one who stood within the veil, whose word is one with what it tells of.' His words had an intrinsic, a native authority that gave them the power of reaching that within the soul which is responsive to God, and awaking it to come forth and meet Him.

These are the qualities in Christ, as a teacher, which explain and justify His estimate of Himself when He said, 'I am the Truth'; 'I am the Light of the world.'

In the Study.

The Seven Words.

VI.

Christ's Perfect Work.

'It is finished.'—Jn 19[30].

THERE is a certain mysterious fulness in these words. The Sufferer does not say what is finished; it is something filling His mind and heart, something that has filled his mind and heart for long, some great familiar thing which He does not need to name, something the end of which has come at last—an end hard to reach and greatly wished for; and He both describes this great thing and expresses His relief at its completion when He says, 'It is finished.'

What, then, is finished? The hours of excruciating agony? Yes, but something more. The thirty-three years of earthly existence? Yes, but something higher. It is His work that is finished. As He said the night before, 'I have finished the work.'

It is evident throughout the Gospels that Jesus was constantly under the pressure of a sense of mission. He felt that He had a work to do. As He emerged from boyhood into manhood, He heard the call to work and heeded it: 'I must be about my Father's business.' When He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem, He was under the compulsion of a purpose to be fulfilled. Could that purpose be fulfilled only through suffering? Then He is eager to suffer: 'I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!' As He was about to die, He glanced over His earthly life, and summed it up in terms of work done, 'It is finished.'

¶ The way in which our Redeemer contemplated this life was altogether a peculiar one. He looked upon it, not as a place of rest or pleasure, but simply, solely, as a place of duty. He was here to do His Father's will, not His own; and therefore, now that life was closed, He looked upon it chiefly as a duty that was fulfilled. We have the meaning of this in the seventeenth chapter of this Gospel: 'I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.' The duty is done, the work is finished.[1]

[1] F. W. Robertson, *Sermons*, iv. 316.

I.

ENDED.

There are two senses in which we use the word 'finished,' and the death of Jesus illustrates them both.

Finished may mean 'ended.' In this sense, what was finished?

1. *His suffering.*—The entire life of Jesus had been one of sorrow; but now at last He has drunk the last drop of the bitter cup which His Father had put into His hands. Indeed, He had no sooner uttered the despondent wail regarding His sense of being God-forsaken than the bitterness of death was past. He has borne a burden of pain and woe which no other son of man could bear, and now it has been lifted from His heart for ever.

2. *His sacrifice.*—Jesus came into the world to be our High Priest. 'Every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer.' If we ask, 'What did He offer?' the answer is, 'Christ, through the eternal spirit, offered himself without spot to God.'

3. *The Dominion of sin.*—'Finished,' too, was the empire of Satan. The first mighty blow was given to it in the Incarnation. It was followed up by the Victory over the Tempter in the wilderness, and by that almost greater conquering of sin in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was now brought to an end in this Sixth Word on the cross.

4. *Death.*—And Death was finished. All His life He had looked forward to this hour. We all know that we must die, but with Him this common calamity was combined with a strange foreboding. He was strong and courageous; that is plain. When the moment came He met it 'as a brave man meets a foe.' But He dreaded it exceedingly, and with much more than the ordinary fear of death as an entrance into the unknown. His words to Nicodemus at the beginning show how it was in His mind: the Son of Man must be 'lifted up.' His frequent warnings to His disciples as the end approached show how His thoughts dwelt upon it. The agony in the Garden as He passes

at last into the awful shadow of it shows that there was something singularly terrible about it. This death which is now accomplished is no common death.

No; it is our death also, as well as His, which is here finished. Death itself is here met and conquered. It is not abolished; we know that only too well. But it is shown to us in its true meaning. It is made to read its ancient riddle. It is a visitation not of dread but of blessing. Jesus died upon the cross for us. To save us; to put an end to death and dread and sin, He died. For those who give themselves to Him, everything that is bad is finished. All things are become new. Death is finished; pain and grief are finished.

5. *His revelation of the Father.*—When He spoke of going to the Father, a disciple exclaimed: 'Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us!' Having seen Him, they would be content. Ah, we should all be content then. All hearts would hush, and turn to the Father who made us in love. This is the cry of the heart, Show us the Father. It is around Him that the darkness gathers. It is against this darkness that we grope in anguish, and fear, and terrible longing. This is the cry, if only articulated, of all the unrest of men; and their wars; and their migrations, and their art and science, and their many times irreverent thronging the threshold of the Unrevealed, and impious guessing of what is within: 'Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us'! Let us hear the words of Christ: 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father'—seen the Father!

6. But even yet we are very far from having exhausted the unfathomable word. It takes in the whole history of the world. The cross is the central dividing point of history. The course of the ages, the chronology of the human race, is summed up in Christ, and finds its demarcation in two letters—B.C. or A.D. All the past leads up to it; all the future proceeds from it. The crisis of history is, in a sense, finished.

Suppose, for a moment, that our Lord, on whom this work was laid, had failed to accomplish it; suppose He had not been able to say of it that it was finished; suppose the Divine justice which that work was designed to satisfy had still remained unsatisfied, and the Divine wrath against the sinner which that work was designed to avert still hung over the world, what had been the fate of our race, what the condition of each one of us this day? The very mission of Christ had proclaimed that without an atonement there could be no remission of sins. His appearance as God in our nature to save sinners announced that the last expedient for man's redemption was put forth. From the necessity of the case this provision was unique and final. Only once could the Son of God appear to 'put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.' If He did not accomplish His work on the first attempt, He never could resume it. How unspeakably important, then, for us to know that He *did* accomplish it, that of it He could say ere He gave up the ghost—'It is finished!' In uttering these words He proclaimed that the work of human redemption was complete.

¶ The honour of God, the perfection of His character, the sufficiency of His power, the veracity of His word, and, with these, the stability of His government, all hung suspended on the issue of the Saviour's working. God had committed His honour into the hands of His Son, and He had pledged His word that the ends contemplated by His work should be secured. Had Christ, then, come short of what He had engaged to do; had He shrunk from any of the requisite parts of His work; had He, either from weakness or fear, or indolence or forgetfulness, left unfulfilled any of the predictions God had given concerning Him, or any of the pledges God had given to men, through Him, unredeemed,—the consequences to the universe would have been unutterably fearful. All confidence in the Divine infallibility would have been destroyed. The wisdom, the power, the veracity, of God would have stood impeached. The basis of His moral government would thus have been undermined and shaken. Angels would not have known when to trust Him; devils would have learnt that there was a limit beyond which there was no need to fear Him. The universe would have become a meaningless, a purposeless, existence; and from its extremest bounds there would have gone forth the wail of its horror-stricken tribes towards the dishonoured throne of its Maker and Ruler.[1]

II.

Completed.

1. Finished may also mean 'completed.' There is a sense in which this short saying might be the commentary on every life, for every life is closed by death, which finishes all its activities. Death is the last act. It brings release from the obligations of daily duty. And of every weary and laborious life we can imagine it being said with something of relief, 'This is the end; all is over.'

But the life of the Lord Jesus was not a common life, and the words, 'It is finished,' from His

[1] Archbishop W. L. Alexander.

dying lips had a larger and a more glorious meaning than this. For His life was *complete*, as no other life of man has been. A short life it was—thirty years of preparation and three of ministry: that was all, yet full and perfect. It was not a complete life, indeed, in the sight of men; it seemed to be cut off just when hope was fairest and the promise of achievement in course of fruition. To those who knew Him best and loved Him and served Him most loyally His death seemed the destruction of their best hopes for the world and for themselves. Yet, in the sight of God, who sees so much further than men see, His life was complete.

¶ Completeness in life is not a thing of quantity, but of quality. What seems to be a fragment may be in reality the most perfect thing on earth. You stand in some museum before a Greek statue, imperfect, mutilated, a fragment of what it was meant to be. And yet, as you look at it, you say: 'Here is perfect art. It is absolutely right; the ideal which modern art may imitate, but which it never hopes to attain.'[1]

2. Whatever Christ came into the world for was finished. His work was not cut short by death. Death did not come on Him, as it comes on us, paralyzing us in the midst of our work, so that the tools fall from our hands, and we are changed and carried away. How many pieces of human work are thus for ever suspended, and hands that have acquired skill through a lifetime's exercised pliancy become rigid, and the work that was all but executed is postponed for ever, and humanity fails to reap a portion of its destined harvest of beauty or of goodness! But death did not surprise Him or suspend His work; it came to perfect Him and to finish His work. All that is expressed in Christ's appearance—the coming nigh of God to men, the unveiling of the mysteries of our life, the reaching back to the hidden springs of all that God does—all this was but sealed in Christ's death. 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' That which He came to do had reached its end in His death; He made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

¶ How different is God's judgment from ours! how different His valuation! Much which we account to be failure is success, as He sees it. Much which we consider wealth is but pitiful poverty. They alone shall save their lives, He says, who are content to lose them. Here in the darkness and ignominy of the cross, amid the reviling of enemies and the forsaking of friends, was ended the life of one who in the sight of men had met defeat; but in the sight of God this crucified man had won the victory of victories.[2]

3. What is there for us to learn from this? Have we no work to do for God? Did God send us into the world, give us life and strength and talents for nothing? No, indeed; we too have to do the will of our Father which is in heaven; we have to use the gifts He has given us—our time, our opportunities, our knowledge, our talents to His glory; we have each of us our special work which no one else can do, which we were designed for; we have much to learn from this example of a finished work.

(1) The labourer or the tradesman, or the professional man, the woman in the home, or in the office, or in the factory, may be doing a work as truly God-given as was Jesus' work when He was teaching the people or healing the sick or dying on the cross. The man or the woman who is doing honest work well in this world, which is God's world, is doing God's work—is a fellow-labourer with God.

¶ If we would think more of the work to which God has called us, each one, and less of ourselves—if we would remember that God's work can only be done through that willing self-sacrifice which is the very seal of the Christian life, then indeed would we be in the way of hastening the Kingdom of God. 'It is finished' marks the consummation of the work of CHRIST, but only the beginning of the work of His Church. That work will not be finished until the whole world has been brought to the foot of the cross and until all men have been made to see in the Death of CHRIST that which alone can give them victory over sin and death. It is in that work that we are called to be fellow-workers with God.[3]

(2) And does not this completed work of Jesus Christ, which brings such priceless blessings to man, suggest to him the thought, 'What have I finished?' Alas! how incomplete and imperfect is everything which man attempts! Who has performed the tasks which he determined years ago to do? Who dares to lift up his hands to heaven and say, 'I have finished the work which Thou hast given me to do'? What a record the past contains of neglect and of failure to accomplish the things which we ought to have done! Every one must admit that he is an unprofitable servant.

[1] F. G. Peabody, *Mornings in the College Chapel*, i. 163.

[2] G. Hodges, *Cross and Passion*, 63.

[3] J. H. Bernard, *Verba Crucis*, 60.

We have made so many beginnings to which there can never be any endings at all. We have framed so many unaccomplished plans. What old man has done what he hoped to do when he was young? Our path in life is strewn with our failures. We might put as a sort of universal epitaph on every tombstone, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.' Who of us will dare, as he lies on his dying bed, to lift up his hands to God and say, 'I have finished the work Thou hast given me to do'? Shall we not rather say, 'My work is unfinished. I wish I had a few more years of life, healthful and vigorous life, to finish that work which I have in hand. I wish I was not obliged to leave those affairs in such an unfinished condition. I wish I had been more diligent in serving the Lord. I wish I had been more forward with my work, as I might have been. When I think of the many things I have left undone, I shall almost forget the things that I have done. The end will have come to me, but the work will remain unfinished'? No, it is not for any child of Adam to sound the note of triumph on his dying bed. A note of penitence will be more suitable far, 'We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.'

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

March.

March Dust.

'Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence.'—Hos $2^{14.\ 15}$.

March has come at last! We are glad. But somehow, when we have really reached it we catch ourselves still looking forward: is it not so? March is not like June. We long for the 'Merry month of June' to come, and when it comes we want it to go on for ever. Once, a group of boys in a Sunday class told me they were perfectly happy; they never wanted to grow any older; they even went on to say that they wished they might go on living always, just as they were doing. That was on a June Sunday afternoon.

There are good things, however, that come round to us in March. The green grass appears, the birds sing, and I know you boys love its football games and matches. You are ready to say you would like March quite well, if it were not for the weather. March has, as we know, its rainy days, and its cold winds that drive dust into our faces—dust that gets into our eyes, into our hair, and even into our mouths if we don't keep them shut. March dust is certainly not a pleasant thing.

But there is one person that likes to see it. That is the farmer. There is a farmer's proverb that says, 'A peck of March dust is worth a pound of gold.' He wants to get down his crops, and he does not care how hard the wind blows, or how much dust there is about, so long as it is dry weather. The dust does not annoy him—a farmer would laugh if you asked if he felt the wind disagreeable.

Now, I want you to think about the dust in a more general way than as we see it and feel it in March. Dust has been spoken of a good deal by learned men within late years. Like the farmer, they are high in its praises; but it is for a different reason. They do not think of how it will help them to make money. The dust of the great sandy deserts of Asia and Africa is what interests them. You have all heard of these deserts, and you may think of them simply as being the habitations of cruelty, loneliness, and misery.

Listen to something that a great explorer has said about them. 'There is one power, and one only, that brings sound and movement into these dreary, lifeless wastes, and that is the wind.' In the deserts there are great mountains of sand built entirely by the wind; there are great cities buried by it. No wonder that they fascinate some people by their very mystery. There are men who have spent their lives digging and digging, year after year, in the attempt to find out the stories of peoples whose homes have been buried there long ages ago.

But the wind does better and kinder work than merely that of burying cities. It has been discovered that this earth would not be at all a pleasant place to live upon without the great sandy deserts. Scientific men, in fact, tell us that a certain kind of dust is even necessary to keep you and me alive. It is akin to the March dust we despise so much and that keeps blowing hither and thither till we are very tired of it indeed. This dust brings about the production of the clouds from which the rain comes, the rains themselves, and the mists. In every drop of moisture there is, we are told, an infinitesimal mote of sand. The motes are so small (we cannot see them with our eyes) that they are called atmospheric dust; that atmospheric dust comes from the desert, and it is sent to us by our good friend the wind. We are therefore surely much mistaken in thinking of deserts as being but blots upon the face of the earth.

Ruskin loved only the beautiful things of life; he cared little for science. A friend told him of this discovery of how a mote of sand was in every drop of rain. He was very unwilling to believe it; and with his beautifully childlike way of looking at things, he met the information very simply. He answered his friend just as some of you might have done. 'Of what substance,' he asked, 'is the beneficent dust made of, and how does it get up there and stay there?' Another time he wrote: 'I will grant your motes for raindrop centres (though I don't a bit believe in them yet).'

Do you begin to see the meaning of the text? Do you see that indirectly the people of warm countries get their vineyards from the wilderness? By and by, we shall learn more new things about this wonderful world we live in. It is a big place, but it has only one heart; no one part of it can do without the other.

March dust may make you feel annoyed; and you think of the desert as a place of terror and loneliness, while all the time it is bringing blessings to us. It helps to make our world beautiful and worth living in. If we have not vineyards, we have cornfields: they also come from the wilderness. Isn't it strange and wonderful?

In the Bible there are stories of people going to the Wilderness to learn. Moses went and kept Jethro's sheep at the back of the Wilderness, before he led the children of Israel out of Egypt—those children of Israel who afterwards wandered in it forty years. Jesus Christ Himself went into the Wilderness, did He not? And in a boy's or a girl's life there may come times that correspond not only with the discomfort of March dust, but with the great deserts of the earth. I have seen a boy lying hopelessly ill as the result of a school accident. Haven't you seen a soldier who had been wounded in battle, so that he could never hope to walk about again? An Army Chaplain tells of visiting a lad of seventeen who had been wounded in the first Gallipoli landing. Nothing comforted him so much as having a story told. He was greatly taken with one from the book called *The Sky Pilot*. It was about a girl called Gwen. She loved reckless riding and adventure. One day she had a terrible accident, and was told she would never ride more. She felt very rebellious. And then the man called the Sky Pilot came to see her, and told her the story of the great valley in the Rocky Mountains. How the Master of the Prairie came down to see his flowers, and missed some of the most beautiful; and how the prairie said that the scorching wind made it impossible for them to grow. Then the master spoke to the lightning, and the lightning smote the prairie until there was a great gaping wound. But the rain followed, and sent little rivulets streaming down, and the birds brought seeds and dropped them, and presently fair ferns

and flowers covered the raw wound and the master saw his plants in perfection and beauty. The soldier boy understood the meaning of the story. Gwen had been sent into the Wilderness.

God sometimes does send troubles to you boys and girls, or He puts you into trying surroundings; but it is that you may be fitted for the great work of life. We need the March dust; we need the wilderness. Your text in Hosea is very beautiful. It is a text for big people, but I hope I have been able to make you understand it a little bit.

'Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence.'

II.

The Right Kind of Eyes.

'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?' —Lk 6[41].

To-day I am going to speak about the right kind of eyes. You know there are a great many people in this world who have some defect in their eyes, and who cannot see properly. Some of them are sensible and wear eyeglasses or spectacles, which help them to see things in the right way; but many do not know that there is anything wrong with their eyes, and they imagine that it is the other people who are seeing wrong. Some people are colour-blind, and will tell you a thing is blue when it is green; some see things larger or smaller than they are; and I once knew an old lady who saw things double. If one boy walked down the street past her window she declared that two boys had gone past, and she got quite cross if anybody contradicted her!

Jesus once preached a sermon about bad eyesight. He said that some people went about trying to pick little motes out of their brother's eye, and all the time they did not seem to know that there was a beam blurring their own vision. Now what are motes and beams? A mote is just a little speck of dust, so tiny that you can hardly see it, and a beam is a log of wood some inches thick and several feet long, the kind of log that would be used for supporting a floor or the centre of a roof.

Perhaps some one will say, 'How could a great big log of wood get into any one's eye?' Well, that was just a way of speaking in the East. The Rabbis had a saying about a mote and a beam, and so, when Jesus wanted to draw a contrast, He used a picture or parable, as we say, that the people could understand. You remember on another occasion He spoke about swallowing a camel, but of course it would be quite impossible to swallow a camel wholesale.

What did Jesus mean when He spoke that parable about motes and beams? Well, what He meant was that there were many people going about the world picking faults in others, and all the time they were quite unconscious of their own much greater faults. The very fact that they were looking out for other people's faults made them blind to their own.

Now fault-finding is one of the commonest failings, and the worst of it is that most of it goes on behind the back of the person whose faults are being discussed. What possible good can it do to that person, and what harm can it not do, if he comes to hear how he has been criticised? How would you like to have *your* character torn to shreds? The boy or girl who finds fault behind another's back has very rarely the courage to tell that other his failings to his face. It is a poor, mean, cowardly sort of thing to do at the best. It is like stabbing a man who has no weapons. The one who is being criticised is not able to defend himself.

1. I am going to tell you some reasons why we should not find fault with others. And the first is —*we are not perfect ourselves.* The Indians have a proverb—'Said the sieve to the needle, "You have a hole in you."' Just fancy the sieve, riddled with holes, having the impertinence to criticise the needle! Make sure you are not the sieve and the other boy or girl the needle. It's just a case of the mote and beam over again or the pot calling the the kettle black.

2. The second reason why we should not find fault is that *we do not know enough to judge.*

Once, among a great crowd of people in a French town, a man named La Motte trod upon another man's foot. The man who had been hurt turned round quickly, and aimed a violent blow at La Motte's head. But La Motte said quietly, 'Sir, you will surely be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind.' The man reddened with shame. He had taken La Motte to be a rough and rude fellow. He had judged without knowing, and his judgment had led him to do a mean act.

We may be making just the same kind of mistake about other people. We may be seeing faults in them that they haven't got at all. It is very, very easy to do so. You know how often *you* are blamed for things you never even thought of doing.

3. In the third place, *fault-finding does an infinite amount of harm*—it does an infinite amount of harm to others, and it does an infinite amount of harm to ourselves.

It does an infinite amount of harm to others. How many of you like to make a snow man in winter-time? One of the best ways to form the body of the man is to make a little snowball with your hands, and then lay it down on the ground and roll it over and over in the snow. You know what happens. The little snowball grows bigger and bigger until it is big enough to form the body of the man. Now that is just the way with another's faults when we begin to speak about them. They grow bigger and bigger in our imagination, until at last they are so big no one would recognize them as the original faults.

And fault-finding does an infinite amount of harm to ourselves. It leaves stains on our own character. We cannot judge others without becoming a little harder, a little more unkind. It twists our nature until we grow crooked and deformed. It spoils our eyesight until we are able to see only the ugly things about people.

The other day I read a story about a man who lived in a room with two windows. One window looked out on a bright flower garden and beyond that to a splendid view of moor and river, the other window looked on to an ugly backyard. One day this man invited a friend to see his beautiful view. The friend went to the window that looked out on the backyard and said he did not see anything that he could admire. Can you guess what was the matter? He was looking out at the wrong window.

If we want to get a beautiful view of things we must look out at the right window, we must look out for the good points in our friends, and not for their failings. It is told of Peter the Great of Russia that when he heard any one badly spoken of he would say, 'Tell me, has he not a bright side?'

'But how,' you ask, 'am I to see the beam in my own eye? How am I to know that it is there? It is impossible for a person to see their own eye.' Just think a minute. If you wish to see your own eye, what do you do? You look in a mirror. And that is just how we are to discover the beam in our eye. We are to look in the mirror of Christ's perfect life. If we look long enough into that mirror we will see ourselves so black that we shall never again wish to pick faults with others.

III.

Much or little is made of the children's sermon, according to the fancy of the preacher. The children take three minutes' amusement or ten minutes' instruction indifferently—provided the instruction is as interesting as the amusement. The Rev. Will Reason, M.A., makes it so. He has gained a reputation as a preacher to children by taking the children's sermon seriously. He looks upon it as an opportunity to use to the utmost of his ability, and the reputation which he has gained he will not lose. These sermons in *The Wonderful Sword* (Scott; 2s. net) will stand reading and re-reading. Take one to prove it.

The Changed Music.

One of the songs that Shakespeare made, and which people still sing, says that:

> Orpheus with his lute made trees
> And the mountain-tops that freeze
> Bow themselves when he did sing.

That is one of the oldest of the stories which the ancient Greeks used to tell. There was another, about the Sirens. These were creatures that looked from a distance like beautiful women, and they sang so sweetly, that those who heard them were drawn irresistibly to run to them. But these Sirens had great claws instead of human feet, and only used their ravishing voices to snare men within their grasp, when they could be seized and eaten. Two men, however, managed to pass by the place on the rocks in the sea where they had their home. One was Ulysses, who stopped the ears of his men with wax, so that they could not hear at all, and had himself securely tied to the mast, ordering the sailors on no account to let him loose, whatever he might command them by gesture, until they had got clean away.

Orpheus was the other, and he used quite a different method. He was with Jason and the men who went to fetch the Golden Fleece, and as they were passing this dangerous place in their

boat, called the *Argo*, he took his own lyre and played and sang such music as mingled with the Sirens' song, and made it more beautiful still, but quite harmless. By this means the crew were able to go on with their own business without any of the madness which came to those who heard the Sirens' voices only.

Well, there are plenty of things which act upon us like the Sirens' songs. We call them temptations, and all of us know something about them. Of course they seem beautiful to us at first, or they would not be temptations. It is only after the mischief is done that we see how disgusting they really are. But we ought to have enough common sense to know that if other people who have listened to them have come to grief, the same thing will happen to us. Then, if we still have to go where they are, one or other of these two plans will prove very useful, either that of Ulysses or that of Orpheus. For most of us, it is best to use the wax in the ears, so that we hear nothing of the fatal music at all. That is why, in the Letter to Timothy, the advice is given, 'Flee from youthful lusts,' and why Jesus said, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee.' Of course it maims you, but it is better to be alive with the loss of a hand than to have the whole body destroyed. In this case, it is better to be deaf altogether than to be torn by harpies.

But it is better still if, instead of cutting something off, we can *add* something to the temptation itself, which makes it harmless, as Orpheus did when he played and sang those other notes which took away the maddening effect and increased the beauty of the song. But you have to be really wise before you can do that, and most of us are not. Yet we can learn from Jesus how to do it with our temptations, if we will, for that is exactly how He Himself met the Great Tempter.

You remember how Satan quoted what was really in the Scriptures, for one thing, about God giving His angels charge to see that His Son should come to no hurt. 'Now,' said Satan, 'you can therefore easily show these people what you are. Throw Yourself from this pinnacle of the Temple, and let them see You come floating safely to the ground.' It was a very strong temptation, for as far as it went it was true, and you know how, if you really can do anything out of the common, you are eager to do it, if any one suggests that you cannot. Jesus, however, simply added another truth, and the whole thing looked different at once. 'It is also written,' He said, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' So, instead of God sending His angels to save men from their own folly, we see the much more beautiful picture of the angels coming to meet His needs when He had done the will of God.

I think that if we knew everything, which we are very far from doing, we should find that all evil things were evil, because something important has been left out, or because they are not in the right harmony. At any rate, in the common things of life, we mostly change the evil nature of things by adding something to them, or by rearranging them.

From great cities there is every day a huge accumulation of foul stuff passing through the sewers. If this is let into the streams and rivers just as it is, it poisons the water, so that those who drink from it lower down get typhoid fever, or other diseases, and the fish cannot live in those rivers. But nowadays those whose duty it is to deal with this matter put into the foul mass other substances, and all the parts take on a different arrangement. The foulness becomes clean, and what passes into the stream is as harmless as clear water.

Suppose, again, a wasp has stung you. That means it has pierced your skin and let a drop of acid poison into your blood through the hole. If you can get at it at once and suck the poison out, that is a good way. But you cannot always reach the place with your mouth, for wasps do not think of your convenience when they sting. Once I was stung badly on the sole of my foot, and found that quite out of reach! So, as the poison is usually not able to be taken out, we put something else in to make it harmless, because the two things together make an altogether different thing. The poison is acid, so if we put on some ammonia, which is what chemists call an alkali, it is as if all the atoms let go of hands and joined up again in a differently arranged pattern.

It is in something the same way that Jesus, the Great Physician, destroys our sins. He does not want to make us less, by taking away any part of our life; but if we will let Him, He adds His own Spirit. If we are covetous, so that our life is 'choked by the care of the world and the deceitfulness of riches,' He gives us an understanding of what are better riches still, the treasure of the Kingdom of God, and a love of other people, so

that we want them to be really well off, as well as ourselves. If we are apt to be carried away by strong passions, He adds the spirit of self-control, so that we are not weaker, but even stronger than before. If we deceive others and are deceived ourselves, because we are using only part of the truth, He gives us the spirit that leads us into all the truth.

And it was by pouring His own strong, precious life into the feeble and confused and disorderly life of the world, that He set about that mighty work of salvation which we are assured will not stop until everything is brought into true order and power and beauty.

So, while it still remains a good thing for us sometimes to do something like destroying our hearing or cutting off a hand, because we are not wise enough to add the thing that is needed, we can often try to imitate Jesus in the other way, as He has shown. When things get very trying and troublesome, add a little patience and good temper; the results are quite astonishing at times. When you feel that you simply cannot resist doing something that is very attractive, though you know that it will turn out all wrong, ask Jesus to add His help; turn your thoughts to Him. I have often known the mere thought of Him to put things straight that had got into a very bewildering tangle.

Remember that good things are the real things, and the bad are either perversions of the good, or else lacking something more than they have got so that the power in them does harm instead of good.

'*This corruptible must put on incorruption.*'

IV.

A book of readings for a month intended for young children has been published by Lady Cunliffe under the title of *A Book for Little Soldiers* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). This is one of its chapters:

THE GIRDLE OF TRUTH.

'Having your loins girt about with truth.'—Eph. 6^{14}.

Truth is to be our girdle, like the strong military belt around us, giving us strength and firmness. We might almost say it is the arm of Jesus around us, for He has said, 'I am the Truth.'

Every morning you should ask in your prayers that you may be made true, like Jesus.

Truth means so much, it is hard to explain, and yet it is very simple.

It means realness, wholeness, it means Light, and all the Beauty of God. There is no pretending, no deceiving in Him. Sometimes you may see something glittering on the ground so brightly it looks like a diamond; you go near and see it is only a little bit of glass—you were deceived.

Some people pretend to be very brave, they boast of their courage, yet when danger comes they run away. They were not true, so they failed in time of trial.

A piece of wood may look lovely and sound, and yet be rotten at heart, and break when any strain is put upon it. It was not true. Some pieces of money when you ring them on the table do not give out a clear sound, they are made of base metal. They are not true gold.

God expects His soldiers to be true. He desires 'truth in the inward parts,' true hearts, true lives, true lips; true to what is right and brave and like Jesus. Fasten this girdle firmly around. Be strong.

Never tell a lie even to save yourself from punishment. Tell the truth, and tell it all, not half the truth but the whole.

'Be valiant for the truth.'

Point and Illustration.

Rowland Bateman.

Mr. R. Maconachie, late I.C.S., has written the biography of one of the most estimable missionaries or men that ever lived. It was probably not an easy biography to write. There was nothing wonderful in the way of single adventure, though every day that Rowland Bateman lived was really a day of adventure and wonderful enough when judged by the average man's way of living. Nor was there even anything in the way of crowds of converts to report. And yet it seems probable that when this man returned home bringing his sheaves with him he had a harvest which will put that of most missionaries to shame. His method was peculiar. It was personal. He buttonholed men. He held them, and would not let them go until he was the means of blessing them. The most persistent sinner had scarcely a chance with the persistence of this man's goodness.

All over the Punjab he was known as 'R. B.,' and to know him was to feel for him a peculiarly intimate kind of love. 'One of his gifts,' says the biographer, 'was, so to speak, an insatiable sociability—a faculty which I have sometimes called

Socratic, in that, as is said of Socrates, he "talked to all comers, questioning them about their affairs, about the processes of their several occupations, about their notions of morality; in a word, about familiar matters in which they might be expected to take an interest." Socratic, too, he was in the way he tried to elicit moral lessons by question and answer, and in using the broad humour of humanity in illustration or in enforcing a point. But all such talk was with a purpose—that of "spying out the land," as he would say, so as to "get a shot in" somewhere. His manner in doing this was so manly, and simple, and engaging, that offence was not easily taken, and his great-hearted optimism enabled him to meet non-Christians with cordiality, even though he knew they might soon turn against him in bitter abuse. This was not the outcome of a slack good nature; it was the humanness of his sympathy with and comprehension of men as men.

'As he went on in years doubtless his experience widened, and his knowledge of Indians and their motives in action deepened, but the fresh human charity and outgoing hopefulness were conspicuous from first to last. I remember once in Narowal, as we were going about the town, I was struck with the cordiality with which all the townspeople seemed to greet him and his more than equal return made in kind; and, further, as I expressed it to him, I did not see any difference in his treatment of Christians, and those who were not Christians. "Why should I make any, my dear fellow?" answered he. "If a man is not a Christian to-day—he may become one to-morrow!" On that very walk he pointed out to me a spot where, he told me as he came by, once in earlier days, a woman had caught up her little child who was enjoying himself in the gutter, with the exclamation, "*Shaitán aya*" (Satan has come), and hurried off with him so as to prevent R. B. from working him harm with his "evil eye."'

The title is *Rowland Bateman: Nineteenth Century Apostle* (Church Miss. Society; 3s. net).

Prayer for the Dead.

When the war broke out we could not wait for a complete account of the Christian doctrine of the life to come. Our losses began at once. The trial to faith was as hard and needed as delicate handling as any in all the course of the war. And so there came at once a sermon here and a pamphlet there, many of them most helpful and enlightening. But the systematic treatise had to come. For this subject of the future life is a great perplexity, and even the writers of sermons and pamphlets are apt to go astray. The Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, B.A., D.D., Principal of the Yorkshire Independent College, has written the book that was looked for. Its title is *Faith and Immortality* (Duckworth; 5s. net).

Dr. Griffith-Jones is a great scholar. Whatever he does, he does as thoroughly as a German would do it. But he writes as lucidly as an Englishman can write. And he is always in close touch with that Christian truth which has done so much already to redeem the world from iniquity. He divides his book into three parts, one critical, one historical, and one constructive. In the critical part he deals especially with the effect of the study of physical science on the belief in immortality. In the historical part he traces the history of the immortal hope through the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Apostolic Church. In the constructive part he states his own belief and gives his reasons for it.

We note just one thing which may be unexpected. It shows at least that Dr. Griffith-Jones is open-minded. Let us quote the passage. 'During the long and weary months of this War thousands of devout fathers and mothers, wives, sisters, lovers, in all lands, have been besieging the throne of heavenly grace with passionate prayers for the safety and spiritual welfare of their dear ones at the Front. No one can put a limit to the prevailing influence of such prayers, nor what they mean for those on whose behalf they may rise as a sweet incense into the Unseen. *Many such prayers have continued long after many a lad whose fate is unknown has passed into the Unseen.* Have these prayers been useless and in vain? Do only those count that were offered before the hour and article of death? If so, then indeed the question is closed. But who, save those who are hedged in by doctrinaire presuppositions of the finality of death, would venture on such a statement? And if not, why should not those prayers be continued in faith that, in some unknown way, they form a link between us and those who are for the time lost to sense, but who may still be united to us by the secret benefits of loving supplications? Let those who feel thus follow their heart's instinct in

trustful faith, whatever others may say. Nor can we pass judgment on those whose traditions and upbringing are too stubborn to enable them to break away. In this region of delicate feeling and shadowy intuition, we cannot lay down any rules or regulations for common guidance: all must follow the light within, in the secret place where the soul has its most intimate fellowship with the Father of Lights, who is also Lord of Death and the giver of immortality.'

Canon Danks.

When the late Canon William Danks on one occasion preached before the University of Oxford, a well-known scholar declared that his sermon was the best he had ever heard from that pulpit. That is enough to attract our attention to a posthumous volume of sermons published under the title of *The Gospel of Consolation* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net). The volume is introduced by a preface from the Dean of Canterbury, an appreciation from Bishop Boyd Carpenter, and a memoir by the Rev. H. D. A. Major. The memoir has this striking thing in it.

'After his death a letter was found among his papers written some twelve years before and addressed to wife and children (a son and two daughters)—it concludes with these lines:

'"I have been happy in having received nothing but good from those I love most, and I die in the hope that—

> We shall all meet again;
> Not by wood or plain,
> Nor by the lake's green marge:
> But on some greener shore,
> We shall all meet once more
> *With our souls set at large.*"'

Are the sermons worthy of all this interest? Yes, they are worthy. For once a man's work seems to have been not less than the man himself. But we shall be content to make a quotation out of one of the Oxford sermons. Its subject is our filling up by our sufferings that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ (Col 1^{24}).

Let us call the quotation

The Sign of the Son of Man.

St. Paul is, after our Lord Himself, the earliest and greatest of the interpreters of the Cross; and I would leave with you two of the interpretations which were nearest to his heart. The first and plainest meaning of the Sign is that suffering which to a Jew was a mark of God's wrath and to the Greek or Roman a mark of a man's helplessness in the hands of fate—to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness—is and always has been bound up with some eternal purpose of mercy and uplifting. The dark thread of pain which runs through the ages is in some sense the clue by which the world finds its way to the light. The sense of tears in human things is the sense by which we learn our deepest lessons. In the groaning and travailing of Creation lies the promise of its future deliverance. Black, tragic, unspeakable as are some of the things that happen to flesh and blood, the suffering of this present time is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. When to a waiting world God gives a Sign, it is the Sign of the Cross. If the Cross is, as we believe, an interpretation of the life of God, then it is a sign that suffering is a part of that life as it is a part of ours. God suffers and travails with His suffering and travailing world when calamity befalls us; perhaps it is truer to say that He bears it with us than that He inflicts it upon us. The redemption of a world is by the path of pain, even to omnipotence. The world's sorrow is God's sorrow, and He like us passes to the victory of Love by the way of the Cross. Henceforth all suffering is consecrated. While a new hope brightens over the dark places of our lot, we are bound to be infinitely tender to all who suffer, and to regard them as bearing, consciously or unconsciously, their share in the great redemptive work, in the accomplishment of the Divine purpose.

And as the first meaning of the Sign of the Son of Man is hope for the world and light on God's great purpose in Creation, so the second meaning is direct, intimate—personal hope and light for every soul. It is that burdens borne willingly, trustfully, devoutly, in humble yet proud fulfilment of God's will, or in love for those whom God loves, are the supreme sacrifice in which He draws us near to Himself and whispers to us the secret things of His Spirit. This is the inward experience which has gladdened saints and martyrs in the extremity of their anguish and given trust and fortitude to those who have died in the fulfilment of duty. This is the experience which is given to you and me when we give ourselves wholly to His

holy will and work. This was perfectly and entirely the experience of Jesus Christ, because He alone of mankind gave Himself perfectly and entirely to the will of God and the love of men. And all those to the latest time who in spite of their failures and shortcomings, their sins and backslidings, try to endure in His Spirit and to share in His redeeming work, are filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ. Let us follow the Sign.

'Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he who to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.'

A Johnson Calendar.

The Johnson Calendar (Clarendon Press; 2s. net) is a very clever piece of work. It contains a quotation from the Life and Writings of Samuel Johnson for every day in the year. And such is the range and such the skill of choice that it will be profitable as well as pleasant to have this much of Samuel Johnson every morning throughout the whole year. The editor, Mr. Alexander Montgomerie Bell, has scrupulously given the source of each quotation, and has added an occasional note from other sources. Take one quotation, from Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*:

'Come out as I do, and Bark.'

As he liberally confessed that all his own disappointments proceeded from himself, he hated to hear others complain of general injustice. I remember when lamentation was made of the neglect shewed to Jeremiah Markland, a great philologist as some one ventured to call him—'He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir (replied Dr. Johnson), but remember that he would run from the world, and that it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and does nothing when he is there but sit and *growl*; let him come out as I do, and *bark*.'

The Denials of Peter.

By Sir W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., D.D., Edinburgh.

V. The Prophecy of Jesus about Peter's Denial.

That Peter would deny his Master was foreseen and predicted by the latter. The prophecy (or perhaps the forecast of what Jesus saw in Peter's nature) throws some light on the fulfilment; and the occasion of the prophecy must be carefully examined. The examination takes us back into the earliest days of the little assembly at Jerusalem. The tale of Peter was famous from the first day, and was discussed in every group of Christians. The exact facts were settled by comparison. The meaning was canvassed: what did the mysterious words of Jesus hint at? As the days passed their meaning was established. The story, as Mark records it, is the tale that fixed itself in the memory of the first congregation. It takes us back to the beginning of things, and is a witness to the mind of the earliest Christians in the earliest days after the Crucifixion.[1]

We have then to attempt to establish what Jesus in this prophecy seemed to the disciples to have in mind; but they thought differently at different times. They knew afterwards that they did not understand His words at the time they were spoken. They perceived later the meaning that lay in them; but, moreover, they did not suddenly attain to a right understanding. They made tentatives; and they even came sometimes to wrong interpretations, which lasted for a time. This is perhaps the most important result which emerges from the present study: it is not a study of illusions and fancies; it is a study of the progress of human souls towards better comprehension of facts and truth.[2]

[1] The idea that Mark wrote the Gospel as Peter knew it, taking it from Peter's lips (the account in Eusebius, *H.E.* iii. 39, from Papias), seems not to be justified by the character of the Gospel according to Mark. This is the Church's first Gospel, and gives the Church's earliest belief about facts. In this lies its transcendent value. Luke knows it, and sometimes improves, or at least alters, it in reliance on some specially authoritative individual.

[2] The idea often occurs in the Gospels, 'their eyes were holden that they should not know him' (Lk 24^{16}, Jn 20^{14} 21^{4}).

What was the intention and significance of Jesus' words? What did the disciples understand at the time? When and how did they come to understand? The prophecy about Peter was coupled with a certain intimation of departure, reported by different authorities at greater or lesser length and with different signification. What was its bearing? What were the words? The Gospels vary a good deal, both in regard to the words of the prophecy, and still more in respect of the conversation which preceded and followed it.

There is in this matter a difference of record. Mark places the departure of Judas before the rite: Luke puts it after, but tells little about Judas. Luke must be followed in this order. One cannot imagine that the presence of Judas at the rite was wrongly introduced, but one can easily see that the early Church shrank from the thought that the betrayer took part in it, for the early Church at that stage did not understand: the presence of Judas seemed unbecoming. Apparently Jesus intentionally allowed Judas the fullest opportunity to repent or to condemn himself.

That Judas was present at that first sacrament might be inferred also from the remarkable words of Paul (1 Co 11^{27}), 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat . . . or drink . . . unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord': such a one shall be involved in the same crime as Judas. He is betraying the Lord as Judas betrayed Him if he takes part unworthily in this commemoration of the Body and the Blood of the Saviour and 'proclaims the Lord's death.' I cannot believe that Paul would have expressed himself thus, unless there had been before his mind the historic case of the unworthy partaker of the first Eucharist. Judas condemned himself, when he failed to use the last and final opportunity to prove himself and to repent and to make himself worthy. There is in all these narratives the feeling that the betrayal was aggravated in guilt and made more hateful by the pretence of brotherhood and fellowship that preceded it. Jesus brought this pretence into higher prominence by giving Judas the sop: it is a special compliment at an Oriental meal to offer one guest a titbit. As Judas ate the sop, accepting the compliment, 'Satan entered into him.'[1] By this crowning infamy he delivered himself over to the Power of Evil. Moreover, Paul says that just as Judas had died unable to support the burden of guilt, so some that partook unworthily of the Sacrament had already died: their guilt had killed them. This passage, 1 Co 11^{30}, must be read in conjunction with 1 Co 5^{5} and 1 Ti 1^{20}. The two latter, indeed, describe a curse uttered by Paul; but the Apostle only brings into operation the natural and divine law that crime works out its own punishment, the law by which Judas suffered. It is not Paul's power that chastises in those cases; it is the law of God that punishes, and the moral forces of nature that operate. Accordingly these three passages can be, and ought to be, used in illustration of one another.

According to Jn $22^{36f.}$ the forecast occurred at the supper. Peter caught up an expression of Jesus that He was on the point of departing, and that the disciples could not follow Him, and declared his readiness to die with his Lord. In answer to him the forecast was spoken. Then John adds a long exposition of what was meant by the expression of Jesus, that He was on the point of going away. It had been misinterpreted by Mark (reproducing the early Church tradition), as referring to His going away into Galilee after the Resurrection.[2] The discourse in which John expounds the real meaning, namely, that Jesus is departing to prepare a place for them, is not to be taken as a verbatim reproduction of a discourse spoken at this supper. It conveys John's impression regarding the general spirit of the Saviour's teaching; and probably contains much that was characteristic of His teaching on other occasions. In his Gospel John deals with only a few episodes in the life of Jesus, wonderfully few when they are counted up; and the whole gist of His teaching, *i.e.* all that John has to record of it, is compressed into those few situations. This whole discourse is reported here, because it suits the occasion spiritually.

If John is to be followed, the saying of Jesus partakes more of the nature of a prophecy: before the testing period of the coming daylight has begun, Peter will have failed.

[1] John's account is to be preferred, correcting Mark and Matthew; Luke omits the incident, possibly feeling uncertain.

[2] 'After I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee' (Mk 14^{28}, Mt 26^{32}). That the Lord spoke of going away (as John says) is established by the tradition in Mark. Luke's report is less accurate verbally; but $22^{35f.}$ show that going away was mentioned.

Mark alone speaks of the cock crowing 'twice.' Perhaps the word 'twice' might have dropped from the story, for Oriental apologue clings to the moral, and aims at emphasizing it, and loses hold of what is not essential. But (1) this would not explain why the account of the witness John does not contain the word 'twice': especially if we believe (as the present writer does) that John knew the Gospels at least of Luke and Mark, and wrote accordingly. (2) It would also not explain why Luke and Matthew, who admittedly used the Gospel of Mark as a fundamental authority, cut out the word 'twice': they possessed evidence which led them to omit that word. On the other hand, in a story circulating in the congregation, it would be not improbable that the rhyme 'twice, thrice' (δίς . . . τρίς) should impose itself as making the story effective; the rhyme was perhaps introduced into the popular story, and so Mark heard and wrote it; but the other authorities corrected him.

The weight of evidence, therefore, is in favour of John, and against Mark. But the difference is slight; and the really important thing is that, whichever form is correct, the prophecy or forecast was exactly fulfilled.

Mark, followed by Matthew, seems to place this prophecy, or rather this forecast of the action to which Peter's youth and his impulsive nature would be sure to carry him, in the interval between leaving the supper-room and arriving at the garden. Mark's account, however, is not inconsistent with the supposition that the forecast was spoken at the moment of starting and before actually leaving the house of the supper. If that be so, then according to the early Church oral tradition (which Mark preserves best) the conversation which led to the forecast would be associated with the first move to go forth from the house and to begin this new and great undertaking. Consideration of the circumstances shows that this must have been so. Little conversation would be possible during the dark night-walk[1] from the supper-room through the narrow Oriental streets and down the steep and narrow road to the Kidron and across the stream to Gethsemane; and the conversation could not possibly be general.[2] Any one who has traversed the way down to the Kidron[3] knows this. We must therefore infer from Mark that the fateful words of Jesus were spoken just before the company went forth into the night.

Luke, on the other hand, with the account given by Mark in his hands, follows an authority which he ranks very high, and distinctly places the forecast of Jesus immediately before they went out of the house. He appends to it some instruction about the kind of preparation that is required for this new enterprise. This is practically the same occasion as Mark has in mind: the company has been warned by the Master that some new undertaking is on hand, it is thinking of starting and is making ready, but has not actually gone out into the night, where they would have to walk in separate small groups. Whether the verb 'they went forth' comes before (Mk., Mt.), or after (Lk.), the forecast is a detail of small consequence; but, as Luke preferred on full examination to make this slight modification of Mark's narrative, we follow him without hesitation.

It may be confidently assumed that the steep and stony footpath which leads down to the Kidron from St. Stephen's Gate is the sort of path by which people descended in the time of Christ. The glen was regarded as unclean; and it was probably this reputation which made Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives a district where Jesus could find privacy and quiet nights so close to the city.[4] It was probably because the glen of the Kidron lay outside the thoughts of men, that the chief priests had to corrupt one of the disciples in order to find out that Jesus usually spent the night there. His days were spent in the full view of men, but He was lost at night. To reach this deep gorge, 385 feet below the Temple area, it is not probable that a well-constructed road like the new modern one, which goes off to the left from the old footpath, existed at the time when the valley was considered unclean. The martyrdom of Stephen is said to have taken place at the point where the old road and the new

[1] On the darkness, even at full moon, see section II.

[2] Westcott assumes that Jn 15. 16 were spoken during the walk from the house to the Kidron.

[3] I was one of a party numbering about a dozen who went down this road together. In order to talk it would have been necessary to stop the walk for a time, and gather at some point. The theory of general conversation on such a walk is absurd; even more so if the company was listening to a discourse.

[4] On the bearing of this love for the Mount of Olives on the habits of Jesus at Jerusalem, see *The Education of Christ*, pp. 38, 73 ff.

re-unite.[1] It was for a purpose like this that the Jews went down to the Kidron; and in ordinary circumstances Jesus might count on finding solitude at Gethsemane, a little way up the steep eastern bank of the gorge, rising to the Mount of Olives.

The occasion of this forecast or prophecy, according to the tradition enshrined in Mark, was that Jesus warned the disciples of the disaster to which they would be exposed during the present night: they would be scattered far and wide. This warning evidently must have been spoken before they actually started from the house: its terms relate to the inception of the new enterprise. Jesus explains that He will go away, and that later they will be re-united with Him. This comforting prophecy is not rightly interpreted in Mark, 'Howbeit, after I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee': and John corrects the error; Jesus was going away to prepare for the reunion in a better place.[2] This is one of the many occasions when the disciples recognized in later years that at the time they had not caught the right meaning of the Master's words, but there is hardly any other case where the wrong interpretation stands in the Gospels unnoted.[3] The reason is here that Mark caught and preserved the Church tradition at an extremely early time. The story had already taken form within a few days of the event. The whole Church in Jerusalem was speaking of the forecast, and general consent imposed the form. This form belongs to the time when the Christians in Jerusalem had just begun to hear that Jesus had gone away into Galilee. It is not so late as the Ascension, for after that event there could no longer be any possibility of misunderstanding the words of Jesus about His departure. But, when the tale of Peter was in daily discussion, the news reached Jerusalem that Jesus had appeared in Galilee; then it appeared to all that this was the meaning of His words, 'I go to prepare a place for you'; and so the form was fixed, 'I will go before you into Galilee.' Whence once the popular version in the Church at Jerusalem had been stereotyped, the form remained as fixed as the Church itself.

[1] Kennedy in Hastings' *D.B.*, Baedeker, and personal observation of the steep path, are the authorities in this paragraph.

[2] Jn 13^{33} $14^{2f.}$: it is instructive to compare Mark's brief note with John's long account of the words used.

[3] Generally there is a warning expressed about the failure of the disciples to see the truth at the moment.

The conversation about going away naturally arose after the departure of Judas from the supper-room, and accompanied the preparation of the disciples to go forth into the night and the street. Judas had remained to the last, till he was actually ordered out of the room. He partook of the meal along with his victim: he had his feet washed by his Master: he took part in the rite which was ever after to be done 'in remembrance of me': he was specially complimented, like an honoured guest, by receiving from the hands of Jesus a chosen morsel, which the Master dipped in the dish and gave to him.[4]

Some commentators attempt to determine the hour of cock-crowing from the Roman system of night-watches. This is a characteristically German method.[5] We, however, should not go to the Romans to learn what cock-crow means, but rather should take the habits of cocks as a guide in the difficult matter of understanding the Roman *vigiliæ*, which moderns often quote without knowing how difficult the matter is; a certain amount of inaccurate knowledge passes down from hand to hand; but the ancient divisions of time are obscure, because they were loose.

The speculations of commentators as to the

[4] Jn 13^{27-30}, Lk 22^{21} (the Fourth Gospel omits the institution of the Sacrament, which is to be placed at 13^{1}). The account of John is to be preferred to the others. The latter describe the act as a simultaneous dipping in the dish by the people who partook of the meal. All ate in Eastern fashion from one dish placed in the centre of the circle. At the end the guests mop up the liquid remnants of the food with their bread, and eat the sop which each has in hand. Our view is that the Eucharist and 'the cup after supper' were both finished, and that, as John says, this was a special act of grace and courtesy. Jesus took a last piece of bread, dipped it in the dish, and presented it to Judas. In Western custom the action has no special significance and could not occur, for it is alien to table etiquette; but in Oriental custom it was natural and possible as a special mark of honour to the chief guest.

[5] A German scholar, for example, Chambalu, in *Philologus*, xliv., publishes an elaborate study of the visit of Vespasian to Egypt in 69 A.D. There was an exceptionally high Nile while he was there, and this scholar elicits from Pliny that high Nile takes place in July; and as Vespasian went to Egypt in autumn 69, it follows that he remained there till July 70. This would revolutionize the chronology of the period. Any modern authority on Nile-rising, even the familiar Baedeker, would give the information that Vespasian coming to Egypt in the autumn of 69, would soon after he arrived have the opportunity of seeing a specially high Nile flood in October of that year. The highest floods occur late: the Nile rises rapidly 20th–30th July, but is not at its highest then. Yet this dissertation is still quoted as an authority.

time and manner of cock-crow, usually founded on some misinterpretation of Roman usage, are misleading. Apropos of Mark, who makes Jesus speak of the cock crowing twice, one scholar gathers from the Roman custom in night-watches and divisions of time that 'the first cock-crowing, less certain than the second, might be about midnight: the second towards 3 A.M.'

It is best to go to nature and to popular usage (for cock-crow is really a conventional term arbitrarily applied). A cock may crow at almost any hour. (For this I can vouch, as I have lain awake during hundreds of Asian nights, and often thought of Peter as the cocks crew.) Also in early March 1916, I spent a week beside a poultry yard near London, and heard crowing at any time between 2 and 5.15 A.M. There is, however, a special chorus, usually just before the first gleam of light, but varying in fact by nearly an hour on two successive days, as I have noticed. Probably the first of the chorus becomes sensible of the approach of dawn, and proclaims the fact: the others take up the cry, if it is not too early. There is, thus, a series of isolated crowings, at long intervals, and at last a real chorus; and later comes the dawn of light. This chorus is what the ancients mean by cock-crow. It takes place at night, and yet it is closely associated with the first appearance of dim light.

Cicero was a very early riser. He often speaks of writing letters to his friends at night, by which he means the period before the dawn. He therefore knew the facts; and he says, 'There is no time, whether of night or day, that cocks do not crow.'[1] It was not mere chance crowing that made the bird so important in domestic life, and in the theory of omens. His name in Greek, Alektryon, implies high rank; four syllables carry dignity. He played the part of a clock in an early time when there were no clocks. He intimated the time at night, when it is hard to guess the lapse of time. By day one had the sun as a measure; by night primitive society was dependent on the cock.

There was one cock-crow that was fairly regular. All others were fortuitous. Before the first peep of dawn the crowing of the cock came as a herald of the light. The night was still dark when the cock intimated to all that it was time for active people to be stirring; and religion and folklore set a high value on him.

[1] *De Div.* ii. 26, 54.

The period from midnight to cock-crowing, which is said to be the third Roman watch, is a popular description of the latter part of night, the time when ghosts of the dead are allowed to wander: they must be back in their place before the light begins, and cock-crow is the signal for their departure; as in the ballad of the 'Wife of Usher's Well,'

> The cock doth crow, the day doth daw.

Unless they depart at the first sound they will be missed out of their place. There is here no thought of odd crowings at uncertain intervals of the night. There is only the one crowing, and no other, that serves as a mark of time. A critical mind like Cicero's, trained to comparative exactness in such matters (though not to modern standards of precision), found that cock-crow was an unsatisfactory indication of the lapse of time, because a cock might crow at any hour; but popular belief regarded cock-crowing as a definite and single mark of time. Browning, also, connects the crowing with dawn:

> 'till cock-crow,
> Look out if yonder be not day again
> Rimming the rockrow.'

But the ancients associate the note of the cock with night rather than with day (so both Horace, *Sat.* I. i. 10, and Martial, *Ep.* ix. 70); for the Romans habitually spoke of the last moments before the first dawn of light as night-time.

Cock-crow is not to be understood simply as a mere chance crowing: it is a rough popular estimate of a certain point in the progress of night. There was only one 'cock-crow' in the twenty-four hours, namely, that moment near the dawn. Before that moment arrives, Peter will have failed.

What, then, is to be made of Mark's account, which speaks of the second cock-crow as the fateful term? This would have to be understood as the second morning. It would imply that the whole of the coming period of daylight, when the trial would take place, was left open: *i.e.*, as it was now about 8 or 9 P.M. on Thursday, the prophecy extends the time until 4 or 5 A.M. on Saturday. If the saying of Jesus is to be understood as a forecast of what Peter was likely to do, then Mark is probably right. Jesus knew the impulsive nature of Peter, and dreaded lest he should fail in the test of the day that had just begun. The most

testing period would be likely to begin only after the first cock-crow, at the trial and death of the Lord.

The following is a rough attempt to restore the incidents in this part of the story from the four Evangelists; and it will be seen that John and Mark must be taken here as fundamental. A few additions needed to connect the parts are put in square brackets:—

John — [After the institution of the Lord's Supper as a rite to be done in the Church and the departure of Judas from the supper], Jesus saith . . . 'Whither I go ye cannot come' . . . Simon Peter saith unto Him, 'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered, 'Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou

Luke — shalt follow afterwards. Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren. Yet

Mt., Mk. — I will go before you to prepare for you.' Peter saith unto Him, 'Lord, why cannot I follow thee even now?' [And in like manner the rest all said they would follow Him], and Jesus saith unto them, 'All ye shall be offended (in me this night, *Mt.*), for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered abroad.' [And Peter said],

John / Luke — 'I will lay down my life for thee, Lord, with thee I am ready to go both to prison and to death.' And He said, 'Wilt thou lay down thy life for me? I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not

Mt., Mk. — crow (twice, Mk.), until thou hast denied me thrice.' But Peter spake exceeding vehemently, 'If I must die with thee, I will not deny thee.' Likewise also said they all.[1]

[1] I omit v.[28(32)] showing the misunderstanding of Christ's words that He was going away. Perhaps Mk 14^{27}, Mt 26^{31} should come here, but more probably they follow closer after His reference to going away.

Contributions and Comments.

Psalm xviii. 6 and the 'Hound of Heaven.'

It is well known that the expression, 'And I will dwell,' in the sentence, 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever,' is not in the Massoretic Text, which reads וְאָשׁוּבָה, 'I will return.' As 'I will return' in this connexion makes little or no sense, the translators of the English versions, following the example of the Vulgate, etc., have emended the text to וְיָשַׁבְתִּי ('and I will dwell'), assuming that the initial י has somehow or other been lost by the scribal copyists.

The accidental omission of a י is, it may be remarked, a very common phenomenon in Hebrew. It is, however, somewhat rare when, as in this case, it is the first root letter, and when there is not another י at the end of the preceding word. This in itself would not, of course, be sufficient to make one dispute the correctness of the time-honoured emendation.

Another fact has, however, to be taken into account. The whole line, with the exception of the conjunction, is quoted or embedded in Ps 27^4 (where it is probably a gloss), but the important י is still amissing. There would therefore appear to be some ground for the suspicion that שבתי and not ישבתי was what the Psalmist originally wrote.

The question then arises—what meaning can be assigned to שבתי? Here the principles of Hebrew parallelism should help us.

The last two verses of the Psalm form a four-lined stanza made up of two pentameter couplets. The first couplet, which in both lines addresses Jahweh in the second person (He is spoken of in the second couplet in the third person), and is complete in itself, pictures Jahweh as a host with the Psalmist as guest:

Thou prepared a table before me | in the presence of my foes
Thou anointed my head with oil | my cup runneth over.

With the next line, however, the imagery completely changes. Instead of the Psalmist representing himself as a guest, he now comes into the picture

as a hunted creature. The usual rendering of the line:

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

diverts attention from this fact. It should be translated:

Surely Goodness and *Love pursùe me* (ירדפוני), etc.

רדף normally signifies hostile pursuit, though hostility is not necessarily implied. 'Follow' is quite an inadequate translation.

The imagery of the Psalmist is, in fact, closely akin to that of Francis Thompson in his immortal poem, 'The Hound of Heaven,' wherein the soul is represented as being steadily hunted down by the never tiring Love of God.

I fled Him down the nights and down the days . . .
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind . . .
Fear wist not to evade as *Love wist to pursue*
Still with unhurrying chase
And unperturbed pace
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy
Came on the following feet
And a Voice above their beat. . . .

The recognition of this imagery supplies us with the key to the meaning of שבתי in the next line of the couplet, for the two lines are really closely parallel, and the second line, which is doubtful in meaning, must be interpreted in accord with the significance of the first.

Comparing the two we find that 'for ever' (lit. 'for length of days') is equivalent to 'all the days of my life': 'Jahveh' balances 'Goodness and Love,' especially when one recognizes that, according to the Psalmist's imagery, these are personified. (It is 'Jahveh,' not 'house,' which is the significant word. בית, lit. 'in the house of' does not mean the Temple or any definite dwelling-place, but is here little more than a preposition, like the French *chez*.)

In accordance with this close parallelism, ושבתי ought in some way to correspond with 'pursue me.' The rendering, 'and I will dwell' (וְיָשַׁבְתִּי) or, 'and my dwelling' (וְשִׁבְתִּי), is obviously out of the question, if any weight whatsoever is given to the matter of balance and correct parallelism.

We venture to suggest, therefore, that ושבתי should be pointed וְשִׁבְתִּי (=and my captivity), written defectively for וְשִׁבְ(י)תִי. This would complete the parallelism and carry on the imagery perfectly from 'pursuit' to 'capture.'

The climax of the 'Hound of Heaven' is likewise the overtaking and capture of the hunted soul.

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea . . .
'All which I took from thee I did but take [It said]
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home,
Rise, clasp my hand, and come!'

The couplet in the Psalm would thus read:

Surely Goodness and Love *pursue* me | all the days of my life
And *my captivity* is in the house of Jahveh | for length of days.

or paraphrastically:

And *I am the captive of Jahveh* | for length of days.

ROBERT A. AYTOUN.

Woodbrooke, Birmingham.

The Spiritual Body.

I.

THE explanation of 1 Co $15^{42ff.}$ cited by Mr. Kirkland-Whittaker from a sermon of Dr. Momerie's was anticipated by Erasmus and Calvin and has been adopted by a considerable number of recent scholars, including T. C. Edwards, J. H. Bernard, R. H. Charles, G. G. Findlay, W. Milligan, R. St. John Parry. On the other hand, the reference to burial is upheld by James Drummond and W. G. Rutherford, as well as by the great majority of earlier expositors such as T. S. Evans and Charles Ellicott, and by all modern Roman Catholic commentators.

Dr. Alfred Plummer accepts the 'burial' view in his notes *ad loc.* (Inter. Crit. Com.), but with his usual fairness states the case for the other interpretation in clear and precise language which may here be quoted. 'No such use of σπείρειν, it is said, has been produced. Moreover, the analogy about the difference between the seed sown and the plant that rises from it shows that St. Paul cannot mean burial when he speaks of "sowing." His argument is that the seed is *not* dead when it is sown, but that it must die before it is quickened. In the animal world, death precedes burial; but, in vegetation, the burial of the seed precedes

death, the death that is necessary for the new life. The same holds good of John 12^{24}, where πεσὼν εἰς τὴν γῆν is used for being sown, and the "falling into the earth" precedes the dying. In human existence, what precedes the death that prepares the way for resurrection is life in this world, and this is what is meant by σπείρεται. The vital germ is placed in material surroundings, like seed in soil, and continues in them until death sets the vitality free to begin a new career under far more glorious conditions. With this interpretation the contradiction involved in calling a corpse a σῶμα ψυχικόν is avoided; and the sudden intrusion of the thought of burial, which occurs nowhere from v.[12] onwards, is avoided also.' Dr. Plummer, while admitting that this explanation may be correct, contends that the marked inclusion of Christ's burial in vv.[3. 4] gives considerable support to the other interpretation, and that sowing is a very natural figure to use respecting the dead body of one who is to rise again.

The eminent Swiss commentator F. Godet rejects both of these views as applying to the whole of the passage, but accepts each of them as applying to a part. He thinks that the order of the four antitheses in vv.[42-44] is in a manner retrograde, and that the meaning of σπείρειν is modified and widened as it proceeds—referring first to interment (σπείρεται ἐν φθορᾷ), next to the humiliating conditions of earthly life (σπείρεται ἐν ἀτιμίᾳ), then to the weakness of the infant at the moment of birth (σπείρεται ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ), and lastly to the moment when the breath of life is communicated to the physical germ (σπείρεται σῶμα ψυχικόν). I am not aware that any scholar has been convinced by Godet's elaborate argument in favour of this interpretation, which seems rather far-fetched on the face of it. Perhaps Dr. Plummer (my dear old tutor and friend) may, on further consideration, be won over to the view that he combated faintheartedly five or six years ago!

J. H. Burn.

Hundon Vicarage, Suffolk.

II.

The interpretation of 1 Co $15^{42ff.}$ mentioned by Mr. H. Kirkland-Whittaker is to be found in a volume of sermons by the late Robert Killip, F.R.A.S., entitled *Citizens of the Universe* (Kelly). The whole collection of discourses deserves to be widely known as the production of a singularly devout and vigorous thinker, whose memory as a colleague and friend the present writer will ever gratefully cherish. The title of the sermon is 'The God-given Body,' and the preacher remarks: 'The sowing time in this argument is not the time of our burial, but the time of our birth.' 'A note of personal explanation' is subjoined to the sermon, disclosing the fact that the writer had arrived independently at this interpretation of the apostle's argument, though the same view had been advanced by Dr. W. Milligan in the *Expositor*, vol. ii. p. 37 (fourth series). Dr. Milligan quotes Godet as follows: '"Sow" thus embraces all the phases of the body's existence, which, beginning with the first dawn of being, terminates in committal to the earth': and gives it as his own opinion that 'all the earthly course of man . . . from the cradle to the grave, is the time of his being sown.'

The usual interpretation of the passage is largely a matter of association. The chapter forms part of the Burial service, and is read at a time when the analogy between seed-sowing and the interment of the dead in the ground appears to be singularly forceful. But that it is an error to limit the application of the apostle's words to the grave, no one will deny who realizes how the phrases 'sown in corruption,' 'sown in dishonour,' 'sown in weakness,' 'sown a psychical body,' accurately describe the course of human existence from its beginning to its end (note σπείρεται, the tense of a continuous process). Does not the apostle say 'I die daily'? All his life is a process of dying: and we die in order to live, not in the moment only when the dissolution of body and soul takes place, but throughout our earthly sojourn, as our spirit responds to and is quickened by the energies of the spiritual order.

R. Martin Pope.

Keswick.

John xviii. 15.

Who was that ἄλλος μαθητής? How was John known to the High Priest? Could Peter have met Judas face to face so soon after the betrayal with any semblance of friendship? Which of the others could have entered the palace?

The word μαθητής does not necessarily imply

one of the Twelve, cf. 19[38]. The silence of the Synoptists shows a reticence on Peter's part on the circumstances which led to his memorable disgrace, and on John's too, if he were actually present. If he were not, only the 'other disciple' could have told him.

There was one to whom John was considerably indebted for the material of his Gospel. If Jesus was alone in Jerusalem, cf. 2[13] with 3[22], the account of the interview by night, 3[1-15], must have come from Nicodemus. He would also be the ultimate authority for 7[50. 51], and probably for 11[47-53] and the minor detail recorded in 19[39]. All this implies a later acquaintance between the 'ruler of the Jews' and the Evangelist. Did this originate with an action kindly meant towards John's inseparable friend?

Nicodemus was known to the High Priest: the more intimate they were, the better we can explain the escape of Nicodemus from insult during the trial of Jesus. His position, and his former conduct in the presence of 'the chief priests and Pharisees,' are in entire harmony with his entrance into the palace of the High Priest, his freedom of movement within, his authority with the maid at the door, and his sympathy with the sorrowing disciple outside. The omission of his name was tactful at a time when Christians were learning to face persecution. Was he that ἄλλος μαθητής?

E. Abbey Tindall.

The Rectory, Didsbury.

Psalm cxx. 5, 6.

I do not as yet understand the 120th Psalm, but in one point I believe I have discovered the true explanation which, so far as I know, has not hitherto been thought of by any of our commentators. After the two lines—

> Woe is me that I sojourn in *Meshech*,
> That I dwell among the tents of *Kedar*,

follows a third line, the first word of which is *rabbath* (רַבַּת). If we write this word with a capital, the new explanation is found—

> *Rabbath* has my soul as her dwelling.

The sequel, as already the Septuagint took it, is—

> With him that hateth peace I am *for* peace,
> And when I speak they are for war.

It is the more remarkable that the idea of taking *rabbath* as a proper name, and not as an appellative, has never occurred to any commentator, because a trace of our interpretation is already to be found in the Targum, where we read: '*More than they* I dwelt with *Edom* the hater of peace.' Here the insertion of *Edom* is certainly due to this *rabbath* (cf. Ps. lxxxiii. 6 ff.). I should be very glad if this suggestion of mine should lead to a better historical understanding of this first Song of Ascents.

Eb. Nestle.

'New Light on the Hittite Problem.'

My paper with this title in the December issue was written in India, and the proof was not corrected by me. May I note that the pamphlet I reported was sent me by Professor *D*eissmann, and that the Norwegian 'Zorp' is a colleague of 'Geissmann' in the University of Weissnichtwo: read Torp. Your readers have discovered for themselves that *centum* and *satem* mean 'hundred' rather than 'hunted.'

James Hope Moulton.

Colombo.

St. Luke xix. 8.

It has been for many years my opinion that the interpretation of Zacchæus' words which Dr. Willcock favours and defends (The Expository Times, February 1917, p. 236) is right. I venture to give an illustration taken from Victor Hugo's drama *Les Burgraves* (Part II. scene 4). The old Duke Job has just heard that, through the mysterious skill of a slave-woman, his beloved niece Regina, whom he thought dying, has suddenly recovered her health. Joyfully he exclaims:

> . . . Cette esclave est libre. Je lui donne
> Cent livres d'or, des champs, des vignes! Je pardonne
> Aux condamnés à mort dans ce burg gémissants.
> J'accorde la franchise à mille paysans. . . .

Of course, such has not been Job's custom during his long life; on the contrary, his present and unexpected generosity is the result of a sudden impulse, of an irresistible feeling of gratitude, which produces a complete transformation of his whole being.

Lucien Gautier.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

William Watson.

Amazingly clever are many of the poems in Mr. Watson's new book, of which the title is *Retrogression, and Other Poems* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Some are sarcastically clever, as this:

To a Literary Cleric.

I would not have you scorn archdeaconships,
Or comfortable deaneries refuse;
Yet should I mourn, did these things quite eclipse
Your mild and worthy Muse.

Nor shall I watch incurious your career;
For though your heart on things above be set,
You lack not gifts such as avail us here,
And may reach Lambeth yet.

Others are quite as clever reverently, as this on Milton's use of the sonnet:

A hundred Poets bend proud necks to bear
This yoke, this bondage. He alone could don
His badges of subjection with the air
Of one who puts a King's regalia on.

Edward Shillito.

How few are the great preachers who have been able to write poetry. The Rev. Edward Shillito is reckoned a great preacher even in London. That he is also a poet we already know. Out of many magazines he has gathered some sixty of his poems and had them published in Oxford through Mr. Blackwell, under the title of *The Omega, and Other Poems*. Every one of them offers itself for quotation; we shall be content with this one:

The Temples.

Come to Thy temples, Jesus, come to-day;
Dream dreams of us, as once a wondering Boy
Within His Father's House dreamed time away,
Come with that awe and joy.

For these our lives are temples, built of old,
In faith that shaped us for Thy praise alone;
The dead in us adore Thee; prayers untold
And dreams in us live on.

But come to us, Lord Jesus, with the cords,
And scourge the money-changers from Thy home;
Thy praise sounds faint amid the jangling words,
In wrath and judgment come!

Come, Jesus, there is darkness on the land,
But through the veil what hidden glories wait!
Come, rend the veil with Thy late-wounded hand,
Come, it is dark and late.

Wheels.

What has come to the Oxford poets who have written this book called *Wheels* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) that their outlook on life is so unhopeful? Their names are Nancy Cunard, Osbert Sitwell, Iris Tree, E. W. Tennant, Edith Sitwell, Arnold James, Sacheverell Sitwell, Victor Tait Perowne, and Helen Rootham. And they are poets every one. But they have no outlook beyond the immediate present. Nancy Cunard passes in the train and sees:

Smoke-stacks, coal-stacks, hay-stacks, slack,
Colourless, scentless, pointless, dull;
Railways, highways, roadways, black,
Grantham, Birmingham, Leeds and Hull.

Steamers, passengers, convoys, trains,
Merchandise travelling over the sea;
Smut-filled streets and factory lanes,
What can these ever mean to me?

Is it war weariness? There is no word of war. And yet it seems more than a passing fashion. Take this, again from the same author:

This is no time for prayers or words or song.
With folded hands we sit and slowly stare.
The world's old wheels go round, and like a fair
The clowns and peep-shows ever pass along.
Our brains are dumb with cold, and worn with strife,
And every day has lingered on our faces
Marking its usual course and weary paces
With cruel cunning care and sober knife.

Fate, like a sculptor working with great tools,
Now moulds his genius into clever ways.
Our souls are cut and torn all for his praise
When his great masterpiece is praised by fools;
Yet winter comes like death, and takes the pride
From his strong hands that held us till we died.

William John Ferrar.

In the very first poem of his book *Three Faces in a Hood* (Pitman; 1s. net), Mr. Ferrar might be reproving the Oxford poets of whom we have been speaking. This is a poem:

To a Sad Singer.

Laugh, poet, laugh!
Hast thou no merry runnel in thy heart,
For us to quaff,
Where all the sun-rays beam and dart,
Up-welling from the eternal springs,
Where God sits and sings?

God is most glad!
For all they paint Him old with a grave face,
Solemn, and sad,
Grey hairs, and venerable grace,
Brows burdened with long thinking on the plan
To save His lost child Man.

God's name is Joy!
If thou would'st see His features limned aright
Paint Him a boy,
A gladsome spirit and a bright,
His Will gay-flowing as a joyous river,
Now to Forever!

Were He weighed down,
As we by sullen melancholy care,
Not thus He'd crown
Earth with a garland prodigally fair,
But scanty as a grandame decks a child
With a dull heart though mild.

See! His Own Life
Ripe, full and free leaps to the sight in her,
With laughter rife!
Art thou His minister?
Give us a measure of His cup to quaff!
Laugh, poet, laugh!

C. H. Sorley.

The third edition has been published of *Marlborough, and Other Poems*, by the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley (Cambridge: At the University Press; 3s. 6d. net). This third edition has the advantage over the previous two that it contains a number of quotations from Captain Sorley's prose writings. 'Illustrations in Prose,' they are called. These illustrations are nearly all taken from letters. We take this, however, from an essay on Masefield. 'We stand by the watershed of English poetry; for the vastness and wonder of modern life has demanded that men should know what they write about. Behind us are the poets of imagination; before us are the poets of fact. For Masefield as a poet may be bad or good: I think him good, but you may think him bad: but, good or bad, he has got this quality which no one can deny and few belittle. He is the first of a multitude of coming poets (so I trust and pray) who are men of action before they are men of speech, and men of speech because they are men of action. Those whom, because they do not live in our narrow painted groove, we call the Lower Classes, it is they who truly know what life is: so to them let us look for the true expression of life. One has already arisen, and his name is Masefield. We await the coming of others in his train.'

But let us quote also one of the poems. It will stand beside the illustration:

Expectans Expectavi.

From morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the stage
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine—and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
Unwittingly I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.

H. R. King.

Mr. Henry R. King has great facility in the writing of religious verse. In his book entitled *The Syrian Soldier, and Other Poems* (Allman), there is a series of poems on Naaman, whence the title, another series on the titles of our Lord in the Epistle to the Hebrews. And there are many expositions of texts. Let us take this as a fair example:

1 Corinthians xiii. 13.

Faith's strong pinions, bear us sunward
Into wondrous light,
Pressing forward, pressing onward,
Soon 'tis lost in sight.

Hope, with many a sunlit promise,
Gilds the thorny way,
Cheers us, until hidden from us,
Lost in perfect day.

Love alone, alone remaineth,
With unchanging name,
All its power it aye retaineth—
Love remains the same.

Constance L. Maynard.

Mrs. Constance L. Maynard has written a long poem under the title of *A True Mother* (Marshall Brothers; 5s. net). The mother resolves, on the birth of her firstborn, that she will spare no pains and no prayers in a lifelong effort to train him for God. Other four children come, whose development is directed with the same unceasing anxiety. Her hopes and purposes are set forth in poems that are truly poetical in spite of the very deliberate and determined purpose that pervades them. She herself is instructed at every stage of the journey of life of her little ones by 'Experience,' who speaks in those difficult long lines with which Longfellow has made us familiar. It is a great experiment, not only in poetry but in training, and one is thankful to find that it comes out so successfully in the end. The volume contains a large number of full-page illustrations in colour. Here are the last two verses in the book, for it is difficult to make quotation. 'Experience' is the speaker:

This is the corporate effort, energetic, unending, most noble,
Here you lie hidden behind your work, and others reap praises.
Ever to God alone you labour, and glimpses of glory
Come to you radiant with joy as a heart is won for the Kingdom.
Mother of many souls (not only of five but of hundreds)
Spring like a fountain of love ever fresh for the next generation,
Serving and blessing the world, for 'the child is the hope of the future.'
Then as the years stretch behind you, the sweet lights of Heaven grow clearer,
Think of Hannah, and think of Elizabeth, rest and be happy.

Mother, I have no more to tell you. You are such a Mother.
Offering all your flock to the work of the Kingdom of Heaven.
Hark to the chimes as they ring out their tale o'er the homes of the sleepers,
Hark and rejoice, for you share in the song with its swelling and sinking.
Lifting its resonant peal high up to the clouds of the midnight,—
'Glory to God in the highest! Honour and power and blessing,
Be to the Lamb on the Throne, who reigneth for ever and ever.'

W. M. Letts.

The war has laid its hand with a strong grasp on this Irish poet. He gives his book the title of *Hallow-E'en, and Poems of the War* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). There are poems which may have been written before the war came upon us, but the war poems are the substance and the strength of the book. We take this for example:

He Prayed.

He prayed,
There where he lay,
Blood-sodden and unkempt,
As never in his young carelessness he'd dreamt
That he could pray.

He prayed;
Not that the pain should cease,
Nor yet for water in the parching heat,
Nor for death's quick release,
Nor even for the tardy feet
Of stretcher-bearers bringing aid.

He prayed;
Cast helpless on the bloody sod:
'Don't trouble now, O God, for me,
But keep the boys. Go forward with them, God!
O speed the Camerons to victory.'
The kilts flashed on: 'Well played,' he sighed, 'well played.'
Just so he prayed.

F. R. H. Wicker.

A really beautiful and attractive patriotic masque has been written by Mr. Wicker under the title of *The Making of the Flag* (Elliot Stock; 1s. net). The last song and chorus will show that there is poetry in it also:

'The Flag of the Motherland.'

O land of glory, brave and fair,
True Home of British hearts,
In Thy great heritage of fame
Grant we may bear our parts.
From North and South, from East and West,
One shout rings out to-day—
'We come to fight for Home and Right,—
Let nought the Flag dismay!'

Blue, for the seas that bear it secure
In the hollow of God's right hand;
White, for the Light that shines from afar
To guide to the Heavenly strand;
Red, for the love that surrendered all,
Nor at the call did lag;—
Cross-crowned and love-decked, blood-bought and God-blessed,—
All hail to the Motherland's Flag!

Mildred Low.

Five poems are contained in the pretty little volume entitled *Victory or Death*, by Mildred Low (Elliot Stock; 1s. net). They are poems of the war; this is the first of them:

We see our soldiers march away
To victory—or is it death?
'A splendid lot of men,' we say,
With sudden tears and catching breath.

One, dry-eyed, watches them from sight.
'I lost my son last month in France,'
He says: 'I'd go myself to-night,
With these chaps, if I had the chance.'

Oh, faith divine! that proudly gives
In sacrifice, an only son.
He grasps a truth that ever lives,
That victory and death are one.

Lily Doyle.

Bound in Khaki (Elliot Stock; 2s. net) is the title which Miss Lily Doyle has given to the collection of her recent poetry. Like so many of our present-day poets, she is Irish. A keen patriot, the poems are mostly an encouragement to the winning of the war. One of them—it is the first we have seen on the subject—commemorates the recent Irish rebellion:

Fata Morgana.

Their minds were fill'd with visions strange,
They lived not in the present but the past,
And fancied they were chosen now at last
Their country's destiny to change.

Of future greatness was their thought;
They did not see the misery and pain
And all the ills destruction brings in train,
That by and through them would be wrought.

Poets and dreamers all were they.
While we condemn their folly, as we do,
Can we not find a thought of pity too,
That they so far were led astray?

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

Out of a multitude of proposals that have been made for the rehabilitation of religion after the war there are two that stand out prominently. They are made by nearly every one and they are made with emphasis. The one is a simplification of the Christian creed. The other is the end, once for all and absolutely, of all ecclesiastical divisions and ecclesiastical pride.

A volume comes from Cambridge wholly occupied with the subject of *Religious Reconstruction after the War*. That is its title (Scott; 2s. 6d. net). It is called 'a Cambridge programme.' It contains contributions by fourteen prominent Cambridge scholars. One of them is Mr. C. T. Wood, Fellow and Dean of Queens' College, whose subject is 'The Message of the War to the Clergy.' His article ends in this way:

'And lastly, we *must* have reunion in Christendom. It is surely no longer tolerable that bodies of Christians, equally devout, equally effective in missionary work (which is the supreme test), loving the Father, serving one Lord and Saviour, inspired by one Holy Spirit, should go on thwarting each other while the tide of unbelief and wickedness rises unchecked. We *must* have reunion, or the world will find a larger Christianity without us: we *can* have it, giving up nothing that we hold dear except our exclusiveness, if we are equally ready to allow others to give up nothing which they in their turn hold dear; if we admit, what the facts of history have proved, that our distinctive beliefs are of the "*bene esse*" of Christianity, not of its "*esse*"; if we allow the Church of England to stand on the basis of its own sweet-reasonableness and not on the basis of medieval compulsion. We can have unity on such terms—not uniformity—as the family of God: "Sirs, ye are all brethren." "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, he is My brother and sister and mother."'

That strong word 'must,' which Mr. Wood himself has cast into italics, we hear on every hand. We hear it at last from a bishop.

In the *Spectator* of the 17th of February there is a letter from the Bishop of Down on 'The Church after the War.' The Bishop of Down is not only one of the most scholarly men in the country, he is also a sane administrator. That he is greatly concerned about the prospects of religion and of the Church this letter is sufficient to show. 'What is to be the position of the Church after the war?' he asks. 'This great human catastrophe cannot leave her as it found her.' Again he asks, 'Is she to come forth from it with new life and power, or is she to perish?' And then he says, 'If the old conventions, the old complications, the old divisions and antagonisms pass on unchecked into

the new age, nothing can save the Church from a most pitiful failure.'

Dr. D'Arcy does not refer solely to the Church of England. That is right. For the Church of England has no monopoly of the pride of position. An eminent bishop went down to Scotland recently to give an address. The building was well filled, mainly with Presbyterians. What did the bishop say to them? He told them that if they would compose their domestic differences speedily he could promise them a hearty welcome into the Anglican Church.

A hearty welcome into the Anglican Church! He did not know those Presbyterians. He did not know that for centuries they had been trusting in themselves that they were right and despising others. He did not know that the others whom they despised were Romans, Anglicans, Baptists—all indiscriminately who had not the privileged position in Scotland of Presbyterians. Dr. D'Arcy does not refer solely to Anglicans. He includes organized Christianity in all its forms, as it exists in these islands, and he is right.

But the Bishop of Down refuses to denounce ecclesiastical arrogance or priestly assumption. Not, he says, because they are not there. But because something more potent than they lie behind them. He calls it the principle of territorial exclusiveness. 'The old proprietor,' he says, 'resents the intrusion of the newcomer who secures a share of his privileges. In the case of a Church this resentment is strengthened and apparently justified by the consciousness of a Divine Mission. Just as the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings seemed to make rebellion impious, so the Divine Mission of the Church seems to make Nonconformity a sin. Logic takes sides with prejudice and makes prescription sacrosanct.'

The combination is potent enough. What are we to do with it? The Bishop of Down courageously and clearly tells us that we must consider God's ways of working. Now we cannot hide it from us, for history affords abundant evidence, that God 'very often makes the Nonconformist His messenger.' And there ought to be no surprise in that. The Nonconformist is not a priest? 'In the history of Israel the prophet is a grander figure and a more potent spiritual force than the priest. The call of God came to the prophet as a voice from above speaking to his heart and conscience, and imposing a mission by direct inspiration. It took Amos from the herds, it brought Elijah from the desert, it found Isaiah as he worshipped in the Temple. The prophet broke in upon the settled order of the Church, and sometimes paid for his intrusion with his life. "O Jerusalem," cried our Lord, "thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee."'

'The prophet alone was not the saviour of Israel, nor the priest. It was the intermingling of the prophetic strain with the priestly that gave to Hebrew religion its spiritual greatness. And the reason why British Christianity has never been able to realize its higher possibilities is because it has failed to combine these two elements. There have been times in the history of the Church of England when she cultivated exclusiveness as if it were a Christian virtue. Impenetrability was regarded as a spiritual excellence.'

'But impenetrability is the mark of the material, the mechanical. Not until British Christianity is able to blend into one life, by a complete interpenetration, all the spiritual elements which are alive and potent in the social system, shall we see the Anglican Communion fit for the great task which God has entrusted to her. What madness to turn away to the alien Communion of Rome, or the remote Church of the East, while excluding the great Christian forces which represent so many mighty prophetic ministries and which have shown so much splendid vitality!' What Dr. D'Arcy pleads for is the recognition of the principle of interpenetrability.

And to that end he has a great and promising proposal to make.

As soon as possible after the war he would establish in this land a Christian Parliament representing all the Christian forces of the Empire. He would have it called together by Royal authority, and he would have given to it power to advise the State on such questions, affecting moral issues, as might be referred to it. Above all, he would have it encouraged to consider the co-ordination of spiritual efforts. And he would have that Parliament become a permanent Imperial Institution meeting at regular periods.

What would be the effect of it? 'It would most assuredly lead to a greater degree of mutual understanding and to a consequent economizing of force. There would be less overlapping and less competition in the religious world. There would emerge a clearer view of the true end of Christian activity and a surer aim. And, above all, there would be attained a real effective unity in some departments at all events of our national religious life.'

The demand for interpenetration after the war seems to be a very simple demand. But it will not be easily fulfilled. The other demand is for a simplification of the Christian creed. It seems to be a tremendous demand to make. But the danger is that it will be fulfilled too easily.

For as soon as men begin to simplify the Christian creed they leave out just the two doctrines that are essential to it. They leave out the Incarnation and the Atonement. And without the Incarnation and the Atonement Christianity is no better than any other religion. It has no power to forgive sin. It has no authority to bring forth Soberness, Righteousness, and Godliness. It is not Christianity.

The Christian creed may very well be simplified. There is probably no Church in the Empire that could not drop some of its statements of belief without disadvantage. Let them by all means be dropped if they are in anybody's way. It might be well worth while for every one of the Churches to take the occasion, when the war is over, of setting its house in order dogmatically. But to do away with the doctrine of the Deity of Christ and His Atonement for sin is a demand which no Church should for a moment give ear to.

And yet, even in regard to these two essential doctrines of the Christian faith, a simplification may well take place. They may be stated in simpler, more modern, and more sympathetic language. If it is true, and no doubt it is true enough of some pulpits, that the preacher has been running away from the proclamation of the doctrines of the New Testament, it is not because the people would not listen to the preaching of doctrine. It is because he himself would not take the trouble to preach it properly. Two things are necessary. Both demand effort. But he must give it. The first is an intelligent understanding and apprehension of what is meant by the mercy of God in Christ; the next is the announcement of that discovery in language that the people can understand.

Is that too much to expect of the preacher? Even a philosopher can accomplish it. A book has been written by Mr. R. G. Collingwood, Fellow and Lecturer of Pembroke College, Oxford, and one of our most accomplished philosophical thinkers, to which he has given the title *Religion and Philosophy* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

After much controversy there has come a reconciliation, or at least a truce, between religion and science. Mr. Collingwood's purpose is to show that between religion and philosophy there ought to be more than a truce, though even that would be something. There ought to be a reconciliation that would be both perfect and permanent. He goes so far as to say that true philosophy and true religion are identical. But what we are concerned

with at present is this. When at last he comes to a philosophical explanation of the Incarnation and the Atonement, he gives us an exposition of those doctrines that is not only theologically quite acceptable, but also quite charmingly simple and attractive.

Wherein lies the difficulty to the modern mind of accepting the doctrine of the Incarnation? We pass the vulgar objection, which science itself is beginning to ridicule, that the Incarnation is a miracle and that miracles do not occur. The difficulty is to understand how one person can be both God and man. That difficulty Mr. COLLINGWOOD deals with. He is not concerned, as he constantly reminds us, to prove that *Jesus* was both God and man. He is a philosopher, not a historian. But this difficulty is philosophical and falls within his province.

The difficulty has to do with the will. Mr. COLLINGWOOD thinks that the makers of our creed were not well advised when they spoke of 'two natures in one person.' For we immediately think of human nature as one definite thing and Divine nature as another. And then there is no language in existence that can intelligibly express the union of the two. It is a question of the will. For now we know enough, both of God and of man, to know that if any man makes the will of God his own perfectly, that man is also God. Godhead is not a matter of omnipotence or omniscience (though these attributes may belong to a God-man as well as to God); it is a matter of willing and doing. And the moment that a man takes the will of God and makes it his perfectly and eternally, that man is God as well as man, and the title of God-man is quite appropriate to him.

And yet the framers of our creed were not altogether wrong when they spoke of two natures in one person. For when the will of man becomes the will of God it is the man's will still. Do you remember the distinction between mysticism and quietism? This is how Mr. COLLINGWOOD expresses it. 'Mysticism asserts the union of my will with the will of God, the total and complete fusion of the two into one. Quietism asserts that my will is negated, that it has simply disappeared and the will of God has taken its place. I am utterly lost in the infinity of God. The two things are really quite distinct; the former asserts a union of two wills in one person, the latter asserts that the person has only one will, and that not his own but God's.'

In a word, and to pass now beyond Mr. COLLINGWOOD into historical Christianity, the Jesus of Nazareth whom we know had a will which was in perfect harmony with the will of God, and yet it was the will of Jesus of Nazareth. No other man has had a will in perfect harmony with the will of God, and we believe that no other man will ever have it. How He came to have the will of a God-man the New Testament tells us in its doctrine of the Incarnation. In its final utterance it opens with the will of God, 'and the Word was God'; and passes to the will of man, 'and the Word was made flesh.'

One of the things which the war will restore to us, says the Rev. J. WESTBURY-JONES, is the doctrine of the Descent into Hell.

Mr. WESTBURY-JONES delivered an address at the Conference of the Countess of Huntingdon's Churches on 'The Influence of the War on our Theology.' The address will be found in the new volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). He does not believe in war. He does not believe that it is 'in the plan of God.' But he believes that it is to be the occasion of the recovery of some doctrines which we had lost.

One doctrine is the supremacy of the New Testament. Mr. WESTBURY-JONES does not repeat the words of Professor Bigg, that the greatest mistake the Church ever made was to bind up the

Old Testament with the New. But he thinks that at least we have been giving the Old Testament a determining voice over our life and conduct to which it is not entitled. Take war itself. 'If,' he says, 'it should be proved that the Old Testament justifies the method of war, while the New Testament entirely condemns it, the result will be that the older book will lose some of its ethical value, and the New Testament will become the one and absolute text-book of the Christian Church.'

Another recovery will be the doctrine of God. The chief mistake we made in our doctrine of God before the war was to exaggerate the value of His immanence. God was becoming everything, and everything was becoming God. After the war we shall make less of the immanence of God and more of His transcendence. For by that time we shall see that God is not responsible for war or any other evil thing, but only for the creation of free personalities.

Then we shall recover—have we not already recovered?—a belief in the life to come. And with that, greatly daring, Mr. WESTBURY-JONES is convinced that we shall recover the practice of praying for the departed. And finally, with prayer for the departed, as soon as it becomes general, we shall recapture, he says, our belief in the Descent into Hell.

For, those of us to whom prayer for the dear departed is new will find the need of encouragement in the practice of it. And he thinks we shall find the encouragement in that 'oft-neglected part of the Apostles' Creed.' That article will send us to the words of St. Peter upon which it is based: 'Put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit, in which he also went and preached to the spirits in prison, which aforetime were disobedient.'

'Does Christ still preach to spirits in prison?' we shall ask. And answering by faith affirmatively, we shall add, 'Why then may not we lift up our heart to Him in prayer on their behalf?'

In our approach to God, whether in public or in private, what ought the first act to be? Ought it to be an act of sorrow or an act of joy? Should we begin with sorrowful confession of sin, or should we begin with joyful confidence in the love of God?

The Rev. F. A. IREMONGER, Rector of Quarley, and formerly Head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, says that we ought to begin with the confession of sin. Mr. IREMONGER says so in a book which he has just published, entitled *Before the Morning Watch* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). This, he says, is the order in the public worship of the Church of England, and this order is scrupulously observed. 'In Morning and Evening Prayer, penitence has the first place, not only in the exhortation and confession, but in each one of the sentences with the reading of which the Service opens. In the Litany, the great Intercession of the Church, we begin by praying four times that God will "have mercy upon us, miserable sinners"; and it is only when we have pleaded with Him not to remember our offences, nor to take vengeance of our sins, that we lay before Him the needs of our Church and realm. Both in the Church Catechism, moreover, and in the Communion Service itself, repentance is brought to our notice as an essential condition of rightly receiving the Blessed Sacrament of our Lord's Body and Blood.'

Those are Mr. IREMONGER'S words. And he adds, 'We dare not say that this order is accidental.'

The Rev. Neville S. TALBOT, formerly Fellow and Chaplain of Balliol College, Oxford, does not say that the order is accidental. But he says it is all wrong. He admits that in hymns and liturgies the *prima facie* and predominant emphasis rests

rather on our sinfulness than on God's goodness. But he believes that it was not always so. In the course of the history of Christianity an inversion has come about. And he holds that it is a mistake to ask men, as the Prayer Book now asks them, to 'embark on the overloaded phrases of the General Confession' before they do anything else in their approach to God.

Is it possible that these two men are thinking of two different classes of worshippers? Mr. TALBOT at any rate is thinking of the men at the front, and of them only. He is himself Assistant Chaplain-General, and the title he gives his book is *Thoughts on Religion at the Front* (Macmillan; 2s. net). He admits that the order of the Prayer Book may be justified by arguing that it is there for the use of 'the faithful' members of the Church. But then, he says, we keep on inviting those who are not faithful members of the Church to come to church and engage in its worship. We invite our soldiers to come. And as regards the mass of soldiers he is convinced that it is quite useless to invite them to begin their worship with the general confession of their sins.

Even in the Eucharist, when we come to it, a preponderating stress, he believes, is laid upon the Cross as an offering for sin. He says that everything can be found in the Eucharist, but what we ought to find in it first is the declaration of the love of God. It is only the love of God that can evoke sorrow for sin. What is the use of calling for confession before the heart has been touched to penitence? 'The great wonder-compelling revelation of God has been overlaid and disguised. He seems in the Eucharist—mainly and *prima facie*—to be the Father sitting back in reception of placation, and we hardly see Him, in the "precious death and Passion," as the Father who, while we are a great way off, runs out to fall on our neck and bring us home.'

Mr. TALBOT is thinking of the 'flying boys who, more than any one else,' he says, 'are winning our battles (I have been chaplain to a squadron of them for a little time). They are far from unsinful, but they will nevertheless, I am sure, not *begin* with the avowal "that there is no health in them"; they will not sing "that they are weary of earth and laden with their sins." For as they live gaily and unconcernedly on the edge of things, they know that that is not the primary truth about themselves.'

Here then is a situation of utmost interest and urgency—not for the Church of England alone but for the whole Church of God throughout the world. It is no longer a question merely of the approach to God in public worship. It is a question of the approach to God itself, whether in public or in private, whether when we have entered with the assembly into the house of God or have entered into our own closet and have shut to the door. Is our approach to God to be in the consciousness that we are miserable sinners who have done evil in His sight and ask His forgiveness for Christ's sake; or is it to be in the consciousness that our record of life is a reasonably good one until now, and so counting on His glad and loving reception of us?

Mr. TALBOT has this advantage over Mr. IREMONGER, that if true penitence is demanded of every worshipper in his approach to God, very few will be the number of sincere worshippers. Mr. IREMONGER recognizes that advantage. He has not seen Mr. TALBOT's book, for they have been published within a few days of each other, but he recognizes the difficulty which Mr. TALBOT's book is written to express. The invitation, he says, is to every one that thirsteth. But what of those who do not thirst?

He sees the difficulty and the magnitude of it. There are times when he feels that it is almost overwhelming. 'As we look out upon the world,' he says, 'we see great streams of life going by and leaving the Church altogether on one side, in a spirit of ignorance, hostility, or indifference. How

many, for instance, of those whose names are famous in literature, science, art, and economics, the great constructive and creative spheres, are in direct communion with the Church? Is it not clear that for them the Church, as we understand it, simply does not count? This would be generally admitted. Nor is it material for the present purpose that a long list has been published of eminent scientists who believe in God. This only makes the problem more difficult than ever. The longer the list, the more serious becomes the outlook for the Church. For if such be their faith, why have they not joined "the great congregation"? Why is it that there is so little of anything which is dynamic or corporate in their faith, and how can we explain the infinitely small percentage of those admitting their belief in God, who are open and professed communicants of the Church? It is not altogether surprising that those who deliberately sin against the light, either in faith or conduct, will have little to do with the Church: but it should give us reason for serious thought, that we know men and women who would call themselves God-fearing, even Christian, who can recognise no resemblance between the faith which they hold and that of the Church which was intended to include and to inspire them.'

Mr. TALBOT meets the difficulty by saying that we must take such men as they are. But Mr. IREMONGER will have none of that. On the contrary, he holds that all these men are guilty of sin and that nothing can be done with them until they are brought to a sense of it. They are not only guilty of sin in general; they are guilty of two sins in particular. And they are all guilty of them, whatever their private lives may be. These two sins—Mr. IREMONGER calls them 'great sins of condition'—are the sin of independence of God and the sin of self-satisfaction.

The first is the sin of independence of God. Our Lord had much to say about that sin. We shall search the New Testament in vain for the actual word, but the idea is everywhere. It is the beginning of the Prodigal's history—'Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' It was the sin of the unbelieving Jews—'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.' It was the danger of which even the disciples were warned—'without me ye can do nothing.' It is the Great Refusal, says Mr. IREMONGER. It is to shut and bolt and bar the door in the face of God. It is to boast that without Him we can do everything, that we recognize no claim of His upon our lives. Every man who is guilty of the sin of independence of God must be brought to a knowledge of it.

The other sin is self-satisfaction. It is the particular sin of the Pharisees. The typical Pharisee who went up to the Temple to pray prayed the prayer and sinned the sin of self-satisfaction. It was the sin of the unbelieving Jews generally. 'If ye were blind,' said our Lord to them, 'ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth.' It is the sin of Sir Oliver Lodge, and of all those for whom he spoke when he said that in the present day men are thinking of nothing so little as of their sins. Did not even Professor J. H. Muirhead, who is no theologian, rebuke this sin and call for repentance when he said, 'There can be no deep religious sense in a soul which does not bear about with it the marks of a life and death struggle, which has not had its vision of the Holy Grail, and been surprised thereby into a sense of the distance between the ordinary level of feeling and achievement, and the height to which it has been called.'

And yet, who is it that has our sympathy to-day? Is it Mr. IREMONGER, demanding a general confession of sins, or Mr. TALBOT, imploring that his flying boys be accepted as they are? Is it not Mr. TALBOT? And has not Mr. TALBOT even the right of it theologically? Does not the recognition of the love of God in Christ precede all sense of sorrow for sin? Is it not the cause of it?

The Commentaries of Principal James Morison, D.D.: an Appreciation.

By the Rev. George Milligan, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Glasgow.

The celebration last year of the centenary of Dr. James Morison's birth served not only to recall many interesting and stirring events in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, but to reawaken interest in a series of Commentaries which formed one of the most important contributions of British scholarship to the interpretation of the New Testament in the nineteenth century, and which may be studied with advantage even in the changed circumstances of our own day.

The principal of these Commentaries are: *An Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, 1849; new edition, rewritten, with addition of tenth chapter, 1888; *A Critical Exposition of the Third Chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, 1866; *A Practical Commentary on . . . S. Matthew*, 1870; *A Practical Commentary on . . . S. Mark*, 1873; *S. Paul's Teaching on Sanctification: a Practical Exposition of Romans vi.*, 1886.

Apart from the massive learning they display, the outstanding feature of these Commentaries lies in the close study of the exact words of Scripture which they exhibit throughout. In them the well-known dictum of Origen that 'there is not one jot or one tittle written in Scripture which does not work its own work for those who know how to use the force of the words that have been written' is continually finding fresh illustration. And we are not surprised, therefore, to find Dr. Morison placing in the forefront of one of his principal works the following quotation from Abraham Tucker's *The Light of Nature Pursued*: 'Come, then, thou solemn power, Philology, pioneer of the abstruser sciences, to prepare the way for their passage, . . . lend me thy needle-pointed pencil, that I may trace out the hair-breadth differences of language.'

It is, indeed, this philological sense and the desire for the minutest accuracy that lead to the attention bestowed upon various readings, and the renderings not only of the ancient versions, but of our early English translators. Wycliffe, Purvey, and others, are all laid under contribution, often with the happiest results, in the anxiety to bring out the full force of the original.

And to the same cause we may probably trace the constant references to the conflicting views of other commentators. It is a mode of commenting which, in less skilful hands, easily becomes wearisome and confusing. We are content as a rule to know the result at which a writer has arrived after full study of all the evidence within his reach. But this did not satisfy Dr. Morison, and with characteristic modesty he has told us why. 'He assumed that his readers would really feel no particular interest in finding out *his* particular standpoint.' And, as for himself, he felt 'a genuine interest in going round among the various standpoints that have been occupied by other earnest thinkers.' It was not that he was unable to make up his own mind. But so eager was he to guard his readers from 'crotchets, partialities, and ideal pets,' that he delighted in presenting his subject from a multiplicity of standpoints.[1] And therefore it was that to the most polemical of all his works, the first edition of his *Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans*, he prefixed the words of Melanchthon: '*Pugnabo pro Sacris, et solus, et simul cum aliis.*'

It might perhaps be thought that comment so philological and bibliographical as Dr. Morison's would be very unreadable, but this is far from being the case. Many of his books took shape first in the form of lectures delivered to large popular audiences, or underwent the still harder ordeal of the criticisms of the students of the Theological Academy, before they reached a wider public. And the result is a freshness and even liveliness, which we do not usually associate with commentaries, and a richness of illustration and citation, drawn often from very unexpected sources. The most homely figures are appealed to, if only

[1] *Critical Exposition of the Third Chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, p. ix.

they throw light on the points that are being discussed, or lead further on into the truth as it is in Christ.

For it is the *religious* meaning and drift of the books he is expounding that is always Dr. Morison's principal aim. For him the Bible, far from being a collection of curious and interesting texts on which scholarship might exercise its ingenuity, is the Book of God—God's voice of comfort to the broken and bruised heart, God's 'own imperative' to the sinful and rebellious will. Hence in the Dedication prefixed to the first edition of the Commentary on Rom. ix., his call to 'the Reverend the Professors of Theology in the Established and Unestablished Churches in Scotland' to devote themselves to 'the interpretation, elucidation, and vindication' of the Divine doctrines contained in this and similar chapters. 'Up, O up,' he earnestly pleads, 'to this employment!'

It was a call he had a right to make, for nobly had he led the way in his own preaching and teaching in showing that Scripture exposition is Scripture explication — the unfolding of the thoughts enfolded in the Sacred Text.

As we look back, then, upon Dr. Morison's Biblical work as a whole, we find it marked by three features.

(1) The first is *thoroughness*. He spared no pains to equip himself thoroughly for his task. And there are few more striking pictures in the history of theological study than that of the eager scholar rising about half-past three in the morning, and betaking himself through the quiet streets of Kilmarnock to the Old Manse where he kept his books, there to spend four or five hours in uninterrupted study before the distractions of the day began.

Nor did he only amass knowledge, he knew how to use it. Never for a moment does he give the impression of being crushed under the load of his varied learning. He turns all to account as a master, and with rare skill and judgment, and above all with a saving common-sense which is very refreshing, sets himself to disentangle the truth out of the cloud of sophistries with which it is so often accompanied.

(2) It was this very *independence of thought* which led to his losing his place in the communion in which he had been brought up. 'I cannot make any compromise with regard to what I believe to be God's eternal truth,' he said at the Synod at which he practically bade farewell to the Secession Church. And though for a time he had to stand 'alone—terribly alone,' he was spared to see the reward of his struggle in a wider apprehension of God's purposes of saving grace, and to win the veneration and affection of all who knew him by the Christlike beauty of his own character and life.

(3) For of the intense *spirituality* of Dr. Morison's nature there cannot be a moment's doubt. If some of his earlier books were called forth in the heat of controversy, in defence of the 'new views' which were to cost him so dear, he never allows himself to be betrayed into bitterness or recrimination towards his opponents. And it is significant of his whole attitude that when he came to publish a second edition of his Exposition of Rom. ix., he completely rewrote and remodelled it, laying down, as he himself puts it, the sword, and taking up the sickle, 'substituting scientific and scientifically practical exegesis in place of controversial discussion' (p. viii).

It was the positive side of truth with which he was always mainly concerned, the effort to find out the mind of the Spirit as it reveals itself in the words of Scripture, and above all to hold up steadily Him in whom all Scripture centres. 'Doctrine,' so he declares, in a sermon included in the memorial volume entitled *Sheaves of Ministry* (p. 375 f.), 'in its own place is most excellent. It is indispensable. In particular the doctrine of the inspired writers is of inestimable value. . . . Doctrine is a telescope by which you can see the Saviour afar through intervening centuries and ages of ages. Doctrine is a microscope, which, when turned to the world within the heart of the Saviour, reveals the presence in it of all peoples and all persons. . . . But still it is no mere doctrine that is, or can be, our Saviour. . . . It is not so much Christianity as it is Christ that we need. It is'—and here he strikes the keynote of all his teaching—'*Christ for every man!*'

'Hallowed be Thy Name.'

A JOHANNINE INTERPRETATION.

'Glorify thy name.'—Jn 12^{28}.

By the Rev. E. F. Morison, D.D., Rosslyn Chapel.

In any investigation of this first petition of the Lord's Prayer we have no need to perplex ourselves with questions of textual criticism, for both Matthew and Luke record the words in a precisely identical form. Further, we may also allow that with regard to its interpretation there is no reason why this petition should not be the first of those which we address to God, for just as in the invocation we call upon God by His Name 'Father,' so here we pray that the Divine Name, as thus revealed, may everywhere be sanctified, recognized as holy.

The connexion, however, between the title of the invocation and the meaning of this clause has, perhaps, not always been sufficiently realized by expositors of the Lord's Prayer. It is, no doubt, true that the expression 'Let thy name be hallowed' has a general significance, that it is a prayer for the growth and spread of true religion: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom' (Pr 9^{10}), and 'Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise' (Mal 4^{2}). In this same sense also we may say that the first petition of the Lord's Prayer is a true 'Missionary Prayer,' a prayer for the expansion of the knowledge of the Lord, as is further exemplified by the language of the Apocalypse: 'Who shall not fear, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy righteous acts have been made manifest' (Rev 15^{4}).

Yet we may surely see a more particular meaning in this prayer for the sanctification of the Divine Name. The expression, of course, has its roots in the past, is illustrated by prophet, lawgiver, and psalmist, but in the model prayer for the followers of Christ it has also a further implication: 'May Thy Name Father be hallowed and revered by those who must become as little children before they can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' The simple and spontaneous address 'Father' of the invocation may indeed be said to influence every word of the prayer thus directed to Him. 'They that know thy name,' says the Psalmist, 'will put their trust in thee,' and those who call upon God as Father, and have a true faith in His fatherly love, may well pray that this one, great, and all-important fact of the Fatherhood of God may be realized, that all the implications of the supreme revelation, the Name *Father*, may come to be fully recognized by the whole human race. There is thus something deeper, more personal and more vital, in such a prayer than a mere pious aspiration for the furtherance of religion. It is not a conventional liturgical formula, as in the Jewish petition, 'Let His great Name be blessed for ever, and to all eternity,' but the fervent expression of an earnest desire that each and all of God's children may find their true home 'in the kingdom of their Father' (Mt 13^{43}).

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a more familiar Jewish term than the expression 'the name of the Lord.' In the Decalogue the command is given, 'Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain' (Ex 20^{7}); and in the Levitical Code speaking against God is described as 'blaspheming the name' (Lv 24^{11}). Further, the House of God is described in Deuteronomy as 'the place which the Lord shall choose to cause his name to dwell there' (Dt 12^{11}). In the prophecies of Ezekiel we read, 'And I will sanctify my great name, which hath been profaned among the nations, which ye have profaned in the midst of them; and the nations shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes' (Ezk 36^{23}). It cannot be said that there is not good authority in the Scriptures of the Old Testament for the 'hallowing' of the Divine Name.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, however, gives a plainer meaning and a more definite content to the expression, 'the name of the Lord.' It is no longer an equivalent for the gradual and partial revelation of the character of God, whether to the Gentiles amongst whom He 'left not himself without witness' (Ac 14^{17}), or even to the Jews to whom He was known as 'Jehovah, the God of Israel.'

For Jesus the Divine Name is simply 'Father,' and it is for the hallowing of that Name, in some sense 'a new name,' that He bids His disciples pray. We do not, if we pray in the spirit of Christ, address our prayers to Jehovah, 'the glorious and fearful name' (Dt 28^{58}), nor do we pray that the nations of the world may praise His 'great and terrible name: holy is he' (Ps 99^{3}), but rather we make petition to our Heavenly Father that 'thy name may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations' (Ps 67^{2}).

It may seem strange that in the life and words of our Lord as recorded by the first three Evangelists there should be no further mention of the hallowing of 'the Name.' Other clauses of the Lord's Prayer have their counterpart in sayings of our Lord spoken on other occasions, but in this case, apparently, there is no exact parallel to be found in these Gospels to this prayer for the sanctification, the devout recognition of the Divine Name *Father*. Possibly this is due to the fact that our Lord deliberately refused to employ the expression 'the Name' as a periphrasis for God, and chose to speak of Him directly as 'Father,' 'my Father,' or 'your Father.' The phrase, therefore, has here a special significance as employing a term which in itself was not customary to our Lord. At the same time, however, a prayer which was definitely and immediately addressed to God as Father could safely and rightly include a petition for the worship of His Holy Name, a fervent prayer that others may come to join their prayers with those who call upon God as the Father of all. The Lord's Prayer is the great 'Family Prayer.' We are bidden to pray for the advent of the Kingdom, for the fulfilment of the Divine Will, but first and foremost, as including all else, we pray that the whole Household of God may be led to realize their birthright, 'the right to become children of God' (Jn 1^{11}).

When we turn to the Gospel according to St. John we find that, in contrast to the Synoptists, 'the Name' of God is repeatedly mentioned, and there is much that serves to illustrate our Lord's use of the expression 'May thy name be hallowed' in His pattern prayer. We have already remarked that the clause is no mere liturgical formula, or an ascription of praise inserted in accordance with the Rabbinic principle, 'A benediction that does not mention the Name is no benediction at all.' It must be noticed, however, that although in the Fourth Gospel God's Name is not infrequently spoken of, yet it is always in a direct personal relation, 'thy name,' or else with immediate reference to the Divine Fatherhood, 'the name of the Father' or 'of my Father.' The prayer of our Lord which is given in chapter 17 of the Gospel makes mention of the Name of the Father no fewer than four times. 'I manifested thy name unto the men whom thou gavest me out of the world' (v.^{6}). 'Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me' (v.^{11}). 'While I was with them, I kept them in thy name which thou hast given me' (v.^{12}). 'I made known unto them thy name, and will make it known' (v.^{26}). These passages make it clear that here, at any rate, the 'Name' of God is not a vague generalization, or a convenient alternative, it is rather 'a new name' given to the Son that He may reveal it to His followers and keep them in it, making all one in the one great Family of God, their Father.

It is interesting also to notice that in this prayer we have the term 'hallow' or 'sanctify' used, however, not in connexion with the Name of the Father, but with reference to the Son and His disciples. 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in truth' (v.^{19}). So also our Lord prays, 'Sanctify them in the truth: thy word is truth' (v.^{17}). Such sanctification is, no doubt, primarily personal, but it is also altruistic and progressive. We can thus see that the petition, 'May thy name be sanctified,' as taught by our Lord, is meant to be something more than a prayer merely for personal holiness in the heart of the individual. The more we desire and pray for our own growth in holiness, our own 'consecration,' the more we realize the far-reaching nature of this prayer with its sublime unselfishness. Our holiness before God is not merely our own private concern, it is of infinite value for its wider social aspects, as promoting the progress of the Kingdom. Thus in the Sermon on the Mount our Lord enjoins upon His followers, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven' (Mt 5^{16}).

In this connexion it is worth remembering that not only is the Name of the Divine Father glorified by men in expressions of worship and thanksgiving, but God Himself is said to 'glorify' His Name. Thus in the Fourth Gospel our Lord prays to His

Father in the words 'Glorify thy name' (Jn 12^{28}). The answer to this prayer was given, we are told, by 'a voice out of heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.' It is difficult not to see here a reference to the Divine Fatherhood. The glory of God consists in giving to men the filial spirit, the Spirit of the Son, whereby they feel God to be their Father. The Fourth Gospel is most emphatic in maintaining that the glory of the Father and of the Son is one and mutual, the Father glorifies the Son by His loving care, and the Son glorifies the Father by His loving obedience. The most glorious act of Sonship is the death upon the cross, whereby He was made 'perfect through sufferings' (He 2^{10}). In the account of the Betrayal of our Lord, as given in the Fourth Gospel, we are told that, after the departure of Judas from the upper room, 'Jesus saith, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him' (Jn 13^{31}). It is in times of great distress and mental conflict, when His 'soul is troubled,' that the Son of God glorifies the name of the Divine Father by His obedience. Thus we find that in this Gospel our Lord prays in the words, 'Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that the Son may glorify thee' (17^{1}), and again, 'I glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou hast given me to do' (17^{4}). Further, when making supplication for His disciples, He prays, 'Keep them in thy name which thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we are' (v.^{11}). 'The glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them (v.^{22}). The prayer ends with the words, 'O righteous Father, the world knew thee not, but I knew thee; and these know that thou didst send me; and I made known unto them thy name, and will make it known; that the love wherewith thou lovedst me may be in them, and I in them' (vv.$^{25.\ 26}$).

These quotations have here been given at length in order to show how this long intercessory prayer of our Lord which is recorded in the Fourth Gospel expounds and illuminates the brief petition which He bade His disciples pray, 'Hallowed be thy name.' The example of the Son of Man is valid for all mankind. His life and death were a complete 'hallowing' of the Divine Name, a most sacred revelation of the Fatherhood of God. To the precept, 'Ye shall be holy, for I am holy' (Lv 11^{45}), is added the pattern of the sinless Christ, whereby we may be perfect even as the 'heavenly Father is perfect' (Mt 5^{48}).

The first petition of the Lord's Prayer is thus universal and all-inclusive, a true missionary prayer that the Name of God may be made known to all men; for wherever the love of the Father is proclaimed and known, the Kingdom is come, and whenever the message of the Divine Fatherhood is received into the hearts of men and realized, 'glorified,' in a life of loving obedience, the Will of God is done. It is therefore evident that it is not in the conventional language of devout aspiration, but in the truest filial piety that we pray, 'Hallowed be thy name,' believing that our Lord Himself in His own prayers to His heavenly Father used the words, 'Glorify thy name.'

Literature.

HERBERT SPENCER.

If an editor has to choose between an author who knows the subject well and an author who can write well, what should his choice be? Fortunately, the choice has rarely to be made. When the editor of the series entitled 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century' selected Mr. Hugh Elliot for the biography of *Herbert Spencer* (Constable; 6s. net), he selected one who could write with force and with finish, and one who had read the whole of Spencer's works right through twice.

But that is not the end of an editor's duty. He must find a man who is in sympathy with his subject. For we have no longer any pleasure in the slashing review, or in any other slashing thing. We know now that nothing is done well that is not done sympathetically. Is Mr. Hugh Elliot a Spencerian?

He is. But just because he is a Spencerian he criticizes Spencer. Raising the question at the end of the book as to the right of Herbert Spencer to a place among the Makers of the Nineteenth Century, he says this:

'If we wish to estimate his real greatness, apart from the adventitious fluctuations of his environment, we shall inquire, not what was thought of him at different times, but what he did. We shall find that, without money, without special education, without health, he produced eighteen large volumes of philosophy and science of many diverse kinds; that he invented an entire new system of philosophy which for half a century filled the attention of all thinking people; that he led the chief controversies on Evolution and Biology without ever having received any tuition in those subjects; that he wrote perhaps the most important text-book of Psychology of his century, without any acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, and scarcely any with those of his contemporaries; that he established the science of Sociology in England; that in all branches of so-called Moral Science he was recognized as a leader; that he became the philosophic exponent of nineteenth century Liberalism; that he published a variety of mechanical inventions; and that on endless other subjects, great and small, he set forth a profusion of new and original ideas. A stable judgment will recognize in these achievements a true greatness, that may withstand all passing gusts of popular opinion.'

But that judgment does not close the mouth to criticism. Rather does it invite the frankest criticism that is also fair. And so Mr. Elliot criticizes. On Spencer's doctrine of the 'Unknowable,' for example, developed by him into a kind of substitute for religion, he speaks his mind and has no mercy. And of Spencer himself he even asserts on one occasion that he was less than his work, which is surely a difficult proposition to prove. His words are: 'He was one of those authors of whom it may be most truly said that his works were much greater than himself; and all the best of him will be found in his philosophy. His personality, outside his works, was meagre and petty. In this biography, therefore, I shall devote the greater part of the space to an account of his writings, in which he sacrificed the greater part of his personality.'

And this biography contains the clearest general account of Herbert Spencer's philosophy that has yet been published.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION.

Keen as our interest is in the psychology of religion, and has been ever since Professor William James made its study attractive, few of us have been altogether without a sense of uneasiness. For it appeared as if the fundamental fact of the Christian life, that is to say, the initial fact of regeneration, and for that matter all its subsequent facts, were henceforth to be explained as matters of purely psychical experience, due to one's time of life or perhaps to one's emotional organization.

Professor James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D., who has written a large and able book on *The Psychology of Religion* (Revell; $1.50 net), goes a long way towards delivering us from that uneasiness. He uses the word 'psychology' in a large sense; indeed, with very great freedom. For he speaks not only of the psychology of the soul, but afterwards also of the psychology of the sermon. What he does, in short, is to take as much of the science of psychology as suits his purpose and no more, his purpose being to express the old facts of Christian experience in modern and, as far as possible, scientific language.

The chapter on the psychology of the sermon, in spite of its curious title, contains good and useful reading. Especially effective is his advice as to the style in which the sermon is to be written. That advice he carries on throughout the following chapter, on the psychology of preaching, from which we take this short paragraph: 'The great literary writers are constantly showing us that the simple truth told in the most direct words, adorned only with choice diction, is the most effective as well as the most beautiful style. John Stuart Mill, that master of simple, forceful English, once wrote the sentence, "This is a very strong statement," and then struck his pen through the word "very." A friend, seeing the manuscript, asked why he had done this. "Because," said Mr. Mill, "I wanted to make that statement as strong as I could." To his mind the sentence, "This is a strong statement," was a stronger statement than the sentence, "This is a very strong statement," and he was right.'

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

In the great controversy regarding the miraculous in religion—a controversy which for the moment looks as if it were to be won by those who deny it—one assumption is made by both sides. It is the assumption called the Law of the Uniformity of Nature. To the pre-scientific mind

there was no such law. Any effect might follow any cause. To the modern scientific mind it is a primary axiom that the same cause always produces the same effect. And as the modern religious mind is as scientific as any other, the axiom is accepted all round.

Mr. Charles A. Mercier, M.D., has written a book entitled *On Causation, with a Chapter on Belief* (Longmans). It is not a religious book, though it is not by any means to be called irreligious. It is written not in the interests of religion but of truth, and the author is not concerned to ask whether or not truth and religion coincide. What his opinions may be on any aspect of religion, such as the question of the miraculous, no one can tell. But one of the subjects which he discusses in the book is this Law of the Uniformity of Nature, and in the discussion of it he asks the question, *Does* the same cause always produce the same effect?

Dr. Mercier has already laid down the proposition that the cause is an action. So the question becomes, Does the same action always bring about the same result? 'Take the blow of a hammer, for instance: does the blow of a hammer produce the same effect whether it falls on the head of a nail, or the side of a bell, or a man's fingers, or a bale of wool, or a sheet of water? Clearly in this sense of the word "cause" the same cause does not always produce the same effect, and Nature is not uniform. But this definition of cause was provisional only. It was subsequently elaborated into this: that a cause is an action upon a thing; and the question now becomes, Does the same action on the same thing always produce the same effect? Again let us take the hammer and strike with it our sheet of water. The effect is a splash. Now let the same water be frozen, and let us strike it again. The same effect is not produced. It may be objected that the thing on which the cause acts is no longer the same thing, but it is quite arguable that it is the same thing. It is certain, however, that it is not for the purpose of the argument the same thing. Then in what respect does it differ? Liquidity and solidity are, for the purpose of the argument, passive states of the thing acted on by the cause, and according to the definition already given, a passive state of the thing acted on by the cause is a condition. It is evident, therefore, that the question we are discussing, Does the same cause always produce the same effect? must be answered in the negative, unless we amend it by inserting a reference to the conditions; and the question ought to be put in the form: Does the same cause in the same conditions always produce the same effect? But this is an instance of the fallacy erroneously called the fallacy of many questions, which should be called, as it is called in my *New Logic*, the fallacy of the previous question. It implies that a previous question, which has not been answered, has been answered. It implies that the same action can take place for a second time upon the same thing in the same conditions; and this is not only impossible, but is acknowledged to be impossible by many of those who insist that the same cause always, or as they say invariably, produces the same effect.'

The passage is quoted not because it is clever but because it is clear. The whole book is just as clear and just as convincing as that paragraph.

To their 'Heart and Life' booklets Messrs. Allenson have added a Selection from the Letters of William Law, edited and arranged by M. M. Schofield. The title is *The Spirit is Life* (6d. net).

Some years ago a keen controversy rose and fell regarding the cruelty of beast to beast and bird to bird. The statement of certain scientific men left an uneasy impression of God's Providence. Mr. Charles F. Newall, after studying the whole subject carefully, has published a book on *The Problem of Pain in Nature* (Paisley: Gardner; 3s. 6d. net). His conclusion is that there is little pain and less cruelty. He supports it by argument and illustration, and writes a book which is not only readable but gives relief.

The Rev. Frank Inigo Harrison has published a volume of short devotional studies in St. Mark's Gospel. The title is *Come unto Me* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net).

A matter of very grave import is forcing itself upon our attention at the present time. It is the place which ought to be given to the Old Testament in determining our creed and conduct. It is the war that has brought it into prominence. For it is evident to not a few that the attitude of the Old Testament to war is not the attitude of the

New. This is one of the subjects, probably the most important subject, that is discussed by Dr. T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, in his book on *The Place of Scripture in the Church in Ancient and Modern Times* (Longmans; 1s. net). Dr. Strong is a careful, conservative scholar; yet this little book raises questions about the Old Testament which we should like to see settled satisfactorily, and soon. If we could only recognize the fact of the progress of doctrine in the Old Testament!

Mr. A. H. Benton, late of the Indian Civil Service, has given much thought to the subject of education in India. The most urgent problem is that of instruction in ethics. The method of moral instruction apart from religion he considers condemned by its poor results. At the Allahabad Conference a Muhammadan member pronounced it a farce, and the Committee silently agreed. In any case, Mr. Benton appeals to history and to human life. Morality never has been and cannot be separated from religion.

But what are you to do in India where there are so many religions? Mr. Benton's method is bold enough. Teach the morality that belongs to each of the Indian religions to the children whose parents profess that religion—Hindu morality to Hindus, Muhammadan to Muhammadans, Christian to Christians.

To this suggestion the book leads up, through much interesting exposition of Indian life and educational experiment. Then this suggestion is worked out carefully and, as we have said, courageously. The book is called *Indian Moral Instruction and Caste Problems* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net).

Not prayer but intercessory prayer is the most pressing matter of the moment. It is most pressing theologically as well as practically. For all the difficulties of prayer concentrate in it. Intercessory prayer has been taken by itself and thought out thoroughly, thoroughly and devoutly and victoriously, by the Rev. David Jenks of the Society of the Sacred Mission. The result is a book entitled *A Study of Intercession* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), which takes a place of its own in the literature of prayer, and takes it by right of worth.

The Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A., Chaplain of Holy Trinity, Rome, has written a book about silence. *The Empire of Silence*, he calls it (Sampson Low; 6s. net). It is a book about saying nothing. Yet he takes more than four hundred pages in which to recommend it. For he has gone through all the available literature, English and other, and gathered examples and commendations. And he has divided all that he and his authors have to say about silence under appropriate headings, such as the Power of Silence, Grim Silence, Mystic Silence, Silent Men, Proverbial Silence, the Biblical Museum of Silence. It is an impressive gathering. There is no denying the impressiveness of it. There is no getting away from under it. It is not complete, of course. Mr. Courtenay is a man of wisdom and would not dream of making such a claim. He has missed, we think, that very striking confession of Dr. R. W. Dale which we are glad to see quoted in Professor Jackson's new anthology. Do you remember it? 'Soon after I became a minister,' says Dale, 'and while I was still a very young man, a great loss fell on a family in my congregation. The husband died a year or two after marriage. I went to see the widow. Her anguish was of that silent, self-restrained sort which is always most terrible to witness. There were no tears; there was no cry of complaint; not a word about the bright life which had been so suddenly darkened; not a word about the present agony or about the gloom and desolation of the years to come. Her grief was dumb. I was oppressed by it; I could say nothing. The sorrow seemed beyond the reach of comfort; and after sitting for a few minutes I rose in some agitation and went away without saying a word. After I had left the house, and when I had recovered self-possession, I felt humiliated and distressed that I had not spoken; I thought that perhaps it would have been better not to have gone at all. I do not feel so now. Sometimes the only consolation we can offer our friends is to let them know that we feel their sorrow is too great for any consolation of ours.'

Mr. Courtenay, we are sure, will be glad of that incident for a new edition. And so good is his book that we believe a new edition will be called for soon.

Principal Sir George Adam Smith has written an Introduction to a volume of sermons by the Rev. James Jack, B.D., which is published under the title of *A Great National Question* (Marshall

Brothers; 2s. 6d.). The question is Gideon's: 'If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?', and the reference is to the present war. Mr. Jack's answers are, first, because of our sins, especially drunkenness, indiscipline, love of pleasure, and the love of money. Also because of the sins of others, and especially because of the sins of the Prussians. Thus the first sermon gives the book its title. It also gives it its tone. The rest of the sermons are also concerned with the war. There is among them a short but useful exposition of the words of our Lord, 'Resist not evil.'

Does God answer prayer? Yes, directly, supernaturally, and unmistakably. It is the experience of a very large number of persons whose experiences have been gathered into a book by Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean. The title is *The Answer Came* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net).

'Christians have been very keen to believe the gospel *about* Jesus, but they have not been so eager to receive the gospel *of* Jesus. Even a superficial examination of Christian thought and dogma will make this plain. It is certainly most remarkable that only within the last century while democracy has really been in the making have men seriously begun to study the words and life of the Jesus of the Gospels. It is the ignorance of his words, or rather, the failure to build them into the constructive elements of our creeds and doctrines that accounts for so much of the reliance upon force which has passed itself off as Christian. We are not yet removed from that admiration of the Greek militaristic courage which so blazes forth in that most unlovely of masterpieces, Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. We have thought of Jesus as standing for his own rights, as driving out the cattle from the temple area, as casting a sword into the earth. It is true the proper interpretation of the Scriptural passages upon which this so-called virile Christianity has been built serves to question its final value. But men of "virility" are not eager to listen to those who would teach them that virility, if it be not touched by a willingness to give justice to others, may be easily turned into mere bellicosity.'

The passage occurs near the end of a carefully constructed argument in favour of *The Spiritual Interpretation of History* which moves steadily through a book with that title written by Professor Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago (Oxford University Press; 6s. 6d. net). Professor Mathews is careful not to use theological language, or even, if he can help it, theological ideas. His appeal is to those who have had some scientific but no theological training. He does not even seek directly to lead to Christ. But he will not have history interpreted apart from the presence of God. And having the presence of God he cannot help having the ideal and the action of Jesus. And it is as the revealer of elemental spiritual laws that he introduces Jesus in the paragraph quoted. The whole book is temperate and convincing. The chapter on the distinction between rights and justice will come to some of its readers as a revelation.

Now that Mr. Murray has issued a new and thoroughly revised edition of Professor J. Arthur Thomson's book *The Study of Animal Life* (6s. net), we have the opportunity of recommending it for reading. For reading? Is it not written for study? It is. It is divided into four parts, to which the author himself gives the scientific titles of Physiology, Morphology, Embryology, and Ætiology. And it has been used as a class-book in most of the Colleges in the land. Yet it is a book for reading—written (probably because the author could not help it, so human is he in thought and in language) as if for no other purpose than to give pleasure. Moreover, it can be opened at any page. Suppose it were opened at page 67. The subject is attack and defence in the (lower) animals. There we have an illustration of a caterpillar which has assumed a terrifying attitude in the presence of an enemy, inevitably suggesting a soldier with his gas-mask on. And then, a few pages later, we are told that (like the British soldier again) 'in spite of all these "shifts," we must not imagine that animals are careful and troubled, for the very opposite is the case.'

'They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented
With the mania of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.'

Dr. J. H. Jowett has written an Introduction to a remarkable volume of experience in home mission work. The author of the book is the late Mr. Edward Smith, J.P., who wrote the well-known volume *Mending Men*. In every case the power of the gospel of Christ was pitted against the power of the devil, with the drinking bar as his nearly invariable instrument. And in every case the gospel won. Mr. Smith tells his story with much simplicity and self-forgetfulness. The title is *Glowing Facts and Personalities* (R.T.S.; 1s. net).

To that most useful—for the greater number of students indispensable—series of books 'Translations of Early Documents' which Dr. Oesterley and Mr. Box are editing, two additions have been made—*The Book of Enoch* and *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net each). Both translations are from Canon R. H. Charles, and both are enriched—greatly enriched—with Introductions by Dr. Oesterley.

When Judas said, 'Is it I?' what was his motive? Dr. A. H. McNeile says it was pure cynicism. 'It was a piece of cold-blooded cynicism; he took a mean advantage of the Lord's loving character, knowing that He would not expose him before the others. It was self-love, self-seeking, that brought him to it. The thorns sprang up, and choked all the good impulses that he had ever had.'

This is found in a volume of addresses of which the title is *Discipleship* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). The idea of discipleship is one of the greatest, greater than that of apostleship, and Dr. McNeile claims all through the volume a life of sincere and selfless devotion from those who seek the office of the ministry.

The Psalter and the Present Distress.

By the Rev. John E. M'Fadyen, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Language, Literature, and Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow.

Now let us look at some of the thoughts that shine forth from the Psalter upon the darkness of to-day.

The Place of Small Nations.

First, it suggests very powerfully *the place of small peoples in the purpose of God and in the education of humanity*. What is the Psalter? It is a small collection of one hundred and fifty poems, most of them very brief, which came from the tiny land of a small people. We have no need to deprecate the great empires of the ancient or the modern world: they have all their place in the purpose of God, they have all their contribution to make to history and to humanity. But it is a simple historical fact that it is to the smallest peoples that the debt of the world is deepest. It would hardly be too much to say that the world owes more to Greece and to Palestine—to Greece with her deathless poetry, art, and philosophy, and to Palestine with her religion—than to all the other countries of the world put together. They are still to-day the inspiration, as they are the source, of those things by which the world lives. One of the Psalmists claimed that Jehovah had chosen Zion and desired it for His habitation (132^{13}), and the infinite debt of the world to the Psalter is the proof that the claim is a just one. It is from Zion that the river of song broke forth which has made glad the weary of all the ages.

Now who are these, we ask, and whence came they—these whose words have been the comfort and the inspiration of the centuries, these whose songs have cheered so many a night of weeping and helped men to wait with patience and with hope for the joy that was to come in the morning? It is the simple truth that 'their voice has gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.' Who are these, and whence came they? They came from one of the smallest of lands, from a land not more than 150 miles from north to south, and between 40 and 50 from east to west—a country about the size of Wales; or if we believe, as we may, that much, if not most, of the Psalter comes from post-exilic times, and therefore from Judah, then the soil from which it sprang was far more diminutive still—only a few square miles. It would seem to be to the

weak and the small things of this world that God has given His greatest work to do. Size is not the measure of a nation's greatness any more than of a poem's: it might even be said that in the Psalter the greatest poems are the shortest, such as the twenty-third, the one hundred and twenty-sixth, and, generally, the beautiful group which we know as the Pilgrim Psalms (120–134). It is very striking and worth laying to heart to-day that the profoundest service to the world has been rendered by one of the smallest of all peoples.

Faith in the Moral Order.

The next feature of the Psalter which we may consider as well fitted to steady and strengthen us in the chaos of to-day is *its overwhelming faith in the moral order of the world*. This, of course, it shares with the Old Testament as a whole: the prophets and the historians believe with all their soul that history is no haphazard thing, that God has built His world upon moral foundations, that He has not left it to itself, but that He sits upon the throne as Lord of history. But in the Psalms this great faith in the indestructibility of the moral order and the invincibility of the divine purpose shines forth with peculiar splendour, and all the more winsomely from its frequent pictorial setting. There were men in the Psalmists' time, as in our own, who were afraid for the foundations. They saw with sorrow that 'the wicked were bending their bow, to shoot in the dark at the upright,' and they asked with trepidation, 'When the foundations are being destroyed, what can the just man do?' But the Psalmist had his answer ready:

> The Lord in His holy temple,
> The Lord in heaven is enthroned.
> His eyes behold the world,
> They narrowly scan all men.
> The Lord scans righteous and wicked,
> And the lover of wrong He hates.
> On the wicked He rains coals of fire and brimstone,
> And scorching wind is their portion allotted.
> For the Lord is just, and justice He loves;
> So the upright shall see His face (11^{4-7}).

The Psalmist has no doubt about that. He believes that the foundations of the world are well and deeply laid, and that there need be no fear of their ultimate destruction. Those men knew that 'clouds and darkness are round about Him,' but they knew as well that 'justice and right are the base of His throne' (97^{2}). He might seem to stand afar off and to give no heed to the cries of the faithful who were losing and suffering all for His dear sake. These were times when their misery constrained them to cry:

> Why dost Thou hide Thy face
> Forgetting our stress and our misery? (44^{24}).

But they always came back in the end to their faith in His justice, in His pity, in His care for the men and the nations that are crushed. They return to the certainty that in His time, if not in theirs, He will defeat the purpose of the arrogant and vindicate those whom they have wronged. As in the twelfth Psalm:

> 'The poor are despoiled, and the needy are sighing;
> So now I will rouse me'—the Lord declareth—
> 'And set him in safety at whom they snort' (v.^{5}).

The only God whom the Jew could worship was a God to whom moral distinctions were real, and in a world governed by such a God it simply could not be that the ultimate victory would rest with the forces of evil; for this would mean that God was not Lord of the world which His own fingers had framed, that His will was not the supreme will in the universe. But

> He hath done whatever He pleased,
> In the seas and in all the abysses (135^{6})

—and not least in the abysses of history. The men or the nations who defy His moral will have the universe against them, and their doom is sealed and certain. This faith is strikingly put in the figure of the Cup of the Divine Wrath:

> In the hand of the Lord is a cup—
> Foaming wine, richly mixed with spices.
> Out of this He poureth a draught,
> And all the wicked on earth
> Must drain it down to the dregs (75^{8}).

The writers of the Psalter have noted with satisfaction the nemesis that runs through human affairs. It is a favourite thought of the Old Testament that the unrepentant sinner is not only doomed, but is hurled to the very doom which he had planned for his victims. Jacob had hoped to succeed by craft, and by a deeper craft he is foiled. With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again; and so in the Psalter:

> The wicked have drawn the sword,
> To slay men who walk uprightly;
> But their sword shall pierce their own hearts,
> And their bows shall be broken in pieces (37^{14}).

Over and over again we find in the Psalter the statement of this great fact of human experience—a fact which is confirmed by the history that is being made to-day; a fact, too, which, from the frequent statements of it in the Psalter, seems to have furnished to those ancient singers particularly

welcome proof that the moral fortunes of the world were in safe and mighty hands:

They set a net for my feet,
But in it was their own foot caught (57^{6}).

On his own head his mischief comes back
On his own crown his violence descends (7^{16}).

The faith of ancient Israel was that God would deal with men and nations according to their works; that the nations which live in forgetfulness of God and the claims of humanity would lose their place and power, while 'the righteous,' as one Psalmist puts it, 'would come to their rights' (94^{15}). And the remarkable thing is that they persisted in believing this, though their own national fortunes were for the most part so stern and sore.

So far, of course, as the individual was concerned, they saw, as they could not fail to see, that goodness was no guarantee of prosperity, that fidelity, in certain conditions of society, might lead to danger and hardship and death; and to the cause of true religion there was a real gain in this, as it threw the faithful back upon their God, until they learned to find their sweetest satisfaction in Him for this life, and also—in one or two Psalms—for that which is to come (49^{15} 73^{24}). But while this is true of the individual, the Jew of the Old Testament persisted in believing that, in the international world, the prizes would go in the long run to those who by their morality deserved them. In the great conflict waged between the Lord and His people on the one hand, and the forces of evil, represented by the heathen, on the other, it must not and could not be that the Lord would be defeated.

The Lord frustrates the designs of the heathen;
What the nations have purposed, He bringeth to nought.
But the Lord's own design shall stand for ever,
And what *His* heart hath purposed, through all generations ($33^{10f.}$).

There were times when it was plain to the dullest eye that the Lord had triumphed gloriously—times when (at least in the fancy of the Hebrew poet) the very heathen had been constrained to say, as they looked upon the fortunes of Israel, 'The Lord hath dealt greatly with them' (126^{2}). But when this faith in the visible supremacy of moral forces was not able to support itself upon contemporary fact, it did not cease to be sure of itself, nor did it permit itself to be crushed: it simply reached out boldly into the future and found there the consummation and the triumph which it could not find here. Like the brave men they were, those old Hebrews kept their faith when their world was falling to pieces. They refused to be crushed by the miseries and the horrors and the tragedies of the present, and they persisted in creating their splendid pictures of the better days to come.

And this is what we essentially mean by what we call the eschatology of the Psalter, and indeed of the Bible generally. It is simply 'the extension of the faith in a living God to the final outcome of history.' It was their way of saying that God was not to be baffled, that what He had begun He would assuredly continue and complete. So, when looking round with sorrow upon the world as they knew it, with its manifold disappointments and with the seeming defeat of the hopes they had been taught to cherish: when He for whom they longed seemed to stand afar off: they said to their own hearts and to one another, 'He is coming,' 'He will come.'

He cometh to judge the earth.
He will judge the world with justice
And the nations with faithfulness (96^{13}).

And this judgment to which they look forward not only makes their own hearts glad; it is a thing to set the whole universe ringing with joy:

Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice,
Let the sea and its fulness thunder.
Let the field, and all that is in it, exult:
Let the trees of the forest ring out their joy ($96^{11f.}$).

Let the streams clap their hands,
Let the hills shout for gladness together
Before the Lord—for He cometh ($98^{7f.}$).

They walk by faith, not by sight: and what they see with the clear eye of faith is a sight to cheer and exhilarate the most despondent; for it was nothing less than a world steady at last after all the tempest, a God whose purpose had triumphed, and a faithful people who could lift their song of praise, 'Now we are glad because it is quiet, for He has brought us to our desired haven.' No lyric expresses this mood of ultimate triumph more gloriously than the ninety-third Psalm:

Jehovah hath taken His seat on the throne,
Clothed with majesty, girt with might.
Now the world stands firm, to be shaken no more;
Firm standeth Thy throne from all eternity.
Thou art from everlasting.

The floods, O Jehovah, have lifted,
The floods have lifted their voice,
The floods lift up their roar.
But more grand than the great roaring waters,
More grand than the breakers of ocean,
Grand on the height stands Jehovah.

The Eschatology of the Fourth Gospel.

By Edward Grubb, M.A., formerly Editor of *The British Friend*.

Much attention has been directed of late to the Eschatology of the Synoptic Gospels, but considerably less, so far as I can discover, to that of the Fourth.[1] This appears to me a matter for regret; for it is conceivable that the latter may afford important help for interpreting the former. This may be so none the less if the Fourth Gospel be in the main a doctrinal rather than a strictly historical treatise. To prevent misconception, I may say that to me it appears to be an idealized picture of Jesus as the Incarnate Logos, worked out on a basis of historic facts, and intended to bring out what the author believed to be their inner and spiritual significance. My purpose is to call attention to what this writer, representing the most enlightened section of Christian thought at the close of the first century, made of the Apocalyptic teaching; in the hope that it may incite some scholars, who are far better equipped than I am, to do the work more thoroughly.

It is sometimes said that from the Fourth Gospel, apart from two passages which are hardly in line with its main ideas (Jn $5^{28.29}$ $21^{22.23}$), the Apocalyptic and Eschatological element disappears. It would be truer, I think, to say that it is *transmuted* by fusion with the great conceptions of the writer: that Jesus is the manifestation in time of the eternal Divine Logos, who has come from the Father to bring Life to men, and whose return to the Father yet leaves Him with them in spiritual presence as that Life. Broadly speaking, in this Gospel the inward and spiritual replaces the outward and spectacular. Eschatology is transfigured, and its terms revalued. The Kingdom of God becomes a condition of the soul, which a man must 'enter' by being 'born of the Spirit' (3^{5}). It is identified with the 'eternal life' which is made possible for men by the 'lifting up' of the Son of man (3^{14}).[2]

[1] There is a valuable chapter on 'The Johannine Interpretation' in Dr. E. W. Winstanley's book, *Jesus and the Future*, to which I am indebted for some of the thoughts that follow, but I do not remember to have met with anything else on the subject in English. My knowledge of German is small.

[2] The identification of the Kingdom of God with eternal life also appears in the Synoptics (cf. Mk 10^{17} with 10^{23}). Dr. E. F. Scott shows that it had also been made by some of the Apocalyptic writers (*The Kingdom and the Messiah*, p. 27).

The conception of the 'Son of man' in this Gospel has affinities with that in Enoch, where He pre-exists with the 'Head of Days,' who has 'chosen' Him and 'committed unto him the sum of judgment' (cf. Jn 5^{27}); but it differs in that He has become truly man, and can perfect His 'glory' only through obedience and suffering. That the phrase is used with a Messianic meaning is clear from 1^{51}, which is perhaps the most definitely Apocalyptic passage in the Fourth Gospel: 'Ye shall see the heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man.' The author does not (like Philo) divorce his Logos doctrine from Jewish Messianic conceptions: he retains but transcends them; he makes the recognition of Jesus as Messiah a stage towards belief in Him as Logos or Son of God. Jesus declares Himself to be the Messiah (*e.g.* in 4^{26}), and is hailed by Nathanael and by the multitude as the 'King of Israel' (1^{49} 12^{13}). But His 'Kingdom' is 'not of this world'; its essence is 'the truth'—the bringing of the mind and will of man into conformity with the mind of God (18^{36-38}). The thought of the Kingdom as *future* is preserved in the many passages where Jesus declares, or the author remarks, that His 'hour' is not yet come, or is just at hand (2^{4} $7^{6.30}$ 8^{20} 17^{1}); but that it is also *present* is indicated by the double use of the saying, 'The hour cometh, *and now is*': first, when 'the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth' (4^{23}); and second, when 'the [spiritually] dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live' (5^{25}). The two thoughts are beautifully blended in the simile of the fields 'white already unto the harvest,' in which the disciples shall reap the fruit of which their Master has sown the seed (4^{35-38}).

The transformation of Synoptic ideas which results from their being taken up into the great conceptions of the Fourth Evangelist may be brought out by a brief study of his use of the two terms 'Judgment' and 'Glory.'

The word 'Judgment' in this Gospel rarely carries with it the thought of a mighty event in the future; usually it is an ever-present (and therefore eternal) function of the Logos as such. The Logos is the 'light' of men; and as light reveals the

contrast between black and white, which darkness obscures, so the Light of God is always separating good from evil, drawing to itself the good and repelling the evil (3^{19-21}). Most of all is this the case when the Light shines forth in a personal and sinless Character; hence the very presence of Jesus in the world is itself the judgment, the separation (3^{18} 5^{25}). He judges 'righteously,' because He perfectly expresses, not His own will, but the mind and will of God (5^{30}).

There is, on the surface at least, a good deal of contradiction in the expressions used in regard to Judgment. In 5^{22} it is said that God as Father judges no man, but has given all judgment to the Son; yet in 5^{45} God is the Judge before whom men are accused; and in 8^{15} Jesus declares that He judges no man. This assertion is repeated in $12^{47.\ 48}$, where it is implied that Judgment is (so to say) not a personal decision but an automatic process, wrought out by the chances a man has had and rejected. Nevertheless, the Apocalyptic conception of a 'Judgment Day,' when the righteous should be vindicated and their enemies finally overthrown, is retained, not only in Martha's reference to the 'resurrection at the last day' (11^{24}), but in many sayings attributed to Jesus Himself, where the same expression 'the last day' is used ($6^{39.\ 40.\ 44.\ 54}$ 12^{48}). This expression does not agree very well with the thought of Judgment as a present and eternal fact. I am not prepared to suggest with confidence any theory that will resolve these apparent contradictions. Possibly different strains of thought were present in the mind of the author (or in the minds of the authors) of the Gospel, and were imperfectly fused.[1]

But this seems clear: the teaching about Judgment is (on the whole) far more deep and spiritual than that which we find in the Synoptics. It is presented (at times) as a present and perennial experience, as something inherent in the very fact that new moral truth is revealed, and as irrevocably bound up with the way a man uses the revelation that (if he will surrender himself to it) may be his:

> Thou judgest us; Thy purity
> Does all our lusts condemn;
> The love that draws us nearer Thee
> Is hot with wrath to them.

Further, Judgment is not presented as the ultimate Divine purpose. Jesus has come, not for the judgment of the world (the final overthrow of the wicked, which was regarded as the Messiah's main work), but for its salvation (3^{17} 12^{47b}). Yet this salvation is no soft or easy task; it can only be wrought out through a mighty conflict with the powers of evil—a victorious conflict, which itself is judgment. 'Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out' (12^{31}; cf. 16^{11}). The 'world' is not to be destroyed, but 'overcome' (16^{33}).

The 'Glory' passages are even more pregnant with freshness of meaning. The glory of the Son of Man is not merely something He is about to win when manifested as the Messiah; it is something He has temporarily abandoned by 'descending out of heaven,' but which He is to regain (3^{13} 6^{62} $17^{5.\ 24}$). Yet even in His humiliation the 'glory' was not absent; it was manifested not alone in His miraculous 'signs' (2^{11} $11^{4.\ 40}$), but in the 'grace and truth' that shone in His earthly career (1^{14}). It is not an exaltation or an honour that He seeks to gain for Himself ($8^{50.\ 54}$ 5^{41}); it is the manifestation through Him of the glory, the 'name,' the character, of His Father (7^{18} 12^{28} $17^{5.\ 6}$). And this manifestation He can give only by stooping to the lowest depth (as the world would say) of humiliation, in utter obedience to God, and self-abandoning love to men. He glorifies His Father on the earth, by accomplishing the work that has been given Him to do (17^{4}). It was when 'his hour was come that he should depart unto the Father,' when He 'knew that the Father had given all things into his hands,' that He showed His love 'unto the end' by washing the disciples' feet (13^{1-5}). His 'glory,' therefore, is the precise opposite of what the world counts as glory. It is to be found in the entire refusal of all self-seeking, in perfect self-consecration to the will of God and the service of men, even unto death (17^{19}). It is just when He sees His death for men close before

[1] It has often been pointed out that some of the comments on sayings of Jesus made by the author, or by someone concerned in the composition of the Fourth Gospel, show a lack of insight, *e.g.* the explanation of 'Destroy this temple' in 2^{21}, and of 'lifting up' in 12^{33}. It is in this way that I should be inclined to explain the apparently crude eschatology of $5^{28.\ 29}$, where there is no suggestion (as there is in 5^{25}) that 'all that are in the tombs' means the *spiritually* dead, or that the judgment is present and not only to come. There are, it is true, grave difficulties in working out any theory of composite authorship; but it seems clear that the final author has retained a few expressions which are at a lower level of spiritual insight than his own—perhaps because he had received them from one who was known as a companion of Jesus, and whose authority therefore carried weight.

Him that He speaks most constantly of 'glory.' When some Greeks come asking to see Him, He says, 'The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified'; and goes on at once to speak of His imminent death, of the 'trouble' of His soul, and to pray for deliverance from the terrible 'hour' that is upon Him, which yet He knows He has been sent to face (12$^{20-27}$). It is when Judas has gone out to betray Him that Jesus says, 'Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him' (13^{31}). The 'glory' of Jesus is the same as His 'lifting up' (3^{14} 8^{28} 12^{32})—the exaltation and victory that comes through humiliation and death for men.[1]

But further: He, as others are brought to share it, can only win His real glory: 'I am glorified *in them*' (17^{10}): the Spirit of Truth is to glorify Him by taking His secret and declaring it to His followers (16^{14}). It is only as they come to share His consecration that Jesus Himself can attain His glory.

The real glory of Jesus, then, is the manifestation in Him of the Divine character. His glory is God's glory; His nature is God's nature; His self-abandoning love is God's love; His enriching life is God's life. This is what He has come to impart to men, that they may have God's outflowing love and life reproduced in them, and so may be bound in mystic union to Him and to one another. 'The glory which thou hast given me I have given them; *that they all may be one*, even as we are one' (17$^{22.\ 26}$).

The coming of Christ by His living Spirit into the hearts of His true followers altogether replaces in the Fourth Gospel the crude millennial splendours of the Synoptics. It is into this that the Parousia has been transformed. Except for one passage in the Appendix (21^{22}), there is no allusion to a 'coming' or return of Christ except as the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as we know well that the main body of the Christian Church during the early centuries continued to hold the millennial conceptions with which the disciples started out. The depth and power of the Johannine teaching would seem to have been imperfectly appreciated.

How far does the teaching of this Gospel faithfully present to us the underlying thoughts of Jesus Himself—or was it an improvement on His meaning, due to the non-fulfilment of His forecasts of 'coming on the clouds of heaven'? Even if the familiar terms of Apocalyptic imagery were those that He actually employed, it would be quite consistent with His methods of teaching if He used them in a deeper sense than His hearers for the most part understood; and it should not surprise us if they have in part reproduced the form without indicating the true meaning that lay behind it. 'Jesus over the heads of His reporters' was one of Matthew Arnold's canons of Gospel criticism; and it appears to be a sounder one than the assumption that any of His interpreters were more spiritually-minded than their Master. If St. Paul discovered that 'the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost' (Ro 14^{17}), is it extravagant to suppose that it meant something at least as ethical and spiritual in the mind of Jesus Himself?

There are indications scattered in the Synoptics that the earlier evangelists reported sayings whose depth they had not fully fathomed. Notably this is so in Luke, who reports the sayings that 'the kingdom of God cometh not with observation . . . for lo, the kingdom of God is in the midst of you,' and that 'the days will come when ye shall desire to see one of the *days* of the Son of man and shall not see it' (Lk 17$^{20-22}$). This suggests that it will not be a spectacular event *in time*; and the suggestion is confirmed by the use of the word 'henceforth' (ἀπ' ἄρτι, Mt 26^{64}; ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, Lk 22^{69}) in the words of Jesus before the High Priest: 'Henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.' Further, both Matthew and Luke record (in slightly different words) the saying that 'as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west, so shall be the coming of the Son of man' (Mt 24^{27}, Lk 17^{24})—indicating that the Parousia will not be an event *in space*, any more than an event in time.

If, as the fourth Evangelist suggests, the root thought in the mind of Jesus, when He spoke of His 'coming,' was His victory over the 'power of darkness' (Lk 22^{53}), to be achieved through His

[1] The comments of the author (apart from 12^{33}) make it clear that so he himself understood the words he attributes to Jesus. The disciples did not understand His entry into Jerusalem till after He was 'glorified' (12^{16}). 'The Spirit was not yet, because Jesus was not yet glorified' (7^{39}): He could not come to them in fulness of spiritual presence until He had first departed from them in the body (cf. 16^{7}). Peter, in the Appendix, is to 'glorify God' by faithfulness unto death (21^{19}).

death and resurrection, this would afford a simple and natural explanation of one at least of the most difficult passages in the Synoptics: 'Verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come' (Mt 10[23]). That this 'coming' refers primarily to His death I cannot doubt, though He may not at that time have foreseen the circumstances in which it would occur. If His thoughts were already centred in His coming death, but He felt it impossible to speak of this 'openly' (Mk 8[32]) till He had won from the disciples such an understanding confession as that of Peter at Cæsarea Philippi, what more likely than that He should have hinted at it in veiled language of this character?[1]

I suggest that we can trust the Johannine interpretation, as giving a real clue to what lay behind the imagery in which Jesus clothed His thoughts of the glory He was to win through death, of the victory He was to achieve by perfect obedience, though that should lead Him through depths of shame. If so, then the Apocalyptic sayings take their place as no excrescence, no mistake of a deluded enthusiast, but as the crown of all His teaching. They give us the assurance—which in these days of darkness and horror we need as much as the disciples needed it—that His Kingdom will come in glory and power, that He will yet be the Lord of all our life, if only He can find once more the men and women in whom He can be 'glorified,' who will strive for His Kingdom even when the cause seems hopeless, will believe in Him even when 'the world' seems to have conquered, and be willing to follow Him even unto death. 'If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be.'

[1] So also I should venture to explain the similar statement in the parallels Mk 9[1], Mt 16[28], Lk 9[27].

In the Study.

The Seven Words.

VII.

The Surrendered Life.

'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'—Lk 23[46].

THE darkness had lasted from noon till three o'clock, and it was after this that Jesus took the vinegar, and cried with a loud voice, and died.

The evening was closing in. The mysterious darkness had passed away, the sun again shone over Calvary and the mountains of Judæa and the Holy City. The sun was drawing to its setting, and its level rays gilded the cross, and cast a long shadow eastward over those who stood behind. The darkness was perhaps rolling eastward, and so the cross would stand out brilliantly against the purple bank of gloom behind. The day—this dreadful day—was drawing to an end, and soon the Sabbath would have begun. Already the crowds were leaving the hill and turning back to Jerusalem, and the scribes and Pharisees had left, for the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice in the temple approached.

Then Jesus 'cried with a loud voice, and said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.'

It is the last of the Seven Words, and it is a word of rest and trust. The conflict is past, the darkness is past, the suffering is past. All is finished. There is no reason why our Lord should remain longer on the cross. So He commits His soul to His Heavenly Father's keeping, and bows His head, and gives up the ghost.

1. What was the cry that preceded these words? Was it a cry of relief at the touch of death? Was it a cry of victory? Was it a cry of gladness that He had endured to the end? Or did the Father look out upon Him in answer to His *My God*, and the blessedness of it make Him cry aloud because He could not smile? Was such His condition now that the greatest gladness of the universe could express itself only in a loud cry? Or was it but the last wrench of pain ere the final repose began? It may have been all in one. But never surely in all books, in all words of thinking men, can there be so much expressed as lay unarticulated in that cry of the Son of God.

2. The words that He spoke are a quotation from the 31st Psalm, as the Fourth Word from the cross is a quotation from the 22nd. A suggestion not to be forgotten lies in the fact that our dying Redeemer thus drew on the Psalms for comfort in those last hours of life. We may securely argue

from dying words to living habits: it was because He had been accustomed to nourish His devotional life by the religious use of the Psalms that, when He came to die, He thus fell back on them for strength. And the same must be said of the attitude of the spirit towards God. What it was in death, that it had been in life. No trait of Christ's character is more original and none more winning than the loving simplicity of His habitual attitude towards His Father; and here, on the cross, that attitude is still apparent. The first and the last words from the cross are addressed to the Father: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'; 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' In the interval between those words our Redeemer had passed under a dark cloud of desolation; He had lost for the moment the sense of the Father's love, and had lifted His voice in protest, sinless yet infinitely woeful, to an unregarding Heaven: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' But it was only for a moment; underneath Him still in that horrible darkness were the Everlasting Arms, and, as His last vigour failed Him, it was into them that He fell to rest.

3. In the psalm the prayer has reference to life; it is the committal of the spirit in the midst of tumult and danger to the merciful and faithful keeping of One able to protect and deliver. On the cross, in the midst of darkness and anguish, it is used as the expression of life's last act of renunciation—the surrender of the departing spirit to God. It is not a cry, like the Psalmist's, to be preserved from death, but a cry to be preserved through death unto everlasting life.

And if we are to be able to use such a prayer in death, it must be familiar to us in life. Hardly may we learn to pray it on the bed of death if we have not been accustomed to such thoughts in the heyday of strength. It is surely a remarkable thing that the two personal cries to God which our Lord uttered from the cross were, both of them, petitions already consecrated by the devotion of many centuries. They are not new prayers, fashioned for the crisis of the moment—they are old prayers; and in prayer, as in doctrine, it is *the old* which is *good*.

¶ These words, which now He uses, were, according to some, the daily prayer which every Jewish mother taught her child to say, the last thing when lying down at night. If this was so, the Lord's last words may have been the prayer which, when a little child, His Blessed Virgin Mother had taught Him, as an evening act of devotion, a child's short evensong of calm and trustful repose of soul. How this reminds us of those words, in His ministry, in which He speaks of that which is truly childlike as being most god-like, 'the same is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.'[1]

I. The Prayer.

1. *Father.*—In quoting the prayer of the Hebrew poet, Jesus has made a notable addition to its terminology. He has prefaced it with the word 'Father,' which is the name by which He has taught us to speak to God in prayer. And this word, which from Jesus we have learnt to use, states the very kernel of the Christian hope.

The advance which this name indicates over the earlier names of the Old Testament is plain enough. It changed, deepened, and enriched men's thoughts of God. He was seen to be all that men had hitherto believed concerning Him, and wonderfully more also. It was a great thing to realize God as eternal, but to realize Him as paternal—what a new and blessed thought! This name contains the special revelation which Jesus made of God. It has already wrought revolutions, and will go on changing both the thought and the life of man.

¶ 'Father.' This is pre-eminently the word of Jesus; His one name for God, the one note to which all His music was attuned, the central persuasion and confidence of His soul, the key to His life, the first and the last in His teaching, the soul of His religion, the symbol of His whole theology. It is the one recorded word of His youth: 'Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?' It was the word from heaven heard in His heart at the opening of His public career—a crisis marked by a new disclosure and realization of His Sonship to God. It was the first word of the prayer He taught His disciples; the word with which He accepted the inevitable in Gethsemane; the first word from the cross, and the last before 'the deep, vast speechlessness of death.' It was the ruling passion of His life—the passion which had moved Him to intense and tireless toil and sacrifice, and sustained Him amidst the temptations of manhood—which strengthened Him in the hour of His final conflict and calmed Him with its most tranquil assurance. It was 'Father' at the beginning; 'Father' all through the stormy years that led to the cross; 'Father' when He felt His hour was come, and troubled in spirit He cried, 'What shall I say?'; and it was 'Father' at the end. 'I live,' He once said, 'by the Father,' and so He died trusting in the Father. The commending of His spirit at the last moment to His Father was but the summing up of what He had been doing all His life. He breathed out the whole

[1] S. J. Stone, *Parochial Sermons*, 225.

spirit of His life in that prayer. All His days He had been offering Himself to His Father to enjoy and to suffer, to do and to bear; and so in death, and beyond death, He gives Himself into the hands of His Father.[1]

2. *Into Thy hands.*—By 'the hand' of God we mean His working power. Using the term plurally, and at the same time lovingly, by 'the hands' we mean more than this. Power, indeed, is meant, but power working by love; power in its delicacy; power soft, caressing, fondly tender; power taking up trusting weakness; the power that lovingly catches, lovingly holds, lovingly hushes, lovingly leads. The image, though sublime, is domestic. It is the utterance of a child's conception of God. When David said, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit,' he seems to have had in his thought hands held out to an infant, to catch it, to clasp it, and to make it happy, when it springs forward.

¶ Let our hearts rest where the heart of Jesus rested. No fearful adventure, no leap in the dark, can death be to those who live and die in His faith. It was said of Him that He was delivered into the hands of men to be crucified, but beneath the hands of His foes were His Father's hands. So when we fall, it is not into the hands of disease, decay, and destruction, but into the hands of the living and Eternal Father, who will keep that which in life's last moment of renunciation we commit to Him.[2]

3. *I commend my spirit.*—The last thought of Jesus was not about His body, but His 'spirit.' His body had suffered almost more than He could bear; the vital forces were nearly spent, the cross had done its deadly work, the moment had come for dissolution—the body going one way, the spirit another.

What is the spirit? It is the finest, highest, sacredest part of our being. In modern and ordinary language we call it the soul, when we speak of man as composed of body and soul; but in the language of Scripture it is distinguished even from the soul as the most lofty and exquisite part of the inner man. It is to the rest of our nature what the flower is to the plant or what the pearl is to the shell. It is that within us which is specially allied to God and eternity. It is also, however, that which sin seeks to corrupt and our spiritual enemies seek to destroy. No doubt these are specially active in the article of death; it is their last chance; and fain would they seize the spirit as it parts from the body and, dragging it down, rob it of its destiny. Jesus knew that He was launching out into eternity; and, plucking His spirit away from these hostile hands which were eager to seize it, He placed it in the hands of God. There it was safe.

[1] J. Hunter, *De Profundis Clamavi*, 150.
[2] *Ib.* 167.

II. Christ's View of Death.

This last word of the expiring Saviour revealed His view of death.

The word used by Jesus in commending His spirit to God implies that He was giving it away in the hope of finding it again. He was making a deposit in a safe place, to which, after the crisis of death was over, He would come and recover it. Who can doubt that we, who must all enter upon the solemn mystery of death, were intended to draw comfort and brightness from this view of death given us by the dying Lord? The spirit and body came to be called 'my deposit,' 'that which I have committed unto him,' from a sweet and solemn reminiscence of the last sentence upon the cross. The deposit must be safe which is lodged with such a depositary, and vested with such a trustee. Blessed is he who can call God his Father with his latest breath, and imitate Christ, if not in the magnificence of the investment, yet with some faint degree of the filial confidence with which it is lodged.

Are any of us afraid of death? If we are, then with the eye of faith see what a good death is. There is no fear in it—there is no terror in it—there is simple, calm trust in it. There is nothing in itself to fear in the spirit passing to the Father of spirits. If the life has been what it ought to be—if the life is the Three Hours' life—if there is a forgiving spirit—if there is contrition and courage as in the penitent thief—if the home life is loving and considerate—if there is patience through the darkness—if there is helpfulness to others' wants, as humanity thirsts—if it is a sacramental life in communion with the perfected life of Jesus Christ—then we need not be afraid to die.

¶ Deaths have been as varied as lives; but generally men have died as they have lived, and so the final utterances of men have been very different. The last words of Hobbes, the sceptical philosopher, were: 'I am going to take a leap in the dark. I commit my body to the worms and my spirit to the great Perhaps.' 'Let the curtain down,' muttered the dying Rabelais; 'the farce is played out.' The last words of Rousseau were: 'Being of beings, God.' The historic burden of Cardinal Wolsey's last utterance was: 'Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the

king, He would not have given me up in my grey hairs.' Addison said, with great difficulty, on his death-bed, to a youth for whom he had sent: 'See in what peace a Christian can die,' and soon expired. Locke, the father of English philosophy, said the day before his death: 'I have lived enough, and thank God for having spent my life so happily.' As Martin Luther lay on his death-bed, his friend Dr. Jonas asked him: 'Reverend father, do you die with a firm conviction of the faith you have taught?' Luther, in a distant voice, replied 'Yes,' and soon after breathed his last. The executioner of Sir Walter Raleigh told him that his head was somewhat awry on the block. 'So the heart be right,' said Sir Walter, 'no matter which way the head lies.' General Wolfe, when his men were victorious before Quebec, dies saying: 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace.' Goethe, that giant mind of Germany, dies asking for 'more light, more light'; and Schiller, asked how he found himself, answered: 'More and more calm.' The last words of Beethoven, who was deaf, were: 'I shall hear in heaven.' John Wesley dies saying: 'Best of all, God is with us.' 'I feel,' said Cardinal Wiseman, a short time before he died, 'like a schoolboy who has learnt his lesson, and is now going home for his holidays.' Dr. Watts, when asked on his death-bed how he was, answered: 'Waiting God's leave to die.' And one of the last recorded observations which Browning, ever firm in his faith in the future life, made to a friend was: 'Never say of me that I am dead.'[1]

III. His Surrender to the Father.

Jesus' death was a willing surrender of life. Though His death was violent and cruel, it was a voluntary sacrifice; and His surrender to the Father was a free, spontaneous act. In full possession of His powers, Christ committed Himself to God. None took His life from Him. He laid it down of Himself. 'My life,' He said, 'no man taketh it away from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down.'

¶ The surrendered life is the life of a child of God—childlike, meek, lowly, full of faith and trust, of repentance, of love, fearing to offend our Father, pure as in His sight, obedient, doing such things as please Him, always desiring to serve Him. For is not lowliness of spirit humility, which is the foundation stone of the Christ-like life, the childlike spirit, whose only thought is to please the Father and do His will. He became obedient unto death. He submitted Himself, He pleased not Himself, He commended His soul to His Father when His will was done.

Let us ask God to give us this same childlike spirit, that we may follow in His steps.

And this is the end of such a life, the reward of the child of God—to go back to the Father's hands, to be welcomed home, and find rest.[2]

[1] J. A. Davies, *Seven Words of Love*, 68.
[2] W. Newman, *Meditations on the Seven Last Words*, 87.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

April.

'But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.'—2 Co 3^{18}.

1. One of the grandest things that ever man said about God was the answer given in the Shorter Catechism to the question—'What is God?'—'God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable.' God is *unchangeable*.

Sometimes one may hear good people who have lived a long time, and can look back over many years, speak of God as having been their Friend all the time. 'He has never changed, and I know

He never will.' That is what they think; they may even say it.

And haven't you boys and girls noticed how, year after year, the seasons come round—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter? Near the beginning of the Bible story we read how God made a beautiful promise to a good man who trusted Him: 'While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.' And He has kept His word. That is in the story of the world—the big story of God as our Creator who is 'unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.'

2. But the Bible gives us another side of God's character. It is that of a loving Father, who understands exactly how His children feel about things. He knows that boys and girls love changes. Men and women are just the same—everybody cries out against monotony; it is hard for human nature to learn to endure it.

The voice of duty may come to a young girl, saying, 'Your work is to help mother after school hours, to nurse your baby brother, to run messages for a frail neighbour.' 'Oh!' we can hear that girl say to herself, 'what a dull life I have, how I should like a change.' We learn patience in strange ways; and it often takes a long, long time; not very many boys and girls know what a lesson in patience really means.

But in this month of April it seems as if the great Heavenly Father were falling in with the very thing you long for. It is the month of changes. Sun, rain! How quickly they follow each other! There is a surprise at every turn, so to speak. Try to think of some of the Aprils you have had. You can remember that there was more than sun and rain in them. Some of you went primrose gathering, or you may have visited a friend who had a large garden with a glorious tree, under which you lay and looked up to the blue sky through a roof of apple blossom.

I remember a sick boy who had a very poor home: but near his bed was a little four-paned window. One April morning he was wakened by something making a rattling noise on the glass. 'Mother lighting the fire,' he said to himself. What do you think it was? It was a branch of apple blossom knocking at the little window. The boy forgot his weariness and actually laughed out loud.

Oh fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
Arrayed in sunny white,
An April day's delight;
Oh fair to see!

'A surprise at every turn.' Can you recall the old country walks of April? You looked this way, you looked that way; the idea came to you—you thought nobody had ever felt it so strongly before—that the world was beautiful. You looked round in another direction; there was a bank covered with wild hyacinths, and here and there primroses peeped up very modestly from amongst them. The birds sang—they were happy too, for the winter had passed; joy was come.

The earth was cold, hard-hearted, dull;
To death almost she slept:
Over her, heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept.

Showers yet must fall, and waters grow
Dark-wan with furrowing blast;
But suns will shine, and softs winds blow,
Till the year flowers at last.

The sky is smiling over me,
Hath smiled away the frost;
White daisies star the sky-line lea,
With buds the wood's embossed.

Troops of wild flowers gaze at the sky
Up through the latticed boughs;
Till comes the green cloud by and by,
It is not time to house.

Yours is the day, sweet bird—sing on;
The winter is forgot;
Like an ill dream 'tis over and gone:
Pain that is past, is not.[1]

3. What makes the wonderful change in April? If it happen to be a dull, cloudy time, it is not so noticeable. To make a lovely April, the earth must hold up its face to the sun. But that is not all. The sun strikes on the bare rocky cliff and there is no response; nothing grows there, the rock seems even harder and more unimpressionable than in the long winter days. It is the life that is in the earth that makes the difference; the April sunshine only awakens it.

[1] *Poetical Works of George MacDonald*, i. 374.

In one of the schools of a large town a flower show was held where prizes were given. A little deformed girl had a small geranium given her. The plant grew and had beautiful blossoms. When it was brought to the show, the judges said it was the finest and best in the collection, and they were surprised to hear it had been grown in a gloomy court. But the secret of its beauty came out. The little girl told how she had watched the sun and the plant every day, keeping the geranium in the sun's rays, moving it as the sun moved; and the result was a perfect plant in life and beauty.

4. To-day I should not preach to you if I believed your hearts were like the hard, unimpressionable rocks. There is something in every boy and girl that, in some way or other, answers when God speaks.

It is said that the city of London is built over a bed of chalk, and if a shaft be sunk anywhere within its area, there will spring up a fountain of clear, cool water. It will be as clear and cool amid the squalor and poverty of the East End as amid the mansions of the great and noble.

Boys and girls, we should be thankful for the wonderful 'something' God has put into our hearts. There are young people who have held their faces up to the sunshine of God's love, and their friends could not but notice the wonderful change that took place in their characters. They became just such young men and such young women as the world needs to make it better.

> Looking upward every day,
> Sunshine on our faces;
> Pressing onward every day,
> Toward the heavenly places.

5. It is well known that people become like those with whom they live and whom they allow to influence them. That is the idea in our text. Missionaries tell us of the change which Christianity works in the lives of their converts. One lady missionary wrote a very interesting article in which she says that the love of Christ has brought a change even on the *faces* of the women of China, and she quoted a newspaper article in support of what she said. Let me quote a little bit of it. 'To judge from the beatific expression of certain converts I have met, the gospel means to them what the opening of the hatches of a captured slave ship meant to the wretches pent up in its hold.'

6. It is never a case of changing, or becoming like Christ all at once. We are transformed from glory to glory. One must be in Christ's company every day—every hour. It is like keeping our faces constantly towards the sun, and the change is wrought—we ourselves do not know how.

There is a fable told of a statue of an Ethiopian king. It was a huge figure of black stone seated on a throne. The feet were together and the hands pressed on the arms of the throne, as though in the act of starting up, and the face was looking wistfully toward the place of Sunrise. It was as if he watched for the morning; and, says the fable, whenever the first glimmer of the dawn flushed across the horizon and lit the eager face, a strain of music came from the parted lips.

And so may our lives be. Kingsley's verse is a little hackneyed perhaps, but there is a very fine truth in it:

> Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand sweet song.

II.

The Right Kind of Tongue.

'Keep thy tongue from evil.'—Ps 34^{13}.

Supposing some one were to present you with a sword and to tell you that you could use it as you pleased, what would you do with it? Well, there are two ways in which you could employ it. First, you could use it to destroy things—to cut open the covering of your mother's chairs or slit her pictures, or even to hurt or kill people. Or, second, you could use it to fight for the right and to defend the weak. Which do you think would be the better way?

Well, each of us possesses a weapon and we can use it in either a bad or a good way—we can use it to hurt and destroy, or we can employ it to help and bless. It is a very powerful weapon and can be very dangerous, so it is important that we should learn to use it in the right way. Now if you look at the text perhaps you will be able to guess the name of the weapon. Yes, it is the tongue, and to-day I want to speak to you about the right kind of tongue.

In the first place, I wish you to realize what an important thing the tongue is. I want you to learn it now and never to forget it, because if you become quite sure of that, you will save yourself

and other people a great deal of trouble. Never think that what you *say* is a small thing. Sometimes it counts more than what you *do*. There are a lot of people going about the world who seem to think that it doesn't matter much what they say, so long as what they do is all right. Some of them are quite kind and well-meaning, and they would be very much surprised if you told them that they were doing much more harm by their words than good by their deeds. Part of our duty to our neighbours is to 'hurt nobody by word,' and yet you hear people saying silly things such as 'words don't hurt.' Words do hurt. They can do a very great deal of harm. They can break friendships, and spoil lives, and sometimes they can even kill. The Bible doesn't let us think that words don't count. It has a very great deal to say to us about the right and wrong use of the tongue.

Now if I were going to tell you all there is to tell about the right kind of tongue, I should be talking for hours, and if you hadn't fallen asleep long before then you would inform me that I didn't know how to keep *my* tongue in order, so I'm going to mention just a few things about it and you can think out the rest for yourselves.

1. First of all, the right kind of tongue is a *well-controlled* tongue. It knows when to be quiet and when to speak. It doesn't blurt out just whatever comes uppermost. It doesn't go on chattering when it ought to be quiet. It doesn't give away secrets that don't belong to it. It doesn't run off at a gallop with its owner like a badly-trained horse.

There is an Eastern proverb which says 'Of thine unspoken word thou art master: thy spoken word is master of thee.' And that just means that so long as we have a thought in our minds it is our own, but if we speak it out it is ours no longer. We can never get it back again, and it is a power against us for good or evil as the case may be.

Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexprest may sometimes drop back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

2. And secondly, the right kind of tongue is a *true* tongue.

There are two things I want to say about the true tongue. The first thing is that it is nearly always cowardly to tell a lie. It is better far to suffer for telling the truth than to escape punishment and lose your honour. If you've done wrong own up like a man, don't deny it like a sneak.

The second thing is that there are more ways of telling an untruth than one. What makes a lie is the intention to deceive. You may lie by saying what is true in word but not in sense. And you may lie by consenting to a lie, by being silent when you ought to speak.

3. In the third place, the right kind of tongue is the *pure* tongue, the tongue that does not stoop to repeat any bad stories or nasty jokes; above all, the tongue that does not stoop to the cheap distinction of taking God's name in vain. Boys, just one word. I can't help thinking this is one of the shabbiest and lowest-down tricks you can play. If you heard another boy speaking lightly or disparagingly of your earthly father you would want to knock him down though he were twice your size, and yet you yourself don't hesitate to take your Heavenly Father's name lightly and foolishly upon your lips. And why? To show how brave and daring you are? Surely that is a poor sort of courage which deliberately defies a God who loves you too much to visit you with His judgment. To show how big you are? You deceive nobody but yourself. It is mostly childish men who stoop to such language. It is generally when things are going against them that they use it, and then it serves them instead of the tears of a baby who can't get what it wants.

4. Again, the right kind of tongue is a *kind* tongue, the tongue that prefers to say good about people rather than evil. Never twist and deform your tongue by picking out people's faults and speaking about them. If you hear a nasty thing about any one, don't let it go any farther. If there were no one to repeat nasty stories these stories would soon stop. If you must talk about others, try to find the best things to say about them. Use your tongues to cheer and brighten, and the world will be a great deal happier and better for your having lived in it.

A little word in kindness spoken
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere.
Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak.

5. And lastly, the right kind of tongue is the *gentle* tongue, the tongue that is not easily roused to anger. There is a right place for anger in this world, and it is a great gift if properly used. Christ was filled with Divine anger when He drove the money-changers from His Father's house. But if we are going to use our tongues constantly in fighting petty squabbles we shall never have the great and noble anger that scorches and burns up the evil in the world. It takes two to make a quarrel, and if one of the two gives the soft answer that turneth away wrath no quarrel can last long.

Can you remember, then, these five things about the right kind of tongue? It must be a *well-controlled* tongue—not given to chattering heedlessly. It must be a *true* tongue—too brave to tell a lie. It must be a *pure* tongue—too proud to stoop to anything mean, or low, or profane. It must be a *kind* tongue that prefers to say good rather than evil, and it must be a *gentle* tongue that turns away wrath.

There is just one thing more I want you to remember, and it is the most important of all. You will never have the right kind of tongue unless you have the right kind of heart, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Our tongues just tell what our thoughts think, and if we want to have the right kind of tongue, the tongue that is 'kept from evil,' we must ask God to give us the right kind of heart.

III.

The Rev. W. S. Herbert Wylie, M.A., has published a volume of nature studies, to which he has given the title of *God's Whispers* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. 6d. net). The studies were originally given, he tells us, as addresses to children at the Morning Service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church of England, Ealing. There is a point, and only one point, in each of them. Take this for an example.

A Lesson from the Limpet.

There are many animals which have power to cling to objects. One of these is the limpet. You must have seen this shellfish often when you visited the sea-side, and have noticed how tightly and securely it can cling to the rock. The shell is shaped like a hat, broad at the base, and tapering to a point. At the base you will find the big, flat foot of the limpet, which is really a large muscle that fills the opening. If you manage to get near without disturbing it, you will notice that it sometimes clings to the rock very loosely. It does this by means of a sticky substance it can produce from its big foot. The water then washes all round and through it, and it gets its food from this passing water. If you knock it sharply with a stick or stone, you can get it off the rock. But if it has the least warning of your coming, or if you touch it even the least little bit, you will find that it will settle tightly on the rock, and you cannot move it unless you are exceedingly strong.

How does it do this? How can it cling so tightly? I can, perhaps, best explain it by an illustration. When I was a boy at school we used to play with what we called 'suckers.' If you get a round piece of strong leather and bore a small hole in the centre, and put through a piece of string which has a knot big enough to prevent the end coming through and therefore to fill up the hole, and if you damp the leather and press it firmly on to a flat stone and then pull the string, you will find that the leather will not only stick to the stone, but you can lift it—even if it be a big stone. The explanation is really quite simple. When you pull the string it lifts the centre portion of the leather from the stone, and a vacuum is made (a vacuum is a space where there is no air), the outer part of the wet leather is sticking to the stone, and no air can get to the space you create when you pull the string; the pressure of the atmosphere all around is about 15 lb. on a square inch, and so that weight presses on the leather where the vacuum is, because there is no air inside to resist it, and hence you can lift the heavy stone. The limpet acts in exactly the same way. It contracts the centre of that flat foot and so makes a vacuum, and the pressure of the air on the shell becomes at once so great that you cannot move it in the ordinary way without exerting great strength. There is one method, however, by which you may move it easily: if you can push even a fine needle under the shell till it reaches the vacuum and then draw it out quickly, the air will rush in and destroy the vacuum, and you can remove the limpet.

Now, St. Paul, in his letter to the Romans, told them 'to abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good' (Ro 12^9). You and I are to do the same, and just as the limpet clings to the rock, so we ought to cleave to that which is good. We are not simply to cling loosely as the

limpet sometimes does, lest, like it, we be easily removed. We are to cleave—that is to say, we must mean to cling, and try to do it. You and I cannot do this in our own strength alone. We must have help. Just as the limpet needs the help of the air, so you and I need the grace of God. How may we gain the help of the grace of God? By putting ourselves into the condition of mind and heart to receive that aid. The air is always there, but the limpet does not always put himself into the condition to get its help. We must abhor the evil, choose the good, and wish to cling to it. We must desire God's help and look to Him for it, and then He will give it to us, and His grace will do for us what the air does for the limpet.

But beware of the little sins, which will be to you what the needle prick is to the tightly clinging limpet, and which destroys its grip. Little untruths, little disobediences, little acts of unkindness or selfishness, cause us to lose our grip, so that we are swept into the sea of sin and evil.

IV.

Have you ever tried to speak to children on the indwelling of Christ? The Rev. Stuart Robertson, M.A., does so, and does it successfully. He has published a volume of story sermons for children under the title of *Other Little Ships* (R.T.S.; 2s. 6d. net). To the sermon on the indwelling of Christ he gives the curious title 'In-quaintance.' Let us quote it.

In-quaintance.

'Christ liveth in me.'—Gal 2^{20}.

This is the pretty story of how a little child coined a very pretty word.

The child was Hartley Coleridge, son of the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge. One day, when Hartley was five years old, a friend was talking with the boy and his father, and a little girl with whom Hartley used to walk to and from school every day was mentioned. 'Oh!' said the friend, 'is Annie an acquaintance of yours, Hartley?' 'No,' said the boy, and pressing his hand on his heart, he answered fervently, 'she is an *in*-quaintance.'

And on that his father, writing to a friend about it, made this little verse:

Though friendships differ endless in degree,
The *sorts*, methinks, may be reduced to three:
Ac-quaintance many and Con-quaintance few,
But for *In*-quaintance I know only two.

Now I leave it to the boys and girls who read this, to think over the people they know, and put them into their right sort and degree of *'quaintance*: the people you know, yet whose lives just touch yours now and again—*ac*-quaintances; the people you know who are much *with* you, helping you, on your side—*con*-quaintances; and those who are *in* your heart, *in* your thoughts, *in* your prayers, who live *in* you—*in*-quaintances.

But I want to ask you one question, and it is this: What sort of *'quaintance* is Jesus Christ?

He begins as an *ac*-quaintance with us all when we are children. We read about Him in a book, we learn about Him—what He said, what He did, how He died. We know about Him as we know about other great souls in the far-away past. He is in the past; He is in a book; He is nearly twenty centuries away. We nod to Him over the years, but He is only an *ac*-quaintance.

Then one day—has it come?—it dawns on us that He is living *now*; not shut in a book, not centuries away. Now, in the lives of men, in the world about us, Jesus is living and working now, teaching people to love, helping people to live, redeeming them out of evil ways. In our own homes He lives and works; and most of the things that make us happy there are His doing.

That is better. He is near us. He is *with* us, on the side of the good in us. 'I am with you always,' He said, 'even to the end of the world.' Jesus is a *con*-quaintance.

But that is not enough. Christ *with* us makes our life happy; Christ in us makes our life glorious. 'Christ in us, our hope of glory,' says St. Paul, and his life was a glorious life because he was able to say, 'Christ liveth in me.'

When are you going to be able to say that?

When are you going to open your heart to Christ so frankly and widely that He can enter in and live there, so that you will look up at God with Christ's eyes of faith, and on this world with Christ's eyes of gladness, and on men and women with Christ's eyes of love?

When will you be able to give to the question, 'Is Jesus an acquaintance of yours?' that best answer, which it matters all the world that you should give, and give it with a true hand on a true heart: 'No! He is an *In*-quaintance'; 'Christ liveth *in* me.'

Point and Illustration.

Denominationalism.

Mr. Hugh Martin, M.A., has issued, through the Student Christian Movement, a volume containing five short lectures on *The Calling of the Church* (9d. net). Every lecture is a living message spoken fearlessly. In the lecture on 'The Church that is to be,' Mr. Martin says this about denominationalism:

'Whatever has been the case in the past, it is clear that our denominational distinctions in their present form have outstayed their usefulness. The tasks that confront the Church can only be accomplished by utilizing all our resources to the full. We have much need "seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions." Many of them are meaningless on the foreign missionary field, and to seek to transplant them in their entirety is to give grave cause for stumbling. It can hardly be matter for surprise, for example, if a Chinese, on being invited to join the "Dutch Reformed Church of America in China," feels that there is rather more geography than Christianity in the title! In this matter of unity, as in much else, the mission field is happily leading the way, and there are not wanting signs that even at home we are beginning to doubt the wisdom of overlapping and denominational competition, and learning that we are Christians first and denominationalists second. "Who cares about the Free Church," cried Dr. Chalmers, "compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland?"'

Considerateness.

Short messages for Lent, touching every aspect of sin and repentance, have been issued by Dr. H. C. G. Moule, Bishop of Durham, under the title of *The Call of Lent* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). There are forty-one messages, L'Envoi, and a closing poem. Out of one of the chapters on 'Sins in Personal Life,' take this on Considerateness: 'We will not forget Considerateness as a "concord with God" in home-life. The steady practice of it is a real, and a sweet, element in the "fruit of the Spirit." I remember a story told me a few years ago by a clergyman-friend on Tyneside, on first-hand authority, that of the mother concerned. She was poor, not strong, a widow, with several children. The eldest was a great lad, out at work. He came home daily to dinner, and when the dinner was not ready his tired mother was visited with coarse abuse. But the lad "got converted." And how did the miracle of grace come out? Well, at home it came out thus: the young fellow still wanted his dinner, and still it was not always ready. But now, when he found it so, he would "look ever so bright, and say, *Mother, I'll help you get it ready.*" Very simple words, but God was in them. They were a musical concord with the Christ of Nazareth. And their suggestions reach a very long way.'

Isaiah the Highlander.

One of the 'Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications' is a scholarly popular account of *Isaiah: The Prophet and The Book*, by Canon A. Nairne, D.D. (Longmans; 1s. net). It is fit for pleasant reading and it is just as fit for steady study—an accomplishment only the few can attain to. This is how Dr. Nairne handles a difficult bit of criticism:

'Are these visions Isaiah's or only parts of the additional theology of the book? In particular, is Isaiah ix. 1–7 his, or is it, as some would say, a late piece emanating from the Maccabean struggle, when "Galilee of the nations" came into prominence, and the heavily booted soldiers (ix. 5, R.V. margin) of Antiochus oppressed the saints? Perhaps of this conjecture also we may be content to say that it is ingenious, but is it securely founded? There is, however, another possibility. In the Septuagint, the most astonishing part of the prophecy, the series of divine epithets in verse 6 disappears. In place of these we only find "angel of great counsel." May it not be that we have here an instance of the editor of Isaiah's "Life" taking what he might consider an allowable liberty with the record—perhaps itself already confused and uncertain—of his hero's words, and heightening them in accordance with the faith of the Jewish Church? Just that touch, the series of great epithets, would be an interpretation of the primitive Messianic language, in terms of the later development, which was legitimate development, not change. Such a touch would be hardly bolder than the alteration in the text of 1 Tim. iii. 16, "God who was manifested in the flesh," for "He who was, etc.," not so bold as the insertion of the "heavenly witnesses" in 1 John v. 7.

'And yet, is this conjecture well founded either? The Septuagint, with its merits, has this defect: it is apt to tone down the daring thoughts in which the Hebrew seers delighted. Is not this after all an instance of that toning down? Are not the great epithets consonant with that chord in Isaiah's heart which is all the more surely his because we cannot properly sympathise with it? There is a story of Fiona Macleod which often recurs to me after long hesitation over critical problems like this. He tells of one of his West Highlanders to whom a fairy wish was offered. And he wished for power and wealth immeasurable, and then—"Give me instead," he cried, "give me a warm breast-feather from that grey dove of the woods that is winging home to her young." Fiona Macleod continues: "I tell this story of Coll . . . because he stands for the soul of a race. . . . Below all the strife of lesser desires, below all that he has in common with other men, he has the live-long unquenchable thirst for the things of the spirit. This is the thirst that makes him turn so often from the near securities and prosperities, and indeed all beside, setting his heart aflame with vain, because illimitable desires. For him, the wisdom before which knowledge is a frosty breath: the beauty that is beyond what is beautiful. For, like Coll, the world itself has not enough to give him. And at the last, and above all, he is like Coll in this, that the sun and moon and stars themselves may become as trampled dust, for only a breast-feather of that Dove of the Eternal, which may have its birth in mortal love, but has its evening home where are the dews of immortality" (*Iona*: in *The Divine Adventure*, p. 106). This analogy does not solve the critical problems of the Book of Isaiah, but it illustrates the soul of Isaiah. For Isaiah and the people he dwelt among were highlanders. Their dreams of empire and their dreams of the eternal were strangely mingled, or succeeded each other with strange abruptness, and it would be hard to set limits to inspiration on such a soil. Sometimes too it would be hard for readers of an alien race to trace the hidden lines, so different from what we would prefer to draw, along which their idealism runs out to its goal.'

The Great Thought of the Book of Job.

'Whenever a man can say in his heart, This calamity is not anything I have directly deserved, and when he can further say, I have learnt from this suffering all that I am able to learn, and yet it continues—then he is warranted in claiming for his own the great thought of the Book of Job, the thought that his suffering serves some larger purpose of God, such as the vindication of disinterested piety. If we can really believe that, it gives us what we most need; it links our human lives with a divine purpose, just at the point where the purposes of God seem broken off. Pain is transformed into privilege; sorrow becomes the sign of God's approval. God trusts His servant—trusts him with the maintenance of eternal truths, trusts him to stand by them to the last. The trust is itself a reward, the reward of innocence, and the confirmation of piety, as much an honour as the sufferings of Plato's just man crucified. We often speak of trusting God; is there not often a neglected truth in the thought that God is trusting us?'

That is as finely said as it is true and timely. It is found in a small book on *The Cross of Job*, written by Professor H. Wheeler Robinson, and published by the Student Christian Movement (1s. 6d. net). It is characteristic of the book. There is mastery manifest throughout, and no waste of words.

Two Exegetical Notes on St. Paul.

By Professor the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, D.Sc., D.D., New College, Edinburgh.

I.

A Special Use of ἐν.

Professor J. H. Moulton has called the preposition ἐν, as used in later Greek, 'a maid-of-all-work' (*Prolegomena*, p. 103). The description is so true that it is often difficult to say at what point one *nuance* of meaning shades off into another. Hence, the definite interpretation of particular instances must in many cases be hypothetical, and any sensible exegete will hesitate to dogmatize. Still, it may not be labour lost to group together some passages in the Pauline Epistles which seem to gain in clearness and force in the light of a particular explanation of this preposition.

Let us begin with its background. It is well known how often ἐν is used in the LXX as the equivalent of the Hebrew בְּ. Deissmann, even in the course of a restricted investigation, refers to 253 cases in which this is so. In 174 of these he regards ἐν as 'a mechanical non-Greek imitation' of the Hebrew word. The other usages he classifies under various headings (*Die neutest. Formel 'in Christo Jesu,'* pp. 55, 56). That with which we are concerned does not come within his purview. In all the passages to be cited from the LXX, ἐν is the equivalent of בְּ. But I should hesitate to call this usage either 'mechanical' or 'non-Greek,' as, although exact parallels outside the N.T. may be difficult to find, it is intimately associated with more or less familiar senses of ἐν.

(*a*) 2 S 3^{27}: ἀπέθανεν ἐν τῷ αἵματι Ἀσαήλ: 'he died for the blood of Asahel.'

(*b*) Dt 24^{16}: ἕκαστος ἐν τῇ ἑαυτοῦ ἁμαρτίᾳ ἀποθανεῖται: 'every man shall be put to death for his own sin.'

(*c*) Ps 6^{8}: ἐπαλαιώθην ἐν πᾶσιν τοῖς ἐχθροῖς μου: 'I [Heb. mine eye] waxed old because of all mine adversaries.'

(*d*) Ps 31^{11}: ἠσθένησεν ἐν πτωχίᾳ [LXX evidently read בעני instead of Massoretic בעוני] ἡ ἰσχύς μου: 'my strength failed because of my wretchedness' [M.T. 'iniquity'].

(*e*) Ps 42^{9}: ἵνα τί σκυθρωπάζων πορεύομαι ἐν τῷ ἐκθλίβειν τὸν ἐχθρόν μου: 'why go I mourning because of the oppression of mine enemy?' In all these examples, ἐν = 'on account of.' When we consider the close affinity of the meanings 'on account of' and 'by means of,' we need not condemn the usage as non-Greek, even if its Hebrew prototype has not been without influence in suggesting it.

I shall not attempt to discuss Deissmann's confident assertion that Paul was practically free from the influence of the [Hebraistic] syntax of the LXX (*op. cit.*, pp. 67–69). Probably his position is, on the whole, accurate. Yet it would be precarious to leave no room for qualification. That would be to claim a knowledge of Paul's mental habits which is beyond our reach. Let us be content to admit that the Apostle is accustomed to use legitimate Greek constructions, leaving room for the proviso that a usage having a natural kinship with the LXX will not, for that reason, be the less likely to occur.

The following passages from the Epistles become, I think, more luminous if we interpret them in the light of the data set down above.

(*a*) Ro 1^{24}: διὸ παρέδωκεν αὐτοὺς ὁ θεὸς ἐν ταῖς ἐπιθυμίαις τῶν καρδίων αὐτῶν εἰς ἀκαθαρσίαν: 'wherefore God, because of [R.V. and Moff. 'in'] the lusts of their hearts, delivered them over unto uncleanness.' This rendering explains the psychological sequence of the process far more forcibly than the ordinary one. There seems no need to refer to the exegesis which connects ἐν directly with παρέδωκεν. It is unlike Paul's usage and would be tautological side by side with εἰς ἀκαθαρσίαν.

(*b*) Ro 1^{21}: ἐματαιώθησαν ἐν τοῖς διαλογισμοῖς αὐτῶν: 'they were made futile because of their speculations' [R.V. 'in their reasonings'; Moff. 'they have turned to futile speculations']. It gives point to the statement to ascribe the futility of their position to their empty cogitations. Although Sanday and Headlam give no hint of taking ἐν as above, they quote a parallel to the passage from Enoch 99^{8}, which remarkably confirms the usage: 'they will become godless by reason of the foolishness of their hearts.'

(*c*) Ph 1^{13}: ὥστε τοὺς δεσμούς μου φανεροὺς ἐν Χριστῷ γενέσθαι ἐν ὅλῳ τῷ πραιτωρίῳ: 'so that throughout the whole prætorian guard it has become evident that my imprisonment is for Christ's sake [and not for any misdeed].'

This seems immensely preferable to R.V.: 'my bonds became manifest in Christ.' Dr. Moffatt's rendering really amounts to the same thing as mine, for whether he would be willing to give ἐν the precise force I suggest or not, he evidently feels that some such interpretation is necessary: 'it is recognized that I am imprisoned on account of my connexion with Christ.'

(*d*) 1 Co 7[14]: ἡγίασται γὰρ ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ ἄπιστος ἐν τῇ γυναικί, καὶ ἡγίασται ἡ γυνὴ ἡ ἄπιστος ἐν τῷ ἀδελφῷ: 'For the unbelieving husband is sanctified on account of his wife, and the unbelieving wife on account of her husband.' R.V. renders: 'the unbelieving husband is sanctified in the wife' ['consecrated in the person of his wife,' Moff.]. The ordinary interpretation is associated with Paul's phrase, ἐν Χριστῷ, and suggests that there is between husband and wife, even when one is a heathen, an intimacy of spiritual union similar to that which subsists between Christ and those united to Him by faith. I agree with J. Weiss (*ad loc.*) that it is exceedingly daring to attribute to Paul the equating of ἐν γυναικί with ἐν Χριστῷ. Weiss believes ἐν γυναικί to be a case of brachyology, and explains: 'owing to the fact that the wife is sanctified, the husband is sanctified along with her. . . . Their life together as a whole is the occasion of his being drawn in this way into the sphere of holiness.' This tallies with my suggestion. I do not discuss the conception of holiness which Weiss ascribes to Paul. That does not affect the present question. All that need be added is that one has at least as much right to translate ἐν here by 'because of' as (with Weiss) by 'with.'

(*e*) 1 Co 4[4]: οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐμαυτῷ σύνοιδα, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐν τούτῳ δεδικαίωμαι: 'for I have no consciousness of blame, but I am not on that account justified.' In this simple instance there is nothing to discuss.

(*f*) In the following group of examples, the preposition in every case follows the verb καυχᾶσθαι, which, in common with other verbs of emotion, like χαίρειν, ἀγαλλιᾶσθαι, εὐφραίνεσθαι, often takes ἐν and (much more rarely) ἐπί with dative. The corresponding usage in Hebrew, in which the similar class of verbs is followed by ב, is regarded by Brown, Briggs, and Driver as probably a special case of that which lies behind the use of in the LXX discussed above. At any rate, when Paul declares in Ro 5[3]: ἀλλὰ καὶ καυχώμεθα ἐν ταῖς θλίψεσιν, the statement gains fresh significance when we render: 'we actually glory because of our tribulations.' And so do the parallel assertions in 2 Co 12[5]: οὐ καυχήσομαι εἰ μὴ ἐν ταῖς ἀσθενείαις: 'I shall not glory except on account of my frailties,' and 2 Co 12[9], which is virtually a reiteration of 12[5].

I have not attempted to collect instances of this use of ἐν in the N.T. outside the Pauline Epistles. But obvious examples are Mt 6[7], Jn 16[30], Ac 7[29]. Nor have I had access to Rossberg's dissertation *De praepositionum graecorum in chartis aegyptiis ptolem. aetatis usu* (1909), which might illustrate the usage from the Papyri. W. Schmid in his exhaustive study, *Der Atticismus*, vol. iv. p. 449, refers to Philostratus (II.), *Vitae Sophistarum* 33[21], where, in the phrase ἐν οἴνῳ στασιάζειν, he interprets ἐν in a causal sense, as has been done throughout the present discussion. In grammars and lexicons only the fringe of the subject has been touched.

Contributions and Comments.

Literary Authorship.

THE processes of higher criticism are most frequently associated with their use in destroying existing notions of literary authorship, but being true processes their use in a constructive sense is equally legitimate. And being literary, or rather evidential, processes their value can be tested by their application to modern as well as to ancient literature.

To my mind the familiar differences both in vocabulary and in style between Mr. Carlyle's earlier and later writings have always seemed to be warnings against the popular canon that variety of style and diction necessarily implies variety of authorship.

But I do not write merely to trouble you with these personal and subjective commonplaces. I thought you might be interested by an example from the current number of the *Law Reports* upon

which I happened in reading it for official purposes this morning.

In his judgment in *Macmillan* v. *London Joint Stock Bank* (1917) 1 K.B. at p. 368, Mr. Justice Sankey, referring to a case decided ninety years ago, says, 'the modern tendency has been to bury rather than to praise it.' No one acquainted with Shakespeare and the Judge can doubt that the phrase is borrowed from *Julius Cæsar*. And to understand it fully needs acquaintance with the earlier writing. The parallel may be accidental, but no reasonable contemporary would suppose that it was. And it would legitimately for later critics date Shakespeare before Sir John Sankey.

But it also indicates that such reference to forgotten writers may often be the key to phrases in popular authors like the prophets of Israel.

There is not much in this, but I believe you have a proverb in Scotland, as shrewd as most of your proverbs are, with reference to the part which little things have in producing great ones.

G. A. King.

Croydon.

The Virgin Birth.

In the many discussions I have read of the 'Virgin Birth,' there is a point which all the writers have missed, namely, the relation of the Holy Ghost to the propagation of all living creatures. The Nicene Creed entitles Him 'The Giver of Life,' by which we are to understand all life, not spiritual only, the life that results from the 'brooding' of Gn 1 throughout creation. If the function of the Holy Ghost is as described in the Creed, then the existence of every living thing, plant, insect, or animal is due to His creative energy albeit operated through agents, procreators, and subject in a measure to the will of the agents, so far as they possess will and choice. Assuming the One ultimate Originator for each living thing or person, are we to believe that the Holy Ghost 'emptied Himself,' deprived Himself of all power of direct propagation, if the necessity for it should arise? In a word, are we to believe that it became impossible for Him to do directly in one instance that which He is ever doing through agency in every other instance? In the case of Abraham, Gn 18^{10-11} we are told that it was possible for the procreative power to be quickened by Divine power, *i.e.* by an operation of the Giver of Life. Its restriction in Gn 20^{18} shows that the contrary process was completely subject to the Divine will. Unless we ought to conclude that the recovery of a lost or decayed power was due to Abraham's own initiative, a conclusion at variance with the narrative, we are left with no other alternative than that it was due to an immediate operation of the Giver of Life. God's agents are innumerable, but all combined they do not render Him impotent, unable to do of His own will, directly, what all His agents could never do but for His will and the power received from Him. To deny the Virgin Birth is to me tantamount to denying that the Holy Ghost is the Giver of Life.

A. T. Fryer.

St. James' Vicarage, Walthamstow.

'The Merciful Bystander.'

The one pitiful deed which redeemed the tragedy on Calvary from utter cruelty was the response made to the cry of Jesus, 'I thirst.' We are not told anything about this unknown benefactor. Can we hazard a guess as to who or what he was?

He was not a Jew. They had already done all they thought necessary. The opiate had been offered and refused at an earlier point. It would be given in His case not for the sake of humanity, but for the sake of formal obedience to immemorial custom.

The vinegar of Jn 19^{29} was a different beverage. The common drink of the Roman soldiers was sour wine. The soldiers on duty would have their rations with them (Lk 23^{36}), and Dean Farrar supposes the sponge was used as a stopper for the earthen jar in which their 'posca' was kept. Now it is quite reasonable to suppose that no bystander would dare to interfere with the property of the soldiers, especially their drink; hence the natural conclusion would be that the Merciful Bystander was a soldier.

Further point is given to this conclusion by a conjecture revived by F. Field (*Notes on the Translation of the N.T.*, pp. 106–108) quoted in *HBD*, vol. iv. 610^{a}. He suggests ὑσσώπῳ περιθέντες should read ὑσσῷ περιθέντες, 'putting [a sponge] upon a spear.' Here again, if this correc-

tion is accepted, what is more natural than to suppose that one of the soldiers used his weapon as a convenient 'reed' (Mt 27^{48})?

Another consideration in favour of this soldierly chivalry is the change which came over their attitude toward Jesus. At first they mocked Him, but even then 'the soldiers were less persistent in their derision than the rulers' (Plummer, *I.C.C.*, on Lk $23^{36.37}$). At a later stage, when the order came to break the legs of the crucified, they carry out this brutal work not in the order in which the crosses stood, but coming to Jesus last, 'they brake not his legs.' John informs us this was because they saw that He was dead already, and yet 'one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side.' From their point of view this also was an act of mercy.

One other point should be noticed. Throughout the N.T. the Centurions always appear in a favourable light (Lk 7^{9} 23^{47}, Ac 10^{22} 22^{26} 23^{17} 24^{23} 27^{43}). The Centurion in charge of these soldiers also makes a confession of faith: 'Truly this man was a son of God.' His faith may have been far from perfect, only as a grain of mustard seed, but it was there and must have been present in his mind before it found utterance. From what we know of military discipline, it will be easy to suppose that with this officer present, no private soldier would have dared to interfere without his command or approval. Hence we reach the conclusion that the Centurion himself was the Merciful Bystander.

Against this view it may be urged that Mark makes him say: 'Let be; let us see whether Elijah cometh to take him down.' This would certainly seem a confusion, however, and Matthew corrects this by putting these words into the mouth of 'the rest.'

It is an interesting point and one that opens up a wide field for the moralizer. It is not beneath the dignity of a soldier to do something for Jesus Christ. Many are doing that to-day. He still says, 'I thirst,' and the response is not lacking. Moreover, our Lord accepted the offering. He was willing to share a soldier's rations. It may be a comfort to many to believe that the last offering Jesus accepted was that of a soldier.

H. C. Veale.

West Auckland, Durham.

Babylon in the Talmud.

Babylon, the great empire of ancient times, had, like all her predecessors, robbed and pillaged[1] in vain; to-day she lies a mass of ruins, only a fitting monument for her memorial career. In her greed for power and aggrandizement, smaller powers were mercilessly destroyed and crushed. In her path of conquest the Jew was not overlooked.[2] The literature of the conquered nations had not overlooked the sentiments of the conquered peoples, and as a result we find various expressions and passages among the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Hebrews illustrating the above facts. Let us then briefly revert to the Talmud for a more detailed account of the Jewish sentiment towards Babylonia.

The Talmud is very precise in giving its reasons[3] why this land is called Babylonia, and is very particular in designating the situation of that land.[4] One of the reasons why the Jews were supposed to be banished to Babylonia, in contradistinction to the other parts of the world, is because 'it is as deep as Hell.'[5] From which we may conclude that Israel, having sinned,[6] was banished[7] to this terrible place 'in order to purify itself before they would be allowed to come back to their land.'

The Talmud tells us that as soon as an Israelite would come near the boundary of Babylonia[8] he must utter a curse, because a vulture[9] stands in Babylonia and is looking at Israel, whom she wants to devour, which of course is another way of saying that Babylonia always had an outlook whereby she might conquer the land of Israel. The Babylonians are not depicted in flattering terms in the Talmud, for they are supposed 'to be flat-heads,'[10] void of all sense and morality. Her average citizen is supposed to be a robber[11] of the worst type. Perhaps this is a sentiment handed down by tradition of the terrible way in which the Babylonian troops treated the Jewish population

[1] Winckler, *The History of Babylonia and Assyria*, p. 317.

[2] Comp. Schrader, *Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*, vol. i.

[3] Sanhedrin, 24*a*. [4] Bava Bathra, 25*b*.

[5] Pesahim, 87*b*.

[6] See Jastrow, *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*, pp. 482 ff., 547; Zimmern, *Keilinschriften u. das Alte Testament*, ii. p. 397.

[7] Comp. Ezk, chs. 16, 23. [8] Berachoth, 57*b*.

[9] Chullin, 63*b*. [10] Sabbath, 31*a*.

[11] Avoda Torah, 26*a*.

at the time of its conquest. So great was the hatred of the Jew for Babylonia that the Talmud goes so far as to state that even the synagogues[1] that were placed in that country were of no consequence. Nor, on the other hand, is the wisdom of the Babylonian accounted for much, for the sages term it all as foolish.[2] A Jew was not allowed to go from Israel to Babylonia, according to the Talmudic injunction. A further proof of the hatred of the Jews for Babylonia[3] which can be recognized from the Talmud is that after the restoration of the second temple the first fruit[4] which ought to be brought to Palestine from outside of Palestine—the first fruit of Babylonia was ordered not to be accepted. The Jews in Babylonia did not keep any of the fasts, with the exception of the ninth of Ab,[5] which is the memorial day on which both the first and the second temple were destroyed. These are some of the sentiments that can be culled from the Talmud with regard to that country,[6] which laid waste the temple of God and banished the ten tribes[7] for ever from their lands.

JULIUS J. PRICE.

Toronto, Canada.

1 Cor. xv. 42.

YOUR correspondent (Mr. Kirkland-Whittaker) in the January issue will find an answer to his inquiry on the above passage in the *International Critical Commentary* on 1 Cor. While giving the usual interpretation of 15^{42} in the body of the chapter (making σῶμα ψυχικόν the subject of σπείρεται), a detached note is added in which reference is made to the interpretation adopted by the late Professor Momerie and other scholars. Among those mentioned in the note are Bernard, Charles, Findlay, and Milligan, and we may add Godet and Matheson, all of whom contend that σπείρεται cannot refer to the burial of the corpse in the grave. 'It is possible,' the writer adds, 'that this is correct: nevertheless the marked inclusion of Christ's burial (καὶ ὅτι ἐτάφη) in the short creed given in vv.[3. 4] gives considerable support to the usual interpretation.' But may not the mention of the burial in v.[4] be intended simply to affirm the *reality* of the death, as not, that is, a swoon, or fainting, as some who said that 'there is no resurrection' may have suggested, but a death with its natural and inevitable sequel—the disposal of the body by burial or otherwise? An entirely different, and quite unrelated, thought is in the Apostle's mind when he comes to write v.[42], so that no clue to its interpretation can be found in vv.[3. 4]. The whole subject is discussed in detail in the *Expositor*, 2nd series, vol. v. (Matheson); 4th series, vols. i., ii. (Milligan); and in Matheson's *Spiritual Development of St. Paul.*

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

West Kirby, Chester.

[1] Megilla, 28*b*.
[2] Comp. Yoma, 57*a*; so also Pesahim, 113*b*, 88*a*.
[3] Kethuboth, 111*a*. [4] Kalah, ch. iv.; Mishna, 11.
[5] Pesahim, 54*b*. [6] Berachoth.
[7] Babylonia and Assyria are here used synonymously.

The Star in the East.

PROFESSOR LAUTH'S theory identifying the star of Bethlehem with the dogstar Sirius which rose heliacally on the first of the Egyptian month Mesori for four years in succession (B.C. 5, 4, 3, and 2) is well known; but it has probably been put aside by most modern commentators as neither more nor less satisfactory than many other suppositions. Is it possible that the following passage in Theophrastus' *Enquiry into Plants* has a bearing on the subject?

It will be remembered that two of the gifts brought by the Wise Men were frankincense and myrrh (λίβανον καὶ σμύρναν) (Mt 2^{11}). Now these two aromatic gums are classed together by Theophrastus in at least two passages. In IV. iv. 14 they are simply mentioned among the aromatic plants growing in Arabia, Syria, and India; but in IX. i. 6 they are further referred to as follows: τὸν δὲ λιβανωτὸν καὶ τὴν σμύρναν ὑπὸ κύνα φασὶ καὶ ταῖς θερμοτάταις ἡμέραις ἐντεμνειν which Sir Arthur Hort in the new Loeb Classical Library (*Theophrastus*, vol. ii. p. 221) renders: 'The frankincense and myrrh trees they say should be cut at the rising of the dogstar and on the hottest days.' Does this coincidence serve to strengthen the hypothesis that the dogstar (Sirius) was the star seen by the Wise Men? Did they select their gifts in association with the star? Perhaps others far better qualified than I will express an opinion on this matter.

J. W. BALLANTYNE.

Edinburgh.

The ποίημα νουθετικόν of the Pseudo-Phocylides.

This Greek collection of proverbs, consisting of an extant metrical piece called *νουθετικόν* (monitory), is wrongly attributed to Phocylides, the poet and philosopher of Miletus, who lived in the sixth century B.C. For a poem of little more than 200 hexameters, the range of its ethical teaching is surprisingly comprehensive. It is most probably of Jewish authorship. No pagan writer could have so exactly reproduced the Old Testament standpoint as to say: 'Boast not thyself of wisdom, or of strength, or of riches: only the one God is wise and powerful and blessed' (cf. Jer 9^{23}, etc.). The work reveals, moreover, an unmistakable acquaintance with the Pentateuch both in spirit and in detail. The Jewish regulations about marriage, property, etc., are practically repeated here, as are also such distinctive precepts as those against eating the flesh of animals torn by beasts of prey[1] and wholesale harrying of birds' nests.[2] The view that the writer was a Christian does not rest on very substantial grounds. It is true that the Judaism of the poem is not of a pronounced type; but the same may be said of Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus. On the other hand, what Christian writer ever sought to enforce Christian duties under the ægis of a pagan celebrity? In the later Judaism this practice was part of the machinery of proselytism; but it was never adopted by the friends of the Gospel. And what Christian author ever set forth such a colourless Christianity as *ex hypothesi* we have in this work? There is absolutely no reference to Christ's teaching, or to the idea of redemption. Can we regard this as possible in the case of a treatise upon morality? Regarding a future life for the dead, it is said that 'they afterwards become gods';[3] but in the light of the context it seems more reasonable to find here the Platonic doctrine of the immortality of the soul than the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. This view is confirmed by the presence of other traces of Greek influence in a poem prevailingly Jewish in character, and calculated in many ways to act as a very wholesome salt in the depraved society of the Hellenistic world.

W. Fairweather.

Kirkcaldy.

[1] Phocylides, vv. 147–148 = Ex 22^{30}.

[2] Phocylides, vv. 84–85 = Dt $22^{6.7}$.

[3] Harnack considers that this points to Christian authorship, but Bernays supposes the original reading to have been *νέοι*, and that this was altered into *θεοί* by a Christian editor.

The Prodigal Son.

The contribution on the Prodigal Son by Mr. Jones in the January issue is interesting and arresting, but it does not completely solve the difficulties of the passage under consideration.

Looking to the phrase 'he came to himself,' which Trench describes as 'words of deepest significance,' we find nothing to show that the son's repentance was incomplete or insincere.

The idea expressed by an eighteenth-century scholar, 'quod patris comitas sermonem filii abrumperet,' gets scant enough attention in most modern expositions of this, the most dramatic of all the parables.

I always make a point of reading v.[21] disjointedly, as if the words were interrupted by sobs, and v.[22] quickly. The *ταχύ* found in some ancient sources would almost seem to bear out the idea of hasty utterance.

But the most cogent argument in favour of this interpretation is based on the probability that our Lord has not once forgotten His hearers who are mentioned in v.[2], and that by this studied interruption of the offer, rehearsed and expected, of service by the son, He is pointedly rebuking the hireling spirit of the Pharisees, who thought to *earn* by their own works that which can be received only of the grace of God.

Alex. A. Duncan.

Auchterless.

'Sheeny.'

Why is a Jew called by this opprobrious name? The Lexicons and Dictionaries offer no explanation that seems reasonable. Derivations from the German *schinder*, usurer, and the French *chien*, dog, are not satisfying. A Jewish authority tells me that many favour a derivation from 'Shem,' though the change from 'm' to 'n' is difficult. A recent writer suggests that the word is the almost literal equivalent to the Hebrew שְׁנִינָה, translated 'by-word,' in Dt 28^{37} and two of the other three passages where the word occurs

(1 K 9^{1}, 2 Ch 7^{20}, Jer 24^{9} *taunt*). This is decidedly tempting. I wonder whether there is anything in it. I understand that it was favoured by Ezekiel Margoliouth, but that it has not found acceptance among Jewish scholars. This last point is not surprising, though, obviously, it does not render the suggestion untrue.

W. H. Griffith Thomas.

Toronto.

The Doctrine of Love in Hinduism and in Christianity.

The study of Comparative Religion has given rise to the demand for a new Christian apologetic. Dogmatic assertions of the uniqueness or supremacy of Christianity will no longer carry conviction. We know now that Christianity is not as unique as it was long imagined to be, or at least not in the same sense. There are many more points of contact between it and other religions than our fathers dreamed. There are few of its characteristic doctrines for which parallels may not be found in one or other of the non-Christian religions. Many even of the Bible narratives, so far as their main features are concerned, meet us again in the sacred books of the East. So much that is genuinely true and noble has been discovered in most of the great religions of the world that many people have hastily jumped to the conclusion that there is very little to distinguish them. They are at best rivals with almost equal claims to the adherence and devotion of men. If we are not prepared to acquiesce in this easy-going conclusion, it is incumbent upon us to inquire anew wherein the uniqueness of Christianity lies, what claim it has to be the one religion which satisfies all the needs of the human spirit, and which contains the final truth concerning God as He may be known by man.

This means that we must frankly accept the challenge to our faith. We must be prepared to submit it to the most searching scrutiny by the same tests that may be applied to the other faiths. We must be perfectly willing to let its doctrinal standards be set side by side with those of Buddhism or Zoroastrianism, or its moral precepts with those of Confucianism. If Christianity is to establish its claim as a universal faith to the undivided allegiance of the human heart, it must do so in face of an exhaustive and unreserved comparison with every other faith. This does not mean that we must hold our judgment in suspense until we have obtained a complete concatenation of all the elements which are to be found in all the great religions. For our purpose it is enough that we should ascertain what are their essential features. To collect isolated and unrelated elements in these several religions, and to set them side by side would not indeed carry us very far. We must also inquire what is their relative importance in each system, how far they are essential or merely subsidiary, to what extent their absence would materially alter the character of the religion.

There is one feature of the Christian religion which is quite distinctive, and that is the supreme place which the doctrine of love occupies in it. Christianity is the religion of love. On the Divine side it is the revelation of love in the heart of God. The great and wondrous truth it proclaims is that 'God so loved the world.' On the human side it sums up man's entire duty in the obligation to love. If the essence of Christianity could be expressed in three sentences, they would be these: 'God is love'; 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind'; 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' These three sentences set forth the supremacy of love in its threefold manifestations. God as He is finally made known to man in Jesus Christ is seen to be pre-eminently the God of love. The supreme act of worship which man can render to God is to love Him. And the whole complex round of man's moral duties is summed up in the obligation to love. 'For love is the fulfilling of the law.'

Now it is possible that in other religions love may appear in this threefold manifestation. We may find love as an attribute in God; we may come across exhortations to love God; and the duty of loving our fellow-men may be inculcated. But is there any other religion which insists that in each of these three manifestations love is the supreme thing?

In this article we shall endeavour to estimate the place which love as an attribute of God occupies in Hinduism as compared with Christianity. Now, in all the classic literature of Hinduism, the Bhagavad Gita is the one book which gives any prominence to the doctrine of Divine love. 'The Bhagavad Gita is the highest

outcome of Oriental thought and aspiration. It may be called the Gospel of the East.'[1] The writer from whom this quotation is taken specifically invites comparison between the Gita and the Fourth Gospel. Now the key-word of the Fourth Gospel is 'love'; and its golden text is 3^{16}—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' In it the Incarnation is the manifestation within the limits of time of Infinite and Eternal Love. It not only presents to us a disquisition on love in philosophical terms; but it shows us love in actual operation, ministering to human needs, sharing intimately the sorrows and pains of men, grieving over their sin and folly, suffering with them and for them. We are throughout in an atmosphere pulsating with human emotions. Though the Central Figure in the story is exalted far above the common humanity, He is not a Being apart. He moves about in a world of real men and women (not mere lay figures placed there as a foil to His character), with whom He comes into closest human association. He understands them and sympathizes with them. He enters into their experiences and shares their emotions. He Himself is wearied and thirsty. He enters sympathetically into the simple joys of a marriage feast. He is profoundly affected by the sorrow and pain which men endure; and He weeps with the bereaved. The Jesus of the Fourth Gospel, whatever else He may be, is intensely human. He is a Man of like passions with us. He at least is no unmoved spectator of the human tragedy.

> In every pang that rends the heart
> The Man of Sorrows has a part.

When we turn from the Gospel to the Bhagavad Gita we find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. In form the Gita is a dialogue between two superhuman beings. It never once comes into actual touch with human conditions. For all the account that is taken of it here, the world of men might not exist at all. Neither of the heroes of the song comes into vital contact with ordinary mortals in their everyday experiences. There is not the slightest indication of any concern for the sorrows and woes of men. Sympathy and compassion are discounted throughout. When Arjuna confesses his aversion to take up arms to slay his own kindred, and shrinks from the shedding of blood, his compassionate feelings are denied by the god. There is no trace of tenderness in Krishna. That would be a mark of imperfection, a weakness unworthy of a god. It is an attribute of divinity to be beyond the reach of feeling or emotion, to be unmoved by pleasure or pain, to be indifferent alike to good and to bad. 'I am alike to all beings; to me none is hateful, none is dear.'

Yet the god who is thus depicted for the most part as absolutely impassive is elsewhere in several passages represented as having his favourites upon whom he lavishes his affections. In one passage (12. 13–19) Krishna enumerates to Arjuna the characteristics of his servant who is dear to him, beloved of him, and tells him who of all his devotees is most dear to him. Again, he assures Arjuna that this special revelation has been vouchsafed to him, 'because thou art dearly beloved of me' (18. 64). Thus God does at least love those whose disposition is towards him. He has a special affection for those whose actions, or whose attitude of soul, commends itself to him. We may ascribe to him the words of Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs: 'I love them that love me.'

But nowhere is Krishna credited with the disinterested love which takes no account of man's deserts. There is more genuine humanity in Arjuna than in Krishna. Perhaps the highest contribution that the Bhagavad Gita makes to the doctrine of Divine love is the fact that it testifies so clearly to the human longing to discover in God something akin to the purest human affections. We feel that Arjuna's pity deserves a fuller satisfaction than Krishna is able to give him. He is seeking for a quality which is essentially divine—the love which is disinterested and universal, which flows out towards the undeserving. Robert Browning, in describing the noble passion which thrilled through the soul of David as he witnessed the spiritual torture of King Saul, makes him cry out:

> 'Behold, I could love if I durst!
> But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
> God's own speed in the one way of love.'

In the Bhagavad Gita this is what has actually happened. Man has o'ertaken 'God's own speed in the one way of love.'

In Christianity love transcends everything, and is consummated in God. Human love at its

[1] Miss Maud Joynt in the *Hibbert Journal*, October 190 .

purest is but a faint reflection of the Divine love. It is God who has kindled the torch of love in the human heart. It is in loving that man comes nearest to God, and demonstrates most conclusively his kinship with the Divine. 'We love, because he first loved us.' In Hinduism, on the other hand, while love may be the noblest human passion, it cannot exist in God, who is beyond the reach of all passions alike. Love belongs to the pairs of opposites which are transcended in Brahma. In common with every other passion, it is part of that world of illusion which must pass away; and it cannot be properly predicated of the Absolute.

If, then, we find passages in Hindu literature which attribute love to the Supreme, we must regard them as concessions to the immature mind, to the man who is not yet sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the Absolute. Love cannot be regarded as an essential attribute of God. It is at best but a passing phase of His character. No one reading the Bhagavad Gita could possibly think of summing up the character of the Adorable in the one word 'love.'

The Indian Nation, one of the ablest Hindu journals, took the late Swami Vivekananda severely to task for the address that he delivered at the Parliament of Religions, of which it used these words: 'We cannot help thinking that it exhibits other evils than those of mere compression. It is not merely inadequate, but it is inaccurate, inconsistent, inconclusive. It is amusing to observe how the writer appropriates the doctrines and motives of Christianity and flings them in triumph at the Christian. The doctrine of love may be Hindu, but is also and mainly Christian.'

ROBERT HUGHES.

Uttoxeter.

Acts xxvii. 39.

IN the January issue of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES the Rev. G. A. Sim replies to my contribution anent this text in the issue of last July. Mr. Sim's article consists of a scholarly restatement of the traditional view of the shipwreck, and incidentally dismisses the view suggested in my article as improbable or impossible.

While not desiring unduly to press my view, which was intended to be tentative and to invite consideration, I desire, with all respect to Mr. Sim as an authority on questions relating to Malta, to point out, (1) in answer to his statement that 'there is no beach visible from a ship lying at anchor in the open sea opposite the narrow channel where two seas meet,' that it was precisely an excellent view of the bay seen from a ship in the open from the west side of the islet that first led me, years ago, to speculate as to the possibility of another interpretation than the traditional one being given to this text. My recollection is that the coast-line of the bay was clearly visible; and if I seem to be mistaken, the matter can be tested by experiment at some convenient opportunity (not in war time).

(2) Again, referring to Mr. Sim's statement that 'the depth mentioned—15 fathoms—just before anchoring, seems to preclude the idea that the ship came to anchor off the N.-W. side of the islet,' this also is a matter that can be verified by experiment. I do not possess an Admiralty chart, but I recollect making inquiry on this point from a man who had actually taken the soundings, and was informed that the soundings are the same on both sides of the islet.

(3) Yet again, in reference to Mr. Sim's remark that 'it may be judged how impossible it would have been to try to guide the ship into a narrow gap like the channel between Selmûn islet and the mainland, estimated by Smith as not more than a hundred yards in breadth, and that at right angles to the wind,' my whole contention is that the text indicates clearly that the navigators were attempting to do something nearly impossible—'into which they were minded, *if it were possible*, to thrust the ship.'

Further, while in a Gregale (Euroclydon) they would have been at right angles to the wind, it has to be remembered that it was soon after they left Crete that the Euroclydon arose, and that it is an almost unheard-of thing for a Gregale to blow continuously for fourteen days. Usually in the Mediterranean the wind shifts to a different point of the compass every three or four days. If the wind had veered, *e.g.* to N.W., as often happens, the ship, lying off the N.W. of the islet, would have been in the direct line of the wind, and the course suggested in my note a tempting one to a captain whose only alternative was to be driven ashore the moment he let go his anchors.

Mr. Sim's strongest argument is the size of the ship, which, he justly remarks, could not have been handled like a Gozo-boat. The handling

of it would be all the more difficult if the crew were timid or sulky. It is possible that the ship would not answer her helm, but the narrative does not say so. There is excellent anchorage in the bay, and, on the traditional theory, with their anchors still aboard, and the whole bay before them, one wonders by what series of accidents they managed to fall into the place where the two seas meet.

W. Cowan, C.F.

Malta.

Anna, 'a prophetess of the tribe of Asher' (Luke ii. 36).

A contemporary of Jesus who could claim descent from any of the so-called 'lost ten tribes' is almost a unique personality in the literature of the early Christian period. Luke's mention of a member of the tribe of Asher as speaking to a circle of 'them that were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem' about the great importance of the child Jesus raises the question whether there existed in those times Jews who could trace their origin from any of those tribes who were exiled by the Assyrian kings Tiglath-pileser and Shalmaneser (2 K 15^{29} $17^{6}=18^{11}$). Both the Jewish Hellenistic literature and the Rabbinic sources have to be used in a proper historical setting for the discussion of this problem.

The fact that there existed genealogy-lists among the Jews of those times is well known. Allusion need only be made to the genealogy-lists in Mt 1^{1-16} and Lk 3^{23-38}; though these were, of course, drawn up with the obvious purpose of basing the Messianic claims of Jesus as having descended from the Davidic family. An unknown priest had to prove by his pedigree his right to share the priestly privileges (cp. already Ezr 2^{61-63} = Neh 7^{63-65}). Thus Josephus (*Vita* 1, § 6) in setting down the genealogy of his family states that he found it inscribed in the 'public records' (ἐν ταῖς δημοσίαις δέλτοις). Several people mentioned in the Talmud claimed descent from Biblical personages. Davidic origin was claimed by the family of Hillel, who hailed from Babylon, as well as by the Babylonian Exilarchs.[1] Paul also stated that he belonged to the tribe of Benjamin (Ro 11^{1}, Ph 3^{5}).

All these data speak of those tribes that returned from the Babylonian Exile, namely besides Priests and Levites, Juda and Benjamin (Ezr 1^{5} 4^{1} 10^{9}, Neh $11^{4.7}$). But were there Jews in the times of Jesus who could still trace their origin from the so-called 'lost ten tribes'? Rabbinic sources, whether Palestinian or Babylonian, know of no such persons. In considering the literary evidence as to the existence and the whereabouts of these ten tribes in post-exilic times (see Neubauer, *JQR*, i. 14 ff., who collected the greater part of the material), it is well to separate the Judæo-Greek writings from the Palestinian-Rabbinic sources. Some books of the Apocrypha mention Jews belonging to the ten tribes. Tobit was of the tribe of Naphtali (1^{1}); but the story is supposed to take place in the time of Shalmaneser, the very same king who exiled this tribe. The story of Judith is supposed to have happened not long after the return of the Babylonian exiles to Judea. The author of the book makes Judith as well as her late husband to have belonged to the tribe of Simeon ($8^{1.2}$ 9^{2}). There is also mentioned another member of this tribe, Ozias b. Micha (6^{15}). In fact, it seems that all the inhabitants of Betylua were, according to our book, probably composed in Maccabean times (see Schürer, iii., 4th ed., 234), of the tribe of Simeon. If this be a genuine tradition, it can be easily explained that, inasmuch as the tribe of Simeon had been absorbed already in early times by the tribe of Juda, some of the returned exiles retained the knowledge of their origin from the tribe of Simeon. The author of 4 Ezra (13^{39-47})

[1] Gen. R. c. 98: 'R. Levi reports, A scroll of pedigrees (מגלת יחסים) was found in Jerusalem stating that Hillel was of Davidic family, R. Ḥiyyah descended from Shefatyah b. Abital . . ., R. Jose b. Ḥulafta from Jonadab b. Rekhab . . .' Yer. Taan, 68^{a}, ll. 52–57, has the same list with variants; there are several interpolations in these lists which, however, need not be discussed here (see also Dr. Büchler, *Priester u. Cultus*, 41 ff., and Epstein, *Monatsschrift*, 1896, 141). Both lists agree that Hillel was of Davidic origin. According to Yer. Kilaim, 32^{b}, ll. 37–38, R. Yehuda ha-Nasi, the redactor of the Mishnah and a descendant of Hillel, states that R. Huna, the contemporary Babylonian Exilarch, belonged to the tribe of Juda, and descended from the male members of the Davidic family, whereas R. Yehuda himself belonged to the tribe of Benjamin, but the maternal side of his family had Davidic origin.—Eleazar b. 'Azaryah, a scholar of the first century, was regarded as the tenth generation from Ezra the scribe (Yer. Yebamot, 3^{b} top; Taan, 67^{d}, l. 32: cp. Babli Ber. 27^{b} bottom).—The family of אנטיבא in Jerusalem traced its origin from Aravneh the Jebusite (Yer. Pea, 21^{a}, l. 52).—About the scrolls of pedigree, see further Yeb. 4^{15}; Babli, 49^{b}.

had some vague idea of the whereabouts of the ten tribes in a district far away beyond the Euphrates. This country he calls Arzareth, which, as Schiller-Szinessy has pointed out, is a contraction of אֶרֶץ אַחֶרֶת, Dt 29^{27}. It is obvious that the author of the book never met a Jew who belonged to one of these tribes. There only remains the statement in the Letter of Aristeas (46 ff.), that the high priest Eleazar selected six scholars from each tribe of the Jews to collaborate in the Greek translation of the Pentateuch. The author of the letter was probably an Egyptian Jew who lived not very much later than 200 B.C. (cp. Schürer, iii., 4th ed., 612–613). Only a Hellenized Jew could speak of twelve tribes living in *Palestine* in post-exilic times.

Coming to N.T. times we find, besides Lk 2^{36}, Paul speaking of 'our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night' in the hope of resurrection (Ac 26^{7}). James also sends his epistle to the 'twelve tribes which are of the dispersion' (see also Lk 22^{30} and Rev 7^{4-8}). But the most positive statement is that of Josephus in *Ant.* XI. v. 2, § 133. In speaking of the return of the Babylonian exiles, Josephus writes: 'but then the entire body of the people of Israel remained in that country, wherefore there are but two tribes in Asia and Europe subject to the Romans, while the ten tribes are beyond the Euphrates till now and are an immense multitude and not to be estimated by numbers.' Josephus several times refers to these Jews beyond the Euphrates (see *Jewish War*, II. xvi. 4, § 388–389, VI. vi. 2, § 343; *Ant.* XV. ii. 2, § 14 ff., iii. 1, § 39). It is well known that there lived many Jews in Babylon in those times. But did these Jews trace their descent from the ten tribes? And did Josephus ever meet in Jerusalem a Babylonian Jew who came as a pilgrim on the festivals and who would claim his origin from any of these tribes?

We are inclined to answer these questions in the negative, and to assume that Josephus gave only his conjecture that the large number of Jews who lived in Babylon and Media, the countries adjoining the Euphrates, were the descendants of the ten tribes. We find R. Akiba, who lived a generation after Josephus, remarking on Lv 26^{38} 'And ye shall perish among the nations,' that this refers to the ten tribes that were exiled to Media (Sifra *a.l.*). Sanh. xi. 3 (Babli, 110^{b}) reports a discussion between Akiba and Elieser (b. Hyrcanus) as to whether the ten tribes will ever rejoin the body of Israel in Messianic times (עתידין לחזור; Tosifta 13^{12}, reads חלק לעולם הבא, 'a portion of the future world').[1] Is it at all likely that these scholars would have ever made such statements about the ten tribes had there been any information in Palestine about the existence of great numbers of Jews beyond the Euphrates who belonged to these tribes? It should be borne in mind that Akiba visited Babylon and Media. We find him at Nehardea (Yeb. xvi. 7), the famous stronghold of the Babylonian Jews (see Jos. *Ant.* XVIII. 9). He also preached in גנזק שבמדי, Gazaka in Media (Gen. R. c. 33, cp. Aboda Zara, 34^{a}; a late Talmudic tradition (Kidd. 72^{a}) makes גנזק equivalent to נהר גוזן, 2 K 18^{11}, whither a part of the ten tribes were exiled). Akiba had thus first-hand knowledge about the Jews of Media and Babylon. Moreover, there lived in Palestine scholars from these countries. The most prominent name is Hillel the Babylonian. The Tannaite Naḥum the Median lived in Palestine before and during the destruction of the Temple in 70 C.E. (see Ketubot 105^{a}; Nazir v. 5; Shabb. ii. 1). The Jews from beyond the Euphrates were thus well known to the Palestinian scholars of the first and second centuries. And yet such scholars as Akiba and Elieser speak of the ten tribes as lost and unknown to the body of Jewry. These considerations render Josephus' statement very problematic. The same argument applies as well to the detail of Luke about Anna, a prophetess of the tribe of Asher, and to the other references in the N.T. to the twelve tribes.

Edersheim (*Life and Time of Jesus*, i. 200, 4th ed.) refers to Gen. R., chs. 71 and 99, as bearing out Luke's statement. Now in chap. 71, end (see c. 77), Levi and Simeon, scholars who flourished towards the end of the third century, in commenting on Gn 30^{13}, 'With fortune, for the daughters will call me fortunate,' state that the daughters of the tribe of Asher were beautiful and married priests and kings. The Agadists in their homiletic exegesis of the Bible would describe certain characteristics of the ten tribes without, of course, ever having had direct knowledge about them. The above passage is a case in point. The homiletic explanation of בי אשרוני is evident. In the third century, C.E., the Agadists certainly had no genuine tradition as regards spriets and kings, whether of pre- or post-exilic times, who married women of the tribe of Asher.

JACOB MANN.
London.

[1] About the variants of this discussion, which originally was begun by Elieser and Joshua, younger contemporaries of Josephus, cp. Bacher, *Agada der Tannaiten*, 2nd ed., i. 137. 4.

Entre Nous.

George Jackson.

Professor George Jackson has given the attractive title *Leaves of Healing* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net) to a most attractive anthology of prose and poetry. It is a book for the sorrowful, he says, and he dedicates it thus:

TO
THE MEMORY OF
A. W. J.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.

There is something for the sorrowful for every day in the year—three hundred and sixty-five items in all, and not a single item that signifies mistaken judgment. Nor is this any surprise. For we know that Professor Jackson has the hearing ear and the understanding heart for all that is true and beautiful in English literature. The only objection to the book is that we are tempted to take more than the daily bread for each day, so that it will not last out to the end of the year. Must we give a specimen? Here is one by an American author.

REQUIESCAM.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care,
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now.
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,—

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

If there are those who are not yet acquainted with Mr. Gibson and his poetry, it is a pleasure to be the means of an introduction, especially through such a volume as *Livelihood* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). It is a volume of dramatic reveries. So the author himself calls it, and so it is. Each reverie touches reality and never leaves it. And yet each reverie touches reality in a certain representative way, bringing into view always a worthy ideal, and thus coming very close to that which Watts-Dunton used to call the highest poetry of all, in which the mere individual becomes first representative and then again an individual. Each reverie has a distinct human interest. It is at once a lesson in sympathy and a training of the imagination. It is impossible to quote even the shortest of them. The following about the hills and the heather will, however, do something to reveal their charm as poetry.

And there'd been days among the hills, rare days
And rarer nights among the heathery ways—
Rare golden holidays when he had been
Alone in the great solitude of green
Wave-crested hills, a rolling shoreless sea
Flowing for ever through eternity—
A sea of grasses, streaming without rest
Beneath the great wind blowing from the west,
Over which cloud shadows sailed and swept away
Beyond the world's edge all the summer day.

The hills had been his refuge, his delight,
Seen or unseen, through many a day or night.
His help was of the hills, steadfast, serene
In their eternal strength, those shapes of green
Sublimely moulded.

Whatsoever his skill,
No man had ever rightly drawn a hill
To his mind—never caught the subtle curves
Or sweeping moorland with its dips and swerves—
Nor ever painted heather. . . .
Heather came
Always into his mind like sudden flame,
Blazing and streaming over stony braes
As he had seen it on that day of days
When he had plunged into a sea of bloom,
Blinded with colour, stifled with the fume
Of sun-soaked blossom, the hot, heady scent
Of honey-breathing bells, and sunk content
Into a soft and scented bed to sleep;
And he had lain in slumber sweet and deep,
And only wakened when the full moon's light
Had turned that wavy sea of heather white;
And still he'd lain within the full moon blaze
Hour after hour bewildered and adaze
As though enchanted—in a waking swoon
He'd lain within the full glare of the moon
Until she seemed to shine on him alone
In all the world—as though his body'd grown
Until it covered all the earth, and he
Was swaying like the moon-enchanted sea
Beneath that cold, white witchery of light. . . .
And now, the earth itself, he hung in night
Turning and turning in that cold, white glare
For ever and for ever. . . .

J. Laurence Rentoul.

It is no time since we had a volume of poetry by Professor Laurence Rentoul of Melbourne. We have now a much larger volume including the other, and containing poems that are better, we think, than any that the other contained, good as they were. There is in particular a series of poems on wells. How beautiful are the incidents associated with wells in the Bible—the well in the wilderness at which they sang that first of Bible songs, the well of Bethlehem, the well by which Jesus sat when the woman of Samaria came to draw water. Professor Rentoul tells the story of all these wells, and of other wells in modern life, in poetry that the preacher will quote in the pulpit. These songs of the well, as well as the book, go under the title of *At Vancouver's Well* (Macmillan; 5s.). For the story of Vancouver's well is told with especial enthusiasm. The whole series ends with this song entitled

THE WELL OF THE HEART.

O Thou—once weary by the well
That lapsed—hast tidings sweet and strange
Of deep well-water, by no dell
Or hill-side found, no grassy grange;
Nor changing, though men buy and sell.
Unless *ourselves* can change!

Ah, Love, the song, by delvers sung
In that old Syrian sun-smit dell,
Sings still. The ages yet are young!
Hearts dig and tire: men buy and sell,
Yet chant, the whispering palms among,
'Spring up, spring up, O well!'

Rabindranath Tagore.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is surely the sententious philosopher of our day. Is it easy to utter sayings that can stand alone and be both readable and memorable? It must be easy for him, though it may be that he first went through in suffering what he now gives out in these sentences which are truly song. For here are three hundred and twenty-six, after all that have appeared already. Let us quote one page of the book.

'Man is worse than an animal when he is an animal.'

'Dark clouds become heaven's flowers when kissed by light.'

'Let not the sword-blade mock its handle for being blunt.'

'The night's silence, like a deep lamp, is burning with the light of its milky way.'

The title of the book is *Stray Birds* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net).

Elizabeth Bridges.

Verses is all the title that Elizabeth Bridges gives her new volume (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). 'Poems' it might have been called, if there is a difference between those words. For there is poetry on every page. This is a fair example:

Of briars and thorns
Weaveth she her gracious garlands,
From barren unkempt pastures
Culleth she her posies so gay.

In every place
Findeth she unquested beauty;
Yea, even in my spirit
Sainthood, the lofty thought not attain'd.

Dorothy L. Sayers.

The title is *O.P. I.* (Blackwell; 2s. net). And the dedication is 'To the Stage-Manager of "Admiral Guinea," the Conductor of the Bach Choir, and the Members of the Mutual Admiration Society.' And then the surprise. For this is one of the most poetical volumes which have come from Oxford, whence have come recently many that are poetical. The long 'Lay' in praise of Oxford is itself worthy of a place in the next anthology. Yet it is the poem on Judas Iscariot that thrills us most. It is long; it cannot be quoted here. But this short poem has something of the thought of it.

RECKONING.

I said to the devil one day,
'What is the price that a man must pay?
What is the end of shameful desire?'
He answered: 'Hell-fire.'

'You sell sin for a song,' I said,
'And the day of reckoning is far ahead';
Nor knew that, even when he threatens hell-fire,
The devil is a liar.

For the bitter end of shame
Is not any sort of fire or flame,
But the chill of a scorn too sick for laughter,
Here, not hereafter.

E. A. Mackintosh.

Lt. E. A. Mackintosh, M.C., of the Seaforth Highlanders, has published a volume of poems and given it the title of *A Highland Regiment* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Much of it, though not the best of it, is instructed by the War. And the pain of the War—the pain of parting, the pain of death—is always present. Yet out of the midst of the War Lt. Mackintosh would have war go on for ever. There is a defiant attitude—defiant to right living and to repentance—several times expressed. And then comes this:

PEACE UPON EARTH.

Under the sky of battle, under the arch of the guns,
Where in a mad red torrent the river of fighting runs,
Where the shout of a strong man sounds no more than a broken groan,
And the heart of a man rejoicing stands up in its strength alone,
There in the hour of trial; and when the battle is spent,
And we sit drinking together, laughing and well content,
Deep in my heart I am hearing a little still voice that sings,
'Well, but what will you do when there comes an end of these things?'

Laughter, hard drinking and fighting, quarrels of friend and friend,
The eyes of the men that trust us, of all these there is an end.
No more in the raving barrage in one swift clamorous breath
We shall jest and curse together on the razor-edge of death.
Old days, old ways, old comrades, for ever and ever good-bye!
We shall walk no more in the twisted ways of the trenches, you and I,
For the nations have heard the tidings, they have sworn that wars shall cease,
And it's all one damned long Sunday walk down the straight, flat road of peace.

Yes, we shall be raptured again by the frock-coat's singular charm,
That goes so well with children and a loving wife on your arm,
Treading a road that is paved with family dinners and teas,
A sensible dull suburban road planted with decorous trees,
Till we come at last to the heaven our peaceable saints have trod,
Like the sort of church that our fathers built and called it a house of God,
And a God like a super-bishop in an apron and nice top-hat—
O God, you are God of battles. Forbid that we come to that!

God, you are God of soldiers, merry and rough and kind,
Give to your sons an earth and a heaven more to our mind,
Meat and drink for the body, laughter and song for the soul,
And fighting and clean quick death to end and complete the whole.
Never a hope of heaven, never a fear of hell,
Only the knowledge that you are a soldier, and all is well;
And whether the end be death or a merrier life be given,
We shall have died in the pride of our youth—and that will be heaven.

On the road to Fricourt, 1916.

John D. Batten.

It is a very small book that Mr. Batten has published with the title *Poems* (Chiswick Press; 1s. net), but it is all poetry. There is not a weak line; there is not a loose thought. Take this on

PRAYER.

God grant me fellowship with those who pray;
With needy hearts encompassèd about,
To turn, in my own need, the selfsame way,
And in this hallowed dark, wherein we grope,
Touch other hands stretched out
In the same hope.

With men who toil for men set me my task.
Unto my failing hands the strength afford
Thou givest to the least of those who ask;
And though ill done my task and oft forgot,
Yet from Thy service, Lord,
Dismiss me not.

Set me where I may hear the song and tread
Of fellow-pilgrims on a quest divine,
And to the gracious feast which Thou hast spread
For men of humble heart and for the poor,
Upon my face, even mine,
Close not the door.

J. C. Squire.

Where on the slopes of Parnassus Hill is the place of the parodist? Very near the base, say most, judging him hastily. But how many of us could write a passable poem in amusing imitation of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, or Mr. W. H. Davies, or Sir Henry Newbolt, or Mr. John Masefield, or Mr. G. K. Chesterton? How many of us could show without confusion how Pope would have written 'Break, Break, Break,' or Sir Rabindranath Tagore 'Little Drops of Water'? But take an example. Do you know the style of Mr. W. H. Davies? Here it is in caricature.

A poor old man
Who has no bread,
He nothing can
To get a bed.

He has a cough,
Bad boots he has;
He takes them off
Upon the grass.

He does not eat
In cosy inns,
But keeps his meat
In salmon tins.

No oven hot,
No frying-pan;
Thank God I'm not
That poor old man.

The title of the book is *Tricks of the Trade* (Secker; 2s. 6d. net).

Three Anthologies.

Mr. Robert Scott has published three small volumes of selected thoughts, under the general title of 'The Golden Harvest Series' (1s. net each). One is entitled *The Charm of Nature*, another *The Sunset of Life*, and another *The Human Touch of Sympathy*. They are all compiled by Mr. J. Ellis, who has had not a little experience in work of this kind. The pages are somewhat crowded, and the quotations are occasionally clipped when they might have been given complete. But there is plenty of good material for the speaker who knows how to use it. Mr. Ellis with his skill in that way might have suggested a text now and then. The following poem by Amelia E. Barr recalls a text too obvious for suggestion.

THE DAYLIGHT JOY.

Does the night pass? Is the morning far?
Before the daylight shines a star,—
Have you seen the star in the sky?
Has the waning moon dropped pale and low?
Has the grey east caught a golden glow?
O earth! is the sunrise nigh?

Before the daylight sings a bird;
Has any listening mortal heard,
In the dawning still and dim,
That joyful song to coming light?
Those notes that in their upward flight
Are like a rapturous hymn?

The star has risen large and clear,
The glorious Day-Star! Far and near
Men hail the glorious sign
That heralds in the brighter day,
The broader thought, the better way,
Once trod by feet divine.

The bird has sung on every shore,—
Glad mortals listen and adore,
And learn the joyful air,—
The song of Love! Clouds break away,
The sunshine hastens up the grey,—
'Tis daylight everywhere!

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It has caused not a little amazement throughout the country that in the great year of the war certain members of the Church of England should have forced a controversy on the reservation of the Sacrament. What reason do they give?

The Rev. Darwell Stone, Principal of Pusey House in Oxford, will answer that question. He has written a book for the purpose, and has given it the name of *The Reserved Sacrament* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net). Dr. Darwell Stone is one of the men who demand the reservation.

Now in the history of the Christian Church the reservation of the Sacrament for private worship is a development of comparatively recent origin. There was no such custom in the early Church. The distinguished living Roman Catholic theologian, Father Herbert Thurston, has even made the following statement: 'In all the Christian literature of the first thousand years no one has apparently yet found a single clear and definite statement that any person visited a church in order to pray before the body of Christ which was kept upon the altar.'

There is a single example, occurring as early as the middle of the fourth century, which has to be examined. It is the case of Gorgonia, the sister of St. Gregory. St. Gregory himself tells the story. It is the story of his sister's recovery from a great illness. He says: 'Despairing of any other help, she betook herself to the Physician of all, and waiting for the dead of night, at a slight intermission of the disease, fell before the altar with faith, and, calling on Him who is honoured thereon with a great cry and with every kind of entreaty, and pleading with Him by all His mighty acts accomplished at any time, for she knew both those of ancient and those of later times, at last ventured on an act of pious and splendid boldness; she imitated the woman the fountain of whose blood was dried up by the hem of Christ's garment. What did she do? Placing her head on the altar with another great cry and with a wealth of tears, like one who of old bedewed the feet of Christ, and declaring that she would not let go until she was made well, she then applied to her whole body this medicine which she had, even such a portion of the antitypes of the honourable body and blood as she treasured in her hand, and mingled with this act her tears. O the wonder of it! She went away at once perceiving that she was healed, with the lightness of health in body and soul and mind, having received that for which she hoped as the reward of hope, and having gained strength of body through her strength of soul. These things indeed are great, but they are true.'

The question turns on the meaning of the

words, 'Him who is honoured thereon.' The Roman Catholic theologian takes these words to be a general reference to the honour paid to our Lord when the Liturgy is celebrated, and the treasuring of the Sacrament by Gorgonia a gathering up of remnants which happened to have been left on the altar from the Celebration of the Liturgy. 'Gorgonia,' he says, 'visited the altar as God's resting place, and then put out her hand in the hope of finding some few crumbs or traces of the sacred species, such as would hardly fail to be left where the Liturgy was frequently celebrated.'

The Anglican theologian thinks otherwise. 'It is always difficult,' he says, 'to be sure of the meaning of an isolated passage; but it is far more probable that Gorgonia went to the altar and took the reserved Sacrament from a receptacle either on it or near it, and, imitating those who in the days of our Lord's mortal life had laid hold of His garment or His feet, touched her body with His Sacrament as a means of miraculous healing than that she looked for and found crumbs of the Sacrament accidentally left there. If so, the passage is an instance of very remarkable recourse to the reserved Sacrament as a means of offering prayer and receiving supernatural help.'

Apart from that doubtful instance, it is admitted that no evidence remains of the existence of such a custom as the reservation of the Sacrament throughout at least the first thousand years of the Church's history. The first clear example is found in the *Ancren Riwle*, which probably belongs to the early part of the thirteenth century. 'In it the anchoresses are directed what devotions to use when first rising and while dressing; it then proceeds, "When ye are quite dressed, sprinkle yourselves with holy water, which ye should have always with you, and think upon God's flesh, and on His blood, which is over the high altar, and fall on your knees toward it, with this salutation, 'Hail, Thou Author of our creation! Hail, Thou Price of our redemption! Hail, Thou who art our Support during our pilgrimage! Hail, O Reward of our expectation!'"'

There has been no reservation of the Sacrament in the Church of England hitherto for the purposes of private worship. Why is the demand made in the stress of the war? Dr. Darwell Stone's answer is that the demand is made just to meet the stress of the war. First he says that 'since the outbreak of war in August 1914, a great and pathetic emphasis has been laid on the need of reservation in military hospitals and at the front.' That refers to reservation for the benefit of the sick and dying, which is not the same thing.

But, he says (and the second reason is the real reason), there are those who, travelling abroad, have become accustomed to prayer before the Sacrament in Roman Catholic Churches, and now desire the opportunity of practising the same at home. It may be a question whether such a desire should be encouraged or not. Some will say that a little enlightenment would be more after the mind of Christ. Dr. Stone has no hesitation in giving it encouragement.

And he has no doubt that the prayer is, and is meant to be, the prayer of adoration. 'Those,' he says, 'who enter the place where the Sacrament is reserved are called to acts of worship. He Who is there present is the divine Lord Who was born of Mary and baptized and tempted, Who taught and healed and suffered, Who died and rose and ascended, Who is now at the right hand of the Father. All that He can claim of human love and adoration is due to Him in His sacramental presence. The worship which the Christian soul pays to Him when the Sacrament is consecrated is paid also as it is reserved. It includes the utmost response of which the soul is capable. If it differs at all from the worship which would be His if He were to manifest His visible presence, the difference is not because of anything in Him but only

because the soul might attain to something higher if the sight of the Lord were vouchsafed.'

The disappearance from the New Testament of a great predestinarian text will not cause the consternation now that once it would have done. There may even be very many who will rejoice. And some will say, 'I told you so; the New Testament never was Calvinistic, and never could be.' But the rejoicing must not be too hot-headed. The text is not Pauline. And while St. Paul remains it will require much hardihood to say that the New Testament nowhere teaches predestination.

The text is in the First Epistle of St. Peter. The whole passage, according to the Revised Version, reads in this way: 'Because it is contained in scripture,

Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious:
And he that believeth on him shall not be put to shame.

For you therefore which believe is the preciousness: but for such as disbelieve,

The stone which the builders rejected,
The same was made the head of the corner;

and,

A stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence;

for they stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed' (1 P 2^{6-8}). The predestination is in the last words: 'whereunto also they were appointed.' 'It is,' says Dr. Rendel Harris, 'one of the strongest pieces of predestinarian doctrine in the New Testament.' It is Dr. Rendel Harris himself who has brought about its disappearance.

He is working on the subject of early Christian testimonies upon which he has published a volume, with the title of *Testimonies* (Cambridge: at the University Press). It has for many years been suspected that, in their controversies with the Jews, the early Christians made use of collections of quotations from the Old Testament. Dr. Rendel Harris has come to the conclusion that one such collection was in existence very early in the history of the Church, so early that it could be used by St. Paul and St. Peter, not to speak of the authors of the Gospels. He calls it the primitive Testimony Book.

This Testimony Book was used to convert the Jews. If they would not be converted, it would serve to controvert them. It contained certain passages from the Old Testament, especially from the Psalms and the Prophets, which could be shown to refer to Christ, and to have been fulfilled in the actual life of Jesus of Nazareth. Is it possible that in making these quotations the author or authors of the Book of Testimony were not always careful to assign a particular quotation to its own author? Dr. Rendel Harris thinks it is quite possible. In that way he is inclined to account for the fact that in our best manuscripts, and so presumably in the original text, of Mk 1^{2}, a quotation from Malachi is assigned to 'Isaiah the prophet'; and a quotation from Zechariah (as we now possess that prophet) is attributed in Mt $27^{9.10}$ to Jeremiah. But that is not the point at present.

The point which Dr. Rendel Harris makes at present is that the same two passages which are quoted from Isaiah by St. Peter are also quoted by St. Paul in Ro $9^{32.33}$, and that they are quoted in the same order and in nearly identical language, so that it cannot be called a mere coincidence. Not only is the language in St. Peter and St. Paul alike, but in both it is quite unlike the language of the Septuagint. It follows that both were using some other translation than that of the Septuagint. The conclusion at which Dr. Rendel Harris arrives is that they both used the primitive Book of Testimonies.

But how does that touch the predestinarian text in First Peter? It does not touch it. Dr. Rendel Harris, so far as we remember, has no violent

antipathy to Calvinism. He knows what he finds in St. Paul. He was content to find something similar in St. Peter. But as he pursued his study of the Book of Testimonies he came upon the Epistle of Barnabas. There he found the same passages from Isaiah and the Psalms quoted as in the First Epistle of Peter and the Epistle to the Romans, and again not from the Septuagint but some other translation. Clearly Barnabas also had the Testimony Book before him and was quoting from it.

But in quoting from it he made one momentous alteration. The words in St. Peter which are spoken of the unbelievers *he refers to Christ.* Dr. Rendel HARRIS caught the hint at once. Instead of 'whereunto they were appointed,' he translated the words in 1 Peter 'whereunto he was appointed,' and the predestinarianism of the passage fell away from it.

Is it possible to come into touch with God apart from Jesus Christ? Jesus said of Himself, 'I am the way and the truth and the life (or as we believe the translation ought to be, when the Hebraism is removed, 'I am the true and living way); no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.' If that text is authentic, and the meaning of it as plain as it appears to be, it follows that a vast quantity of what is called Mysticism at the present day is either paganism or vapouring. Either it fails to come into contact with reality anywhere, or if it does the reality is Antichrist.

The Ven. Willoughby C. ALLEN, M.A., Archdeacon of Blackburn, has published a volume of addresses, sermons, lectures, and papers. Its title is *The Christian Hope* (Murray; 4s. net). It opens with four ordination addresses. In one of these addresses Mr. ALLEN answers the question, 'Is it possible to come into communion with God apart from Christ?' His answer is that it is not possible.

By 'coming into communion with God' he means so as to obtain a revelation superior to or more immediate than the revelation through Christ. No doubt the ancient Hebrews came in some sense into touch with God. No doubt to the modern Hindu there comes some knowledge of God, through conscience or the external world. God has never left Himself without witness. But what is meant at present is such intercourse with God as surpasses the Christian revelation; a knowledge of God that is at least equal to that made ours in Christ Jesus and obtained by direct vision, spirit meeting spirit without the aid of the Incarnate. Mr. ALLEN declares, without hesitation or qualification, that no such communion is possible.

Why is it not possible? First because of the words of Christ already quoted, words in which no 'mystic' has ever yet discovered an intelligible meaning. And next because 'in the Divine-human Person of Jesus Christ there is revealed the whole Godhead.' Let us see what Mr. ALLEN means by that.

He means that while there are three 'Persons' in the Trinity each Person is God, and the whole of God. He speaks, of course, of revelation; we know nothing of God otherwise. Jesus Christ has revealed to men all that they know of God. As the Incarnate Christ He revealed God to men by word and deed and person. In every 'I am' there was a personal revelation. 'I am the light of the world,' because the purpose of light is to enable men to see, and in Him men saw the fulness of the Godhead bodily. There was then no means of obtaining a vision of God that passed Him by.

But He is here no more 'bodily.' All revelation is now by the Spirit, the third person in the Trinity. Is it not possible that the revelation of the Spirit may pass beyond the revelation given through the historical Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God? No, it is not possible.

For in the first place, the revelation in Christ is

and always must be the revelation of the whole mind of God. The Spirit also reveals the whole mind of God, but cannot surpass or supersede or be in any way independent of the revelation made in Christ Jesus. And in the second place, the Spirit is the Spirit of Christ. Since the Incarnation He has no relation to us, no existence for us, apart from Christ. When the Spirit comes to us, He comes to say, 'Jesus is the way and the truth and the life; no one cometh unto the Father but by Him.' He says it as unreservedly as Jesus Himself said it when He was with us.

The Rev. William TEMPLE, son of the great Archbishop, and himself a force to be reckoned with in the conflict with evil, has written a book to which he has given the title *Mens Creatrix* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). The book was planned, he says, in the year 1908, 'when I was a junior don engaged in lecturing on Philosophy. At that time I had the presumption to believe that I was myself destined to be a philosopher.'

The book throws no light on the word 'presumption.' Five-sixths of it are philosophical. And no fault is to be found with the philosophy. But Mr. TEMPLE'S interest is not in philosophy; it is in theology. Not presumption but inclination has led him to lay down philosophical and take up theological studies—the pressure upon him, let us say, of heredity, environment, the calling of God to leave speculation to others and become a witness to the truth which he has found true.

Did he not know this in 1908? He knows it now. The war, which has made so many things clear, has made it clear to him that for him at least the gifts and calling of God are that he might always be ready to give an answer to every man that asks concerning the faith that is in him. But, whether he was conscious of it or not in 1908, he was even then a theologian. The whole philosophical argument of the book is to the end that philosophy is incomplete and unsatisfying. Even then it would have been impossible for him to write a book that was philosophical wholly. But now the philosophical part, good philosophy as it is, gives him little satisfaction. He is at his best when he passes to

> assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men.

The scheme of the book is this. Philosophy 'begins with experience, and may include within that all which we can mean by "religious experience"; it may even give to this the chief place among the various forms of experience; but it begins with human experience and tries to make sense of that. If it reaches a belief in God at all, its God is the conclusion of an inferential process; His Nature is conceived in whatever way the form of philosophy in question finds necessary in order to make Him the solution of its perplexities. He may be a Person, or an Imperial Absolute, or Union of all Opposites—whichever will meet the facts from which the philosophy set out.'

'But religion is not a discovery of man at all. It is indeed an attitude of man's heart and mind and will; but it is an attitude towards a God, who (or which) is supposed to exist independently of our attitude. In particular, Christianity is either sheer illusion, or else it is the self-revelation of God. The religious man believes in God quite independently of philosophic reasons for doing so; he believes in God because he has a conviction that God has taken hold of him. Consequently, in theology, which is the science of religion, God is not the conclusion but the starting-point. Religion does not argue to a First Cause or a Master-Designer or any other such conclusion; it breaks in upon our habitual experience—"Thus saith the Lord." It does not say that as nature, in the form of human nature, possesses conscience, therefore the Infinite Ground of nature must be moral; it says that God has issued orders, and man's duty is therefore to obey.'

The issue is certainly clear. Is it true? What

evidence is there that God has made a revelation of Himself to man, and that that self-revelation constitutes religion? In regard to Christianity Mr. TEMPLE is very emphatic. In particular, he says, Christianity is either sheer illusion or else it is the self-revelation of God. What right has he to say that? What evidence does he offer?

The evidence that he offers is by no means great in amount. Nor, with the exception of one emphatic fact, is it very arresting. The truth is, Mr. TEMPLE makes no attempt to make it arresting. He seems to think that it is quite possible to have too much evidence. 'If evidence were complete and cogent,' he says, 'faith would become dependent upon intellectual proof and intellectual apprehension of the proof. It would thus lose a great deal of its spiritual quality and value.'

Too many items of evidence are, in any case, unnecessary. For there is one undeniable fact, and it is sufficient. It is the fact of love.

Whatever may be true of the love of man for man, it is certainly true of the love of man for God, that man never loves God until God first loves man. 'We love,' says St. John, 'because he first loved us.' 'We cannot will to love God if we do not love Him; and if we do, there is no need to will, except for a deepening of the love. The issue lies with Him, not with us. At His own time He will call out from our hearts the response to His own love by the full manifestation of it in its irresistible power. So far as we have felt it, we prepare ourselves for a fuller response; so far as we trust those who tell us of it, we prepare ourselves to respond when the time shall come. But in the end the work is His. The work is His; yet we are not abolished or absorbed. It is our hearts that love, but it is His love that draws our hearts to Him. "The love of Christ constraineth us." "We love, because He first loved us."'

The Meanings and Teachings of the Present Visitation.

By the Rev. H. J. Wotherspoon, M.A., D.D., Edinburgh.

THERE has been criticism of the word *Visitation* as used in the deliverance of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in appointing a special Commission of the Church upon the moral and spiritual issues of the war, as though it implied some peculiar bitterness in the Divine attitude to those involved in present dealings. But the word is really perfectly neutral. In the Old Testament God may be invoked to visit the heathen and their iniquity (Ps 59^5), or to visit His vine, Israel, and to cause His face to shine upon it (Ps 80^{14}). In the New Testament the day of Israel's visitation, which it did not know, is the day of the Son of Man and of His offered salvation.

I.

The General Assembly speaks of this which has come upon the world as a visitation—and the word implies *God*. We believe in a moral universe, in which things do not happen without purpose; we believe in a rational universe, in which things do not happen without meaning; we believe in a spiritual universe, in which man is always face to face with God's justice and God's love. There is nothing without God; the most impious of all scepticisms is that which says, *The Lord will not do good, neither will He do evil.* There is a visitation; this catastrophe has roots in the past; it has a history; and Heaven has purposes through it. The scene of its evolution has been the human heart, and the history of it is a history of human alternatives and choices—of human hesitations and determinations—of human beliefs and disbeliefs. Therefore God is everywhere in this history, for God is in contact with the human heart in every determination

and at every decision. He gives grace to resist evil—He enables to the good will: or His Spirit is grieved and no longer pleads: or His Spirit is taken away, and man is allowed to rush to his ruin. *Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up to Ramoth-Gilead and fall? And there came forth a spirit, and said, I will persuade him . . . I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets.* There is perhaps in this drama also of to-day a moment of which it may again be said, *and God hardened the heart* of a monarch *so that he would not*; and perhaps a moment of vast grace and pity when He forgave our people many provocations and granted us to dare imminent destruction in order to stand or fall for the thing that is right. God was in all that—because God is busy at the heart of man, and only His grace at any time saves us from self-destruction. Let us then begin from this: there is a Divine visitation, and it has meanings and teachings.

Among these we may distinguish meanings as to the past, the Divine criticism of the ways which have brought our civilization to this bankruptcy; and meanings as to the future, the Divine call henceforth to seek the Kingdom of Heaven and its justice. Our friends across the Border seem right in having chosen for their National Mission two headings—of Repentance and of Hope. We have first to understand, if we can, the past; for if we can see there the roots of present disaster, we will know where and how to seek the better future. As men who have lost the way stop and consider how they have come and where they left the path, in order that they may find and return to it, so must we do.

We must try to take wide views and long views. This cataclysm of Western civilization did not take place because of Britain or for the sake of Britain. We are not at war by ourselves, nor did war begin from us. The focus of the tornado is not within our frontier. We imagine ourselves as at the centre of the universe and think of the world as something that revolves round our homes. We talk of God as if He regulates His providence by our conduct and for our interest; it is not Germany alone which postulates a tribal God. Whereas God is the God of the whole earth, and Christ died for mankind. There are men beyond the mountains, and nations beyond the narrow seas, for whom also God has a care. For a world war we must seek world causes.

And again, we think of ourselves who happen to be alive to-day, as if even our own history began with this present generation or was to end with it. We forget our fathers, and that God *visits* the sins of the fathers upon the children, and also that He loves the children for the fathers' sakes. Or we take still shorter views and persist in thinking mainly of where we British stood in August two years ago, as if in that consisted on its moral side the whole question. So we speak of 'our good conscience in this war'—your conscience and mine, that is, in August 1914:—when God is visiting the world of men and reckoning with it for the outcome of a cycle of generations. We have a good conscience as to our position in that momentary conjunction out of which the Great War blazed—and thank God for that; but now and for the true meanings and teachings of the event our good conscience has become a snare to us; on the strength of it we maintain a foolish self-righteousness and ask of what we have to repent.

We British after all are but part of a larger whole, sharing that humanity in which God was incarnated; we are but part of Christendom, that family of evangelized nations which once was conscious of its solidarity under the blessed sceptre of the Christ; we are but part of that Europe in which it has seemed for so long that the world's hope was centred. If we are to understand the meanings of the war as a Divine visitation, we must try to forget our own importance to ourselves, and we must ask what may be God's meaning in it for mankind, for Europe, for Christendom.

Further we, on whom the ends of the world are come, are only the last to live of a series of generations—we summarize a long past; and Heaven has a long memory; it forgets nothing; and there is much in our national past which we would fain forget and would fain have forgotten by others and by the Judge of nations; but now it rises from its grave and meets us. The exactness and faithfulness of retributions which have appeared in these last two years is enough to convince an atheist. I suggest that in seeking the meanings of this visitation, we should not be content to remember only the last decade or thereby, nor be content to talk of our good conscience in the momentary crisis of August 1914. The era draws to an end, and Heaven deals with the resultant, not of a year or two bygone, nor of

this generation only which happens just now to be alive and is required to answer—but with the resultant of that era which in us and in our contemporaries expresses itself thus, as we see the world to-day. *In whatsoever things I find you, in them will I judge you.*

For there are days of judgment—days when the harvest of the earth is ripe and the sickle is thrust in: days of reckoning—days of the Lord, when He comes suddenly, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth: one such supreme day at the last perhaps, but meanwhile from time to time, as epoch after epoch is accomplished, many such days,[1] and such days as this. Then there is judgment; not yet on the souls of men—Christ still says, *I judge no man*; Christ still intercedes for men. But certainly, judgment upon the facts. Always here in our present is the outcome of our past; here is the end of our ways; now God lets us see what we have been making of our world. Because the present as an outcome of the past is always in strict moral connexion with the past. Nothing happens but what, if things pursue their natural course, was bound to happen. We have reached the logical conclusion of the ways in which our civilization has been developing—we have reached a day of judgment and are brought to God's bar—we and the rest. We for our part, as we find ourselves there, may plead somewhat; and the Judge, it may be thought, has allowed our plea. We may plead that we have judged ourselves and therefore should not be judged; and it is, in part at least, true—our British habit of severity in self-criticism may now have its value before Heaven. We may plead repentances; late repentances some of them, but let us thank God that they are in evidence for us. We may plead amendments of our way. We may even plead that, at least as a leaven leavening the lump, the spirit of the Kingdom is deeply wrought into our life, so that we cannot, if we would, hate, and do not revenge, and do readily forgive. We can plead that, if not in everything and, alas! not as between man and man (for that is 'business'), yet at least in the wider international relations, we have loved righteousness and have hated iniquity—that at least of recent times and at least as a public power we have tried to be just and to do good; and we may plead (it is a valuable commendation) that for these things our fellow-men have thought kindly of us and in our day of need have wished us well. We had those pleas, and Heaven has admitted them. Have we not obtained mercy? have we not been allowed to save our soul alive? are we not permitted to suffer for faith and honour?

Nevertheless it is for us also a day of judgment. For it is our age and our world, its system and its standards, which are judged; and we are of an age and of its system; we have shared in the drift of the world away from God; we have shared in its pursuit of false aims. We have not been foremost in the march towards the outer darkness; our instinct has been for the light; we have followed into the shadows with misgiving and hesitation, with pause and spasmodic return. But we followed. As an empire among empires, as a nation among existing nations, *measuring ourselves* (as the Apostle says) *by ourselves and comparing ourselves among ourselves*, we have whereof to boast; *but not before God.* On the whole view, our British culture may be thought the best thing of the sort that exists to embody hope for the earth—nevertheless, by the rule of the Kingdom of Heaven, it is a poor and guilty thing. Yet for what it is, we have found mercy. When the awful challenge of God arrested the world's march and separated the nations, right hand and left, as a shepherd divides sheep and goats, we were chosen and not rejected; we received grace to draw back from the dreary procession and to range ourselves with the armies of God. For we also had been in the way with the rest; it is the mercy of God—it is the grace of God that has saved us, if we are to be saved: God, and not we ourselves.

If, therefore, we ask of the meanings of this visitation, we may think that we are met first by a meaning as to our whole Western system of life—our 'Christian civilization' and its degree of truth to the Divine thought for us. God may mean that the world cannot be managed as we have been managing the world; that the way of Christ is the only way by which men can dwell together upon the face of the earth; and that now, when as never before, distance being abolished and men close packed, it has become a question of *dwelling together*, this need of adopting the way of Christ in all relations has become urgent. Our material

[1] This was written before I had read Mr. Maclennan's article in a recent review, and notwithstanding the coincidence of language, I let it stand.

progress has outrun our spiritual progress, and has broken down—because it has not been true to the truth; Christ being the Truth, and therefore the only Way and the only Life.

II.

If, however, we venture on more detailed analysis, the Divine meaning may be very differently read—say, for Germany; and say, for ourselves. For the alliance of Central Europe, the visitation may mean that wrath of God which is manifested when mercy finds (in the immediate sense) no remedy; it may mean the abandonment of the nations concerned, to be filled with their own devices; it may mean permission to them to show the world what evil is, when evil is free to be itself; it may mean that God will allow the world to have a demonstration of the nature of its own principles of action—of the realization of its own ideals when carried to their logical conclusion. Here is the end, when Christ's bands are broken and His cords are cast off.

For us and for those whom God has given to stand with us, it may mean the opposite—it may mean Election: *I have loved thee, saith the Lord.* It may mean God's severity to that which He loves. It may mean that God will have us see our sins and be saved from them—that God will reveal to us the Cross, as Christ held it before the sons of Zebedee, and asked them, *Are ye able?* and that to us also power is given to answer, *We are able.* The answer is one which has been already given in our name by many of ours; and we who remain are of the same blood with those who have fallen in Flanders or at Gallipoli; it may be that in the more difficult battlefields at home and in the coming peace we also may have grace given us to meet our Lord's question as gallantly. James fell by the sword—John lived for the 'white martyrdom' of service; both drank of Christ's Cup and both were baptized with Christ's Baptism. Even so our lads have died—and we live to save our country on its own beloved soil. God means us to save it. This may be the Divine intention for us by the war; 'its significance' at all events must be very different for those who suffer because they oppose God, and for those who suffer for righteousness' sake. We may be enduring chastisement as of sons, yet be glorious as fighting in the cause of God.

We may dare to see ourselves thus, as God's instruments, exalted and enriched in our suffering and earning great rewards in the fruit of it; yet this very thing may cast us down lowly before God in the sense of a terrible unworthiness to be His instrument—we sinners to judge and smite our fellow-sinners. 'There but for the grace of God goes John Newton': we have admired what Germany was—we have been its docile discipleship; and but for the mercy of God, there go we. And we may feel the awful necessity to purge ourselves, because God has laid on us the pitiful office of executing judgment.

Or, again, we may see in our own case the tremendous problem which meets us in so many directions—not only the problem of Election, but also that of the consequences of being elected. Let it be that in truth our British race has qualities and ways which fit it as no other seems fitted, to build on earth's fields a kingdom in some measure symbolic of the Kingdom of Heaven—a kingdom of liberty and justice, brotherhood and peace—then we bring upon ourselves the word of Election, *You only have I known of all the families of the earth* (or perhaps, you as none other): *therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities.* In that case there is the tremendous question—for us tremendous—of our responsibilities as a world power, and of our use of them. In that case there is the still nearer question of our national and social conditions: we may then be the servant who knew his Lord's will and did not do it; and what if we be *beaten with many stripes*?

It may also be borne in upon us that in this narrower relation we may have to find something of God's meaning in relation to our lagging behind His grace and our opportunity. For the time, we should be in matters of social well-being the world's teachers—yet in much we have failed even to learn lessons which neighbouring nations have to teach us. It is not that we have not advanced—it is not that this generation is not in ways better than recent generations; but it is perhaps that we hesitate and linger and will not do the things that we know, and that among the signs of the times we may read this message, *If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.* The war has let us see God's finger laid upon our unhealed sores one by one; on our slavery to liquor and its system—we, a nation in pawn to a trade; on the white slave traffic; on our class divisions, and our incapacity so much as to understand,

one class another; and on our worship of money —God has made us burn our money before Him five million a day, as the idol furniture was burned before the Apostle at Ephesus; on the mad partizanship of our politics; on the empty cradle and its hideous explanation; on the unsocial nature of our society and its bitterness of spirit—one remembers Pope's line, 'And each but hates his neighbour as himself.' The war has shown us our profound need of a Christian Reformation.

But simultaneously it has demonstrated the enormous spiritual resources which exist among us to accomplish such a reformation: the same heroism, the same sacrifice, which for the war have flashed out like a sword suddenly drawn in sunlight—could they not have been evoked sooner to win our country from domestic shame? *We are able;* but we have been unready, egotistic, faithless, slothful, afraid. And Heaven will not bear it, because Heaven has loved us; we must arise and follow Christ.

And there is the question of the meaning of the visitation for the Church. The present writer does not venture to say more of this than to indicate that that question also exists. Looking abroad upon our islands one might possibly be driven to ask what Church there is. One sees a system for the provision of Christian ordinances to those who desire them. One sees a system which 'represents a phase of the national life'—a phase, that is, of the world. One sees something which is so closely identified with the natural society that, as Canon Scott-Holland has said, there is difficulty in assigning to it any independent responsibility. It has been defined as 'the nation in its spiritual aspect'—scarcely a satisfactory description of the *Civitas Dei.* No doubt the Church is more to many of its members, and in the knowledge of God is much more than any of these things. But we are speaking of Divine meanings as to our corporate life: what does the world know of the Church as a social witness, a corporate conscience? Where do we see that which Christ has *founded upon a rock*? Does the Church even make clear to the world which in its own judgment is the rock and which is sand?

The meaning of the visitation for us who are 'put in trust of the Gospel'? No doubt that question also lies in our way: and who is to answer it? One can feel sure of at least one thing, that it is vain for men to say to others, *Go to—repent.* Each must say, *I repent. We have gone astray like sheep that are lost: O God, seek Thy servants: for we do not forget Thy commandments.*

Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom.

By the Rev. George M. Mackie, M.A., D.D., Alexandria, Egypt.

In Syria and Egypt there are numerous proverbial sayings current among the people. Various causes contribute to their popularity and influence. Their name in Arabic is *Amthâl,* 'similitudes,' and much of their arresting charm arises from this discovered resemblance between external nature and inward experience. They have the dignity of antiquity, a new proverb savouring of impertinence. The form is often of such brevity as to give to those who understand all that is implied a place among the enlightened. The proverb has not unfrequently a touch of hyperbole, which, however, does not affect it as a statement of truth, to the Oriental mind. Its literary grace and balance of sound give it an oracular value and appeal to a people who are stylists in everything. Finally, the rhymed construction in which it is often cast makes it easily remembered and quoted. The subject-matter in most cases refers to the practical conduct of life, and the proverb rightly assumes that every man is deeply interested in himself and his own welfare, and will follow the path of wisdom when it is pointed out. It was to this love of the concrete and pictorial among Orientals that Christ appealed in His parables. It was the inadequacy, in the hour of temptation, of these ethical ideals, without the compelling power of a great motive, that led St. Paul to compare such wisdom with the gospel way according to which Divine power rests upon and transforms human weakness. Hence the challenge, 'Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world?' Inasmuch as the determining fact, the power to accept and carry out such precepts, was regarded as something resident in the hearer

and contributed by him, such Proverbial Wisdom had the same weakness that the Apostle detected in the Law (Ro 8^3).

In the following selections, the proverbs are arranged not according to subject-matter, but according to the field of similitude from which they are taken.

1. The Human Body.

The tongues of men are the pens of truth.
The tongue is the dragoman of the heart.
The peace of man is in the governing of the tongue.
Never be the head of anything, because the head has many pains.
A hair here and a hair there makes a beard (diligence, thrift).
You can't clap with one hand (friendly intercession).
The hand that does not put in will not take out.
He who clipt your neighbour's beard can do the same to yours (in commendation of union).

2. Nature, Animal Life.

Custom is the fifth element in the universe (earth, air, fire, water—and custom).
Everything obeys custom, even the worship of God.
If the camel should see his own hump, he would fall down and break his neck.
Accursed is he who drinks from a fountain, and then fills it up with stones.
The goat was lying dead, and the wolf was standing beside it (circumstantial evidence).
The she-ape always thinks her young one is a gazelle.
Buy the nose-bag before you buy the mare.
A rose can blossom among thorns.
Low-lying ground drinks its own rain and that of its neighbours (advantage of humility).
The silkworm and the needle clothe others and remain naked themselves (labour without personal profit).
Birds always alight among those of their own species (sparrows among sparrows, storks among storks; advantage or danger of companionship).
The mangy goat must always drink from the fountainhead (smallest right makes biggest claim).
Your gamecock crows from the shell (character).
If the father be onion and the mother garlic, how can the child have a sweet perfume? (heredity).
It is better to be the last among lions than the first among foxes.
He who has moonlight does not ask about starlight.

3. Family, Neighbours, etc.

Better a thousand enemies outside the house than one inside.
If you stay forty days with people, at the end of that time you will either leave them or become like them (environment).
He who knows you when you are young will never respect you when you are big.
My brother and I against my cousin, my cousin and I against the outsider.
Better a near neighbour than a far-away brother.
How many brothers I have met who were not sons of my father!
Hatred flourishes among relatives, and jealousy among neighbours.
A man is a neighbour to himself.
The house that receives no guests receives no angels. (The traveller is especially under God's protection; he who receives the traveller helps God, and God does not remain in debt to any one.)
A loaf here, and a loaf there, but never let your neighbour go hungry.
The evening guest gets no supper (that is, cooked, after the hour of the family supper, but he must receive bread).
If your neighbour be well, you are well.
Your neighbour is your neighbour even when he commits an unneighbourly act.
Three kinds of work never degrade a man: for his family, for his guest, and for his mare.
All blessings of the home come from the wife, and therefore she should be honoured.
Let man beware of making women weep, for God counts their tears.

4. Social Conditions.

A stranger in a strange land is a blood relation to every other stranger.
Travel is a part of eternal punishment; no, eternal punishment is a part of travel.

When three men are on a journey, one of them must be chosen sheikh.

A man in a strange land is blind though both his eyes are open.

There are three evils in life: poverty, sickness, and death.

Never sit down in the place of a man who can say to you, 'Get up!'

Better bad news in the morning than even good news at night. (The evening is for repose of mind and body.)

The rich man rises for his wealth, and the poor man for his breakfast.

Better bread and onion with peace than stuffed chicken with squabbling.

If the fox become king bow down before him.

The world is with the one who is standing. (In the case of a quarrel, it is well to sympathize with the one who has conquered.)

Two coins make more noise in a bag than a hundred (boasting).

5. Trades and Occupations.

Potter. The potter can put the ear of the jar where he likes (how the Oriental mind regards the problem of miracles).

Buying and Selling. Sell one article and the world will call you a merchant.

Street-hawker. The seller of olive-oil in the skin never proclaims that his oil is rancid. (One can't be expected to put truth above self-interest.)

Farming. The value of the standing-crop is not always that of the grain on the threshing-floor (rain failure, east wind, locusts; expectations unfulfilled).

He who sows kindness reaps gratitude.

A man sowed the seed called 'To-morrow,' but it didn't come up.

Blacksmith. Men are locked boxes, and the keys that open them are temptations.

Patience is the key to success.

Cooking. The bare bone makes most noise in the boiling-pot (pretensions, claims).

Baker. Give your batch of dough to the baker though he should eat half of it. (What you get will be good.)

Begging. Begging is an easy trade, but the standing at the door is tiresome (need of circumspection).

Porter. Truth is a heavy kind of material, and therefore few wish to carry it.

Mason. One tap from a master, though behind his back, is better than the hammering of a thousand amateurs. (A mason undertook to build a bridge over the river Adonis, and before removing the scaffolding demanded the payment agreed upon. The Emir refused and engaged other masons to remove it. These were afraid to meddle with it, and when the sum was paid, the builder stood with his back to the work and tapped a wedge with his hammer, and the scaffolding collapsed and left the bridge standing free with its one large arch.)

6. Education and Knowledge.

He who has taught me a letter has made me his slave.

Instruction in youth is like carving in stone; instruction in age is like a wave on the sea.

He who is older than you by a day is wiser than you by a year.

7. Medicine.

Consult the patient: not the physician.

The chief resource of medicine is branding.

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it.

The near-at-hand church works no miraculous cures.

8. Morals and Religion.

Humility along with honour is more honourable than the honour itself.

How can a Bedawi sleep with honey over his head? (Opportunity leads to crime.)

Better to fall into trouble than be always expecting it.

The son who doesn't get discipline from his father will get it from experience.

He who does not thank men will never thank God.

Better to escape from self than to escape from a lion.

It is difficult for a man to know himself.

Birth is the messenger of death. (Whatever begins must end.)

He whom men love is beloved of God.

Humanity is the family of God, and those whom God loves most are those who are most useful to His family.

The thief who does not get an opportunity of stealing considers himself an honest man.

Do not despise any man, or consider anything impossible: for every one has his time, and everything has its place.

You will avoid evil if you remember three things: where you came from, whither you are going, and before whom you will be judged.

The tyrant, the liar, the hypocrite, and the scandal-monger have no standing in the house of eternal joy.

Worship is not the raising of the voice in prayer, but the uplifting of the soul to heaven.

The worst trouble is always the present one.

Do what is right and throw it into the sea. (It will float, and righteousness will ultimately prevail.)

Teach your tongue to say, 'I don't know.'

Hospitality is a part of Divine service.

Don't go to an auction if you have nothing to spend (avoid temptation).

He who increases his flesh increases food for worms.

Be reverent to those above you; gracious to those beneath you, and faithful to all.

Silence is the wall that surrounds wisdom.

Consider not 'who spoke?' but what was spoken.

Whoso knows himself and knows his Lord, evil will not easily prevail against him.

The sin of laziness is like that of idolatry.

There is a vast difference between the man who is ashamed before himself, and the man who is only ashamed before others.

He who eats and drinks without thanking God deserves the punishment of a thief.

Whoever puts a stumbling-block in the path of another is far from the gates of Paradise.

The good deeds that you do in this life take on personality and follow you into the next.

In the Study.

Jael.

A Study in Early Ethics.

'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'—Jg 5^{24}.

In the study of the Old Testament it is of the highest importance to remember that the revelation of God was a gradual process. It is true that under the Jewish dispensation there was a lower standard of religious perfection altogether than under the Christian. This is proved by innumerable facts in the Old Testament history that even the greatest of those of whom we read, prophets, priests, or kings, were in many respects not enlightened beyond their time, so that even the least in the kingdom of Christ is greater than they. But, more than that, there was a different standard at different times, according to the growth of the knowledge of the true God and His righteousness. If, therefore, we are to understand the character of Jael and to form a right judgment upon her famous act, we must know something of the particular period of the history of Israel in which she lived.

What do we find to be the moral features of Hebrew society in the period of the judges? Did any decisive changes take place in the community of Israel which would tend to develop the national and individual conscience, and make it a controlling force in speech and act as between Hebrew and Hebrew, and Hebrew and foreigner? Were the three prime qualities, rectitude, chastity, and magnanimity, largely exemplified? How did the occupations of the people and their general social environment affect them? It must be confessed that the virtues most likely to be encouraged were those of the heroic or semi-barbarous type. Courage, endurance, fidelity to clan, family, and companions in arms, must have been often and signally displayed. The long struggle with the native Canaanites, over wide areas or in isolated holdings, for the possession of fortresses, fertile valleys and plains, vineyards and olive groves, or with various swarms of foreign invaders, played a principal part in moulding the Hebrew temper into strength, elasticity, and hardness. It was this discipline that gave to Israel the resisting and recuperative power which was and is the marvel of the ancient and the modern world.

Not very much can be said of influences favour-

able to the development of the rarer and more precious moral endowments of a people. In a community trained to irregular warfare, swift reprisal, deadly revenge, little stimulus could be afforded to any latent or incipient openness or candour which might have been educed in the more peaceful occupations of earlier days. Ehud (Jg 3) can be a moral hero only to those who hold that no means are reprehensible which can secure a desirable end.

I.

1. Jael was by birth and associations as well as in feeling and instinct a true child of the desert. Of the moral law as revealed to Israel she would have known little or nothing. Certain instincts of right and wrong no doubt she had; but they were shaped, cramped, dominated, perverted, by the traditions of her race and tribe. Her ideas of murder and treachery were not ours; they were not even those of average civilized communities in the heathen world: they were in keeping with the fierce, wild, wandering life of a savage tribe, living by force and upon sufferance on the outer confines of an early civilization.

Jael's husband, Heber the Kenite, was chief of a band of Bedouins, as we should now call them, who had parted from their fellows in the southern desert and had pitched their tents in the upland valley of Zaanaim, near Kedesh-Naphtali. This movement was probably due to their wish to associate themselves as far as they might with Israel, as the people who had the fullest knowledge of him whose name they had learned from their own ancestor Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses.

No doubt this tie of blood, such as it was, would have recommended them to the Israelite garrison of the neighbouring stronghold of Kedesh-Naphtali; and, on the other hand, Jabin had enough on his hands to wish, if he could, to be on good terms with an Arab tribe in his neighbourhood, which could easily have given him trouble; so that there was in this sense peace between Heber the Kenite and Jabin the King of Canaan.

2. Briefly told, Jael's story is this: Sisera, when he fled from the battlefield, sought refuge in Heber's encampment, knowing that he was in alliance with Jabin, his master. Jael, his wife, invited him into her own tent, and there assassinated him in cold blood, after she had disarmed all suspicion by a succession of friendly acts of hospitality.

¶ An incident which happened to me may explain why Heber was found upon this plain at the time of the battle. With a guide from Nazareth, I once crossed the lower part of Esdraelon in the winter. It was then full of Arab tents, and at first I felt a little nervous, but my guide assured me there was no danger, for he was well acquainted with those Arabs. Their home was in the mountains north of Nazareth, towards Safed, and they only came down there to pass the cold months of winter. This was the very thing, I suppose, that Heber and his tribe of Kenites did in the days of Jael. None of the Bedawin women I saw that day seemed at all heroic, though some of them looked as if they could drive a nail into the temple of a sleeping enemy.[1]

II.

1. Jael's deed is to be judged, not by itself in the abstract, still less by the light of the Gospel, but in reference to the code under which she lived, in reference to the knowledge of the Divine will then published among men; and so judged, it is not requisite that it should have been free from all blame in order to obtain praise. The presence of much that is evil would not be a bar to her gaining the lofty commendation, 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'

¶ Do we count cunning and falsehood and cruelty sinful in the dweller in wild woods? Is the Arab of the waste a criminal because he is a robber, because he has fits of uncontrolled animal emotion, like an ignorant, passionate child? Do we blame lust in a monkey, or murder when done by a dog?

Has the reader ever watched a dog hunt down and kill another dog in wantonness or jealousy? I have seen it done. Straight as an arrow she flew, a quarter of a mile across the grass; there was no fight, scarcely a movement of resistance, as she overtook her victim and pinned her to the earth; driving her great teeth into the other's windpipe and holding them there till breathing had ceased. It was mere murder. And she came to me immediately afterwards, tingling with satisfaction in every nerve, with no trace of uneasiness or remorse, plainly expecting that I would sing over her deed just such a song as Deborah sang over the deed of Jael.[2]

2. The disgraceful treachery of Jael has been thought to be palliated by the sacred historian, and it has been supposed that Christians were bound to defend it. No such necessity is laid upon us. The act was utterly indefensible, and was rendered more completely so because it is an Eastern custom,

[1] W. M. Thomson, *The Land and the Book*, 217.

[2] W. J. Clennell, *The Historical Development of Religion in China*, 34.

and no doubt was so in the days of Jael—a custom which scarcely the most treacherous and unprincipled Arab ever fails to observe—that any one who has partaken food under a man's roof is safe from molestation, at least as long as that roof shelters him. We recall the scene in Scott's *Talisman*, where Saladin is made to say, 'Had he murdered my father, and afterwards partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me.'

¶ The Bedawin have always been celebrated for their hospitality, a quality rendered all the more conspicuous by their dishonesty, treachery, and cruelty. Their oral laws or customs are very stringent on this subject, so much so that men who are liable to suffer from the revenge of individuals escape harm by contriving, for instance, to eat bread and salt in the tents of their enemy. The ideas entertained by these people respecting the duty of hospitality interpose a great and salutary check upon their lawless propensities, and especially upon that law of retaliation which requires the nearest relation of a murdered man to avenge his death upon his murderer, thus engendering 'blood feuds,' which often last for a generation. Indeed, were it not for the powerful influence of this tent law of hospitality, the desert could not be trodden, most of the year, by any but the Arabs themselves.

The Arab, however, is passionate, and under the influence of anger or hatred will sometimes break the laws of hospitality, and even trample upon the most solemn oaths.

Take, for instance, the story of Sofuk, the sheikh of the great tribe of the Shammar. He had been a noted chief of the tribe for many years, obtaining the title of King of the Desert, and having strengthened his influence by carrying off and marrying Amsha, the daughter of Hassan, sheikh of the Tai, who had been the theme of Arab poets for her beauty and her noble blood. Sofuk's conduct toward his adherents growing more and more tyrannical, they gradually left him, and pitched their tents around that of his cousin, Nejris. He could not brook this humiliation, and employed expostulation, violence, and every wile, but all in vain; nothing could induce the wild children of the desert to return to his authority. He invited Nejris to an interview; but as the latter could not trust his treacherous rival, he sent him his son, Ferhan, to whom he pledged himself by solemn oath that no harm was intended. Nejris, to show his confidence in Ferhan, declared that he would accompany him alone, upon his mare, to his father's tent. They had scarcely reached it, however, when they both clearly saw the treachery about to be perpetrated. The tent was filled with blood-thirsty adherents of Sofuk, whom he had called together to aid him in consummating the work of revenge. Nejris was no sooner seated than Sofuk began to address him with invectives, to which he fearlessly responded. Upon this Sofuk sprang to his feet, and, drawing his sword, rushed upon him. Nejris, unarmed, cast himself upon the protection of an uncle, who had the baseness to hold him down while Sofuk cut his throat. Ferhan nearly lost his life at the hand of his infuriated father in the vain attempt to save his relative and guest. He now stood at the door of the tent rending his garments, and calling down curses upon the head of his father for violating the laws of hospitality, and the latter was with difficulty prevented from striking him down with his reeking sword. The Shammar were not won back to Sofuk by this act of treachery, and he, ere long, himself fell a victim to the arts he had employed to destroy his rival. He was murdered by a party of Turkish soldiers, sent ostensibly to aid him, and his head was carried in triumph to the Pasha of Bagdad.[1]

> She stood, the mother-snake, before her tent,
> She feigned a piteous dew in her false eyes,
> She made her low voice gentle as a bird's,
> She drew the noble weary captain in;
> Her guest beneath the shelter of her home,
> He laid him down to rest and had no fear.
> The sacred old alliance with her clan,
> The trustful calm immunity of sleep,
> Sealing security each more secure.
> Ah, surely, he was safe if anywhere
> Beneath the mantle which she laid for him.
> He was too noble to mistrust her much;
> His fading sense felt her insidious arm
> Folding him warmly. Then he slept—she rose,
> Slid like a snake across the tent—struck twice—
> And stung him dead.[2]

III.

1. What motive had Jael for doing what she did? The instinct of self-preservation has been suggested as a motive. To understand this, we must imagine the circumstances in which she found herself. Jabin, with whom her husband, in violation of long-cherished ties, had made an alliance, was utterly defeated; his general was flying in haste from the field of battle. The victorious Israelites under Barak and Deborah were in hot pursuit; they knew well the part that Heber had played, in their eyes a most perfidious part; she feared that he must pay the penalty for his crime unless something desperate was done to avert it.

Barak would soon be upon them, for their camp was right in his way, and she was certain that, once in his grasp, all his anger and indignation would break out against the man who had deserted him, and she and her husband and all that they had would be utterly exterminated. So on the impulse of the moment she conceived the horrible idea of murdering the guest to whom she had offered every token of hospitality and friendship. It was the only thing to save her life. Barak's hostility, she felt, would be disarmed, if only she could satisfy him that, repenting of having joined Jabin, she had done all that she could to atone for

[1] H. J. Van-Lennep, *Bible Lands and Customs*, 410.
[2] John Leicester Warren.

the treason of her house; she had slain Sisera, and had done it with her own hand. And we can imagine the confidence with which she went out to meet Barak: 'Come, and I will shew thee the man whom thou seekest.'

If this be the right interpretation, it was a most revolting act; and it was perpetrated, not, as is so often said, out of zeal for God's people, not from any high motive that can be legitimately imagined, but simply for personal safety.

2. But a higher motive has been suggested. Israel was then a free community, which existed for the good of all its members. This was a striking contrast to every other national constitution in the world. Suppose that this surprising and important fact was present to the mind of Jael, together with the knowledge that this people professed to be the receptacle of a special Divine promise, which gave them an inalienable right to the land of Canaan. She believed that Israel represented the cause of truth and righteousness in the world, and that the Canaanite represented the cause of evil. She believed that the Canaanitish rule was a curse, a scandal which cried aloud for removal, and that it was the design of an avenging and a compassionate Providence that this plague should be extinguished. Well, God had just crowned the courageous effort of Israel with success, a great battle had been won; and now the flying Canaanite leader is brought by an apparent chance into her very tent; he is in her power, and she can 'bruise the head' of the corrupt race, and destroy the Canaanites in their chief. She immediately pronounces it to be an opportunity put in her way by Providence—that Providence which plainly designed that this sacred race should possess the land in the place of the old stock. She kills Sisera as an enemy of God.

¶ 'Have you heard the earth crying?' said Vassily Vassilitch.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Why,' said he, 'I've heard her crying as I lay in the grass, with my ear to the ground. I heard her. Like this, oo-m, oo-m, oo-m. It was the time the soldiers were being mobilised and women were sobbing in every cottage and in every turning of the road, so it may only have been that I heard. But it seemed to me the earth herself was crying, so gently, so sadly that my own heart ached.'[1]

3. Lastly, it has been said that in forming our estimate of Jael's act, we must remember who the person she put to death *was*. He was not a common Canaanite, but the Canaanitish general and leader, especially the mark of the Divine wrath; and against whom principally, as the representative of the Canaanitish power, the thunderbolt was aimed and the decree of destruction sent forth—'I will deliver *him* into thine hand.' He was not even an ordinary Canaanitish leader. There is evidently something extraordinary about this man, Sisera. It must strike any reader as remarkable that we hear nothing about Jabin personally in this war. He takes no part, he does not appear on the scene, and is a cypher; while the man who does all and wields the whole force of the Canaanitish kingdom is, as far as appearance goes, a private person, who has risen to extraordinary power and to the head of the army. Jabin is a nullity; Jabin's general is everything. To kill the general Sisera is less awful than if she had killed King Jabin himself; and at the same time it has rid the land of an aggressive and ruthless man, to whom war was a cruel and ready instrument of his ambition.

¶ When the news of the Cawnpore massacre reached England, Lord Macaulay, a man as humane as he was just, wrote thus in his diary: 'It is painful to be so revengeful as I feel myself. I, who cannot bear to see a beast or bird in pain, could look on without winking while Nana Sahib underwent all the tortures of Ravaillac.'[2]

¶ In the person of the Primate Sharp was incarnated for the extreme Presbyterians all that was impious against heaven and detestable in the sight of man. At a time when passions were inspired and distorted by religious exaltation, it was in the nature of things that some wilder spirits should deem his destruction to be but the just judgment of heaven. Yet in this case it was not as in that of Cardinal Beaton: his death was not the result of careful premeditation but of convenient opportunity interpreted as a divine sanction by religious frenzy and the bitterness of hate. On the 3rd of May Sharp was returning from Edinburgh, and, seated in his coach with his daughter, had reached Magus Muir, some two miles from St. Andrews. That day twelve men, including David Hackston of Rathillet and John Balfour of Kinloch, all outlawed for their religion, had been diligently seeking one Carmichael, an agent of Sharp's who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious in Fife. Carmichael had received a hint of their intentions and had bestowed himself safely; but, just when the twelve began to despair of finding their victim, they received information that the arch-enemy himself was at hand. With one mind they hailed his appearance as a divine interposition. They came up with the coach, and made their work more ghastly by the very frenzy of their ecstasy. Successive shots fired into the carriage failed to execute their purpose, and at length dragging him forth,

[1] Stephen Graham, *The Fiery Cross*, 92.

[2] G. W. E. Russell, *The Spirit of England*, 42.

amid the pitiful outcries of himself and his daughter, they cut at him with their swords and finished their work of pious atrocity.[1]

IV.

The Poetic Version.

In the light of the last view the poetic version of the story becomes intelligible. Although highly coloured, it expresses in the liveliest terms the triumphant feeling of patriotic Israelites at the death of their mighty oppressor.

1. All critics are agreed upon the antiquity of the poetical version; indeed there is nothing in the Old Testament of the same extent and integrity which can be placed earlier. The style and language, equally with the subject-matter, belong to an archaic age; the religious temper and the political situation are both those of the period of the Judges; and the whole song glows with the passionate enthusiasm of a poet who was keenly interested, and perhaps took part, in the heroic deeds of which he sings. The antiquity of the poem, then, may be taken for granted, and its value as historical evidence must be admitted at the same time.

A woman had successfully initiated the war, and a woman brings it to a triumphant conclusion. Jael, by a bold stratagem, slays Sisera as he stands drinking in her tent.

The Hebrew patriot could not tell of such deeds in bare prose. The recollection of that eventful day stirred her to praise Jehovah and recount the victory in passionate song. Thus we have preserved to us not only the finest ode in Hebrew literature, but also the most venerable authority for a page in the history of ancient Israel.

¶ The Poet is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of differences of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time.[2]

2. But what is the moral standard which Deborah acknowledges when she praises the act of Jael, and according to what standard is her praise given? It is evident that this makes all the difference in the nature of the praise, and upon the question whether it was praise in the fullest sense or not. This praise is obviously given, then, according to the standard of the time, as involved in the dispensation of the time, publicly received in the Israelitish body of that day as a religious community. This was the only standard which was known to Deborah; and it was impossible that she should give her praise upon any other.

The revelation which is made in Scripture is made up of different dispensations; and different successive manifestations of God's will and character. The only dispensation which was known to Deborah was the dispensation under which she lived—the dispensation under which the Israelites established themselves in Canaan. But this dispensation was in no disagreement whatever with the estimate of the act of Jael as a virtuous and a right act. It was a dispensation which supposed a defective state of moral ideas in the people, and which required for its own reception an erroneous standard of morals. The praise therefore bestowed under that dispensation upon a particular act did not imply moral correctness, according to a universal standard, in that act; did not satisfy the Bible as a whole, because it satisfied a part of the Bible. Deborah represented the dispensation of the time, and Jael satisfied the dispensation of the time. Deborah's praise, therefore, was worthily given; but it did not imply its being given according to a universal standard.

¶ Of Jael, Mary Slessor says, 'not a womanly woman, a sorry story; would God not have showed her a better way if she had asked?' And of part of Deborah's song she remarks, 'Fine poetry, poor morality.'[3]

¶ John Bright was once walking with one of his sons—then a schoolboy—past the Guards' Monument in Waterloo-place. The boy caught sight of the solitary word 'Crimea' inscribed on the base, and asked his father what it meant. Bright's answer was as emphatic as the inscription: 'A crime.' It was indeed a crime, a grave, a disastrous, and a wanton crime, that committed Christian England to a war in defence of the great anti-Christian Power. 'I have never,' said George Anthony Denison, in *Notes of My Life*, 'I have never forgotten the day when I saw the Cross and the Crescent on the same flag in the streets of London . . . With whom remained the honours of the Crimean War? With whom the substantial success? I believe both to have remained with Russia. On one side was Russia; on the other, England, France, Italy, and Turkey. Russia could not save her city, but she saved her honour, and was content to wait, and bide her time.' Now that, sixty years later, we are fighting side by side with Russia, it is a pleasure to recall those words.[4]

[1] P. Hume Brown, *History of Scotland*, ii. 321.
[2] W. Wordsworth.
[3] *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, 299.
[4] G. W. E. Russell, *The Spirit of England*, 28.

3. If it were certain that the words, 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent,' were spoken by one who was inspired in this, as in other utterances, to express the mind of God, we should have no alternative but to bow the head in submission before an unintelligible mystery; unintelligible because to our finite mind it certainly involved a grave contradiction to what is elsewhere revealed about the Divine character. But there are reasons which seem to justify us in believing that it is not necessary to assume such an attitude for the right understanding of the benediction.

There is another interpretation of Deborah's prediction, which, if it can be maintained, entirely removes the necessity of justifying her in saying that Jael would be blessed for her deed; for Deborah is only expressing her conviction that Jael would earn the lasting gratitude and benediction of the women, whose maternal instincts had been ruthlessly outraged by the scourge from whom by her assassination she had delivered their country. There was not a woman in the land who would not rejoice that she had avenged their shame and wrong. In the eyes of every 'mother in Israel' Sisera was the incarnation of lust and rapine; hated and dreaded, not because he had laid waste their husbands' fields or burned their houses and plundered their cattle, but because in every incursion he had seized their daughters, and, as we said, carried them off for a life of degradation and dishonour. We know how 'the mother of Sisera,' in her son's harem, 'looked out of her window' for his triumphant return; how she and her attendants wondered whether he had failed to carry off the Jewish maidens for his soldiers. 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?' This it was that stirred the righteous indignation of the mothers in Israel, and made Deborah sure that every woman in the land would honour the memory of Sisera's murderess; and we need feel no surprise, provided she was only giving vent to a woman's feelings, under the circumstances we have described, at hearing her declare that 'Jael should be blessed by the women in the tent.'

I of the bleeding heart, bent head, and stricken tongue,
Old, old with years, and honours, and despairs,
Watch them go forth to fight and die, last heirs
And children of my womb, the happy young.

I took the challenge, by the oppressors flung,
I and my peers,—and far my beacon flares,
'Up, up, ye lion cubs, from out your lairs!'
Wide o'er the world my cry of need has rung.

They came, my splendid daughters—to the fray—
India and Australasia and the Isles,
Swart Afric, and my swift cold Canada—
With ardour, and with laughter and with smiles;
And, though my every son of Britain fall,
With these no man shall hold me as a thrall.[1]

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Flitting.

'And the children of Israel removed.'—Nu 33^{5a}.
'Here we have no continuing city.'—He 13^{14}.

1. What a month May is! It brings everything with it to make us happy—the new green dresses of the trees, nest building, the singing of the blackbird, the apple blossom, lovely spring flowers. Then we have only to get away out to the country fields to feel all the delicious scents of Nature. In May, too, it is long daylight; and every boy and girl knows that no outdoor games are so enjoyable as those they play in the early summer evenings after their lessons are learnt. We grown-up people

[1] Dorothy Frances Gurney, in *The Fiery Cross*, 37.

can remember the glorious fun of our Saturdays in May. Truly, the world may be a very delightful place to live in.

2. But May brings more than flowers. It brings something that mother does not like—the furniture wagon. Going along a city street on the 28th of the month, you see here and there collections of house furniture on the pavement, ready to be put into a covered wagon or on to a cart. If we were allowed inside any of the houses from which furniture is being carried, we should in all probability see the mother looking very worried indeed, while the boys of the family might be enjoying themselves to the full outside—I once saw quite a crowd of little fellows riding on the shafts of a furniture wagon.

One special circumstance I remember in connection with a flitting-day was hearing a caged blackbird singing most beautifully. The cage was hung in an open window—a window belonging to the very house where a flitting was going on. But you may be sure the mother there would have no ears for the lovely song; and I believe she would forget there was such a thing as apple-blossom in the garden and may-blossom down by the river. No mother likes flitting day.

3. There are some beautiful stories about removals in the Bible. You remember how Abraham had to flit—first from Ur of the Chaldees, and then from Haran. I believe he felt a sort of calm happiness the morning he left Haran. He had heard the voice of God saying—'Get thee out of thy country.' Sarai would be the one to feel sorry; an eastern woman loves her home, even if that home should only be a tent. Afterwards, the children of Israel removed very often. Their flittings must have been easy, for they had very little furniture, and they were full of hope. They were flitting from a place where they had been oppressed to a land where they were promised freedom. I can imagine the mothers amongst *them* being pleased. Every other day they would be seeing some new place. Even when they were really making very little progress the moving about gave them the impression that somehow they were getting on. In these cases flitting was part of God's plan.

A flitting may mean something very serious, even to you boys and girls. It is a common thing for children to have to go to a new school if their parents flit. Some of you may already know what this means. At first the new school seemed very interesting; but one day you found yourself in trouble; you looked round for your old chum, and he wasn't there. How you missed him; for you used to tell him all your secrets. The boys in the playground too seemed altogether different from your old classmates. Some of them, you felt, were better than yourself. But all the time your heart was elsewhere.

4. We are all meant to flit. Flitting is a law of life. April goes to May, May to June, and so on. And we are not even allowed to remain in this world. I know a very lovely story about the last flitting of all. It was told of an old woman called Janet. She lived in a lonely hut on a Scottish moor, and was dying at last. She breathed heavily and, it seemed, painfully. Her brown old Bible lay open on the counterpane. The minister came just in time. 'And hoo is't wi' ye the noo, Janet?' he enquired, bending over her wrinkled but radiant face. 'It's a' weel, it's bonnie,' she cried; 'but, man, I'm *a wee confused wi' the flittin'*'! What a blessing it would be if every one of us felt like that when it was time to go. With old Janet death was just like the flutter and worry of a house-flitting. Boys and girls, if we have God as our friend, why should it be otherwise with us?

II.

The Right Kind of Feet.

'He speaketh with his feet.'—Pr 6^{13}.
'Feet was I to the lame.'—Job 29^{15}.

To-day I am going to talk about the right kind of feet; and this time we have two texts, one in Proverbs and the other in Job. We shall take the text in Proverbs first—'He speaketh with his feet.'

At first sight I am sure you will think this is a very queer text. The writer of the verse seems to have got hold of things by the wrong end. You would have expected him to say, 'He speaketh with his mouth,' or 'He speaketh with his tongue.' If he had written, 'He speaketh with his eyes,' you would have seen some sense in it, for people, you know, can say a lot by a glance; or if he had told us, 'He speaketh with his hands,' you would not have been surprised, because you have seen people who are deaf and dumb talk with their fingers; but how can any one speak with their feet?

If you look back to the twelfth verse you will see

who 'he' is. He is the 'naughty person,' and he makes signs to his accomplices by 'shuffling'—as the margin of the revised version tells us—with his feet. The shuffle is a sort of agreed signal between them, and when they hear it his friends know what he means to say just as well as if he had spoken so many words.

But it isn't only the 'naughty person' who speaks with his feet. We all speak with our feet every day of our lives; in fact our feet really give away quite a number of secrets about us.

1. First, our feet tell *who we are.* Have you ever noticed that you can often know who has come into a room or who is going upstairs just by the sound of the step. Even shoes sometimes tell tales. When Robert Louis Stevenson was a boy he sometimes went to visit his grandfather at the Manse of Colinton, near Edinburgh. There he used to meet some jolly cousins, and the children had great times together in the manse garden. But the old grandfather was very strict and very particular that no footprints should be left on the flower-beds. It was whispered that every night he went round examining the little muddy shoes which had been left out to be cleaned, and that he was ready to fit them into any tracks which had been left in the flower-beds. So the children were very careful where they stepped.

2. Another way in which our feet speak is by telling *what we are feeling.* When we are happy they skip and run, when we are sad and dull, or unwilling to go to school, they drag. When we are angry they stamp.

3. Again, our feet tell *our characters.* I know the boy who is aimless and lazy by his loitering step. I know the boy who has a purpose in life, and means to be a man, by the way he puts down his feet.

Now, if our feet give away so many secrets about us, it is very important that we should have the right kind of feet. What are your feet saying about you?

Well, I hope they are *firm feet*—feet that tell that you know your own mind and that you won't be easily made to go just wherever any foolish companion wants you to go.

I hope they are *swift feet*—feet that are ready to run on a moment's notice and to come back in the shortest possible time.

And I hope they are *reverent feet*—feet that tread softly in God's house, or where there is sorrow or pain.

But, most of all, I hope they are *helpful feet*—and that is why I have chosen the second text, 'Feet was I to the lame.'

It was Job who spoke these words. You know he was a man who had had a great many troubles and had lost his children and his possessions. He was looking back to the days of his prosperity, and one of the things he was able to say about himself was that he had been feet to the lame.

Now what did he mean by that? Well, I think he just meant that he had helped the lame people to get what they wanted: when they couldn't run, he had run for them: he had helped lame dogs over stiles.

There are lots of lame dogs going about the world. Not only are there those who have lost a limb or lost the power of a limb, but there are the old people who are too frail to run and who need young feet to run for them. And there are people who are lame in other ways. There are people who are stupid: we can help them to understand their difficulties. There are people who find it very hard to be good: we can make it a little easier for them by believing the best that is in them. There are those who are sad or sorry or sick: we can help them to bear their pain by trying to cheer them.

Two thousand years ago there lived a Man in Galilee who went about doing good, and of Him it might be truly said that He was 'feet to the lame.'

Wherever He went sick people became well, sad people became glad, sinful people good, and weak people became strong. And at last He went where no one else could go, because He alone of all that dwelt on earth could walk aright. He went to Calvary so that we, who were lamed by sin, might henceforth be able to walk straight.

We can never have the 'right kind of feet' until Jesus takes our poor crooked, sin-spoiled feet in His hands and makes them whole, and we can never be sure we are walking in the right path until we ask Him to direct our ways.

III.

Another volume of nature studies appears this month. Its title is *Nature Talks for Primary Workers* (Allenson; 1s. net). The author is May Coley. Let us give the first of all the talks by way of example.

A Story about Baby Leaf-Buds.

'Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top.'

Objects for Demonstration.—A picture of a Baby in a cradle. A twig taken from a Beech tree in January, showing the spiral leaf-buds. A leaf-bud opened and showing the golden-brown scales, and the tiny, silky green leaf within. A picture of a tree in spring or summer-time.

Once upon a time it was cold and windy just as it is to-day; oh, so cold, and oh, so windy!

'Need I go out, mother?' said Molly. 'It's so cold, and I'm not very big. I think the wind will blow me away.'

Then mother laughed. 'Oh no, the wind will help you to grow strong, and so will the cold. Run and fetch your warm coat and cap, and I'll take you for a lovely walk and—I'll tell you a story. But first I must put baby to bed.'

'Hush-a-bye, baby,' sang mother, and as the tiny eyelids closed she put baby into his cot and off he went to bye-bye.

'It must be so warm in a cradle,' said Molly.

'Yes, it is,' mother answered, 'and I'm going to tell you about the cosy little cradles in the trees, where the tiny baby leaves lie asleep.'

Should you like to hear the story Molly listened to? Ah, yes, I know you would. All your dear little eyes are saying, 'Yes, please,' as well as your rosy lips.

Let's pretend we are going for a walk as Molly did. It is very cold and the trees are so brown and bare. Where have all the leaves gone? Why, the wind blew them away last autumn. They fell on the ground, the rain came and soaked them, and then they sank deeper into the earth, where the good little worms bite them up and turn them into more rich earth where flowers can grow.

Soon the bare trees will be covered with leaves. Where do they come from, these lovely new leaves? Look up into this Beech tree. 'I can't see any leaves,' you say. No, but what can you see?

'I can see lots of branches; big branches and little branches.'

Well, let me break off a little branch and show you. What are those funny little things at the tips of all the little stems? They are golden-brown, and shaped like slender, spiral shells. Can you guess what they are?

They are cradles! 'Cradles!' you say.

'Oh, what funny cradles. Then where's the baby?'

Well, the baby is inside, but it is wrapped up in so many blankets that we can't see it. Shall I take them off? I must do it with a pen-knife. I think we will call the outside covers the cradle, and the inside ones the blankets, though grown-up people call them all scales. Oh, dear, what a lot of brown blankets to wrap one little baby in! One, two, three, four, five, six. The cradle is smooth and shining, and that keeps the wet out, for the raindrops slide off it. The blankets keep the cold out. Whenever shall we get to the baby? Seven, eight, nine, ten. Can you count up to twenty, and more?

Ah, here's the baby—a little, tiny, baby leaf-spray, so pretty and so green. Oh, you lovely, lovely little baby! What pretty silvery hair you have. God has made you very lovely, and He has given you lots and lots of blankets and such a cosy cradle. You are a little leaf-spray wrapped up in scales. Look, children, there are lots of leaf-buds, lots of cradles on the branch. Look at the Beech tree. There are hundreds and hundreds of baby leaf-buds up there. Do you see how the wind shakes the branches? Let us sing a little song, something like mothers sing to their babies:

'Hush-a-bye leaf-buds on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
Though the boughs bend you never will fall,
God watches over leaf-buds and all.'

Do you know who wakes the baby leaves and tells them when it is time to get up? God does. He sends the wind to rock the cradles, and then, in March and April, when the babies and the cradles have grown bigger, He will send the sun to kiss the babies awake. Then the blankets will fall to the ground and we shall be able to pick them up, and we shall look up into the trees and say, 'Happy birthday, little leaf-babies. We are so glad to see you. Thank you for waking up and making the bare trees so green and lovely.' If God takes such care of little leaf-babies, I'm sure He will take care of us.

Point and Illustration.

The Bishop of London has issued another volume. Its title is *The Potter and the Clay* (Wells Gardner; 2s. 6d. net). First there are eight good sermons with a wonderful amount of thinking and food for

thought in each of them, considering their shortness. Next there are three addresses to the Clergy, on 'Messengers,' 'Physicians,' and 'Fishers of Men.' Then there is an address to Girls, on 'What a Girl can do in a Day of God'; and an address to Boys, on 'The Effect of the Holy Ghost on Human Character.' And lastly there is an essay on 'The War and Religion.' And from first to last, whoever the auditor and whatever the subject, there is a fine combination of concreteness and imagination. The speaker touches reality—the reality of the War above all else—in every utterance; yet every utterance lifts the hard facts of the daily experience into the very presence of eternity and the eternal God.

The Bishop of London quotes poetry freely. And not only a verse—he has that on every second page—but whole long poems. We shall repeat two of his poems. The first appeared in the *Spectator*, the second was contributed by Mr. Barry Pain to the *Westminster Gazette*.

Christ in Flanders.

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly.
Of course we thought about You now and then,
Especially in any time of trouble:
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street or byway—
You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements—
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember, over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understood our weakness;
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden
Ah, God! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

The Army of the Dead.

I dreamt that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky,
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by.

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

VI.

John Evelyn's Diary.

It is good to think that John Evelyn's *Diary* is not yet a forgotten book. Mr. Austin Dobson's noble edition,[1] though it is to be feared that it brought small gain either to editor or to publishers, was issued in 1906; in 1907 the *Diary* was included in *Everyman's Library*, with a preface by Mr. George W. E. Russell, and reprinted in 1911; and still more recently Mr. T. R. Glover has made it the theme of one of his pleasant essays in *Poets and Puritans*. To the student of seventeenth-century life and literature the book needs no introduction; it is a contemporary document of inestimable value for his knowledge of that period. But it is much more than this, and its rich human interest gives to it a much wider appeal. Of course it is sometimes dull, as diaries are wont to be in which all manner of trivial things find a place. But if the reader is sometimes bored with what he thinks the wealth of unnecessary detail, especially in the account of the author's 'grand tour' in the first volume,[2] he has the remedy in his own hands; he can turn the page confident that it will not be long before his interest will revive. And indeed, when we remember that Evelyn began his diary when he was a mere child and continued it to the last month of his long life, the wonder rather is that the dead pages in it are so few. Evelyn, it must be remembered, with all his many gifts, was not a man of genius; and though, on occasion, when he is moved beyond his wont, his style rises to an eloquence which is the more impressive because of its gravity and restraint,[3] in the main it is, though always clear and straightforward, without distinction. The interest of the book for us to-day lies mainly in this, that it enables us to read the history of a large part of the most stirring century in our long national annals through the eyes of a typical Royalist gentleman of the best sort, intelligent, grave, upright, and God-fearing.

[1] Published by Macmillan in three vols.

[2] The references throughout are to Mr. Austin Dobson's edition.

[3] See, for example, the passage on the death of his son Richard (Jan. 27th, 1657–8), and again on the death of Mrs. Margaret Godolphin (Sept. 9th, 1678).

I.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton, near Dorking, in Surrey, in 1620; he died and was buried in the church there eighty-six years later. Merely to recall the monarchs under whom he lived is sufficient to remind us how momentous were the days in which his lot was cast. When he was born James I. had still five years to reign. The reign of the first Charles, the great Civil War, the Commonwealth—all had come and gone by the time he was forty. He saw the return of the Stuarts, the second Charles and the second James; he saw their final downfall at the Revolution which set William and Mary on the throne; and he had still four years of his long life left when Queen Anne began her reign.

We have a no less striking index to the character of Evelyn's century in the famous events of which he was an eye-witness and his *Diary* is the record. Never wavering from youth to old age in his Royalist sympathies, he notes the opening of the Long Parliament as 'the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after.' He was present in the great Hall at Westminster to hear the trial of Strafford, and again on Tower Hill to see 'the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl'—'to such exorbitancy were things arrived.' Eight years later Charles I. suffered the same fate, but Evelyn, too horror-stricken to be present at such 'execrable wickedness,' 'kept the day of his martyrdom a fast.' Another twelve years and the wheel had come full circle: 'This day,' writes Evelyn, on January 30, 1661, '(O stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God) were the carcases of those arch-rebels Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned His Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law

of the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hung on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back to October 22, 1658 [the day of Cromwell's funeral] and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!' Evelyn was an eye-witness of the deadly havoc wrought both by the Great Plague and by the Great Fire of London. He notes how, during the former, he was 'environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms; the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect!' His account of the Great Fire, when he says he saw 'above ten thousand houses all in one flame,' —a great sea of fire 'two miles in length and one in breadth,'—is too long for quotation here, but is one of the most vivid bits of narrative in the whole book. Close on the heels of these disasters came the humiliations of the Dutch War, when Evelyn saw what no Englishman has seen since, an enemy's fleet burning and destroying in the Thames itself. But it is impossible to particularize further. The infamy of Titus Oates and Judge Jeffreys, two men of whom it would be hard to say which better deserves to be called the wickedest man in English history; the ill-fated rebellion of Monmouth; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with all that it meant for the unhappy Protestants of France; the courageous protest of the Six Bishops—all these, with fifty other famous things of long ago, pass in quick succession before our eyes as we turn the pages of Evelyn's minute and faithful record.

II.

It is always interesting in a work like Evelyn's to note what the writer has to say about his famous contemporaries. Now Evelyn had unusual opportunities of getting to know most of the men and women of his day whom we still care to hear about. Kings and bishops, scholars and saints, poets and politicians, men of high degree and low —he was on terms of easy familiarity with them all. He was one of the first secretaries, and might have been the president, of the famous Royal Society, and he lived just long enough to be elected a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.[1] And if, as Mr. Glover says, his judgments of men are not very profound, they have at least this value, that they reveal the average mind of the generation.

Evelyn's opinion of Cromwell may be inferred from the passage which has already been quoted. In his eyes Cromwell is simply 'the pretended Protector,' 'the arch-rebel,' 'the Usurper'; he likens him to 'the Apostate Julian'; on the day of his funeral the entry in the *Diary* reads: 'It was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise.' On the other hand, Charles I. is 'that excellent Prince,' 'our blessed martyr,' whose death was an 'execrable murder,' to be expiated by an annual solemn fast and day of national humiliation. The return of Charles II., 'after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near twenty years,' makes 1660 for Evelyn the *annus mirabilis* of English history.

The references in the *Diary* to seventeenth-century men of letters are disappointingly meagre. We get a glimpse of Thomas Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom Evelyn twice tells us he was long acquainted, but nothing is added to our knowledge either of him or of his 'pernicious doctrines.' Mention is made occasionally of 'Mr. Dryden the poet' and of his plays, but again, beyond a lament over the licentiousness of one of these, and a scornful allusion to Dryden's reported conversion to the Church of Rome,—'no great loss,'—he has nothing to tell us. Another page records the diarist's visit to 'that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, now lately knighted,' whose house and garden at Norwich, 'being a paradise and cabinet of rareties,' filled him with delight. To Milton, though Evelyn and he were contemporaries for more than half a century, the *Diary* has but two brief allusions, and these must be given in full:

'24th October [1663]. Mr. Edward Phillips came to be my son's preceptor; this gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Salmasius's *Defensio*; but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him.'

'2nd June [1686]. New Judges here, among which was Milton, a Papist, (brother to that Milton who wrote for the Regicides).'

[1] The S.P.G. was founded in 1702, the Royal Society in 1662.

The second of these entries, it should be noted, is nearly twenty years later than *Paradise Lost*, and nearly fifty later than *Lycidas*. The truth is, and Evelyn helps us to realize it, that Milton's immense reputation with his contemporaries rested mainly not on his poems but on huge controversial pamphlets of which to-day not one in ten thousand of his fellow-countrymen can tell even the names.

Among all his many acquaintances none seem to have interested Evelyn more than the preachers and divines of his day. He was a most devout and regular worshipper, and notes on the preachers whom he heard, their texts and their sermons, are scattered freely throughout the whole *Diary*. He had of course little love for the Puritans, especially of the Independent variety: usurpers, novices, canters, fanatics — what right had they in the pulpits of the land? But Anglican doctrine and Anglican worship were always dear to him, and most of the Anglican divines of the century—Ussher, Cosin, Pearson, South, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Burnet, Ken—find a place in his *Diary*. Sometimes too, though he must usually have been what is called 'a good hearer,' and is never fierce except against the Puritans whom his soul hated, he dips his pen in acid, even with an Anglican in the pulpit. 'This worthy person's talent,' he writes of an earl's brother, 'is not preaching, but he is like to make a grave and serious good man.' On another occasion, when he has been listening to a Greek professor from Cambridge, the entry is, 'No great preacher, but a very worthy and learned man.' A sermon of one Dr. Brideoake, Bishop of Chichester, pleased him still less: 'A mean discourse for a bishop.' And how the ears of 'the minister of Althorp' would have tingled if he could have read this: 'Dr. Jeffryes preached the shortest discourse I ever heard; but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon he supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage house'!

III.

Another no less interesting use of the *Diary* which we may make is to mark the signs of national progress, material, intellectual, and moral, in the years that divide us from it. Here are a few random jottings.

Those who like to mark the first use of now familiar things may note with Evelyn the introduction into England of coffee and of skates. In this day of huge battleships the eye is naturally caught by an entry like this:

'On the 19th July we went to Chatham to see the *Royal Sovereign*, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defence and ornament the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind. She carried an hundred brass cannon and was 1200 tons.' And what a different England from ours it must have been when Evelyn could write of Norwich as 'this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England'! The Royal Society, as we have seen, was founded in 1662, but science had not yet banished superstition, for only two years before, Evelyn tells us, Charles II. 'began first to touch for the evil,' and he goes on to give a full account of the ceremony.[1] These, too, were the days of cruel 'butcherly sports,'[2] when murderers were publicly burnt at Smithfield, and prisoners whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of London. But it is perhaps in his pictures of Court life that we see most clearly the change for the better which has come over the social life of England since the days of the Stuarts. Evelyn's language for the most part is very cautious, and we sometimes sigh for a whiff of the hot indignation which blazed out so fiercely against the hated Puritans; but not all his Royalist sympathies could conceal from him the character of the vile, dissolute crew that Charles II. gathered about him in his Court at Whitehall. One short passage, the more striking for the tragic note (not often heard in the *Diary*) on which it ends, may be quoted; it was written on the night of the gay monarch's death:

'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other

[1] See note on July 6th, 1660.

[2] Evelyn tells how in the Bear Garden at Southwark he 'saw cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull-baiting. . . . One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sat in one of the boxes.' No wonder he adds, 'I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime.'

dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, was all in the dust.'

But if in many ways the years have brought a new and better order, in others, the curious reader of the *Diary* will note, it is the thing that hath been that still is. Here, for example, is Evelyn declaiming against the 'mad intemperance' of an age bent on making a bigger London, 'by far too disproportionate already to the nation,' and proposing expedients for abating the nuisance of its smoke! Or take this: 'Set out for Paris. . . . At Dover, money to the searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshaw himself, [president of the Council under Cromwell] where I had not so much as my trunk opened'; or this: 'This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and oh that it might be the last!'; or this again: 'I went to congratulate the marriage of Mrs. Gardner, maid of honour, lately married to that odd person, Sir Henry Wood: but riches do many things.' How oddly modern and familiar it all sounds! London smoke, tourists' tips, the delays of the law, marrying for money; as it was in the beginning—verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

IV.

I have left to the last, and with little room to write of it, what for some readers will be the most interesting thing in the *Diary*—the light which it casts on the mind and character of the author himself. Evelyn was a virtuoso of the first water, and lost no opportunity of seeing or hearing any new thing. He had not simply an intelligent man's interest in interesting people, and places, and things, but—to use Kipling's phrase—a ''satiable curiosity' for whatsoever things are freakish and odd. A sheep with six legs, and a goose with four; a tame lion whose tongue felt 'rough like a cat's'; a woman nearly seven feet high, and another all covered with hair; the prodigious feats of a famous fire-eater, and of a troupe of performing monkeys at a fair—he is as interested in them all as any gaping schoolboy, and all find a place in the *Diary*. You can almost hear the mischievous chuckle with which he tells how a famous old Scottish marquis[1] mistook the turtle-doves in an aviary for owls!

But deeper than any other interest in Evelyn's life lay his devotion to religion and to the English Church. He was neither Papist nor Puritan. He took his first sacrament according to the Anglican ritual before he was seventeen, and through all the testing days of the Civil War and the Commonwealth he never for a moment wavered in his affection for the Church of his choice. On his tomb is recorded, by his own desire, his conviction 'that all is vanity that is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.' To the reality of this conviction the *Diary* is the best witness. His regularity at public worship, his reverence for the Holy Communion, his frequent prayers, his resignation under suffering, his diligent 'trussing up to be gone' as the end drew nigh, and not less than these the *Diary* itself, alike in what it relates and what it omits, are all the marks of a deep and unaffected piety.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in his brief preface to the *Diary* in *Everyman's Library*, uses Evelyn to prove that, as Mr. J. H. Shorthouse says, the Cavalier was not invariably a drunken brute, nor were spiritual life and growth the exclusive possession of Puritans and Ascetics. It might, I think, be fairly argued that Evelyn was neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but something of both. In his practical temper he was certainly more in sympathy with a Puritan like Colonel Hutchinson, for example, than with the average Cavalier of the Commonwealth period. But, however that may be, we can assure Mr. Russell that no modern Puritan desires to claim for his spiritual ancestors any monopoly of goodness. Indeed, when one recalls the strange inability of many of those who sit on Mr. Russell's side of the House to do justice to a Puritan of even the intellectual and moral height of Milton, one may wonder if his remonstrance has not been sent to the wrong address. But in this matter perhaps we all live in glass houses, and it were better to throw no stones. On whichever side our sympathies lie, if we read Evelyn's *Diary* we shall all alike give thanks that, in an age when so many had defiled their garments, one man still walked with God in white, even amid the lewdness of the Stuart Court at Whitehall.

[1] The Argyle of Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.

Two Exegetical Notes on St. Paul.

By Professor the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, D.Sc., D.D., New College, Edinburgh.

II.

Colossians ii. 10–15.

The theosophy which was being urged upon the Colossians laid more emphasis upon the elemental spirits (*τὰ στοιχεῖα*) of this world than upon Christ (2^8). We know from Gal $4^{3.\ 8-10}$ that Paul associated elemental spirits with both Judaism and Paganism. In the former, he evidently identified them with angels, having in view the innumerable angelic beings connected in current Jewish thought with natural forces, of which we have ample evidence in the Apocalypses. In the latter, he would be acquainted with the extraordinary place given to planetary and other spirits as influencing the affairs of men. Now angel-worship is one of the most distinct features in the curious blend of Judaism with an apparently incipient form of Gnosticism which was claiming the adherence of the young Christian community at Colossæ (2^{16-18}). So there can be little doubt that when he speaks of *πάσης ἀρχῆς καὶ ἐξουσίας* (2^{10}), and of *τὰς ἀρχὰς καὶ τὰς ἐξουσίας* (2^{15}), he has in view those incorporeal beings which, in themselves, might be considered as non-moral, but which the Apostle had come to regard as evil rather than good, because they seemed to contest the supremacy with Christ. In the propaganda at Colossæ they were brought into line with a scheme of genuine legalism, consisting in elaborate rules of abstinence and the institution of sacred days, which were regulated by the movements of the planets. But long before this Paul was accustomed to look upon angels as sponsors for the Law, and in his letter to the Galatians (3^{19}) he had used that idea for the express purpose of disparaging legalism. In the Colossian theosophy it is probable that these angelic powers were introduced as mediators to bridge the gulf between the Most High God and frail humanity, and there is nothing to forbid the hypothesis that here already we have an approximation to the series of æons or emanations so minutely developed in some of the later Gnostic systems. That, indeed, seems the natural implication of the statement regarding the *πλήρωμα* in v.^{9}, even if the term has not yet been appropriated to describe the plenitude of power concentrated in the supreme Deity, but distributed among intermediate spiritual forces which become less divine and more largely infected with earthliness as they approach the material world in order to help mortal man to ascend through them to God.

In opposition to such speculations, Paul boldly appeals to the inclusion in Christ of the entire Fullness of the Divine Nature in bodily or organized form (2^9, *σωματικῶς*). The latter term is difficult. Perhaps it is intended to impress upon his readers that in Christ, the historical Head of the new humanity, they reach a concrete apprehension of what God is and does. In any case, the next clause (v.^{10}), which introduces our special passage, lays stress on the completeness, the Divine completeness, of the life which Christians attain in fellowship with Christ. With a brief reference to Christ's full sway over every member of the hierarchy of spiritual powers in which the Colossians are being exhorted to confide, Paul goes on to remind them of the experiences through which their Christian life had passed.

At this point a controverted question emerges. 'In him,' says the Apostle, 'you were actually circumcised with a circumcision not hand-made, consisting in the stripping-off of the body of flesh, that is, the circumcision of Christ' (2^{11}). It is difficult to understand how some scholars take the words *ἐν τῇ ἀπεκδύσει τοῦ σώματος τῆς σαρκός* as merely explanatory of the idea in *ἀχειροποιήτῳ*. Thus, *e.g.*, Dr. Moffatt translates the phrase: 'with no material circumcision that cuts flesh from the body.' But is it likely that Paul should describe the act of physical circumcision by a phrase which has become technical for one of the central elements in his thought? The same objection seems entirely to preclude the reference of this 'circumcision' to baptism. Paul's phrase receives its precise explanation in Ro $6^{6.\ 7}$: 'our old man was crucified with him, in order that the *body of sin* (*τὸ σῶμα τῆς ἁμαρτίας*) might be abolished, so that we should no longer be in bondage to sin: for once a man has died he is liberated from the claims of sin.' Another expression of the same idea appears in Ro 8^3: 'God, having sent his own

Son in the likeness of flesh of sin (σαρκὸς ἁμαρτίας) and with reference to sin, condemned sin in the flesh.' This is, of course, one of Paul's efforts to elucidate the meaning of the Cross. Christ, by becoming man, entered into the organic life of sin-burdened humanity. This humiliation, which involved exposure to temptation and continual contact with evil, He bore willingly. The climax of the experience was a death of shame. That death Paul describes, in the light of this circle of thought, as God's condemnation of sin in the flesh. The death of the Sinless in His identification with the sinful and in His horror of sin is an exposure of what sin means for the Divine Nature. Sin slew the Son of God, but that meant that He passed out of relation to it, having suffered all that it could inflict, and in so doing triumphed over it once for all in His risen life. In Him as risen, a principle has been disclosed which has given the death-blow to sin. This principle can be appropriated even by those still hampered by the 'body of sin,' when by faith they enter into that intimate union with Christ in which their wills become one with His in dying. Accordingly, in our passage, the 'circumcision not made with hands,' 'the stripping-off of the body of flesh,' and 'the circumcision of Christ' refer primarily to the Cross, and, as applied to believers, are equivalents of what Paul elsewhere describes as 'being crucified with Christ.' They cannot refer to baptism, as has so often been asserted. That is made absolutely clear by Ro 6^{6} taken in close connexion with the present statement. And the same idea is found in a compressed form in Col $1^{21, 22}$: 'You who were at one time alienated and enemies [to God] . . . he [God, or, possibly, but not probably, Christ] reconciled in the body of his flesh through death.' The reconciliation was made possible through the annihilation of the principle of sin, first in Christ, the organic Head of the new humanity, then in those who were ideally 'crucified' with Christ.

Now, as has been hinted above, Paul never thinks of 'death to sin' either in Christ's case or in ours without thinking at the same time of 'resurrection to newness of life.' The whole process he saw pictured in the ritual of baptism. And this was not a mere picture. In Ro 6^{4} he describes the rite as 'our baptism into his death.' The phrase is pregnant with meaning. For the early Church, baptism was the crowning testimony to faith, the seal put upon the attitude of the believer to Christ. It marked the moment when the convert turned his back upon the past with all its associations, and in the eyes of all men identified himself with the community of Christ's followers. The sentence quoted from Romans reminds us of what that identification meant, of the position which in the eyes of the faithful entitled a man to be admitted into the Church. It was nothing less than fellowship with the dying Redeemer in His passing out of all relation to sin, in His liberation from the environment of evil.

The analogy which commended itself to Paul's mind for this decisive and final step was the burial of Christ. That was the proof of death. If He lived again, it must be with a new type of life. The ceremony of baptism provided a remarkable parallel for the Christian. His immersion beneath the baptismal water symbolized and was to him a sacrament of his deliverance from his old environment. Hence Paul, in reminding the Colossians of their connexion with Christ in His crucial experiences, after he has emphasized their fellowship with His death, briefly alludes to their similar fellowship with His burial, a fellowship stamped on their minds in the impressive ordinance of baptism (2^{12a}). This element in their experience is more elaborately set forth in Ro $6^{3, 4}$, but on precisely the same lines, and with the same object in view, namely, to prepare for the further representation of their resurrection with Christ.

The connexion of thought, as I have attempted to trace it, makes it almost certain (as against Lightfoot) that the ἐν ᾧ of the next clause in v.[12], like ἐν ᾧ of v.[11] and ἐν αὐτῷ of v.[10], must be referred to Christ and not to baptism. Indeed, one has little doubt that the sentence, συνταφέντες αὐτῷ ἐν τῷ βαπτίσματι, is parenthetical, although that by no means implies that Paul considers it of secondary importance. But while the most natural course is to connect ἐν ᾧ with Χριστοῦ, it may alternatively be linked with αὐτῷ in the parenthesis. There is no instance in Paul's Epistles of baptism being described as the basis or instrument of resurrection with Christ. So that the allusion to it here is a passing one. It is by fellowship with Christ that they were raised in His resurrection (συνηγέρθητε), 'through faith in the working of God who raised him from the dead' ($2^{12b, c}$). Here, as always for Paul, faith is fundamental. So that even if ἐν ᾧ were strained to

agree with τῷ βαπτίσματι, the vital energy of the spiritual 'resurrection' of Christians is not connected by Paul with any magical efficacy in the rite, but exclusively with faith.

But the subject of the new life of the Christian in communion with the risen Christ has too important a bearing on the present situation of the Colossians to be dismissed at the end of a paragraph. Therefore Paul sets himself afresh to bring out its implications, more especially in view of the perils to which they are exposed. He does not hesitate to repeat what he has said, with far-reaching amplifications: 'You, I say, who were dead by reason of your trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, you he [God] made alive in fellowship with him [Christ]' (2[13a]). Two points may be noted. The expression here used, 'the uncircumcision of your flesh,' brings out into bold relief what he had called in v.[11] 'the circumcision not hand-made, consisting in the stripping-off of the body of flesh.' Their former lives had been diametrically opposed to the attitude and spirit of the crucified Redeemer. There was no renunciation in them. So far from being 'dead' to sin, its principle had the mastery over them. This confirms what was said above as to the meaning of τῇ περιτομῇ τοῦ Χριστοῦ. It is not intended to be a description of baptism, but baptism recognizes it, inasmuch as the former involves the open confession of a definite attitude towards the death of Christ. Further, the presence of σύν in συνεζωοποίησεν immediately followed by its combination with αὐτῷ shows that there is nothing otiose in the linking of συνηγέρθητε to ἐν ᾧ above, and that therefore no argument can be drawn from this in favour of relating ᾧ to βαπτίσματι.

The Apostle next proceeds, mainly in a series of participial clauses, to describe the conditions of the new life in Christ. It presupposes (1) God's forgiveness of all our transgressions (2[13b]); (2) His obliteration of 'the bond for which we were liable, consisting in rules and regulations, that bond which menaced us: that he has completely removed, having nailed it to the cross' (2[14]). In Eph 2[15], which belongs to the same circle of ideas, he speaks of Christ as 'having abolished the principle (νόμον) of commandments consisting in rules and regulations (δόγμασιν).' And he obviously has the same result of Christ's activity in view when, in Ro 10[4], he affirms that 'Christ is the end of the law as a means of attaining righteousness for every believer.' Once Christ's method has been made plain, the method of legalism ceases to be valid. All this bears directly on the situation at Colossæ. The attempt is being made there to re-introduce a religion of δόγματα, of which examples are given in 2[21]. So that the warning given in vv.[20. 21], like that of vv.[16. 17], is already implied in the present passage.

The statement of v.[15] is not to be taken merely in connexion with the clause immediately preceding (προσηλώσας κ.τ.λ.). It belongs to the complete idea of v.[14], the removal of the old system of rules and regulations. If this connexion has been missed, it is because readers have ignored the Apostle's association of the legal order with incorporeal beings whom he names in this passage, as often elsewhere, ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι. As far back as his First Epistle to the Corinthians he regards these powers as hostile to Christ, for he speaks of Christ as abolishing them (15[24]). In his letter to the Ephesians, evidently contemporary with Colossians, he declares that the most critical conflict for Christians is with the ἀρχαί, the ἐξουσίαι, the world-rulers of this darkness, the spiritual powers of wickedness in the heavenly regions (Eph 6[12]). Now, in Galatians, one of the disparaging features of the Law to which he refers is its administration by angels (3[19]). This was a turning of the tables on his Jewish-Christian opponents, because the introduction of angels in connexion with the giving of the Law was meant to enhance its glory. Even in Stephen's address, when he reminds his audience that they 'received the law by the administration of angels' (Ac 7[53]), the reference is intended to heighten the culpability of those who have been unfaithful to so wonderful a gift. And when the writer to the Hebrews describes the O.T. legislation as 'the word spoken through angels,' he subordinates it only to that spoken through the Lord (He 2[2. 3]). But Paul's continued reflexion on what the Law had achieved in dealing with men's religious needs made him less and less tolerant of it. Perhaps this reacted on his conception of the ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι. Or, it may be that his attitude towards them intensified his hostility to legalism.

In any case, when we bear all the facts in mind, it is plain that the connexion, recognized in Judaism, between these spiritual powers and the ceremonial Law, precisely suits the purpose of his argument here. The Colossians were being pressed to sub-

mit to a religion of regulations, and alongside of this, perhaps in intimate relation with it, to aim at reaching God through a hierarchy of angelic mediators. Paul has spoken of the abolishing of the Law in Christ crucified, and of the removal thereby from men's minds of a menace which constantly tormented them. But the abolishing of legalism is necessarily the riddance of those powers which superintended it. Accordingly, there is not much difficulty in deciding what the crucial term ἀπεκδυσάμενος (v.[15]) means, although it has been the occasion of such endless debate. The subject of the participle must be the same as that of all the verbs in its immediate context—of συνεζωοποίησεν, of χαρισάμενος, of ἐξαλείψας, of ἦρκεν, of προσηλώσας, unless there is good reason to the contrary. From the nature of these actions, that can only be God. In the light of the context it is equally clear to whom the stripping-off of the ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι relates. Those who adopt the extraordinary position of making Christ the subject of the verbs in vv.[13-15] take ἀπεκδυσάμενος κ.τ.λ. to mean that in His victory on the Cross Christ stripped off Himself the inferior powers associated with the maintenance of legalism. Others, who hold to the only tenable view, that God is subject, either press the use of the middle and interpret it of God divesting Himself, in the death of His Son, of angelic mediators, or give the verb the vague sense of 'despoiling' the powers. But it must be noted that, from beginning to end of the passage which we are studying, the object of all the Divine actions described is humanity, or, rather, Christian believers. Why, then, should the direction of the action be altered with this participle? Are not all the requirements of the context completely met if we supply the same object here and translate: 'having stripped off *us* the powers and authorities, he exposed them publicly, triumphing over them in it [the cross: or, possibly, in him, *i.e.* Christ]'? That is, Christ's victory over legalism, won in the might of God, once for all liberated Christians from the old order and its administrators. In that victory, God made manifest the utter inadequacy of a ceremonial system. 'Is it conceivable,' the Apostle asks, 'that those who have entered upon spiritual freedom should desire to return to bondage?' The passage, which in many respects offers a remarkable parallel to Gal 4[1-11], prepares the way for what immediately follows, in the first instance, for the warning against legalistic propagandists (vv.[16-19]), and then for the disclosure of their own danger, that of going back upon the momentous step they had taken when they died with Christ to the elemental spirits of the world (2[20]–3[4]).

Literature.

A STUDY IN CHRISTOLOGY.

It is one thing to write a thesis for the degree of doctor in divinity. It is another thing to obtain the degree thereby. It is a third thing and more exceptional to find a publisher willing to issue the thesis in so handsome a royal octavo volume as we receive *A Study in Christology*, by the Rev. Herbert M. Relton, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is a further achievement still to clear the thesis of references and other scaffolding so completely that it may be read with as much enjoyment as any popular theological book. What remains but that it should have an influence on the thought of its time, making the supreme difficulty of the Person of Christ somewhat more intelligible and acceptable?

In the modern study of the Person of Christ there is nothing more remarkable than the withdrawal of the doctrine of the Kenosis. The time is well within memory when it had captured many of the most energetic theologians in the land. Dr. Relton runs through a list so distinguished and so modern as 'Bruce, Gore, Fairbairn, D. W. Forrest, W. L. Walker, P. T. Forsyth and others.' Its weakening is the more to be regretted that it was so distinctively British—one might even say Scottish, for Bishop Gore's is the only English name in Dr. Relton's list. Dr. Relton is very tender in all his references to it. He is much too tender in his reference to the latest phase of it, that which is to be found in the Bishop of Zanzibar's book, *The One Christ*. He is so attracted by it that it is with reluctance he lets it go—if indeed he does let it go. For, after all the criticism to

which he subjects it, he speaks of his own doctrine of Christ as in some sense a modification of the Kenotic, or self-emptying, theory.

But the title which he prefers for his own doctrine is *Enhypostasia*. The name is due to Leontius of Byzantium. 'Leontius of Byzantium, in his day, had to defend the Chalcedonian Christology, especially against the attacks of those who repudiated the doctrine of the impersonality of Christ's manhood, which was clearly perceived to be an inevitable deduction from the theology of Cyril of Alexandria. Precisely the same difficulties which Leontius endeavoured to meet by his doctrine of the Enhypostasia are confronting us to-day in the task of Christological reconstruction. The Chalcedonian Christology is being subjected to attacks from all sides, and a work similar to that done by Leontius is needed to-day in defence of the Church's belief. This thesis is offered as a tentative contribution to that work.'

The volume is divided into three parts. In the first part Dr. Relton reviews the ancient Christology, giving space at the end to Leontius, and showing how 'the importance of the contribution made by Leontius was recognised in its incorporation into the final formulation of Greek theology made by John of Damascus.' In the second part Dr. Relton considers carefully 'the modern revolt against the Chalcedonian Christology, and more particularly the objections raised against the "Two Natures" hypothesis and the impersonality of Christ's manhood.' In the third part the most recent attempts at Christological reconstruction are discussed, including the Psychological and the Kenotic theories; and then the doctrine of the Enhypostasia is recovered and confirmed by an appeal to the Christ of History and the Christ of Experience.

What is the Enhypostasia? 'The basis of the doctrine is the fact that the Divine Logos, prior to the Incarnation, already possessed everything needful to enable Him to live a truly human life. It is the same conception which was so strong a point in the Apollinarian Christology, namely, that there is in God a human element. His advent, therefore, in the flesh brought to the human nature He assumed, not an alien element such as would render a truly human life for the God-Man an impossibility, but just that which alone could make the life of Christ in every stage of its growth and development a truly and perfectly human life. The Divine Logos was capable of being the Ego, not only of His Divine but also of His human Nature; because His Personality in virtue of its Divinity already embraced all that is most distinctive of a truly human personality. The human and the Divine are not two contradictory, but two complementary terms, and the less is contained in the greater. His Divine self-consciousness was, in virtue of its Divinity, a truly human self-consciousness. His Ego was Divine—it was also human; therefore it could be the subject of both natures.'

That is Dr. Relton's own explanation, or a portion of it. Let the whole book be read. It is not merely nor is it mainly the advocacy of one particular theory of the Person of Christ. It is an able introduction to the study of Christology.

JOHN AND HIS WRITINGS.

The literature on the life of St. John is incredibly meagre. Why has St. Paul monopolized our preachers and authors? Some fifty years ago a Canadian writer of the name of Macdonald published a large book on St. John. From that time until now when another American writer issues another large book entitled *John and his Writings* (Methodist Book Concern; $1.75) there has been nothing of really considerable size or importance. The writer is the Rev. D. A. Hayes, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Graduate School of Theology of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Professor Hayes accepts the beliefs about the life of the Apostle John much as we have been accustomed to accept them, including the belief that he was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' Yet he brings an independent mind to bear upon them, insisting on seeing and understanding, on reality and on reason, at every step. Thus he discusses at some length who the women were who stood around the Cross, what they had to do with one another, and with John. His summary of the Apostle's character is both clear and bold. He calls him first of all 'the holiest man among the twelve apostles.' He reckons as one prominent fact of his sainthood his spirit of self-effacement.

The strength of the book, however, is given to the Johannine writings. Professor Hayes accepts them all as the work of the Apostle—Gospels, Epistles and Apocalypse. He does not discuss questions of authorship at any length. That is not his purpose. His purpose is to show what is

the character of these writings, what is the place they have held in the Church in the past, and what influence they are likely to exercise on Christian doctrine and life in the future.

It is a well-informed, sane, helpful book.

SPECIAL ETHICS.

The Rev. Michael Cronin, M.A., D.D., Professor of Ethics and Politics in University College, Dublin, is the author of a manual of *The Science of Ethics*, of which the second volume has now been published dealing with Special Ethics (Dublin: Gill; London: Longmans; 15s. net).

Under the title 'Special Ethics,' a Roman Catholic writer gathers nearly all that interests the human mind—quicquid cogitant homines. Let us see. The first chapter is on Natural Religion. The second and third chapters discuss duty generally, but in two parts, a man's duties to himself and his duties to others. His duties to others are Charity, Speaking the Truth, and Justice. Under 'speaking the truth' there is a discussion of Mental Reservation. The fourth chapter is on Private Ownership and on Communism. The next four chapters deal with Socialism. There follow two chapters on Contracts, one of which explains the Roman attitude to Strikes. The twelfth chapter is given to Stealing and other damage to property. Then, after two chapters on Marriage, the last five are occupied with a discussion of the State, the Functions of Sovereignty, and International Law.

How is the discussion of these widely different topics conducted? What scope is there for detail? What liberty of opinion? In all these matters the book is satisfactory beyond almost the possibility of expectation. Take this out of the last chapter on 'The Conditions of a Just War': 'War is not to be regarded as intrinsically good or as something which is naturally necessary for human development. We cannot see any reason, but we see great unreason, as well as infinite danger, in the doctrine expressed by Treitschke that war is not to be regarded as a mere remedy against possible evil, or as tolerable only in rare and abnormal contingencies, but that it is as necessary as the State itself, that without war "there would be no States," that "it is only in war that a people becomes in very deed a people," that "to expel war from the universe would be to mutilate human nature." As well might one say that disunion and violence are necessary amongst the citizens of the State, that to repress them is to mutilate human nature, and that it is the business of the government to foment disorder in a society threatened with too much peace. "Peace," writes Lawrence, "does not necessarily mean sloth and slavery. Men can be manly without periodical resort to the occupation of mutual slaughter. It is not necessary to graduate in the school of arms in order to learn the hard lessons of duty and honour and self-sacrifice. . . . Ignoble ease has sometimes sapped the virility of nations. But has not war again and again turned the victors into human swine and the vanquished into hunted wild beasts?"

'So far from being a perfection, war is full of evil. If it could be avoided, the world, without war, would be a better world. It is tolerable only for the reasons for which surgical operations and hanging are tolerable, *i.e.* as a means for the cure and prevention of intolerable ills.

'But if war is not a good in itself, neither is it to be regarded as intrinsically evil. Like the surgical operation, and killing in self-defence, war, though accompanied by, and the cause of, much evil, is necessary, and in certain circumstances is even morally good. It is evil for an individual to kill an innocent man, but it is not evil to kill in self-defence. So the wanton slaughter of one nation by another is evil, but war undertaken in self-defence, or in support of another nation which is being unjustly used, is allowable and often even necessary in natural law.

'To be just, however, a war must fulfil certain conditions. These conditions are: (1) war must be initiated by public authority; (2) it must be necessary; (3) there must be a legitimate and sufficient cause; (4) a right intention must be entertained.'

Then these four conditions are briefly explained. But we have quoted enough. Let us turn rather to 'The Close of War' and quote this significant statement: 'A principle of great importance in connection with the ethics of war is the principle that victory confers on the victor no special rights over his opponents. The rights enjoyed by the victor at the close of a war are those rights which were present from the beginning of the war—they are not added to by his victory.

'If, therefore, a war is unjust, the victor acquires no rights whatsoever over the conquered people

and territory. On the contrary, he should make restitution for all the loss he has inflicted on his enemy. Again, even in a just war, victory confers no right of depriving the conquered people of their sovereignty and freedom. That right may belong to the victor on other grounds; it does not arise on the ground of victory alone. In other words, the rights and wrongs of war are determined by those abiding moral principles which govern the relations of States, and they remain the same, no matter which of the combatants is victorious or is subdued.'

It has often been said that for the doctrine of the Logos in the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel, we do not need to go further away than the Old Testament. It was left to Dr. Rendel Harris to prove it. He proves it to our mind quite conclusively in his book entitled *The Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel* (Cambridge: at the University Press). And he proves it by a process of word-study and hint-hunting which he makes as fascinating to the reader as it is to himself. Did ever a scholar live, there is certainly none living now, who could catch at a straw and steady himself by it until he got hold of another, and then bind all the straws together into a structure that should stand firm and true for ever? It is a wonderful gift, and it is given back to the Giver so loyally always and with such interest. The proof that the Logos Doctrine is Hebrew is welcome, not only because it tells for the Johannine authorship, but also because it is the only credible solution of the problem. All other proposals had links wanting which could not be supplied, and elements introduced which could not be assimilated.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has begun to issue from the Oxford University Press a series of handbooks for the people which will go by the general title of 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time.' The Rev. H. T. Knight, M.A., Vicar of Shortlands, Kent, had a conversation with Canon W. A. Carroll on the National Mission, the War, and the 'age' that would follow after, when the idea originated of issuing these books. Mr. Knight is himself the author of the first volume.

The problem is Authority. There are four solutions — the Romanist, the Protestant, the Worldly, and the Catholic. The Catholic is Mr. Knight's own solution. He supports it by showing how the New Testament and the Church make for authority and how all authority rests finally on Christ. So the title of the book is *Back to Christ* (1s. net).

It is the belief of Mr. Kenneth Richmond that teachers are more in need of training in the history of Education than in anything else. So he has written a book in order to tell something of 'the inspiring story.' Its title is *The Permanent Values in Education* (Constable; 2s. 6d. net).

Mr. Richmond is right. It is a neglected, and it is an inspiring story. No doubt he can tell a story well; in his hands any story might seem worth telling. But the story itself is one of heroic effort to attain to high ideals; it brings to us the friendship of the great and good—Comenius with his wide universalism, Pestalozzi with his devoted humanitarianism, Froebel with his practical idealism; and it raises strong hope of the future, since we know that 'there is not one lost good.'

Mr. Clutton-Brock introduces the book. He turns the medal round. We see its dark side. Popular education has been and is still education *in status*. And the task of the future is to rid our education, for all classes, of this sense of status. By status he means something that is very like caste.

A volume of Sermons and Addresses by the late Rev. Thomas Dunlop, of Emmanuel Church, Bootle, has been published in Edinburgh by Mr. Andrew Elliot under the title of *The Diffidence of Faith* (3s. 6d. net). The volume is intended first of all to be the grateful memorial of a faithful pastorate. But it reaches a higher standard and will reach a wider audience than memorial volumes usually do or deserve to do. There is in it, for example, a series of sermons on the Seven Words, which should be added to the lists of literature which have appeared in recent numbers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. There is also a sermon on the lord who returns from the wedding, 'with illustrations from the writings of Thomas Carlyle,' which is at once literary and evangelical, and both very pleasantly. And there is a strong intellectual sermon, or paper, on 'Spiritual Life in its Unwritten History,' vindicating for Christianity the right to be the religion of the whole world. All that is worthy of the wider public. But most of all is the book noteworthy as an example of the variety of

subject and appeal which is at the command of the modern evangelical pulpit.

What would an Englishman think, and what would he do, if he happened to enter the United Free Church at Cramond and discovered that the service was to be conducted entirely in the Scots tongue—the prayers prayed, the Scriptures read, the Sermon preached in the broadest dialect of the common people? But the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell does not minister to Englishmen. Every sermon in *The Kirk i' the Clachan* (Paisley: Gardner; 3s. 6d. net) was addressed to his 'ain folk.' And as they hear, sometimes it happens, he tells us, that 'the hamely words gang far in, an' I see tears fa' an' faces smile.'

Take this paragraph from the sermon on 'The Bethlehem Waal': 'Dauvid toomed oot the water, an' it seipit into the het sand. An unthinkin man wud hae slockened his drouth an' seen naething in the water! It was a sacrament o' the deepest devotion to the king. It was owre dear a draught to drink. It maun be gien to God. Gin there's onything we haud dear i' this warl', gin there's onything we treasur—lat God hae it. He gaed His best; lat us gie Him oors. The royal herd cam to God wi' his offerin—for he hankered to be put richt by Him an' be made mair canny an' sober o' his words in his weary moments!'

A biography has been written of *Owen Charles Whitehouse* (Heffer; 3s. net). It is 'the Plain Tale of a Godly Scholar's Life, told by his Daughter Lilian and others.'

Professor Whitehouse was best known to the outer world by his contributions to the DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. One of these contributions contained an original sketch of the Hebrew conception of the Universe, a sketch which was everywhere recognized as both true and happy and was copied into innumerable other books, sometimes with liberty and sometimes without. It was his contributions to the Dictionary that brought him to the notice of the Senatus of the University of Aberdeen, by whom the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him, an honour which came at an opportune time, and which we are told he 'deeply appreciated.' The removal from Cheshunt, where he had become President of the College, to Cambridge, where he spoke of himself as tutor, had its trials and its compensations. He was ever loyal to the light at all cost. Even the reading of a proof cost him much more than it costs an ordinary scholar. A misprint was a sin against the truth, demanding restitution at the earliest opportunity. Thus his work will live. Of himself and of his home life enough is told to show him worthy of so appreciative a biography.

Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick is an essayist pure and simple. He has no axe to grind, whether theological or philosophical or scientific. He does not even count it his calling to improve the occasion ethically. And, thank God, he does not find it necessary to hint at promiscuous immorality in order to make his book a 'best-seller.' He is simply an essayist, using the English language masterfully in order to give us the pleasure that comes from reading.

The title of the book, and of the first essay in it, is *An Apology for Old Maids* (Macmillan). There the charm of language is at its best, and very charming it is. But in 'The Religion of the Past' there is something to make one stop and think; and yet the beauty of words is not less, only less conspicuous. The other essays are 'De Senectute,' 'Credo quia Possibile,' 'On being Ill,' 'The House of Sorrow,' 'A Forsaken God,' 'The Classics again,' 'Literature and Cosmopolitanism.'

It is a book to have at hand for refreshing, whether we are well or ill, old or young.

Under the title of *From Atheism to Christ* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net) there has been issued a memoir of Private Harold Turner of the Second Bedfordshire Regiment. It is the record of a young man's struggle with doubt, a struggle in which he was greatly helped by the sympathy of friends, of whom much is told in the book. At last he came out into the light of Christ's presence and the joy of His sacrifice for sin. Miss S. Chance tells the story both gratefully and gracefully.

Of all that has been published by the late Bishop George Howard Wilkinson, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, whether it was published during his lifetime or posthumously, nothing is of greater value than a small volume on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit which has appeared now under the title of *In Spirit and in Truth* (Mowbray; 2s. 6d. net). We shall waste no time

asking why it was not published earlier; we are thankful that it is published now. There are seven addresses in the book. Each is distinct and occupied nearly an hour in delivery, giving its hearers (as it now gives its readers) a clear conception of some great aspect of the Holy Spirit's person or work. Yet each address is part of a whole picture, which grows clearer as the canvas is covered, a picture of a real living personal presence, a gracious power in the life of the speaker, a possible power in ours. It is a contribution to the study of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. It is more than that. It is a victorious vindication of the spiritual life in its claim to be within reach of 'the servant and the handmaiden,' and to be the very life of God in the world.

A well-balanced and readable account of *The Faith of the Prophets* will be found in a book with that title written by C. A. E. Moberly, late Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and published by Mr. Murray (3s. 6d. net). Two truths Miss Moberly insists upon in all interpretation of prophecy—first that the prophet spoke to his own time and next that he spoke to all time. But her own way of putting it is best. 'To read the prophetical books without historical knowledge of the man speaking and of the circumstances in which he spoke removes much of their point and spiritual interest. The attempt to look upon them as merely spiritual utterances without actuality is to render them uncertain in meaning. But if, on the contrary, we look upon them as so highly spiritual as to be necessarily true to actual fact, while they indicate an intensified poetic insight into the reality of time as continuous even though momentary, we shall get a truer conception of the prophetical mind than is possible by leaving out either alternative method.'

The Perpetual Sacrifice is the title of a beautiful little book which has been published by Messrs. Nisbet (2s. net). The author is the Rev. Robert Keable. Like so many other books, it comes out of the war. Not that it is a war book in the ordinary sense. There are few references to this or any other war in it. But it is an answer to some of the questions which the war has raised—this question in particular: 'Is Calvary but one of such hideous tragedies as we have known now these many months, and but one more proof that God has forsaken His world; or is a secret hidden there, which is at once the secret of our own sorrow and perhaps the way of escape?'

The author is a priest of the Anglican Church with somewhat 'High Church' leanings. But there are few to whom his message will fail to bring strength. His very first chapter on the death of God will be a relief both intellectually and emotionally. His argument is that death is the great opportunity—the opening not the shutting of the door. 'So far,' he says, 'from its being an end, it is merely a change; so far from its being a destruction, it is merely another one of the processes making towards perfection; so far from its being the conclusion of activity, it is merely the widening of horizons and the increasing of powers. Death is not the end of Autumn, death is the beginning of Spring. The life that has flowed sluggishly down choked channels has been renewed by other waters that leap from a cool and hidden spring, and has but changed its channel that it may sing and sparkle in the sunshine, and pass swiftly on towards the sea.

'One of the letters of Robert, Earl of Lytton, rather beautifully expresses this. He writes—

'"I cannot conceive why men have so universally taken Winter for the death-picture, and Spring for the life-picture in Nature. It strikes me quite otherwise. In Winter I see, everywhere, Life as it is: the Life of use and wont and apathetic habit; the enduring need; the painful struggle with difficulty; the cramped energy; the long imprisonment; the want of warmth. *That* is life. But Spring? No. All that boundless emancipation, the deep, deep exultation and triumph, the wonder, the novelty, the surprise of every movement, the fresh beginning of untried things—the escape from the staled and the spoiled experience, the joy, the freedom, the confident impulse, the leaping entrance into the world of limitless possibility, surely all this is Death—or else there is no good God in heaven. And under the heaven of Spring, who could help being sure of the goodness of God?"'

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago and London has undertaken the issue of a series of classics of science and philosophy which are not easily accessible. Three volumes have already been issued—*Contributions to the Founding of the Theory of Transfinite Numbers*, by Georg Cantor; *Selections from the Scottish Philo-*

sophy of Common Sense; and *The Geometrical Lectures of Isaac Barrow*. The fourth volume now appears. It contains *Diderot's Early Philosophical Works*, translated and edited by Margaret Jourdain (4s. 6d. net). More particularly, the contents of the volume are (1) an Introduction by the editor, sympathetic and sufficient; (2) Philosophic Thoughts; (3) the Letter on the Blind; (4) the Addition to the Letter on the Blind; (5) the Letter on the Deaf and Dumb; (6) Notes, Appendix, and Index.

There are many manuals for the use of Confirmation candidates, but there is a place for one prepared by the Rev. T. W. Gilbert, B.D., Rector of St. Clement's, Oxford. It is erudite, it is evangelical, it is comprehensible. The candidate who knows this book will be prepared as far as human hands can prepare him. Its title is *Confirming and being Confirmed* (Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

To his 'Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice' Mr. Scott has added a volume on *The Sacrament of Penance*, by the Rev. H. U. Whelpton, M.A., Vicar of S. Saviour's, Eastbourne (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Whelpton tells the sad story of sin—not as it entered into the world, but as it enters into every human heart; and he gives advice as to what is to be done about it. The advice is to go to the priest and confess. So the manner of confession is described and the results that may be looked for.

Two daughters of Sir Martin Conway travelled through a considerable part of the Balkans and had their camera with them. The book had to come, and came. Its title is *A Ride through the Balkans* (Scott; 5s. net). One of the daughters, Miss Agnes Ethel Conway, is the author. Let us suppose that the other carried the camera.

So the book is like a lantern lecture. The 'slides' are very many and very good. Without a word of 'lecture,' just by looking at them in order, one could enjoy and profit not a little by the Ride. But the lecturer is here also and can tell her story. Not only does she explain the 'slides'; she has much to say of her own, till you wonder if the 'slides' are necessary. And the book has the double advantage that you do not need to go out on a dark night, and that you may take it up and lay it down as you will.

Mr. John H. Harris has written a short but sufficient account of *Germany's Lost Colonial Empire* (Simpkin; 1s. net). The book is well written and abundantly illustrated with maps and sketches and pictures — wonderful pictures of palms, palm avenues, and palm plantations.

Wherein lies the strength of the Church of England? In the steady, faithful, self-forgetful work that is daily done by its parish priests—their pastoral work and their pulpit work. An example, an excellent example, of it is to hand. A volume of Sermons, chosen from the regular service of such a parish priest, has been published by Messrs. Skeffington under the title of *The Unforgiveable Sin*. The author is the Rev. D. F. K. Kennedy-Bell, M.A.

The one and only fault to be found with the sermons is their brevity. It is true that even within the time which Mr. Kennedy-Bell allows himself he gives a clear exposition of even so difficult a subject as the Unforgiveable Sin. And it may be that, the time being short, he had always to make the sermon practical. Every thought is directed to immediate life and conduct. Mr. Kennedy-Bell has no interest in the Unforgiveable Sin or any other sin if it is unlikely that his parishioners should be guilty of it. There is a sermon on Inspiration. What is the use of it? Listen to its last words: 'Shall we not ask God's grace, so to read and receive His inspired Word, that it may produce in us *inspiration*, inspiration to perceive the glories of the truth of His revelation, inspiration to follow the Spirit's guiding, and *consecration*, consecration to devote ourselves wholly, body, soul and spirit, to Him?'

Canon Box has himself translated *The Apocalypse of Ezra* for the Series of Translations of Early Documents which, along with Dr. Oesterley, he is editing for educational ends (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). He has translated it from the Syriac text (with constant reference to the Latin Version in the footnotes), and he has written an excellent short Introduction to it, saying just what the student requires to be said before entering on the study of the book.

A selection of *Choice Thoughts* from the writings of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce has been made by B. W. Roome (Stock; 2s. net). There is a

thought for every day of the year. But sometimes two or three thoughts are linked together, so that if we really read one every day we must remember our reading. Here are two of the thoughts:

'*Sept. 16.*—The way to heaven is through heaven; no man can enter heaven who has not the heavenly nature awakened within him; and no man could have the heavenly nature awakened within him if it were not already there.'

'*July 12.*—"The secret of the Lord" is the faculty of spiritual discernment which enables us to know that all visible things are a sacrament of the Presence of God, that every incident of the commonest daily life thinly veils a great divine purpose for us, that we are surrounded and enfolded by the care of God, that the Almightiness and love of our Father is perpetually appealing to us; that He may develop our characters, cultivate our higher propensities, and lead us (without forcing us) to seek the things which belong to our peace.'

The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., has gathered together some of his recent sermons—'sermons,' he says, 'preached in the closing years of a long ministry,' and has published them under the title of *Sunset Thoughts: or Aftermath* (Stockwell; 3s. net). It is not every long ministry that can afford to do it, so apt are the closing years of even a great preacher to be a repetition of a few familiar truths. Mr. Greenhough has kept his preaching fresh and varied. There is simplicity in these sermons, certainly. But it is the simplicity, not of the poverty but of the riches of Christ. What could be simpler or more homely than the text, 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his trouble' (Ps 34^6)? The sermon is as simple and homely as the text. Yet out of that text Mr. Greenhough brings the cry of humanity and the philosophy of prayer. Its promise comes home to every hearer, and it is a promise that has power with God and prevails.

The Psalter and the Present Distress.

By the Rev. John E. McFadyen, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Language, Literature, and Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow.

The Lessons of History.

The next point we shall consider is the great place given in the Psalter, and indeed throughout the Bible, to history, the story of the national past. God had no doubt spoken through His servants the prophets; but to those who had ears to hear He had spoken, just as really, and far more loudly, through the facts. Many of the longer Psalms are just a recapitulation, in song, of the nation's story, told not, of course, to stimulate national pride, but to warn, to instruct and inspire the people, to reveal to them the gracious purpose that ran through their history like a line of light—that purpose with which it had been their high privilege to co-operate, but to which in the past they and their fathers had so often proved recreant. Sometimes, as in the one hundred and fifth Psalm, the past is regarded as an inspiration; sometimes, as in the seventy-eighth or the one hundred and sixth, it is a warning: an inspiration, when one contemplates the goodness of God which at every point shines through—for at every point, as the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm reminds us, there are flashes of that mercy which endureth for ever; and a warning, on the other hand, if we contemplate the pitiful response, and too often the stubbornness and defiance with which men had met that goodness. The national past is thus fitted to kindle both hope and remorse. The heart of one singer fills with hope as he sings:

> I think of the days of old,
> Call to mind the ancient years (77^5);

and the heart of another sinks as he thinks of the poor response to the divine love of which the nation's history had been so full:

> We, like our fathers, have sinned,
> We have done perversely and wickedly,
> All heedless of Thy wonders,
> And unmindful of Thy great kindness ($106^{6ff.}$).

That God is love and that the nation provoked Him—in these two words is summed up the story of the past. Like Deuteronomy, the historical Psalms are a ringing and reiterated call to the nation to *remember*. But it is so easy to forget, and especially easy, in the exaltation of a great deliverance, to forget the obligation of gratitude and of a moral response to the God by whose hands it was wrought, and there is many a word in the Psalter which we would do well to lay to heart to-day.

The waters covered their foes,
Not a man of them was left.
So then they believed in His words,
And began to sing His praise.
But soon they forgot His doings.
Full lusty they grew in the desert.
He gave them the thing they had asked for,
But sent wasting disease among them (106[11-15]).

The study of the past is fitted to save the men of to-day not only from despair, but from stupidity. From despair: for the past—so teach alike the poets of the Old Testament, its historians, and its prophets—the past, despite its tangle, reveals the thread of a divine purpose which runs through national and international history. But the study of it ought also to save us from stupidity: for the shadow that falls across the national history is thrown by the obstinacy and the irresponsiveness of the nation to the divine voice, by its refusal to cleanse its life of the vices that degrade it; and it is for us not to repeat the folly of the past:

O that to-day ye would hear His voice:
'Do not harden your hearts as at Meribah,
Or at Massah, that day in the desert,
When your fathers tempted and tried me,
Notwithstanding the works they had seen' (95[7-9]).

The Training of the Young.

Now if the past has this power to instruct, inspire, and restrain, it follows that the story of the nation ought to be familiar—the great struggles, the heroic sacrifice—and also the lives of the great and good men who won for us the freedom and the truth and all the precious things by which we live. In other words, the national story ought to be taught to the children—taught by those who not merely know the facts, but understand the drift and the inner meaning of it all—till it lives in their minds and in their hearts. Here we have unquestionably much to learn from the ancient Jew. The historical Psalms thrill with the sense of the obligation of the fathers to the children to acquaint them with the story of the nation's past:

O God, we have heard with our ears,
Our fathers have told us the story
Of the work that Thou wroughtest in their day,
Thy wonders in days of old (44[1]).

That patriotism is most stable and most deeply rooted which knows something of the events, the forces, the personalities of the days long gone, which helped to create for us the national type and polity which to-day we prize. It is well worth our while, in these modern days, to note how the poets, like the legislators, of the Old Testament, plead with the fathers to pass on to the children the glorious memories of the ancient days which they, in turn, had received from their fathers:

What we have heard and known,
And what our fathers have told us,
We will not hide from their children.
We will tell to the next generation
The praises and might of the Lord,
And the wonders that He hath done.
He set up a testimony in Jacob,
A law He appointed in Israel,
Which He commanded our fathers
To make known unto their children,
That the next generation should know it,
That the children yet to be born
Should arise and tell their children;
That in God they might put their confidence,
And not forget God's works (78[3-7]).

—and so on. Similarly, in the forty-eighth Psalm, written perhaps to celebrate some great deliverance:

Walk about Zion, go round her:
Count ye her towers,
Set ye your mind on her ramparts,
Consider her palaces;
That ye tell to the next generation
That such is Jehovah our God (48[12-14]).

The story of the past, when told by those who know the thrill of it, helps to open the meaning of the present; for the God who worked then is working still—'as we have heard, so have we seen' (48[8])—and He will continue to work for ever, because He is a living God. It is this that links the ages each to each—*He* rather who links them; and one of the great lessons of the Psalter will remain unlearned, until the home, the school, and the Church, realize their obligation to write upon the hearts of the children the story of the national past so plainly that it will be a warning against sin and a stimulus to heroism and faith.

A Nation's Real Life.

We are now led to consider the elements that constitute the real life and prosperity of a nation. There are songs in the Psalter, as there are large tracts of the Old Testament, which move within the region of the material, and which measure national prosperity by an external standard; as in the prayer:

> May our garners be bursting
> With produce of all kinds.
> In the fields may our sheep bear
> By thousands and ten thousands (144[13]).

But though this is good, it is not the best. The real worth and prosperity of a land can best be measured by the kind of men it breeds; and the exquisite words of the eighty-fifth Psalm, written in a time of deep national gloom, set forth with singular beauty the ideal of a land in which the citizens are all kind and loyal to one another, and angels look down upon the lovely sight from the windows of heaven with eyes of wonder and delight: a land where

> Kindness and loyalty meet,
> Peace and righteousness kiss.
> Loyalty springs from the earth,
> Righteousness looks from the sky.
> Yea, the Lord shall give all that is good,
> Our land yielding her increase,
> Righteousness marching before Him,
> And peace on the track of His steps (vv.[10-13]).

The only prosperity for which a true patriotism cares is the prosperity which goes hand in hand with a fair civic life. It will not despise rich crops and large flocks, it will rejoice when the land yields her increase; but before and above that, it will value growth of character; crops of 'kindness and loyalty' must also spring from the land. Then, and not till then, 'shall glory dwell in our land' (85[9]), when the citizens are just and gracious to one another, and when the moral life of the community is inspired and transfigured by religion: in the noble imagination of the Psalm, when the kindness and loyalty that spring up from the earth are watched by the eyes of the angel of peace that looks down from the heavens. The patriotism which needeth not to be ashamed is that which yearns, not so much for crops and commerce and gold, but for kindness and justice, for salvation and God.

There was the more need to emphasize the necessity for these things, as there is proof enough throughout the Psalter that the national life of Israel was menaced and disturbed as much by foes within as by foes without. The unity of spirit which ought to characterize a community of brethren who live within the same borders, and whose glory it should be to help the nation to contribute its quota to the common good of the world—this unity was ruined by the spirit of selfishness and by the antagonism of class to class. The background of the Psalter is one of civic strife and contention; for behind the figures of the Psalmists, with the light of faith upon their sorrowful faces, there are gathered together the cruel and the selfish, the immoral and the unbelieving swaggerers and traitors and liars—a motley crowd of knaves and fools, who care for nothing but themselves, who scoff at the obligation to contribute to the higher life of the community, who recognize no interest but their own, who 'boast of the multitude of their riches,' and who use the power which circumstances have given them to exploit the weaker members of the society to which they all belong. The Psalter sorrowfully recognizes the existence of two classes within the nation—not the employers and the employed, not the capitalists and the working men, but those who believe in moral distinctions and those who do not. It is true of the Psalter, as of the Old Testament generally, that the good were often the poor, and the wealthy the wicked: but the distinction is really far more than an economic one. It is a distinction between those who care deeply and those who care nothing for the things that matter to the well-being of a nation; between those who are prepared to sacrifice life itself in defence of the things for which Israel stood, and those to whom ease and pleasure and power and money are the only things that matter. It happens that the Hebrew words for 'the nations' or 'the heathen' and 'the proud' or 'arrogant' are written and sound very much alike; and there is good reason to believe that the text of Psalms which were originally written to lament the assaults of the proud upon the better life of Israel was sometimes modified in later days so as to apply to the heathen who sought to blot out the nation. There is surely something very suggestive in this: it carries the implication that a nation may suffer as much and be exposed to dangers as great from the selfishness of its own citizens as from the aggression and the cruelty of the foreigners who hate

it. The Psalmists felt that the most deadly enemy might sometimes be within the gates. They knew that a purifying judgment within the nation itself was as sorely needed as deliverance from external foes, and for such a judgment they had the courage to pray. The war is not won when the foreigner is repelled; a war no less terrible has still to be waged for the purification and the uplifting of the national life.

The Home.

Now in this fight for the betterment of the nation's life, the Psalter recognizes that two institutions are of supreme worth—the Home and the Church. There are few pictures in the Psalter more winsome than that in Ps 128 of the labouring man, with his wife, the glad mother of the many children who are gathered about the table, and all this gracious family life is rooted in the fear of the Lord:

> Happy all that fear the Lord,
> Even they that walk in His ways.
> Thou shalt eat what thy hands have toiled for.
> Happy and prosperous thou!
> Like a fruitful vine shall thy wife be
> In the innermost room of thy house:
> Thy children, like slips of olive,
> Round about thy table.
> See! this is the blessing
> Of the man that feareth the Lord (vv.[1-4]).

And in the preceding Psalm there is a hint that the glory, the strength, and the safety of a land lies in the number of the children in her homes.

> See! sons are a gift of the Lord,
> The fruit of the womb a reward.
> Like arrows, by warriors wielded,
> Even so are the sons of youth.
> Happy the man who has filled
> His quiver full of them.
> He shall not be ashamed when he speaks
> With enemies in the gate (127[3-5]).

It is obvious that the dearly bought gains of the past can be handed on to the future only by the children of to-day; and, other things being equal, the greater the population, the more certainly and securely will the life of the nation, and the type which it has developed, be carried forward to enrich the larger life of the world in the days to come. A year before war broke out, Pastor Dörries of Hanover, preaching from the lines last quoted, bitterly lamented the rapid decline in the number of births in the Protestant parts of Germany, and pointed out that if the present ratio of the birth-rate in Protestant and Roman Catholic families were to be continued, in a few years Germany would cease to be a predominantly Protestant country, and the great work of Luther would be, to that extent, undone.[1] When the enemies come to speak in our gates—in other words, when the distinctive life of the nation is being menaced—the future may be faced without fear when the defenders of the national traditions are not only brave but numerous. It has been said that, had the population of France been as great as that of Germany, there might have been no war: the enemies might never have gone near the gates had they known that they would meet there a host as great as their own, both willing and able to speak a sufficiently loud and meaningful word.

But, as we have seen, the real strength and glory of the family is that in it is furnished the first opportunity to leave upon the mind and heart of the child a lasting impression of the place and the power and the meaning of religion. There his mind can and should receive a bias in favour of the things that matter to the lives of nations and of men. We have already seen how scrupulous the Hebrew father was to tell the story of the national past to his children (cf. Josh. 4[6f. 21f.]), that they might learn to appreciate the mission of the nation—the things for which she stood, and the Power by which she stood. The Hebrew, who knew how to put first things first, was unquestionably right in viewing the home as primarily a school of religion and of faith. Neither Kultur, whatever that may be, nor culture, whatever that may be, will furnish a child so completely for the service of his fellows as the fear of God, the sense of His supremacy over individual and national life, and of the responsibility of men to him.

The Church.

The other great factor in the maintenance of the national life upon a worthy level is the Church. There the religious discipline which is begun in the home is continued and confirmed. Surely the pure joy of worship has never been expressed with such simplicity and power as in those sweet Psalms which voice the yearning for the courts of the Lord (84[2]) and which tell of the delight of the pilgrims:

> I was glad when they said unto me,
> 'We will go to the house of the Lord' (122[1]).

[1] *Evangelische Freiheit*, Nov. 1913, pp. 416–424.

They were glad because of the memories that crowded upon them of the tribes that throughout the centuries had made their pilgrimage thither; glad because there they met with their brethren and companions from afar; glad because, after the long and weary way through many a valley of tears, they were rewarded at the last with the vision of God in Zion. But there were deeper reasons for their joy than those. For to such men worship was not merely a gorgeous ceremony fitted to titillate the senses and to recall memories of the ancient days; it was also a stimulus to the moral life. Some of those who took part in that worship had to spend their lives among what the writer of the eighty-fourth Psalm calls 'the tents of wickedness' (v.[10])—a reference, no doubt, to the foreign lands where so many Jews had their home, lands where degrading religions were practised and too often a degrading morality prevailed. But the worship in Jerusalem, and still more, no doubt, in the synagogues, would recall the sterner demands and temper of the religion of the fathers. There the moral nature would be braced again, and they would return to the struggle in the tents of wickedness with fresh hope and courage. And so it is to-day. The world would be a very different world if the Church, with her high and holy claims, held the place which she deserves in the affections and in the life of men and nations.

> Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
> They shall prosper that love thee (122[6]).

The peace and prosperity of humanity would be guaranteed if all cared deeply for Jerusalem and for the gracious memories that gather round our hearts when we name the name of Zion.

The Brotherhood of Men.

But this leads us to remember in conclusion that to the noblest of the Psalmists, as to the greatest of the Prophets, the ideal is a brotherhood of nations, bound together in the bonds of a common salvation to Him who is the God and Father of them all. They call us to the contemplation of a Kingdom which covers all the world and stretches down the length of all the centuries (145). Though in the roar of the cannons we hear it to-day but very faintly, the call is to 'all people that on earth do dwell' to 'sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.'

> Bless us, O God, with Thy favour,
> Let the light of Thy face fall upon us;
> That the world may know Thy way,
> And all nations Thy power to save.
> Let the peoples praise Thee, O God,
> Let the peoples—all of them—praise Thee (67[1-3]).

We live in the faith that this fair dream may some day—and we pray God soon—be translated into fact. This dream has found no expression so winsome or so brilliant as in that too little known Psalm, the eighty-seventh, which, but for the names of the strange peoples that crowd it, would be one of the most familiar, as it is surely one of the noblest, songs in all the world. It sets before us Jehovah writing in the book of life the names of the citizens of Zion, and among them are numbered men from Egypt and Babylon, from Philistia, Tyre, and Ethiopia—men from cruel and distant lands who in ancient or more modern days had been the troublers of Israel. Here comes a dark-faced man from Ethiopia: down goes his name in the book of the citizens of Zion. And here is a man from Philistia, which in the old days of Samson and Samuel had harassed Israel so sorely; and here is another from Phœnicia, whose princess had once sat as queen upon the throne of Israel and used her power to slay the prophets of Jehovah with the sword; and here is another from Egypt, the memory of whose oppression persisted in Israel for a thousand years; and another from Babylon, whom an earlier Psalmist had cursed as the great Despoiler. Now their names lie together on the registry of Zion, written by the finger of Jehovah Himself, and Zion is acknowledged as the Mother of them all. The streets of the city of Zion are exceeding broad: on them there is room for the reconciliation of ancient enmities. 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God.'

Here is a vision of the happy time when the nations shall no more dash themselves and one another in pieces; but, worshipping their common God as children of Mother Zion, 'thus'—in the words of the Psalm—

> Thus shall they sing, as they dance,
> Saying, 'All my springs are in Thee.'

What better can we do in the present distress than, as we believe in God Himself, so also to believe in the certainty of this brilliant and blessed future, and comfort our hearts with these 'glorious things'?

Contributions and Comments.

St. Mark xiv. 10.

In your 'Notes of Recent Exposition' for March, you remark that Dr. Arthur Wright 'has no doubt whatever that "the one of the twelve" means the first or the chief of the Twelve.' So long ago as 1881, the same opinion was as confidently expressed by the late Dr. Frederick Field, in his *Otium Norvicense: pars tertia*, a second edition of which was issued in 1899 by the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Notes on the Translation of the New Testament*. After remarking that 'recent editors have adopted ὁ εἷς τῶν δώδεκα on the authority of B C (*ut videtur*) L M and ℵ (ex corr.), he goes on to say that this can mean nothing but 'the first (No. 1) of the twelve'; but, so far from adopting the inference favoured by Dr. Wright, he curtly dismisses the reading as 'absurd.'

Some twenty years ago there came into my hands a letter addressed to Dr. Field by the Reverend John Frederick Isaacson, B.D., a former Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had won the Chancellor's Classical Medal in 1825, two years after that 'blue ribbon' of scholarship was awarded to Dr. Field himself. Mr. Isaacson began by thanking his friend for the high compliment he had paid him and the real pleasure he had afforded him by his gift of a copy of the *Otium*. He next observed that he would endeavour to show how sensible he was of Dr. Field's kindness, and how highly he appreciated it, by drawing attention to a statement calculated to do much mischief by perpetuating an error which is almost universal and is (as he conceived) as injurious as it is general. The statement referred to is the one mentioned above.

Mr. Isaacson contends that the meaning which Dr. Field attributes to the expression ὁ εἷς is admissible only on the supposition that regard is had to the use of the article in Attic Greek; and that, if viewed, as it ought to be, in reference to Hellenistic usage, it will admit of no such meaning. The difference, he asserts, between ὁ *Atticum* and ὁ *Hellenisticum* is precisely the same as that between the definite article 'the' and the indefinite article 'a' or 'an.' He states that he had then in hand a pretty full article on this very subject (perhaps some reader can say where it is to be found, if it ever appeared in print), and that he was prepared if necessary to show the process which led to the change indicated. He thought, however, that it would be sufficient, for the present, to call attention to certain passages in the Septuagint, which he felt persuaded would satisfy Dr. Field of the truth and accuracy of his criticism, and dispose him to accept it without hesitation.

Mr. Isaacson's first proof-text is Gn $44^{27f.}$: ὑμεῖς γινώσκετε ὅτι δύο ἔτεκέ μοι ἡ γυνή μου· καὶ ἐξῆλθεν ὁ εἷς ἀπ' ἐμοῦ, καὶ εἴπατε κ.τ.λ. He remarks that here ἡ γυνή means simply 'a wife of mine,' not 'my wife,' as men in general would translate it. Jacob leaves undefined *which* of his four wives he refers to: and he does the same thing when speaking of his two sons, contenting himself with saying ὁ εἷς 'a one,' leaving it to the hearers to know which of them was meant.

The next passage adduced by Mr. Isaacson is Zec 9^{7}, which goes far, he thinks, both to illustrate and to support his contention: ἔσονται ὡς χιλίαρχος ἐν Ἰούδᾳ, καὶ Ἀκκαρὼν ὡς ὁ Ἰεβουσαῖος.

Finally, he refers to some passage, erroneously alluded to as 1 K 2^{77}, which I have tried in vain to trace. The A.V. rendering in this place, he says, is correct, 'a man of God'; ὁ ἄνθρωπος *Hellenisticum* exactly answering to ἄνθρωπος *Atticum*. 'This elementary principle,' he concludes, 'was fully realized by Bishop Andrewes and his colleagues, though not always consistently. How important the distinction is, will be perceived by you at once. Ignorance or disregard of it has filled the Revision with blunders.'

It must be added that Dr. Field does not seem to have been so much impressed by this argument as his correspondent expected him to be; for, although he jotted down various additions in the margin of his own copy of the *Otium*, and left a large number of supplementary notes in the final stages of preparation for the press, he made no alteration in what he had written on Mk 14^{10}. If, therefore, the evangelist did write ὁ εἷς τῶν δώδεκα, the high authority of this great scholar can be claimed in support of the rendering 'the first of the twelve.' But I confess that this appears to me to be a precarious foundation for Dr. Wright's

theory that Judas Iscariot was the leader of the apostolic band. I feel better satisfied with Dr. Plummer's suggestion (C.G.T., *ad loc.*) that the insertion of the article here seems to indicate that 'one-of-the-twelve' had become a sort of *sobriquet* for Judas.

J. H. Burn.

Hundon Vicarage, Suffolk.

The Explanation of Genesis iii. 22.

One of the greatest difficulties of the narrative of Gn 3 is the problem whether or not Adam, before being driven forth from Paradise, had eaten of the tree of life. Nearly all students suppose that he had not, and they do so on account of 3^{22}: 'The Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now lest (פֶּן) he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.' These words seem to suppose that he had not eaten, even when we take into account the fact that the word 'also' was not used by the Jahvist; it is lacking in the Septuagint. The word פֶּן, 'lest,' is always interpreted in the sense that the fact has not yet happened. That I think unnecessary; פֶּן is used also for a fact which has happened, but which may not happen again. פֶּן in that case has the meaning of 'lest further,' 'lest more.' Ex 1^{7} says: 'And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied (וַיִּרְבּוּ) and waxed exceedingly mighty; and the land was filled with them. And the Pharaoh said unto his people (v.^{10}): Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply' (פֶּן־יִרְבֶּה). Here פֶּן is clearly: lest further. 'Lest' puts a period to a fact that is just happening. Similarly 1 S 13^{19}: 'There was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel: for the Philistines said: lest (פֶּן) the Hebrews make swords or spears.' Here also it is clear that the Philistines stopped short the making of swords and spears. פֶּן means here: lest further. The word פֶּן in Gn 3^{22}, therefore, does not require the interpretation that man before being driven out had not eaten from the tree of life, and there is thus no conflict between 3^{22} and 2^{16}.

H. Th. Obbink.

University of Utrecht.

Lawlessness and its Restrainer: A New Translation of 2 Thessalonians ii. 6–8.

While a flood of light has been let in upon New Testament apocalyptic teaching by the study of Jewish apocalyptic literature, the apocalyptic passage in 2 Th 2 has remained more or less obscure. Yet much of the obscurity may be removed simply by a change in the punctuation of v.^{7}. Treating μόνον ὁ κατέχων ἄρτι as parenthetical we may translate:

'And for the present, you know the thing that withholds, to the end that he may be revealed in his own season, for the mystery of lawlessness is already working (only there is he who is restraining it just now)—until it shall arise out of the midst, and then shall the lawless one be revealed.'

This connects the clause ἕως ἐκ μέσου γένηται, not with μόνον ὁ κατέχων ἄρτι, but with τὸ γὰρ μυστήριον ἤδη ἐνεργεῖται. Γένηται is taken in its ordinary sense of 'arising,' 'coming into being,' and so 'happening.' Ἐκ in ἐκ μέσου is likewise taken in its most common sense. It may at least be said that this proposed rendering does as little violence to the Greek as does any of the current translations.

Two points seem especially to commend this translation. First, it brings the passage into line with the historical situation, and with the recognized method of apocalypses in general. It agrees with them, for example, in setting forth a program which is on the very eve of inauguration. And it surely fits into the historical situation. It is recognized generally that the description of the man of lawlessness in v.^{4} inevitably suggests the troublous times of Caligula, when he had decreed that his image should be set up in the Temple at Jerusalem. His violent death in 41 A.D. alone prevented the situation from becoming intensely acute. Now his impious attitude must surely have shocked St. Paul as much as any other zealous Jew. Claudius, who had now been on the throne for six or seven years, is the one who is restraining. But that emperor worship was growing apace in the pagan world was well known to St. Paul. He knew that the policy of Claudius was but a temporary check. It was only a question of time when 'the mystery of lawlessness' would arise 'out of the very midst of things.' It might come immedi-

ately upon the death of Claudius, but not necessarily so. Another sign is referred to—the apostasy,—which must also first come. These two combine to make 'that which restraineth,' so that it is only in his own season that the man of lawlessness is to be revealed. He is not to be thought of as already here. The familiar suggestion that we have in ὁ κατέχων a pun upon the name of Claudius, through the Latin *claudens* (κατέχων), would be quite in line with this interpretation.

The second point that seems to commend the translation is that it removes the difficulty that has been felt in reconciling the teaching of the two Thessalonian Epistles concerning the Parousia. In the first, the Apostle seems to expect it soon. So he does here. There is no need of supposing that he has either changed his mind, or that he is correcting his former teaching on the subject. Had he had occasion to repeat the former teaching, he would not have changed the phrase, 'We who are alive and remain unto the Parousia.' What he is contradicting is the teaching of some that the day of the Lord is present. This he warns them not to believe though declared by prophet (διὰ πνεύματος), or by one who appealed to the teaching of our Lord (διὰ λόγου), or to a Pauline letter, real or pretended.

ELMER E. LOFSTROM.

Seabury Divinity School,
Faribault, Minnesota.

The Ass and the Ass's Colt.

ST. MATTHEW XXI. 1-7.

THIS particular section of the first Gospel provides an admirable object-lesson in the study of the Gospel commonly known as St. Matthew's.

As it happens, all four Evangelists deal with this outstanding incident in the career of our Lord. St. John says briefly (12[14]) that 'having found a young ass' He 'sat thereon,' and so made His solemn entry according to the Scripture. By 'found' he means what we should call 'got hold of': by the 'young ass' he means undoubtedly the ass's colt of the other Evangelists. St. Mark and St. Luke agree almost verbally as to the colt—an unbroken colt, which had never yet been ridden—and as to the means by which our Lord got hold of it. None of the three mentions any other animal, or gives any hint of its existence. Only in the narrative of the first Gospel does the mother-ass appear, and in this our Lord's words are altered so as to include her (21[2, 3]).

Now, to most students of a critical and fearless temper the conclusion is plain enough. The author of the narrative portion of the first Gospel (whoever he may have been was in the habit of *doubling* the personages whom he found in St. Mark's Gospel — or rather in that recension of St. Mark which lay before him. He did so in two very distinguished instances, that of Bartimæus (Mk 10[46], Mt 20[30]), and that of the man who had the Legion (Mk 5[2], Mt 8[28]). It is no use pretending that these narratives can be reconciled. One may fairly say that the whole tremendous effectiveness of these stories as told in the second and third Gospels—the whole of their undying testimony to our Lord's power for good over individual lives *to-day*—depends upon the fact that the man 'saved' then and there was an individual. If he has a name by which we can call him, like Bartimæus, so much the better. Anyhow, if his story is to be any use, any comfort, any assurance, to ourselves, we have got to think of him as a definite person with his own individual character and experience. Unquestionably, St. Mark and St. Luke are right in these two outstanding cases: St. Matthew either followed a blurred tradition of the same blessed healings (compare 9[27-29]), or else he was moved by some curious and to us inexplicable mental peculiarity of his own which led him as it were to see double. Such a peculiarity of mental vision, although it cannot be explained, may be illustrated from peculiarities which show themselves in the case of other writers.

Remembering all this, it seems so natural to see another instance of the same sort of thing in the case before us. *One* animal, say the other three Evangelists; *two*, says St. Matthew—although it is evident to common sense that our Lord could not have wanted more than one to ride on—did not, in fact, ride on any but the colt. No doubt, they reply, that is true, but then St. Matthew was misled by the prophecy, 'Sitting upon an ass, *and* a colt the foal of an ass.' The well-known idiom does not of course mislead *us* into thinking of two different animals, but it misled the author of this Gospel narrative. It is not very safe to assume that this author was so stupid as this supposition implies; but it has a certain plausibility.

Let us approach the question from another side—from the side of common sense, and of common knowledge of the ways of animals.

The present writer was puzzling over this matter one day when it occurred to him to put the question to a shrewd old farmer who had a large acquaintance with domestic animals. 'Of course,' the farmer answered at once, 'you are quite right: the unbroken colt would not go at all—could not be made to go—unless its mother went along with it: it would be totally unmanageable and useless away from her.' The minute one thinks of it, one sees that it must be so. The only alternative is to see a miracle in the good behaviour of the colt under these novel and (to him) terrifying circumstances. But then our Lord never wrought unnecessary miracles: if the presence of the ass-mother would meet the difficulty, no place for miracle.

This explanation, simple as it is, accounts for everything. It accounts for the silence of the other Evangelists as to any other animal than the colt, because it was only the colt that was in fact concerned in carrying our Lord into Jerusalem, and so fulfilling the prophecy. The ass-mother was only indirectly concerned in these proceedings—she was there simply and solely in order that the colt might do his part properly. In other words, she played an entirely secondary and incidental part in the great drama of that day, a part which might well be left unnoticed—but on the other hand might be noticed, if any one saw sufficient reason for doing so.

Is there sufficient reason? We do not know enough of the mental peculiarities of the author of the narrative in the first Gospel to answer the question from *his* point of view. From our own we can answer it with a most emphatic affirmative: 'The Lord hath need of him'—'The Lord hath need of them'—has been, and is, the text of numberless appeals addressed to all Christian people, but especially to the humble and lowly, to enlist their services in the Master's cause. It is so natural to point out that He could not make His 'official' entry into His capital city, He could not go on with the work of redemption, until and unless He 'found' the young ass for the purpose. It is so obvious that the ass's colt—however superior to its namesake in this country—was a beast whom no other conqueror would deign to use. But how enormously the old lesson gains if we adopt and emphasize St. Matthew's 'them'! It was not only the colt on which He was actually to ride that He had need of—clamant need of—so that He could not get on without; it was also the mother-ass who was wanted because the colt would not go without her. Consider the sort of thing which must have happened. As far as the place on the high road where our Lord was waiting, the disciples doubtless led the ass by the halter, and the colt trotted along by her side. But when our Lord had been mounted on the colt, and the colt was trembling with surprise and fear, then the mother-ass walked beside him, steadying and encouraging him by her mere presence. Afterwards, as he gained courage and confidence, one seems to see her stopping for a minute or two to snatch a mouthful of grass from the roadside, and then hurrying forward again to rejoin the colt—an object of amusement to some, of annoyance to others, as she shoved them unceremoniously aside. To all appearance quite superfluous, in reality very necessary. The Lord hath need of *them*—of the colt because it ministered to *Him*, of the ass because she ministered to the colt. Direct or indirect, it is all one as far as His need is concerned. Some there are who do the Lord's work; others there are who serve only by helping the workers along, by encouraging them, by keeping them in good humour. The Lord hath need of *them*. Could any lesson of the Scripture be more plain, more practical, more level to the ordinary conditions of life as it is, and therefore more worthy of the Holy Spirit of inspiration?

RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM.

Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee.

One envies Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Lee the inspiration that came to them—for it was nothing short of that—to edit a volume of mystical poetry. The Clarendon Press accepted it at once, and it was called *The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse* (6s. net).

But inspiration is painful in its working. When these men of letters began to ask one another what was mysticism they found trouble and sorrow. They could not tell what it was. And they left it untold.

Now that was not wise. Because everyone has some idea of mysticism, and, not finding in the book his own idea and it alone regarded, criticizes it and says this poem and that is not mystical. If the editors had given a definition of mysticism they could have seen to it that all the poetry was mystical according to their definition.

Their plan has been to cast a net on both sides of the ship and gather of all kinds. And so they have included a poem by William Ernest Henley, and offered us other surprises. Of omission the great surprise is only two poems from Christina Rossetti. There was a great rent in the net as it was cast in that direction. In mitigation of the offence let it be said that her brother Dante also furnishes two.

Much space is given to the modern poets—for which sincere thanks. We have the rest on our shelves already. So it is from the moderns that we shall make our selection. The first is by George William Russell (A. E.); the second by Gertrude M. Hort.

RECONCILIATION.

I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord;
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King,
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Some thank Thee that they ne'er were so forsaken
In dust of death, in whirling gulfs of shame,
But by one kindred soul their part was taken,
One far-off prayer vibrated with their name!
I thank Thee too—for times no man can number,
When I went down the rayless stairs of Hell,
And to my comrades, at their feast or slumber,
The echoes cried: 'All's well!'

II.

Some thank Thee for the stern and splendid vision
Of truth, that never let them shrink or swerve!
Till on their dearest dream they poured derision,
And broke the idols they had sworn to serve!
I thank Thee that, for me, some mystic terror
Still haunts the accustomed shrine, the accustomed way,—
So, though Truth calls me with the mouth of error,
I need not disobey!

E. Wyndham Tennant.

There is amazing variety of subject and of treatment in *Worple Flit and Other Poems*, by E. Wyndham Tennant (Blackwell; 2s. net). There is the joy of country life:

How shall I tell you of the freedom of the Downs?
You who love the dusty life and durance of great towns,
And think the only flowers that please embroider ladies' gowns,
How shall I tell you?

There is the fairy atmosphere, mixing moralities. There is a recollection of the days of the Palmer, the Knight, and the Lady. There is a repetition in verse of a Boccaccio tale—in verse as lucid as his prose. And there is this deeper note:

Re-incarnation.

I too remember distant golden days
When even my soul was young; I see the sand
Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze—
(Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
—And slim brown jargoning men in blue and gold,
I know it all so well, I understand
The ecstasy of worship ages-old.

Hear the first truth: The great far-seeing soul
Is ever in the humblest husk; I see
How each succeeding section takes its toll
In fading cycles of old memory.
And each new life the next life shall control
Until perfection reach Eternity.

H. L. Doak.

Another Irish poet, H. L. Doak, offers a volume of purely war poetry in *Verdun and Other Poems* (Maunsel; 1s. net). It is the heroic in the war that makes the strongest appeal. And there is never a fear that the life which has been greatly given has been thrown away, however early the supreme sacrifice. Moreover, it is good poetry—praise of the worthy and worthy praise. This poem was written at Christmas time 1916.

The Builders.

War, dolorous war, the angels sing.
Pity and love are blown away.
Gone many a loved and lovely thing,
And many a dream of yesterday.
But, lo, at work amid the gray,
Dejected leaves by winter curled—
Crowned with no transitory bay,
The builders of a fairer world.

Tragic beyond all imaging
The tribute strength and beauty pay.
Come, Babe of Bethlehem, and bring
Thy succour in a world's dismay.
Grant us above the midmost fray,
Where streams the flag of death unfurled,
By faith to be the dreamers—nay,
The builders of a fairer world.

Life's hammers on the anvil ring;
Life's ordinance its sons obey.
Not in faint-heartedness they fling
Their bones to silence and decay.
Death naught avails to dim the ray
Immortal. Where his blade is whirled,
Stone upon patient stone they lay—
The builders of a fairer world.

What though we mourn the valiant clay
Like chaff upon the darkness hurled,
Under the eyes of God are they
The builders of a fairer world.

Augustus H. Cook.

To Dr. Cook, late Senior Surgeon of Hampstead General Hospital, war comes as wounds and suffering and death. Yet he has been able in the heart of it all to see hope and victory. The first and finest poem in *The Happy Warrior* (Bell; 2s. 6d. net) goes by the title of the book, and never suffers by suggesting Wordsworth, for only the title is the same. The second poem shows the way to go. It is called

The Quest Achieved.

Must we go forth into the dark? the wind
moans through the cypress trees,
And all the glamour of the past melts into
mournful memories,
That cluster round the dying hearth, and rob
the firelight of its glow,
Till hope and longing softly sleep, like far-off
dreams of long ago!

Must we go forth into the dark? o'er banks with
water-lilies wet,
And lingering, plunge in Lethe's flood, and all
life's bitterness forget?
The waving poplar mourns for me, the last
sad Autumn leaves are shed,
Through winding paths we travel far, to learn
that hope itself is dead!

Must we go forth? the dawn breaks chill: like
flash of jewelled scimitar
The first pale beam of fainting light is trembling
to the morning star;
Strange voices call from out the deep, as
through the crucible of fire,
We solve the mystery of the Spheres, and
reach the land of heart's desire!

But we should like to quote another. For once the present war and all it demands of us is forgotten; we are taken forward to the great act out of which all wars arose, and warned against its fatal facility.

The First Romance.

Tall and fair as a goddess she gambolled,
Like a child in her innocent glee,
Through the forest and meadow she rambled,
With echoing laughter to see
Her face in the fount, as she dangled
The flowers from her shoulder, and knee.

The breezes caressing the river
  Were heavy with odours of may,
And the mist taught the sunbeams to quiver
  In rainbows as lovely as they
Who rested, and dreamed of the Giver,
  As perfect and pure as the day.

The ripe fruit hung red in the garden,
  And tempting as roses in June,
What wonder if Adam should pardon
  The woman who tasted too soon;
Inhuman the heart that could harden,
  And refuse to partake of such boon.

The serpent was subtle and splendid,
  And, entranced by his sinuous grace,
Eve lingered, and listened, and ended
  By yielding allegiance, and base
As the tempter she tempted, and blended
  Her beauty with his to deface!

Alas for the gentle gradation!
  First the eye, then the ear, felt the spell:
Till she tasted the fruit of temptation,
  She saw, and she heard, and she fell;
And, deep with the sound of damnation,
  Rang the echoing thunders of Hell!

Hushed the song of the birds in the forest,
  Swift the blackness as dark as the tomb,
Shed as sign of the sin thou abhorrest,
  Hurried harbinger horrid of doom,
O thou Angel of Death! as thou drawest
  Thy sword from his scabbard of gloom!

Didst thou blast with thy lightnings the sinner?
  Was she crushed, as she crept to the side
Of the husband, who perished to win her?
  Choosing death as the dower of his bride;
As they wandered from Eden together
  From the face of their Father, and died?

Nay, sometimes they smiled in their sorrow,
  As they toiled in the sweat of their brow,
Such a smile as the Angels might borrow,
  As they feel Thy forgiveness, and bow;
And the wife and the husband to-morrow
  Shall be pure as their Saviour and Thou!

But sweet as the odours of Edom,
  When purged from their sorrow and pain,
As they roam in the joy of their freedom,
  Comes the sound of the *children's* refrain;
As a pledge of His promised redemption,
  And the wilderness blossoms again!

E. H. W. Meyerstein.

E. H. W. Meyerstein is another of the Oxford poets who has found a place in that coveted series 'Adventures All.' The title is *The Witches' Sabbath* (Blackwell; 2s. net), and three-fourths of the volume is occupied with the dramatic poem which gives the book that title. It can be neither quoted nor described. The world, the flesh, and the devil are all in it; the only absentee is God. But here is God also, in this short poem near the end, and very impressively:

THE BUILDING.

All souls are clay save One that rears
  Each in gradation to the sky
Until the shapen whole appears
  A rapture in Eternity.

Clay's dead, yet bears alive and quick
  A seed that in the kiln expands,
Warming the substance into brick
  Before it touch the mason's hands.

Such bricks throughout the building serve
  For wall and ceiling, arch and stair
And dome whose imperfected curve
  Sits like an eagle on the air.

Each doth his portion due sustain,
  Nor shall as first or last be known,
The merest parapet doth reign
  Co-equal with the cornerstone.

And each a different hue bewrays
  Until the sacred work be done,
When all that now perplex the gaze
  Shall gleam indissolubly one.

The angels then shall dance around
  Upon the sealing of the dome,
And welcome with eternal sound
  The Master to his breathing home.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

Watts-Dunton used to say that true poets are of three degrees of excellence. There is the poet who expresses truly his own mind. There is the poet who in expressing his own mind expresses also the universal mind. And there is the poet who in expressing the universal mind expresses also his own mind. There are many poets who reach the first degree of excellence: they would not be poets without it. Far fewer are the poets who attain to the second degree: Watts-Dunton names Pindar, Firdausi, Jami, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Spenser, Goethe, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Schiller, Victor Hugo. The poets who arrive at the last degree of excellence are Shakespeare, Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, and (hardly) Chaucer—these and no more.

As it is with poets so is it with preachers. There are three degrees of excellence. Every preacher must declare that which he knows, otherwise he is no preacher. And for the most part preachers declare no more than they know. Their experience is limited and it is one-sided. It is theirs, and so has the note of reality which always commands a hearing. But it touches only one here and one there in the congregation, and that only on part of their experience or their need. This preacher is a preacher; but his influence is limited to a few of his hearers, sometimes the more intellectual, sometimes the more emotional; it does not reach the mass of the waiting multitude; it does not altogether take captive even a single soul.

Next there is the preacher whose personal experience is the universal experience. He has come into contact with human nature. He is more than a preacher, he is a man. His personality is not individuality. When he speaks the whole race speaks in him. It has cost him self-denial to find the universal human heart, it costs him self-restraint to appeal to it. But when he is most unconscious of himself he sweeps through the whole congregation without respect of person or attainment.

Then comes the preacher of preachers. In the universal he has found the particular. In the universal human experience, into which he entered by self-discipline and sympathy, he has seen his own experiences interpreted. By his knowledge of the universal human heart he has come into understanding of the individual human life. And now when he addresses the congregation before him he sees, not a congregation but a single person, this person and that, every separate person throughout; and he appeals, not to the intellect only or only to the feelings, but to the entire personality. The admiration of a whole congregation has been changed into the arrest of every member of it.

For the great preacher when he is at his greatest uses language that is intelligible even to the little children.

In the Fourth Series of F. W. ROBERTSON'S sermons (as Canon J. G. SIMPSON reminds us) there is preserved a letter written by an admirer of the preacher, whose name is withheld, which shows clearly enough that what men and women were seeking, and what ROBERTSON gave them, was a revelation of themselves—their yearnings, errors, struggles, hopes. 'Suppose,' says this critic of the pulpit, 'the preacher goes down into the depths of his own being, and has the courage and fidelity to carry all he finds there, first to God in confession and prayer, and then to his flock as some part of the general experience of Humanity, do you not feel that he must be touching close upon some brother-man's sorrows and wants?'

We have had such preachers among us. Not Joseph PARKER. He was a great preacher, but he preached his own experience exclusively, and some he attracted and some he repelled. Not Alexander MACLAREN. He also was a great preacher, even a greater. He was greater because he interpreted his own experience by the Bible. He was an expositor. He carried with him that universal appeal which the study of Scripture makes almost inevitable. Not PARKER and not MACLAREN, but SPURGEON. Charles SPURGEON preached his own experience, but so preached it that first its eccentricity was lost in the experience of all mankind, and then it was offered to every man's astonishment as his own particular experience.

And there have been others. An undergraduate was walking one day with Professor William BINNIE. They had both attended the ministry of Dr. John LAIDLAW before he was appointed to a Chair in the New College, Edinburgh. Said the student, 'What I felt about Dr. LAIDLAW'S preaching was that it seemed to be always addressed to me personally.' Professor BINNIE suddenly stopped. He looked at the student. 'Did *you* feel that? It is exactly what I felt every time I heard him.' That was the preacher of preachers. He spoke exclusively to the young man struggling with ignorance, doubt, and sin, and struggling often unsuccessfully; he also spoke exclusively to the saintly professor of long experience and great learning.

We have had such preachers among us. We have such preachers even now. One we shall name. Professor W. P. PATERSON of the University of Edinburgh has issued a volume of sermons in that series which is called 'The Scholar as Preacher.' Its title is *In the Day of the Ordeal* (T. & T. Clark; 4s. 6d. net). For it is a volume of which every sermon is in contact with the present awful reality. But every sermon has also the universal note. And within that note every sermon returns again to the individual.

One of the ways by which we know the great preacher when we read him is this. He covers the whole extent of Christian doctrine. And he does it in every sermon. He does not attempt in every sermon an exposition of a complete scheme of salvation; he does not even mention every separate article of it. But no doctrine is expounded without being brought within the Christian atmosphere. Every other doctrine is in the preacher's mind and contributes both to the fulness and to the reserve of the preacher's thought.

Where can a finer theme be found than the freeness of forgiveness? Professor Paterson handles it finely. But he reminds us that 'those who sin deeply against themselves and against society may readily find that they have brought upon themselves penalties from which there is no escape.' It is the Gospel that God will both forgive and forget. It is no part of the Gospel that our fellow-men will forget or that we ourselves will either forget or forgive.

'The esteem of our fellow-men is a valuable possession; but it is as fragile as some vase of brittle ware; let it once be broken, then, piece it together as laboriously as we may, it can never again be as beautiful as it was. The stigma of a crime can hardly be lived down; but, short of this, if a man be guilty of one flagrant and notorious act of foolishness, intemperance, or untruthfulness, though he may be vastly better than that suggests, the world, which does not draw fine distinctions, will not think so. In the light of that he is remembered, by it he is judged, even as Esau, though he doubtless had many excellent qualities, passed into history as the typical fool — the man who sold his birthright for a supper. It may even be observed that a bad reputation tends to get worse of its own accord, just as Esau, who to begin with was nothing worse than a fool, has come to be described, by the time the story reaches the age of the Apostles, as a profane person and fornicator.'

And then there is 'the implacableness of a man's own memory. The belief in the forgiveness of sins by God will not wholly rob memory of the sting wherewith it torments those who have once made of it an enemy. This seems clear enough if we reflect upon such a story as that told in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, in which God is represented as rejoicing to bestow upon the penitent a forgiveness as full as love may grant. The Jewish father, who stands for God, ran and fell upon the neck of the returning prodigal, but do we think it would be easy for him to forgive himself? Must he not for many a year have felt remorse as he recalled the years which the canker-worm had eaten, as he thought of the patrimony which had been squandered and which was not replaced, as he traced out the after-career of the companions whom he had once convoyed on the way to ruin, or mourned, it might be, for a mother whose grey hairs he had brought down with sorrow to the grave? I will tell young men what they shall fear: they are to fear memory with its power to torture those who once forgot God and the future.'

It has already been said that one of the most unexpected things which the great war has done or is likely to do for us is to restore certain doctrines of the Christian creed which were passing beyond our belief. And it was observed that one of these doctrines is the doctrine of the Descent into Hell. In the volume of sermons just noticed Professor W. P. PATERSON (whose mind is so greatly exercised by the war, and whose experience of it has been so searching a trial of faith) publishes a sermon on 'The Descent into Hell.'

It is a doctrinal sermon. Now doctrinal sermons are said to be out of date. Why are they out of date? Because people will not accept them? If that were so it would be no reason for their discontinuance. As Dale said long ago, 'they have got to accept them.' But it is not so. The people will listen to them gladly if the preacher takes the necessary trouble to prepare and deliver them. Professor PATERSON first knows what he is going to say about the Descent into Hell. Then he says it with sympathy, with sincerity, with simplicity.

The sermon critic will call his sermon 'an old-fashioned three-decker.' And part of the criticism will be correct. It has three divisions and they are announced just as Robertson or Maclaren would have announced them: 'We shall consider first the principal views which have been held in the Church; next, the light thrown on the subject by Scripture; and lastly, some of the inferences which are supported by the chief scriptural references as we understand them.'

But we have missed the introduction. And to miss the introduction of Dr. PATERSON'S sermons is to miss that which invariably arrests the attention. The introduction is in two short paragraphs.

This is the first. 'In listening to the public

recitation of the Apostles' Creed one sometimes has the impression that the voice of the congregation falters when it repeats—"He descended into Hell." It is as if some shivered at the suggestion of some unspeakable mystery, or that they paused in the joyful and confident confession to ask themselves, "Do I really believe this?" or at least, "Do I know what I am confessing?"'

And this is the second paragraph. 'There is some excuse if we are puzzled to know what it exactly means. The article was first inserted in a second edition of the Apostles' Creed as enlarged about 500 years after Christ, and since it was inserted it has been interpreted in many different ways. What it certainly does not mean is what many who use the words suppose to be its obvious meaning. By Hell is popularly understood the place of everlasting torment; and it is natural to suppose that what is taught is that Christ after His death went down to the abode of devils and of lost souls; and further, that as Christ endured the penalty of our sins He there endured for a season in our stead the sufferings of the damned. But this was not the idea of those who first framed the article, nor has it been held in this precise form by any representative teachers of the Christian Church.'

It is no present purpose of ours to quote the sermon, and it cannot be abridged. We pass to the conclusion.

'The teaching of the Scriptures in regard to the future state is marked,' says Professor PATERSON, 'by two features—a great certainty as to the fact of a life to come and as to the conditions of eternal salvation, and an equally striking reticence in regard to secondary conditions and problems.'

'The certainties are—on the positive side, that the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; on the negative side, that those who are in alienation from God, and under the pollution and the dominion of sin, are even now under the wrath of God, and must look forward, unless and until they repent, to the manifestation of a greater wrath to come. These are the things which it vitally concerns us to know, and they have been made abundantly clear and assured.'

'But the hand of God has only lifted a corner of the veil. As to the ultimate fate of those who die unsaved, it is the opinion of many devout students, with whom I agree, that we have not materials for dogmatizing. We do not know whether, if there should be a further day of grace, some would resist God to the end; and we do not know whether the finally impenitent, if such there be, will be annihilated or live on in a Hell.'

'In particular, we must say in regard to the intermediate state that we have no sure knowledge—only guesses and hopes. Even if St. Peter meant what we have taken him to mean, we cannot suppose that the difficult passage was given as a special revelation to light up the dark region: at the most it lends support to an inference from the verities of the Christian faith, and in particular from the patient love of God and the known fidelity of Christ, that there will be a further probation for those who died in unbelief. God meant us to live our lives with a large element of dubiety and ignorance alongside of the great certitudes. One reason doubtless was that there is an uncertainty which has unique value as a spiritual discipline, not only for those who feel that there is nothing they fear more than the terror of the darkness, but also for those who because of their ignorance cling closer to their God and Saviour. Also it may be that it is one of the joys of the fatherly heart of God to keep in store a world of merciful surprises, as He certainly has also in store many painful surprises, for the children of His human family.'

We are not getting much at present out of the Divinity of Christ. But His Humanity is inex-

haustible. Every month there are published books—not one book but several books—on the human Jesus. Each author has made discoveries and is surprised. And we are surprised with him.

This month there is one notable book. Its author, we are told, is minister of Parkhead Congregational Church in Glasgow. His name is Henry WALLACE. After writing his book Mr. WALLACE must have been exercised to find a title for it. He chose *Can we know Jesus?* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). It was not a good choice. That question is answered in the second chapter, and ends with it. Then the book goes on. And not only is that question answered in the second chapter but it is answered wrong. For we cannot know Jesus if we confine ourselves to His Humanity. We can know a good deal about Him, and it will easily be fresh and suggestive knowledge. But to know Him—that is impossible without the comprehensive conclusion at which Thomas arrived: 'My Lord and my God!'

Mr. WALLACE does not deny the Divinity. On the contrary we believe he holds it firmly. But he does not deal with it. He does not include it in his exposition. It is the human Jesus that he finds so surprising. That is why his book has got the wrong title. If he favoured a question he should have chosen the title of the first chapter—Do we know Jesus? And as the answer to that would have been, We do not, he would have had a reason for the writing of the book.

We do not know Jesus. With every new book about Him we know Him a little more. But with every new book we discover that we do not know Him. That is the surprise. And we shall never know Him as He may be known. The surprise will last as long as books are written.

We know Him a little better with every good book. With Mr. WALLACE's book we learn to our surprise that His ministry was divided into three periods. First there was the period of Enunciation and Miracle, next the period of Criticism and Teaching, lastly the period of vicarious Travail.

In the first period Jesus simply announced His ideas. Did He expect that they would be taken up and acted on? Mr. WALLACE thinks He did. There were those introductory ideas, for example, which we call the Beatitudes. The state of things described in the Beatitudes was not in the world as Jesus found it. His Spirit had to make the world in which they were to be found. 'Blessed are the meek,' 'Blessed are the merciful'—they are not in the world yet to any impressive extent. Was Jesus really disappointed that the world did not welcome them at once? Mr. WALLACE thinks so. And when He wrought miracles among men, and the mighty works did nothing to commend the mighty words, He discovered, says Mr. WALLACE, that the problem was harder than He had conceived.

Then the second period began. It was the period of Criticism and Teaching. 'He must begin further back. He began to teach them, and He began also to try and awaken them; applying the sharp lash of reproach to their morbid content. He began thus to disturb men and to provoke resentment. He was, indeed, laying down the track that led at length to Calvary. This is the period of the parables of judgment, the time of keen introspective analysis. Men did not seem to know the meaning of some plain things at all: they must be taught. And the teaching must continue after it had produced the Cross for Him, and so it must be taught to His disciples. He must also lead them to expect His successor, the Holy Spirit, who would continue the teaching.'

How would the Spirit continue His teaching? By conviction. That is to say, it was not simply teaching that was to be the Spirit's work. It was teaching combined with criticism. It was to have 'judgment' in it.

We miss the point by not translating aright the

essential passage. 'He shall reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment'—so we read it familiarly. In the less familiar translation we read 'convict' for 'reprove,' and that is better. But the conviction which was to be the work of the Spirit is not conviction of sin. There would be no criticism in that. It was to be conviction concerning sin. It was also to be conviction concerning righteousness and concerning judgment. That is to say, the work of the Holy Spirit was to be to teach the world what sin is, and what righteousness is, and judgment.

For the world does not know what they are. It does not know that sin, the only sin, is the sin of unbelief. The Spirit would teach men and in teaching convict them 'of sin, because they believe not on me.' He would teach them of righteousness, 'because I go unto my Father.' This had been the Lord's first work, but they would not be taught. 'Blessed,' He had said, 'are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.' Now they would see at least that the righteousness of which He had spoken was righteous. He was going to the Father that the Spirit might teach them that. And He would teach them concerning judgment, that is, discrimination. For the prince of this world would be discovered in all his naked worldliness.

When He had thus handed over the work of teaching to the Holy Spirit, Jesus prepared Himself for the third period of His ministry. Mr. WALLACE calls it 'the period of vicarious Travail.' For now He must go deeper. He has been checked and thwarted by human inertia. 'He must take upon Himself the burden of human hearts; He must bear their sins for them; He must quicken their sense of sin by letting men see its heinous nature in seeking to destroy good just because it *is* good. Even His temporary reluctance to face the Cross does not prevent Him from seeing that it is inevitable. And so He struggled through that great psychic darkness, into which we can but dimly peer, fighting His way amid inward sorrows we can but vaguely guess at.'

In the year 1883 Dr. Edouard NAVILLE, of the University of Geneva, astonished the world by announcing the discovery in Egypt of the Store City of Pythom. In 1913 he astonished the world again. He announced the discovery that the earlier books of the Old Testament had been written in Babylonian, and the later in Aramaic, none of them having ever been seen in Hebrew until they were translated into that language by the Jews who returned from the Captivity.

In announcing his second discovery, Professor NAVILLE attached to it a refutation of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. That probably prevented the discovery from making the impression that it should have done. It did not, however, prevent the trustees of the Schweich Lecture Fund from sending him an invitation to deliver the Schweich Lectures of 1915 before the British Academy. The Lectures are now published under the title of *The Text of the Old Testament* (Humphrey Milford; 3s. net). The Lectures tell the whole story of the discovery, and use whatever evidence in its favour the last three years have produced. Nor do they omit the criticism of the Higher Criticism.

When Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, to go to a land that he knew not of, he carried his library with him. It consisted of tablets of baked clay—an extremely convenient form in which to possess a library if one had a long way to go. These tablets were written in Babylonian. And being written in Babylonian they could be read not only by men like Abraham, who had been living in Babylonia and was a Babylonian himself, but also by any educated person in any country to which he was likely to go. Abraham left Babylonia about the beginning of the reign of Hammurabi, and by that time Babylonian was the literary and to some extent the spoken language of the

whole of Western Asia, including Phœnicia and Palestine.

What did Abraham's tablets contain? Professor NAVILLE believes that they contained the history of the world from the creation down to the time of his father Terah. He admits that this is conjecture. But it is a conjecture supported by two facts. One is that some of the early narratives in Genesis, such as the narrative of the Flood, have a decidedly Babylonian character. The other is that they also contain the genealogy of Abraham.

Did Abraham write the history himself? Dr. NAVILLE does not say that. More probably so powerful a sheikh as Abraham would have a secretary, a man like Eliezer, who not only 'ruled over all he had,' but also kept the genealogy of his house and was able to record the simple annals of that simple time. These annals would be preserved in the family of Abraham until finally they reached Moses in Egypt. For, you see, Dr. NAVILLE believes that 'Moses wrote the Pentateuch after all.'

In course of time Abraham arrived in Canaan, and settled—such settlement as was ever afforded him — among the people of the land. The Canaanites spoke their own dialect — probably many dialects. But they wrote and could read that literary language which Abraham brought with him from Babylonia in his library of tablets. Of this there is no doubt. For in the year 1888 Egyptian fellahin were working at a place called Tel el-Amarna and came upon a box or jar containing about 300 clay tablets written in cuneiform character. These tablets may now be seen in the museums of Berlin, Cairo, and London. They proved to be part of the archives of kings Amenophis III. and IV., containing their correspondence with the kings of Asia and the governors of the cities of Palestine.

Now although these cities of Palestine were under the dominion of Egypt, the correspondence between them and the kings of Egypt took place in Babylonian cuneiform. This does not mean that Babylonian was merely the diplomatic language of that day. It means that it was the literary language of Palestine. It was the language in which everything was written that was written. Other discoveries have been made besides those at Tel el-Amarna. Discoveries have been made in Palestine itself. And all the tablets discovered belonging to this early date are written in Babylonian. Hear what Dr. SELLIN says. Dr. SELLIN has no theory to establish like Professor NAVILLE. Yet he says: 'Even supposing that this writing was used only by the rulers and their officials, and that the people could not read and write, this fact is certain: in the already extensive excavations which have been carried on in Palestine no document has ever been found in any except in Babylonian writing. As for the Phœnician or old Hebrew writing, it cannot be asserted with certainty that it existed before the ninth century.'

If, then, the Pentateuch was written by Moses after all, it was written in Babylonian. Dr. NAVILLE does not say that Moses wrote the Pentateuch every word. He has already told us that Abraham probably carried with him from Babylonia the history of the world from the creation to his own day. But he believes that Moses rewrote those tablets. For he says that even in those earliest tablets there are Mosaic touches, details which indicate a man living in Egypt. But he did not alter the language. If Abraham's tablets written in Babylonia were written in Babylonian cuneiform, so were the tablets which Moses wrote, although they were written in Egypt.

Take the Book of Deuteronomy. Dr. NAVILLE believes that when Solomon built his temple he put in the foundations, or somewhere in the walls of it, a cuneiform copy of that second edition of the Law of Moses which we call Deuteronomy. This was a custom both of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians, which Solomon was likely to follow. For it was the best means of establishing for ever

the fact that Jerusalem and its temple was the locality designated in the words, 'The place which the Lord your God shall choose out of all your tribes to put his name there.' This copy of the Law was found in the time of Josiah during certain repairs which were being made on the building.

It was found by Hilkiah the High Priest. Now when Hilkiah the High Priest found the copy of Deuteronomy in the temple he could not read it. Why could he not read it? Because, says Dr. NAVILLE, it was written in Babylonian, and by this time Babylonian could be read only by specially trained scribes. So he brought it to Shaphan the scribe. Shaphan had to read the letters and treaties which came from Assyria and could read cuneiform easily. Shaphan read the book and carried it to the king. It was probably a clay cylinder, found under the wall or under a slab of the pavement.

We have seen that the tablets discovered at Tel el-Amarna were written in Babylonian, even those that came from Phœnicia and Palestine. The next great discovery of texts which throw light upon the language of the Old Testament was also made in Egypt, at a place called Elephantine. It is not tablets this time but papyri. And the papyri are written not in Babylonian but in Aramaic.

A complete change has come over the literary language of the Jews—for these papyri belong to a Jewish colony in Egypt. The change was inevitable. For the Babylonian cuneiform can be written only on wet clay. Some script was necessary for everyday use which could be written on vellum, skin, or paper. Aramaic was an evolution. The people who used it at first were called Arameans, and the Arameans may have originally been a tribe of Mesopotamia. But when we know of them they had no political boundaries. The Hebrews are themselves called Arameans in the Elephantine papyri. 'In the 8th century B.C., when the Jews were bringing Aramaic into Egypt, local princes wrote in North Syria, in the Amanus, long Aramaic inscriptions which have lately been discovered.'

Now if Aramaic had superseded Babylonian as the literary language of Palestine by the 8th century B.C. it is pretty certain that the Books of the Prophets were written in Aramaic. Professor NAVILLE thinks that official documents like the Books of Joshua, Judges, and Samuel were still written on tablets in cuneiform, but that more popular books like those of the Prophets were written in Aramaic. By the time of Ezra Aramaic was the only language of literature or of religion. It was Ezra's mission to teach the people the precepts of the Law of Moses. They knew something of Aramaic; of Babylonian they knew nothing. Professor NAVILLE believes that Ezra turned the Babylonian of the early books of the Bible into Aramaic. That was the first great translation of the Pentateuch.

The next translation was into Greek. It is the translation of the Septuagint. The translation of the Septuagint was made from the Aramaic. For Josephus says that the books which were translated were written with the characters and in the language of the Jews. Now, the language of the Jews in Egypt, as we know from the Elephantine papyri, was Aramaic. One translation had yet to be made. It was the translation of the Old Testament into Hebrew.

What is Hebrew? On the return from the Captivity two languages were spoken or written in Jerusalem—the language of the country generally, which was Aramaic, and the special dialect spoken in the city itself. What was that dialect? Professor NAVILLE does not call it Hebrew yet. He calls it Jehudith. Jehudith, he says, was the vernacular dialect of Jerusalem.

The return from the Captivity was the birth of Judaism. From that time the life of the nation had its centre in Jerusalem. The dialect spoken in Jerusalem became the language of the land.

Ezra might read the Law in Aramaic still, but the demand was soon made for the Law and also the Prophets in Jehudith.

The Samaritans had already translated the Pentateuch into their own dialect and had written it in their own script. The Jews must not be behind. They had their own dialect also. It was probably very ancient and had changed but little in the course of time. They now turned it into a literary language by adapting to it the script which we call the Square Hebrew. The Hebrew Bible is the Aramaic Old Testament translated into Jehudith and written in square characters.

James Hope Moulton.

By Professor the Rev. George Milligan, D.D., University of Glasgow.

Twenty-three years ago Dr. W. F. Moulton, the father of Professor James Hope Moulton, contributed to this magazine an 'In Memoriam' notice of my father, in which he dwelt affectionately on the friendship that had existed between them, a friendship first formed in connexion with the work of New Testament Revision in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and afterwards cemented by their joint Commentary on St. John's Gospel. And now the Editor has asked me, in my turn, to write an appreciation of Dr. Moulton's distinguished son, whose tragic death has awakened so deep a sense of loss not only amongst those who knew and loved him personally, but amongst all who have at heart the best interests of New Testament scholarship in this land.

It is not easy for me to speak as I would like of Dr. J. H. Moulton, whose friendship has meant so much for me during a long period of years, but it may at least be possible to recall the main events in his career, and to indicate some of the many directions of his varied and brilliant activity.

James Hope Moulton was born in 1863 at the Wesleyan Theological College, Richmond, where his father was at the time Classical Tutor. He had good reason to be proud of his ancestry. As the descendant of a line of Wesleyan ministers running back to John Bakewell, a friend of the Wesleys, and author of the well-known hymn 'Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus,' he had inbred in him from the first that devotion to the Wesleyan Church which was one of his most marked characteristics, while from his father, one of the most accomplished New Testament scholars of his day, he inherited those tastes for exact scholarship which were afterwards to make him famous. He received his early education at the Leys School, of which his father had become Headmaster, and afterwards entered King's College, Cambridge, with a classical scholarship, where the high expectations formed of him were fully justified by his obtaining a First Class in Part I. of the Classical Tripos in 1884, and a First Class and distinction in Part II. in 1886. In the same year he entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Church, and shortly afterwards was married to the daughter of the Rev. George Osborn, whose untimely death in 1914, followed as it was by the loss of his brilliant elder son at the Front in the autumn of 1916, did so much to darken the closing years of his own life.

In 1888, Dr. Moulton was elected a Fellow of his College, being, I believe, the first Wesleyan minister to receive that honour in Cambridge, and after acting for six years as Classical Master at the Leys, and Classical Lecturer at Newnham and Girton Colleges, he was in 1902 appointed Tutor in New Testament Language and Literature at the Wesleyan College at Didsbury. To the commanding influence which from the first he exercised there his colleagues have already borne generous testimony, while the rapidly growing fame of his scholarship led to his appointment in 1908 as Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology in the University of Manchester.

Other academic distinctions fell freely to him. Already he had won the University of London's gold medal for Classics,[1] and had received its

[1] His father had carried off the same honour for Mathematics in 1856, and his uncle, Lord Moulton, also for Mathematics, in 1868—probably a unique record in one family. Another uncle, Professor R. G. Moulton of Chicago, is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic for his literary interpretation of the Bible.

Doctorate of Literature for a Thesis based on researches into the Grammar of the Greek Papyri. And this was followed by the bestowal on him of the honorary degrees of D.D. by Edinburgh, of D.C.L. by Durham, and of D.Theol. by Berlin on the occasion of its centenary celebrations in 1910. This last recognition of his work touched him deeply at the time, and led to his dedicating the German edition of his *Prolegomena*[1] as a small token of gratitude—

'Clarissimo illi doctorum virorum collegio,
qui in Universitate Berolinensi
SANCTAE THEOLOGIAE SCIENTIAM
hos centum annos laude per urbem terrarum
amplissima illustraverunt.'

How sadly the words strike us now!

Though very closely connected in recent years with German scholars, notably Professors Deissmann and Thumb, it is a curious fact that Dr. Moulton never visited Germany in person, and that indeed he had never left the shores of his native land until a few years ago he went at the request of Conference to visit his Church's missionary stations in the West Indies. This was followed in 1914 by a lecturing tour in America, where he was when the war broke out. He came home as quickly as possible, but when owing to the lack of students Didsbury College was closed in 1915, he obtained leave to accept an invitation to lecture under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. to educated Parsi communities in India. Notwithstanding various difficulties that arose, his lectures were well received, and I remember in one of his letters a laughing description of how he was met at a railway station and decorated with a wreath of roses by some ardent admirer. The lectures have since been published by the Parsis themselves at their own Publishing House, and on their own initiative.

In addition to the lectures, Dr. Moulton occupied his time in writing a book on *The Treasure of the Magi*, which he intended to be his final contribution to Zoroastrian studies, before returning as he hoped for the rest of his life to his work on Hellenistic Greek. The book was finished just before he left India, and with a striking premonition of what might happen he had three copies typed. One of these went down in the steamer in which he was torpedoed in the Gulf of Lyons on the night of April 4. Another much about the same time reached his brother in safety, and will in due course be published.

Over the accompaniments of Dr. Moulton's death it is too painful to linger. It must be enough that he died at sea, after being exposed for three days and nights to beating about in a boat in a storm. The news was first sent to this country by his friend Dr. Rendel Harris who had joined him in Egypt, and who had himself been previously torpedoed on his way to India towards the end of last year.

Such, then, in briefest outline, is the chronicle of Dr. Moulton's life, a life which to our limited vision seems to have been so mysteriously cut short in the very height of its usefulness. And yet of him in a very special degree it can be said that 'he being dead yet speaketh,' both in the cherished memories he has left behind him in the hearts of his pupils and friends, and in those published works in which he has made so important and lasting a contribution to the scholarship of our time.

Of his books the first in order of time was one which already marked the trend in which his life-work was setting, an *Introduction to the Study of New Testament Greek*, which was published in 1896,[2] to be followed ten years later by the first volume of his *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, usually cited as *Prolegomena*.[3]

Dr. Moulton's original intention was to take up a work which his father had been prevented by death from accomplishing, the rewriting, *i.e.* as an independent work, of his translation of Dr. G. B. Winer's *Treatise on the Grammar of New Testament Greek*.[4] And consequently the first edition of his own work bore on its title-page the words 'Based on W. F. Moulton's Edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar.' But it soon became evident that the book was so entirely new that, on the strong advice of his publishers, these words were omitted from subsequent editions, and the book appeared on the sole responsibility of its author.

Of the merits of that work it is wholly super-

[1] *Einleitung in die Sprache des Neuen Testaments.* Heidelberg, 1911.

[2] By R. Culley, London, in the series of 'Books for Bible Students,' edited by Dr. A. E. Gregory. *Two Lectures on the Science of Language*, delivered to students of the University Extension at Cambridge, appeared at the Cambridge University Press in 1903.

[3] Published by T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. A fourth impression appeared in 1913.

[4] The eighth English edition appeared in 1877.

fluous to speak. As its sub-title *Prolegomena* suggests, it was not intended in any sense to be exhaustive, but rather to sketch by way of general introduction the history and characteristics of 'Common' Greek as it meets us in the New Testament, and to illustrate the nature of the light thrown upon its grammar by the stores of Egyptian papyri and of inscriptions, which had recently become accessible, and to which the writer's attention had been directed by Dr. Deissmann's epoch-making *Bible Studies*.[1] But so thorough-going is the treatment of the many points touched upon, so many are the 'nuggets of pure gold' extracted from the new 'vein of treasure,' that it is not too much to say that the book has come to be generally regarded as wholly indispensable for the modern study of the Greek New Testament.

The work was originally to have been completed by a second volume of systematic grammar and accidence; but the writer's materials grew so rapidly on his hands that this was soon seen to be impossible. Accordingly two additional volumes were planned, the first to be devoted wholly to Accidence, and the second to Syntax. So far as I am aware, practically nothing was done to the Syntax volume, unless what may be gathered from stray papers and notes. But it will be good news to those who have been asking so anxiously for a fresh instalment of the Grammar, to learn that, before his departure for India, Dr. Moulton left the manuscript of practically the whole of the Accidence volume in his publishers' hands in a sufficiently advanced state to warrant the hope that it may still be found possible to issue it at no very distant date.

In addition to the *Grammar*, Dr. Moulton was engaged at the time of his death in the preparation of a *Vocabulary of the Greek Testament*, illustrated from the papyri and the other non-literary sources which in the *Grammar* he had already found so useful. The idea of the work originated in a few papers of *Lexical Notes from the Papyri* contributed to the *Expositor*, but finding that the immense labour involved was too much for himself alone, he invited me to join in the undertaking, and I can truly say that the close intercourse into which we were thus brought has proved for me the most educative and stimulating influence in my whole student-life. No one could fail to be moved by his eager enthusiasm, by his strict demand for the most scrupulous accuracy, and (may I add?) by his generous indulgence towards all work submitted to him. One could truly say regarding him, what he himself said of one of his early teachers, that 'his pupils always had to struggle with the impression that they were there really to impart information to him.'

Two Parts of the *Vocabulary* have already been published,[2] and, at the very time when the news of Dr. Moulton's death reached me, I was busy completing from our common materials the first draft of a long Third Part extending to about the middle of the alphabet for his revision and suggestions on his return. And now without these, it seems well-nigh impossible that the work can ever be satisfactorily accomplished.

Outstanding, however, as were Dr. Moulton's services in connexion with the study of Hellenistic Greek, they were far from exhausting his scholarly activities. While at Cambridge, he had read the Gâthâs with the late Professor E. B. Cowell, and in 1902 the first-fruits of his studies in this direction appeared in the important article on *Zoroastrianism* contributed to Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. This was followed a few years later by the charming little book entitled *Early Religious Poetry of Persia*,[3] dedicated to the memory of his old teacher. 'The fascinating field of Avestan literature,' so he wrote in the Preface, 'has been strangely neglected in our country. I have tried in a modest way to open it up for students of poetry and students of religion, who will I trust at least recognize from these pages that the subject is worth pursuing further.' That his own competence as a guide in a subject surrounded by so many pitfalls was by this time fully admitted was shown by his selection in 1912 as Hibbert Lecturer, when he delivered a course of lectures on *Early Zoroastrianism*, which were afterwards extended and published under that title in a volume running to nearly 500 pages.[4] Amongst the friends who read his proofs, and to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness, was Dr. L. C. Casartelli, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, who also holds the post of Lecturer in Iranian in Manchester University. And as showing the high esteem in which the lectures were held by so competent an

[1] English translation by A. Grieve: T. & T. Clark, 1901.

[2] By Hodder & Stoughton. Part I. A; Part II. B—Δ.

[3] In the 'Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature' Series: Cambridge, 1911.

[4] Williams & Norgate, London, 1913.

authority, it is pleasant to read the Bishop's appreciative remarks in an article contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* a few days after Dr. Moulton's death—'This is really a most important contribution of the first rank to our knowledge of the Gathic hymns, the most ancient part of the Avesta, and discusses with considerable originality of view several extremely important problems underlying the history of the Iranians and their religious developments. . . . Had he been spared Dr. Moulton would doubtlessly have enriched Oriental learning still further with valuable publications.'

The same year which saw the publication of the Hibbert Lectures saw also the publication of his Fernley Lecture, *Religion and Religions*.[1] The book was written hurriedly amidst the absorbing demands of his Zoroastrian work, and principally during a brief holiday in the Lake District, but on every page it affords eloquent proof of the writer's absorbing interest in missionary work, and also of his skill in presenting the problems of Comparative Religion in a clear and telling way.

The same qualities appear once more in the last book which he published in this country, a collection of five popular lectures on the New Testament, originally delivered in America, and brought together under the characteristic title *From Egyptian Rubbish-Heaps*.[2] The lectures are accompanied by a sermon preached at Northfield on 'The New Song' of Rev. 14^3, to which there is also a touching allusion in the Preface dated from Bombay on the first day of last year, when his own domestic loss and the strain of the war were pressing very heavily upon him—'I am now for a year alone in a distant land, trying to teach the New Song to some lips of them that are dumb. It is the only music that can permanently solace either the solitary mourner or the nations where well-nigh every house has one dead. And so, in spite of all the changes that have come, I send my song across the sea, and pray that some notes of it may reach those who "know me not, yet weep with me."'

With these pathetic words I might well close this very imperfect notice, but I can hardly do so without insisting once more that if for the sake of those who 'knew him not' this paper has necessarily been largely taken up with an account of Dr. Moulton's public life and utterances, to those who had the privilege of his friendship the thoughts of his great intellectual powers and of his brilliant scholarship fade before the memory of the arresting charm of his personality. How his boyish eagerness, his large warm-heartedness, his scorn of anything mean or base, his profound appreciation of every effort after good, his bright and sparkling humour come back to one! There seemed to be no limit to his interests and sympathies. At any moment he was ready to turn from some dry discussion on a Greek particle—if anything he touched could be called dry—to pour forth his views on some question of Church or Imperial interest, or to summon others to join him in a crusade on behalf of social righteousness and well-being. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with his whole heart. And if his friends sometimes had misgivings about the amount of time and strength he expended on matters which to them seemed to lie outside his own immediate sphere, they quickly learned that it was vain to remonstrate. He was made that way. He must have his say out at all costs. And who will now venture to say that he was wrong?

One thing at least is certain. Whatever he said or did was to him an offering of 'service' to Him in whose will is our Peace. And now that he himself has passed beyond the veil that hides us from the Unseen, he has left behind in the hearts of all who loved him the strengthening assurance, described by one of his friends in memorable words which he was very fond of quoting, 'that somewhere, beyond these earthly shadows, there is a world of light eternal, where the obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered and the heart find rest.'[3]

[1] C. H. Kelly, London.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] J. G. Frazer, *Passages of the Bible*, 2nd edit. p. x.

Shadow and Substance.

By the Rev. A. E. Garvie, D.D., Principal of New College, London.

In two previous contributions to *The Expository Times*[1] the writer endeavoured to set forth some of the wealth of Christian truth contained in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*. As the fruits of his study and meditation have not been fully offered, he ventures to return to the subject in order to present it from the standpoint suggested by the title of this article, bringing, as it does, the thought of the Epistle into relation to modern intellectual interests. For convenience, the four aspects of the theme to be dealt with may be described in the terms *idealism*, *evolutionism*, *meliorism*, and *universalism*.

I.

(1) The *idealism* of the Epistle is stated most explicitly in 11^3: 'By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear.'

This is not merely an affirmation of the fact of creation; there is an indication of its mode. There is a philosophy implied in this article of faith; and it is a philosophy that underlies the thought of the whole of the Epistle. Of the author, Dr. Dods writes: 'Trained in Alexandrian thought, he cherished the Platonic conception of the relation of the seen to the unseen. It was his inalienable conviction that the visible world is merely phenomenal, the temporary form or manifestation of the invisible, archetypal world which alone is real and eternal. In the Epistle these two worlds are continually related by contrast. The unseen world (*πράγματα οὐ βλεπόμενα*, 11^1) is the eternal counterpart of this present order of things (*αὕτη ἡ κτίσις*, 9^{11}); the reality, of which earthly things are but the shadow (*σκία*, 8^5). The visible heaven and earth are one day to pass away "as things that have been made" (*ὡς πεποιημένων*, 12^{27}), but this only in order that the eternal things which cannot be removed may remain alone existent' (*The Expositor's Greek Testament*, vol. iv. pp. 238–9). Certain modifications of the Platonic idealism must, however, be noted. (*a*) It is not with an impersonal system of ideas that the writer is concerned; but the unseen source of the seen is the mind of God, in which the seen world archetypally exists for ever. (*b*) It is not a static idealism, but a dynamic; it recognizes deed as well as thought; it is the Word of God which actualises the ideas of the unseen world in the things of the seen; and the Word of God is no abstract conception, but personal reality, the Son of God (1^2, 'through whom also he made the worlds'). Here the writer is in agreement both with John's Gospel (1^3) and with Paul (Col $1^{16.\ 17}$). (*c*) The world seen thus produced out of the world unseen has a unity and order (*κατηρτίσθαι*); there is no suggestion that the divine intention is thwarted by an alien matter, so that ideas get only imperfectly expressed in things. (*d*) Most interesting of all, however, in this statement is the conjunction of faith and understanding, *πίστει νοοῦμεν*; the two are not mutually exclusive, but mutually complementary. Faith accepts the testimony of revelation to the act of creation; the understanding makes that act intelligible by the conception of the process which it forms. To the other thoughts we shall have occasion to return in connexion with other passages, but this thought is one over which we may now linger.

(2) A much-debated question is this: Can God's existence be proved from the world as reason interprets it? Must we not always put into the conclusion more than we can draw out of the premises? The writer's words, *πίστει νοοῦμεν*, seem to give the answer. It is the religious consciousness receptive of, and responsive to, the divine reality itself that gives the datum that God is, and what God is. It is the philosophical reason that fits that datum into the framework of human knowledge; reason confirms, and is itself completed in faith. (*a*) It would carry us far beyond the necessary limits of the present discussion to deal with the theistic evidences. Only this brief summary may be given. The modern counterpart of the ontological argument is this: if intelligence can and does make the world intelligible, there is intelligence in the source of the world; the world expresses mind. If the world is to be

[1] Vol. XXVI.—(1) In Praise of Faith, pp. 199, 278, 328; (2) The Pioneer of Faith and Salvation, pp. 502, 546.

conceived as a system of forces manifold and yet one, it is only on the analogy of the human will that force itself can be conceived; in the world will is exercised; this is how the cosmological argument may be restated. But the combination of mind and will yields us the idea of purpose: and the world as a whole in its intelligible evolution does show the fulfilment of purpose; the teleological argument, based not on single isolated instances of assumed design, but on the whole world as an intelligible system of force, can still claim validity. (*b*) About the next step there may be difference of opinion. It may be held that reason itself moves by necessity from the finite to the Infinite as its explanation, since it cannot find rest in the finite. If this be so, then reason itself can pass from finite world to infinite mind, will, purpose, and call it God. If we are not sure of this necessary movement of reason, we may fall back on the thought that is now engaging our attention. Faith has the idea of God; faith and reason can join hands in identifying the mind, will, purpose, reason finds in the world with God. Reason justifies faith in its movement from the seen to the unseen, for reason must explain the seen by the unseen. Faith completes reason in offering it the assurance of a reality in the unseen adequate to explain the seen. Here and there the speculative intellect may perhaps, apart from the religious consciousness, reach some sort of conception of God; but for most men it is faith that gives the datum, which reason can then confirm.

II.

(1) In the explanation of the world, modern thought has been guided by the conception of evolution; and it must often appear to the thinker to-day a wonder and surprise why this conception has not been dominant in human thinking before. He who thinks deeply on the deepest things is most likely to rise above the modes of thinking of his own time. Paul had a glimpse of the truth of evolution when he, in contrasting Adam and Christ, declared 'that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual' (1 Co 15^{46}). The writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* has it in the opening statement of his argument, 'God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom also he made the worlds; who being the effulgence of his glory, and the very image of his substance, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had made purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high' (1^{1-3}). It is not putting an undue strain on the meaning of the words to suggest that the writer had some sense of the progressiveness of revelation. This idea is implied in the whole of his argument. If he held, as it is probable he did, that the law was given by the mediation of angels (cf. Gal 3^{19}), then in subordinating angels to the Son (1^{4-14} 2^{5-18}) he is placing law as well as prophets at a lower stage of revelation than the final and perfect stage in the Son. So also is Moses inferior to Christ (3^{3}), Joshua too ($4^{8.9}$), Aaron and his priesthood (7 ff.). To the comparison of Christ's priesthood, sacrifice, intercession, we must return in the last section: the thought that now must hold our attention is this, that in Christ, and Christ alone, revelation is final, and redemption complete.

(2) Recognizing a progress to Christ, he does not recognize a progress beyond Him. His evolutionism is not that of Hindu thought with its endless cycles, nor that of Herbert Spencer with his alternative evolution and devolution; and the reason is plain. In Christ the eternal has entered into the temporal, the divine into the human, the substance into the shadow. This truth he expresses in the language of his philosophy. Not only is the Son the heir of all things, through whom also God made the worlds, but He is also described as *ἀπάυγασμα τῆς δόξης καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ*. In Christ the seen ceases to be a shadow (*σκία*) of the unseen, but the very image (*αὐτὴν τὴν εἰκόνα*, 10^{1}), not an imperfect, partial reproduction, but a manifestation adequate to the reality itself. The glory is really in the effulgence, and the substance in the *impress* (R.V.m., a better rendering of *χαρακτὴρ* than 'image'). The figurative language is drawn from the physical realm, but the reality expressed is personal, ethical, spiritual, as we shall afterwards show. Nor do we need to linger on the metaphysics of the statement, for the philosophy in this Epistle is quite subordinate to the moral and religious experience. While the physical universe is a manifestation inferior to the world of ideas in the mind of God, while in previous history even of the divine revela-

tion and of human religion there had often been only shadow, and not yet substance, in Christ at last perfectly the substance had expressed itself in the very image adequate to it. It need hardly be pointed out that here the writer goes beyond his Platonic idealism, for in Plato the seen remains, and must always remain, only the shadow of the unseen, and never its very image.

(3) It is this adequacy of the image to the substance that explains the claim of finality ('at the end of these days,' 1^2) and permanence for the revelation and redemption in Christ. 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever' (13^8), because while fulfilling God's purpose in time, He Himself belongs to God's eternity. As is his wont, the writer blends practical exhortation and doctrinal exposition; and so the context of this declaration of the sameness of Jesus teaches that the truth has a twofold consequence for life. The Christian generations can all live by the same faith, because of its unchanging object (v.^{7}). The fashions of thought of the passing hour cannot claim the believers' acceptance, because the content of their thought must remain unchanged (v.^{9}). But it may be objected that such permanence involves stagnation, and excludes progress for the Christian Church. Some minds to-day are so obsessed by the idea of evolution, that they cannot allow the possibility even of rest, but insist on the necessity of movement in religion and morals. The writer's view does certainly exclude the setting aside of Christ as the object of faith, or the thinking of Him in altogether new and strange ways; but it does not exclude all progress, for on the one hand the object of faith is not a past creed, code, or ritual, but a present living person, and on the other, the subject of faith is a developing mind. Because Christ 'is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them' (7^{25}), the believing community as well as the individual believers have ever fresh experiences of His grace; and the history of the Church, in so far as it proves itself really His body, is the biography of Christ as Saviour and Lord. If we may seek light on one portion of Scripture from another, we may recall Christ's own words about the greater works of the believer because of His ascent to the Father (Jn 14^{12}); and conclude that Christ's permanence in includes progress for His Church. Again, if we recall the writer's striking combination, already discussed, πίστει νοοῦμεν (11^3), we may admit progress with permanence no less on the subjective than on the objective side. The πίστει is the permanent relation, the νοοῦμεν is the progressive understanding of that relation. As the writer used the philosophy of his own age, so has the Christian Church used changed thought to express and explain abiding truth.

Literature.

A. B. DAVIDSON.

When Professor James Strahan undertook to write a biography of *Andrew Bruce Davidson* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh, he knew very well that he was undertaking a task of extreme difficulty. Time was slipping past (he died in 1902), materials were scanty (he was neither diarist nor letter-writer), and above all every student of his was ready to criticize, not believing that justice could be done by any biographer to the exquisite combination of gifts and experience which made up his personality. Dr. Strahan undertook the work out of love, love as unquenchable as woman's. In the light of that unquenchable love for a teacher to whom so much was due that had made life good, the book is to be estimated.

No relative could have written more affectionately. And a relative would have had to discover weaknesses in order to avoid the charge of adulation. When Tennyson's memoir was published, Meredith said it was not a biography, it was an idolatry. One can say that of Dr. Strahan's life of Davidson without offence. For if a student, after four years of that daily attitude towards Professors which so easily passes from criticism to condemnation, still finds his Professor adorable, we accept it without resentment. Besides, in this case those who were never students of Davidson's, but knew him, invariably

wished to be counted among those who loved. Dr. Strahan has discovered but one exception, and characteristically makes something of it—to the disadvantage of the exception. Thus the biography owes its success to its unqualified and unrelieved appreciation.

For, strange to say, that unqualified and unrelieved appreciation offers us a man clearly realized and credible. It is not idolatry. The creature is not worshipped as Creator. This Professor of Hebrew maintains discipline in his class by no miracle. He hears the slightest sound; he knows its origin. He is quick to discover the meaning of a movement and to make use of a situation. The smart man delivers himself into his hands, the insincere finds no mercy. 'An old student, who had to demit his charge under the Inefficiency Act, came to him and said, "It will encourage you to know that I owe all my knowledge of the Old Testament to you." "Oh, it isn't worth mentioning." Another time the same gentleman said to him, "I wish to bring before you an intellectual difficulty, Dr. Davidson." The difficulty having been stated, the Professor said, "I don't know that I would call that an *intellectual* difficulty."

'A young Divinity student, "doubting at every pore," and probably rather proud of the achievement, called upon the Professor. He unfolded the long tale of his difficulties. The Professor must have detected something unreal or affected about his visitor, for he sat in silence. The young doubter came at last to the end of his recital and rose to go. Davidson had no objection, and saw him to the door. There the young man looked up at the sky, and said, "It's a lovely evening." "Oh," said Davidson incisively, with some trace of astonishment, "are you sure of *that*?"'

A bachelor and a student, he brought his widowed niece and her little children to his house in Edinburgh, and 'I think,' says the niece, 'that he was happy in those years. I know he used to sing as he came up from the tram.' 'Any one who visited him during the last two years of his life might find him with a book in his hand and a slumbering child in her cot beside him.'

PROFESSIONALISM.

What is the opposite of originality? Is it not plagiarism? No, says Dr. F. H. Hayward, it is professionalism. For professionalism is convention, and originality is creativeness; and these two are deadly enemies. Dr. Hayward feels their enmity so keenly that he has written a book for the sole purpose of exposing the faults of the professional. Its title is *Professionalism and Originality* (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net).

Dr. Hayward does not deny that there is some good in professionalism. 'It is one of the chief agents by which social heredity is handed down. Each great profession represents a certain mass of knowledge, and to enter the profession is to acquire this mass of knowledge.' More than that it is specialization, 'and all the affairs of life demand, at some point or other, specialist training. They are themselves special, not general: extracting teeth; teaching children arithmetic; mending an Otto gas engine; cooking a dinner; making a speech.' And still more, 'professionalism is a necessity for the individual, because it helps to make life worth living. The youth who grows up without the ability to do anything well can take no pride in himself, and can attain no happiness except such as he can extract from sensualism and excitement. This holds good whether he sell newspapers at street corners or patronize Ascot and Monte Carlo; and it holds good also of woman, whatever be the thrills she seeks—scandalmongery, beer-drinking, picture-shows, flirtations, divorcings, consulting West End fortune-tellers, or attending revivalistic or sacerdotal religious services.'

In spite of all that, and more than that, professionalism is an evil—the evil—in education, if not altogether in life. And to its condemnation and death (if possible), Dr. Hayward devotes the pages of this handsome octavo volume. He makes his statement—as that 'professionalism seeks to acquire power, privileges, and emoluments for itself'—and then he illustrates it by examples from the clergy, the lawyers, the doctors, and sometimes also as bureaucrats, critics, journalists, and statesmen. And always the offence is that professionalism is the enemy of originality.

The end is interesting. The one and only purely original person Dr. Hayward has discovered is the Lord Jesus Christ.

IDEALS.

A lecture on *National and International Ideals in the English Poets*, which Professor C. H. Her-

ford, M.A., Litt.D., delivered in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, has been published by Messrs. Longmans (1s. net). 'We may distinguish,' says Dr. Herford, 'three types of national ideal. In a complete and mature patriotism they will all be found; but, in patriotism as it has commonly been, and still for the most part is, one or other falls short. There is first, the "simple" patriotism of the warrior fighting and dying for his native land, and thinking that true glory. The cry of this patriotism is heard in the first beginnings of all national history, and is heard to the end. It was never more alive than it is in Europe to-day. But as a nation grows in strength and complexity, new problems emerge, for which this primitive patriotic passion offers no solution: problems of internal right, the struggle of sovereign and subjects, of privileged orders and the people, of rich and poor; it becomes evident that a nation secure from without may be shattered from within, and then perhaps for the first time fall an easy prey to an external foe. Thus arise more complex ideals of national well-being, which may lead men equally devoted to their country along different, even opposite paths; whole-hearted patriots are found on both sides in every civil war, as well as in the normal antagonisms of parties. But these ideals may still ignore everything outside the nation; they may be national in the narrow sense of those who regard the well-being of other nations only as it contributes to the power, wealth, or glory of their own; and it is possible, as we see in Germany to-day, for an ideal of national life to be extraordinarily developed in respect of its own internal organization, and yet on a very low plane in regard to the well-being of other nations. There remains then a third phase of national ideal, which regards the nation as fulfilling its function only when it acts as a member of the community of Man. This third phase, even from a strictly "national" point of view, marks an advance. For just as a man who wrongs his fellow-citizens will be apt to wrong his family, if only by loading them with privileges or luxuries beyond their due, so a nation which is unjust to other nations will be also deeply unjust to itself, if only by stimulating beyond measure those sides of its life, those elements of its strength, which serve only for aggression and expanse.'

The lecture then shows how the English poets have exalted one or the other of these ideals. It is in Swinburne and Meredith that he discovers the international ideal most clearly expressed.

SCIENCE AND THE FAITH.

We are not so desperately anxious now as we used to be to hail the approach to God of every possible scientific observer. We understand better what religion is and what science is. Nevertheless it is a good sign, and we shall welcome it, that a man of so distinguished a scientific reputation as Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, the President of University College, Cork, has thought good to write a book on *The Church and Science* (Catholic Truth Society; 7s. 6d. net) for the very purpose of showing that true science never does and never can touch our faith in the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, otherwise than by bowing in reverence before the glory of it.

In the Church of Rome the controversy between Science and Religion is still existent if not acute. And so Sir Bertram Windle goes carefully into the matters in dispute, one by one, not omitting the Days of Creation, in order to show that there is no real conflict. Is he somewhat hampered on the one side by Papal pronouncements, and on the other by the equally infallible declarations of certain scientific observers, that between science and the creed of the Church there can be no possible reconciliation? He meets both sides faithfully. The Catholic Creed is often misunderstood, the man of science often misunderstands himself. Rigidly restricting science to its own business, he shows that where religion touches that province it is never to dogmatize independently but simply to use the facts which science has discovered, or perhaps, without thinking of science at all, to accept the open and popular observation of the senses. He is willing to let science speak with authority within its own sphere of influence; without that sphere he claims that religion is supreme and can speak with no less authority.

Sir Bertram Windle recognizes one antagonism which has not yet been sufficiently dissolved. It is the antagonism between creation and evolution. Is it an antagonism that is irreducible? He does not think so. The Church must accept many small facts which hitherto it has ignored or denied; science must accept one great fact—the fact of a creative God. But it is largely, as usual,

a matter of misunderstanding. So this is the way in which the book closes:

'Above all, let us exhibit humility when we come to regard God as well as His creation. Catholics, of course, exhibit such humility in face of the mysteries of their Faith; but there is a kind of shallow mind, which thinks—and even sometimes says—that one should not believe anything one cannot understand—an attitude of mind which would certainly limit one's beliefs. It is only common sense to say that if we could understand God and all His ways, either He would not be God or we should all be gods. Tennyson's philosophy on that point was accurate and sound:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The quotation may be hackneyed, but it is none the less apposite.

'Let us learn humility and patience from Science if we learn nothing else; but we shall miss its greatest lesson if it fails to teach us the greatness of the Creator, from whose Idea all these wonders took their origin.'

APPLIED SOCIOLOGY.

'Sociology is the study of man and his human environment in their relation to each other.' There are two departments of sociology, the theoretical and the practical. Theoretical sociology 'studies phenomena, ascertains facts, and establishes laws and principles. It has no object in view beyond the acquirement of knowledge.' Practical or applied sociology takes advantage of the knowledge thus acquired and uses it to serve some human purpose. The one is more of a science, the other is more of an art.

Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild's book is an *Outline of Applied Sociology* (Macmillan). His business is to examine 'the human relationships of modern civilized societies with the avowed purpose of evaluating them, of distinguishing helpful tendencies and forces from those which are pernicious, and of devising means to perpetuate that which is good, to eliminate that which is bad, and to reshape the social organization the better to serve human welfare. Just as the applied sciences in the material field seek to control and direct the forces of nature for conscious ends, so applied sociology seeks to manipulate social forces to accomplish human desires. Both are absolutely dependent on the forces which exist; neither can escape from the domination of these forces, nor go a step further than the forces make possible. But both can control and direct the forces, so that they operate as dynamic agents for human welfare, rather than as unconstrained and vagrant powers of evil.'

He holds with Professor Sumner that 'all human action springs ultimately from the feelings, and the resultant social phenomena may consistently be classified on the basis of the feeling from which they originate.' He accordingly classifies social phenomena into 'four great groups of social activities. The feelings are hunger, love, vanity, and what is, in its simplest form, the fear of ghosts. The activities which result may be enumerated as the self-maintenance of society, the self-perpetuation of society, the self-gratification of society, and the mental reactions—religion, science, philosophy, etc.'

Within the last group falls Religion, which is treated as a wholly human product. Professor Fairchild is unaware that the 'ghost-theory' has been given up by anthropologists. He is unaware that no competent student of religion now studies it in its primitive forms in order to obtain the most scientific data for his generalizations. But the phenomena of Religion occupy small space in the book and cannot be said to affect the value of its conclusions. Very useful, on the other hand, are the chapters dealing with sin in its economic aspects. And the distinction between sin, crime, and vice deserves careful consideration. There are only two kinds of economic vice worth mentioning, he says—gluttony and gambling.

Near the end, Professor Fairchild makes an appeal for the modernization of the language in which the Gospel is offered to the people. We live in cities now, and the 23rd Psalm is scarcely intelligible. We must call Christ, not Lord, Lord of Hosts [where is He so called?], Master, King, Prince, Leader; but employer, manager, president, entrepreneur, representative. 'The great problem,' he says, 'is how to interpret religious truths in the light of new conditions, how to disseminate new

views without the loss of devotion and the sense of authority, and how to enable the everyday man to abandon cherished religious concepts without abandoning religion itself. In the way of progress stands ever the hide-bound sectarian, singing at the top of his lungs, "It's the old-time religion, and it's good enough for me."'

He gives this illustration: 'On a busy street corner in Boston stands a large brick church building. Its architecture is solid and sober, its walls are adorned with stained glass windows, and its towering spire points heavenward. But covering the sides of the building are flamboyant posters announcing to all that pass by that within may be seen "The World in Motion," that there is a "High-Class and Refined Entertainment for Man, Woman, and Child," and that the "Program is Changed Daily." The temple of the Most High is now dedicated to the Genius of the Movies. And the most significant aspect of the matter is that whereas, when the edifice ceased to be devoted to its original purpose, it was probably attracting a few scattered handfuls of attendants once or twice on Sunday, it now draws crowds every afternoon and evening—and they pay to get in. It is evident that the managers of the building are now "giving the people what they want."

'How shall the church give the people what they want, and how shall the people be made to want what the church ought to give them? These are the problems of the Christian church in an industrial democracy of the twentieth century.'

A LITERARY LIFE.

Authors and travellers are soon forgotten. We believe that we have seen the name Charles MacFarlane in an occasional biography. But the recollection is not definite. And yet he wrote a considerable number of books, including, he tells us, five-sixths of Knight's Pictorial History of England, which appeared, as we know, in eight large, closely printed volumes in double column, 'equal to at least thirty-two volumes of the common octavo editions of Hume and Smollett.' He died in 1858, in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, as the euphonious phrase is, which he himself attributed to this very History of England and its editor, Charles Knight. His words are: 'Through him—and I may say almost entirely through him—I find myself, in fast-coming old age, and with many and increasing infirmities, *dépourvu de tout*, a ruined man. But I repeat, I nourish no spite, I scarcely feel resentment. I would say, "May peace be with my old ally!"—but Charles Knight will never know peace on this side the grave.' Before he died he wrote his reminiscences, but did not find a publisher.

In the spring of last year Mr. John F. Tattersall, running over the catalogue of an antiquarian bookseller in Derby, came upon the offer of two quarto MS. volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane. He had never heard the name, but he looked into the MS., to find that it contained recollections of Shelley, Keats, Hartley Coleridge, Harriet Martineau, and others whom he *had* heard of. He determined to edit the book, and Mr. John Murray undertook the publication of it. The title is *Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Charles MacFarlane, 1799–1858, Author and Traveller; with an Introduction by John F. Tattersall* (10s. 6d. net).

It is the best kind of autobiography. For the author rarely says anything directly about himself, but never says anything about any one else without revealing his own character. As traveller and author and good story-teller he met many of the literary men and women of his day, and dined often in the houses of the well-to-do. He took no notes, having a conscientious objection to the whole Boswell tribe. But he had a retentive memory. And he is able to record conversations that are likely enough. And of course he tells many stories that are both good and true.

Here is one—it is told in the words of his friend Stewart Rose: 'I could tell you many stories about this crazy squire. Like myself, he belonged to the Hampshire Yeomanry—I was Captain and he a Lieutenant in that warlike corps; and I remember that he was always tumbling off his horse, or breaking our line, or riding over the trumpeter, or getting into some other scrape. When all the Forest, and all the country along that coast, was ringing with alarms of invasion and reports that Bony was coming, he said to me, one fine hot summer's day, as we were riding home from exercise, "Rose, let them come! I will settle them. I have hit upon such a plan!" "What is it?" asked I. "Listen," said he; "you know something of our Forest flies, and how they sting? Well, I have bottled a pretty good lot

already; I shall bottle more as my people catch them. I hope soon to have a binful." "I see," said I; "when the French cavalry land, you will meet them near the beach and uncork your bottles?" "Just so," replied my squire exultingly, "and I should like to see how they would stand it!"'

MacFarlane had his likes and dislikes. Of all the literary people whom he ever met he seems to have disliked Harriet Martineau and to have liked Viscount Hardinge the most. Here is a pleasant picture of Hardinge after the battle of Ferozeshah: 'When the surgeons and their assistants were preparing to perform the necessary amputations, his lordship, with his son Charles, went through the ward, to comfort and encourage the patients. One poor fellow, quite a young man, said it was hard, at his time of life, to lose a leg. "Oh!" said Sir Henry, "here is my son Charles who lost a leg long before he was your age, and yet you see how well and active he is, and how well he can walk and ride!" Another poor soldier moaned at the idea of having an arm cut off. "Courage, my fine fellow!" said Sir Henry. "You see that I have but one hand myself. I lost the other at Ligny, thirty years ago, and you see I have lived to be Governor-General of India. A man may do a great many things with one hand, and a great many more with only one leg."'

The picture of most interest is that which describes Hartley Coleridge. We do not know that there is a more graphic description of that much handicapped genius anywhere.

If a man die, shall he live again? Probably not, thinks Mr. Samuel Waddington. And into his new book, *Some Views respecting a Future Life* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net) he has gathered the opinions of a great many men who agree with him. Most of them are materialists, like the late Sir Hiram Maxim, who says, in Mr. Waddington's quotation, that 'as far as the soul, the mind, or the spiritual part is concerned, this, like electricity, is only a *condition of matter*; it is not eternal in the same sense that matter is.' Those who are not materialists are quoted and refuted, such as Professor Sayce and Mr. A. C. Benson. But here there are omissions, some of them startling. There is no mention of Jesus in the book, though Confucius is in it and Buddha and Plato and Lucretius.

What is Mr. Waddington's object? Merely to remove all hope of a life to come? Not so. It is to make us live this life well. He thinks that we fail to do our best here in the belief that we will do better there. He would have us do our best here. As for the *necessity* of a future life in order to right the present, he does not believe in it. He agrees with Huxley that 'the ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.'

In *Records of a Rectory Garden* (Longmans; 2s. net) is told the story of a fine country boy called Christopher, whose life was (lucky for him!) spent among the roses, the limes, the lilies, and the holly-bushes. The boy and the bushes are so friendly and so sincere that you love them all and love them together.

One of the best books ever written on the Ministry is a book entitled 'My Priesthood.' The author calls himself a priest, which some of us may think him foolish to do, but there is no priestly offence in the book. It touches the conscience, it stimulates the will, at every step. The author of that book, the Rev. Walter J. Carey, has now written a companion volume for the laity. He calls it *My Ideals of Religion* (Longmans; 1s. net). Again it is sincere, searching, edifying. There is much personal experience in it, and it is offered with both modesty and conviction.

The Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., who writes a Preface to *Sponsa Christi* by Mother St. Paul of the House of Retreats, Birmingham (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), approves of nuns writing books for nuns. For 'a woman's piety is not quite a man's piety.' It is, then, a book of Meditations for 'the Religious' who are women. Its aim is to make them true brides of Christ—perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect. Mr. Rickaby says 'There is a refreshing originality about these Meditations, and many shafts are aimed in them that will go home. The best thing about them is the high standard on which they insist.'

The controversy about Reservation has made the interpretation of the Sacraments a matter of

urgent importance. The Rev. Arthur J. Tait, D.D., Principal of Ridley Hall, has taken the occasion to write a book on *The Nature and Functions of the Sacraments* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is written from the evangelical standpoint, but Dr. Tait will allow us to say that the evangelical attitude to the Sacramental Principle as expressed by him is very different from that which an earlier generation would have represented it to be. There is no loss of essential truth, we think; there is gain of penetration and perhaps of true devotion. Even the chapter on 'The Real Presence,' firmly attached as it is to the spiritual as the only true Presence, has a temper which is as welcome as it is new.

If any man is likely to commend the doctrines of grace to the student of physical science, that man is the Rev. Stewart A. McDowall, B.D., Chaplain and Assistant Master at Winchester College. His new book is short and superficial—if that word can be used without disparagement. For he deliberately leaves out the difficult things, in order that he may gain a hearing for the essential. He leaves out the difficulties even in the essentials. But he promises to return. The title of the book is *Seven Doubts of a Biologist* (Longmans; 1s. net).

Messrs. Marshall Brothers have issued a strongly worded (and no doubt keenly felt) 'tribute to the Grand Fleet and the Grand Fleet's Commander' by Marie Corelli. The title is *Eyes of the Sea* (1s. net). Is it all praise? Not all. There is one weakness which has to be named. But even as she names it, the author is hopeful. For 'Here WE come in!—we of the Sailors' Society—We, who are doing our utmost, and persuading others also to do their utmost, to create bright home centres for our brave defenders and "Eyes of the Sea" at all the large ports of the world, where as we say and repeat over and over again—"a cheery loving welcome, clean beds, good food, baths, healthy recreation and happy environment are offered." In all cases better than the "bottle at home," isn't it! And now Mrs. Lloyd George, one of the kindest, sweetest and cheeriest of women, with her warm-hearted ways and compelling smile, is interesting herself earnestly, prayerfully and hopefully in the prospering of all the useful sections of this radiating "Society," which, like a lighthouse set on the rocks of peril, sends forth its rays of cheer, indicating "home and safety"—so that perchance the "thief" seeking entrance to "Jack's" mouth may be repulsed at the door and refused admission!'

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D., believes in advertising the Gospel. He commends a book by the Rev. G. C. Beach, M.A., entitled *So Fight I* (Scott; 2s. net), in that the author of it 'sets forth the Truth in an arresting fashion,' using 'the passing incidents and familiar watchwords of the great war to bring home the facts of the greater conflict in such a way as to secure the attention and interest of many who could not be made to listen to the ordinary sermon.' So the book is a volume of sermons, but not of ordinary sermons. If the sermons it contains were arresting to the hearer they are so printed as to be no less arresting to the reader. And all for the Gospel's sake.

Few men have been fitted to speak to their generation words so faithful and true as the Rev. W. L. Walker, D.D. His books are the cherished possession of those to whom they have come publishing peace. Even on the War, and after all that has been written regarding the lessons to be learnt from it, he has something fresh and invigorating to say.

The title of his new book is *The War, God and Our Duty* (Scott; 2s. net). It has two sub-titles, these: (1) 'The Struggle viewed in the Light of the Reality of God,' and (2) 'Comfort for the Sorrowing and Hope for the Slain.' Together, title and sub-titles express its object clearly. And what they promise it fulfils.

Let us see what answer he has to give to one poignant question. 'We reap the benefits of those sacrifices; but surely we ought to ask ourselves seriously, *What of those who made them? Has our gain been their eternal loss?* We think of the thousands who have died, the greater number young lives, many of them by costly toil well equipped for other service, full of rich promise for a future they can never see on earth—a possession and a promise wholly and for ever lost if death ends all for them. But if death ends all for *them* it is also the end of all for the whole of us, and in that case all the sacrifices that have been made will be for no good to any one in the long run.

These lives have been laid down in sacrifice for the sake of others; let us say, for the sake of generations that are to follow. But Science assures us that *all life* on the earth must some time come to an end and the human race itself perish from off it. In that case, what ultimate sense or meaning would there be in those sacrifices that would thus come to nothing and be for no one's benefit in the end? All would be *at last* as if they had never been made. God seems to-day to be making it impossible for us to entertain such a belief. Indeed, what ultimate value or meaning would there be for human life itself if there be no destiny for the individual beyond the grave? We cannot think seriously of those sacrifices and believe that there is nothing remaining for those who make them. We feel it to be far more reasonable, in spite of all appearances, to say:

> "For still we hope,
> That in a world of wider scope,
> What here is faithfully begun
> Shall be completed; not undone."'

Under the title of *Mine Hour* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net) Miss Gertrude Hollis publishes a devotional companion to Holy Week. The thoughts that have come to her regarding the incidents of that Week are simply expressed, and the writer never obtrudes herself between us and the Saviour. Let us read and meditate.

The Ven. J. H. Srawley, D.D., Archdeacon of Wisbech, has edited *The Catechetical Oration of St. Gregory of Nyssa* for the 'Early Church Classics' series of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (2s. net). It is a cheap book, but it has cost the author much labour. For Dr. Srawley does nothing without doing it finally. In the Introduction he discusses three things—the Occasion and Date of the Catechetical Oration, Gregory of Nyssa as a Theologian, and the Editions and Text of the Treatise. The translation is occasionally illustrated by footnotes.

It is natural that in these days preachers should preach on *The Christian Armour* described in Eph 6^{10-18}. Not many months ago Dr. J. H. Jowett published a volume of sermons on the subject. Now Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, issues another (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). It is scarcely a volume of sermons perhaps; it is rather a volume of materials for sermons. Dr. Murray himself calls it 'Studies.' There is, of course, accurate exegesis. There is also illustration, including anecdote. There is the appeal to the conscience, direct and unerring. And there is over all the atmosphere of devotion.

A volume has been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, containing the 'Christian Faith and Practice' Series of National Mission Papers. The Series is divided into four groups. The first group is collected by the Rev. C. C. B. Bardsley; the second by three members of the English Church Union, whose names are not given; the third by the Rev. W. Temple; and the fourth by Professor Scott Holland. Each group contains from fourteen to twenty-five papers, and as the groups so also the papers vary in length. Let us take the third paper in the first group as a fair example of the whole. Its author is Bishop Moule and its title is Conversion. Within three pages Dr. Moule succeeds in telling us what Conversion is, what it does for us, and the demand that it makes upon the disciple as well as upon the open sinner. The title of the volume is *Christian Faith and Practical Papers* (2s. 6d. net).

Mr. George Preston Mains has written a plain popular conservative and yet modern book on the evidential value of *Religious Experience* (Abingdon Press; $1.25). It is not a student's book; rather is it written for easy reading by those who, without violence, would have their half-formed ideas completed, or their half-beliefs strengthened. One feature is the appropriate and sometimes very telling use of quotation.

The menace of war has now become *The Menace of Peace*, and under that title Dr. George D. Herron has published a strong protest (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). He quotes Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University: 'The one ray of hope out of the darkness is that this war may, because of the inherent forces at work, necessarily end in a draw.' And he answers, If so, the sacrifice has been in vain. The question is, What are the Allies fighting for? They are fighting for the will to love; they are fighting against the will to power.

Divine Humanity is the title which Mr. Alexander Pym has given to a book in which he sets forth a short answer to the chief of the theological problems of our time (Bennett; 5s. net). It is a book for the laity—the laity in theology—well-informed and well-written. It is at once critical and constructive. The following passage on the Fall will make its manner and its worth manifest.

'In considering the question of sin we must take into account the apparent inconsistency existing between the scientific account of man's ascent from the animal world and the Biblical account of a fall. Whereas biology regards man as the supreme development of ages of evolution, theology sees in him a partial failure. In the one case sin is the inevitable result of inexperience; in the other of wilful perversity. From the one point of view sin ushers in a new and brilliant epoch, signifying that the animal stage of instinctive action is passing away: from the other it is a terrible lapse of human nature and attended by far-reaching consequences. In any attempt to reconcile these two different aspects it must be remembered—first, that the course of evolution, though in the main upward, was irregular; secondly, that Adam, though sinless, was physically and spiritually undeveloped; and thirdly, that the narrative of man's temptation and fall, as given in Genesis, is strictly allegorical. It is in this last consideration that the difficulty or solution lies:—difficulty, if a literal meaning is insisted upon; solution, if interpreted according to its obvious character. The truth which the allegory would seem to convey is that sin is a direct act of disobedience; it is hardly fair to press parallelisms in detail. The biological and theological points of view then are supplementary, as always. The one, which regards moral evil as the precursor of a new era of progress and as the unavoidable consequence of an animal ancestry, though true to a certain extent, is inadequate in that it fails to take account of human initiative. This defect is corrected by the other which declares that at some point in the course of evolution, as man stood at the dawn of human history with a newly awakened consciousness and a nascent sense of responsibility, his powers were equal to the task of regulating the fierce instincts of animal passion; but that in defiance of the ruling motive of the universe he wilfully identified himself with the sensuous rather than the spiritual.'

Picus who is also Zeus—that is the title of one of Dr. Rendel Harris's recent volumes (Cambridge: at the University Press). Who is likely to read it? Any one. Every one. It is all about the cult of the woodpecker—could anything be further away from your interests and mine? Yet any one may read it. Every one will read it who has the opportunity of looking into it. 'In such an investigation,' says Dr. Rendel Harris, at one stage of his progress, 'our first care is to avoid dulness.' Yes, that is the secret. He avoids dulness always. Oh that the preacher with so interesting a theme as the Gospel of the blessed God would avoid dulness as surely as this writer with his out-of-the-way and unattractive theme of the cult of the woodpecker!

Note one point. In his 'History of Scotland' (i. 27) Professor Hume Brown says that the Scottish King Girig or Grig who reigned from 877 to 900 earned the title of 'Liberator of the Scottish Church.' Then he proceeds: 'On the strength of this reputation, whatever it may have implied, Girig acquired a posthumous fame far beyond that of his fellows. In the narratives of the later Scottish historians Girig grew into Gregory the Great, a paragon of princes, an Alfred and Charlemagne combined; and is still commemorated in the familiar name of St. Cyrus.'

That is to say Cyrus is a corruption of Girig or Grig, which is not disputed. Nor is it disputed that Girig or Grig became Gregory, for on one of the stones standing where once the ancient church of St. Cyrus stood there may still be read the words 'Ecclesia Gregoria.' Moreover the parish of St. Cyrus was once called Ecclesgreig, and the name still belongs to the chief estate in it. Thus St. Cyrus is St. Girig is St. Gregory is Ecclesia Gregoria is Ecclesgreig. And when the omniscient inhabitant, who is always at hand, tells you that Ecclesgreig is Eagle's Craig, you do not give heed to him.

But then comes Dr. Rendel Harris. And he says that Ecclesgreig is probably Ecclescraig, which is crag or hill of the woodpecker. For the eccle is the omnipresent woodpecker, which has left its name in Ecclefechan ('little eccle'), Carlyle's birthplace, and elsewhere, and 'it will

be seen that the Church will have to retire from the ownership of some of the places.'

In the Time of War (Paisley: Gardner; 6d. net) is the title of a volume containing three sermons 'from a Parish Pulpit.' The preacher's name is withheld. Why is it withheld? He cannot be ashamed of these earnest spiritual discourses. He cannot be afraid that he is not patriotic enough when he dares to be so Christlike.

Must not each one continually be asking himself, 'Am I doing all I can to spread the truth revealed to me, to bring in upon earth that perfect justice and co-operation which Jesus called the Kingdom of God?' The question is asked by Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree, B.A., in a little book which he has called *Co-operation or Chaos* (Headley Brothers; 6d net). He is concerned with the things that have brought this war upon us and the things that will follow after it. How shall we meet our responsibilities when the men return, our industrial responsibilities, our social responsibilities? His one answer is co-operation. And that answer he supports by fact and argument. For he is in dead earnest about the matter and speaks of that which he knows.

The question of the place to be given to women in the Church is already a burning one, and it is not likely to cool for some time. For many people it is settled by the Apostolic precept and practice. How can we find that out? The answer is by reading a book entitled *Women in the Apostolic Church*, written by the Rev. T. B. Allworthy, M.A., B.D. (Cambridge: Heffer; 3s. net). Mr. Allworthy is an exact scholar and a deep thinker. He has his convictions on this subject, formed by study of the New Testament and of the best literature, but he lays the whole of the evidence before us so clearly that we may form our own convictions independently. If this fine book is discovered and widely circulated it will remove much harmful prejudice and sensibly hasten the time when the will of God shall in this matter also be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

That the War will separate us from the German people throughout the rest of our mortal life seems certain now and the pity of it is great. But it is good, and it is true, that it will attach us to our allies. We shall know them better and knowledge will in every case bring sympathy and understanding. Let us welcome every effort that is made to bring us to a better knowledge. Let us welcome most heartily a book on *The Religions of our Allies* which has been written by the Rev. John A. Duke, B.D., Minister of Morningside United Free Church, Edinburgh (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). It is readable and it is reliable.

God's Discipline in the World.

By the Rev. R. W. Harding, B.D., Cambridge.

'Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares?'—Mt 13^{27}.

Commentators are divided about the application of this parable. The older, and more general view is that it refers to the course of discipline in the Church. Long and bitter controversies have raged round it between moderate men, and men of the 'Root and Branch' type who would forcibly purge the Church of all unreal members. A little reflection, however, shows that our Lord had a wider community in view. 'The field is the world,' not the Church. The 'harvest' is the sifting judgment at 'the end of the world,' and all New Testament analogy points to the fact that that judgment will be for all men, and not simply for those who professedly belong to the community of God's elect. We are therefore justified in supposing that our Lord was here indicating the course of Divine discipline in history, and in the affairs and destiny of the world.

The parable is an illustration of the fact that Jesus was not the idle dreamer, the Utopian visionary, of some of His critics. He was open-eyed to facts. He recognized both good and evil

as realities, and as present together in the world. It is important to notice that He teaches here—

1. *That God intended the world to be a good place to live in.* The world is *His* field, and in it He sowed good seed. This is in line with the unanimous verdict of Scripture. When God created the universe He saw that it was good, very good. There is a 'light that lighteneth every man coming into the world.' The Gospel of the glory of the Blessed God is to be proclaimed to every man, on the assumption that in every man there is that which will understand its appeal. 'In the image of God created he man.'

The teaching is in line also with the essential Nature of Things. Disobedience, whether to the laws of morals or of nature, brings with it discord, distress, and pain. It is true to say that if every one were good, all would be at least happier, if not happy; and it is also true that if every one were only selfish and wicked, the world would be an intolerable place. So it is evident that the intention of the world is good and not evil, and he who pleads that here there is no chance for goodness, forgets that virtue is ranged on the side of the essential laws of the universe. The good in men and things may be latent, but nothing is more surprising than the way in which it crops up above the surface at the call of some supreme duty, or under the sunny influence of Divine grace. Let those who remember the last months of 1914 bear witness. Something has gone wrong with the world, but if it were entirely as God made it, it would be entirely good.

2. In the second place our Lord teaches that *evil, though found everywhere, is everywhere a trespasser.* The good seed was sown first, but 'while men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat.' It is a picture of the darkest and most malicious hatred. Every word points to the cowardice and treachery of the deed. The enemy 'sowed over'—scattered broadcast—his darnel. When both wheat and tares appeared, they would be much alike up to the stage when they had their roots thoroughly intertwined, when to root up one would destroy the other. It was, too, more than a mere attempt to spoil the crop; it was a plot to foul the field itself, and so to pervert the nature of men and things that good would never again have a chance to grow here at all. There is here a hint of an antagonism far more elemental than the antipathy between good men and bad. He who had come from behind the scenes and from the secrets of Eternity said, 'An enemy'—not of man merely, but of God Himself—'an enemy hath done this.' In His later exposition our Lord said, 'The enemy that sowed the tares is the devil.' Now that has, of late, been an unpopular saying. There has never been an article in the Creed that runs, 'I believe in the devil.' The existence of such an one would raise philosophical difficulties that would be too utterly disturbing. So, in extreme reaction from the superstition of our fathers, we have even said that, after all, evil is only a phase of the process of education; it would appear, could one see all, that it is even only another form of good. We are far too broad-minded to believe nowadays in the Devil.

Yet, if words mean anything, Jesus believed in his existence. You can hear Him telling the story of His temptation and beginning with 'I was forty days in the wilderness, being tempted of the devil.' Or, 'I beheld Satan, as lightning, fallen from heaven.' He spoke of a fate prepared for 'the devil and his agents.' Always in the expression of the thoughts of our Lord, the Devil appears as the author of and prime mover in evil. Now if Jesus is right, we have here just a glimpse of a most titanic conflict, waged often silently, sometimes tempestuously, between God, who is infinite Good, and Satan, the master of all malignant forces, who is sworn to spoil not only God's good seed, but God's good field, and so to dethrone and destroy God Himself. And really, when you come to think, is not this the simplest explanation of such a world as that in which we are now living? How else are we to explain the brutality and madness of Central Europe? How else are we to explain the dominance of the drink in England? 'An enemy hath done this,' and we are slow to recognize this malignant foe, because it is part of his programme to 'go away' after he has sown his fatal tares, but the tares are his nevertheless.

While there is an almost paralysing solemnity in the thought of this age-long conflict, there is also a great hope. To many people the conflict seems to mean that God is already defeated. But defeat never is assured till victory is complete. And where good and evil grow together conflict is inevitable. The present days show to any one who has eyes that God is alive and at work. His flaming banners are afloat through earth and sky,

and His bugles call to all who have ears to hear.

Of course, 'the servants of the householder' are naturally in perplexity. Their first thought is that of the uprooting of the tares. The impossibility of the task leaves them helpless. Even the present War, righteous as we feel it to be, will not, in the best issue, eliminate evil from Europe. What then is to be done? Is there no end to the struggle between sin and goodness? Are we to accept evil as ineradicable?

3. Our Lord's answer to this is clear and simple. *The conflict moves on to an appointed end*—'the time of the harvest.' Harvest-time will bring into evidence the difference between the wheat and the poisonous darnel. That means the fixing of individual character. The judgment is always present, here and now, in this respect. Even now God, by the hands of time and of habit, is sorting out the grain. The struggle, which is so gigantic under the aspect of eternity, is equally real and decisive in the little world of a man's own heart. It were well for him to pray most earnestly for the cleansing of his own life, even if he cannot uproot the tares from the larger sphere. But it is not to this that our Lord immediately refers. The Final Judgment, the Great Assize, was always in the background of His thought, and often became a prominent topic in His teaching. It is to this that He expressly points here, and in two of its aspects. The first is the fate of the tares and the wheat. 'Gather up the tares . . . to burn them.' That sounds like Hell. 'But,' says some one, 'you must not mention such a word in a church. It is neither polite nor true.' In other words, the less fear there is in religion, and in our attitude to sin, the more likely are we to forsake the last and turn to God. Yet, somehow, Jesus speaks a great deal about a terrible fate awaiting the permanently rebellious, and the rest of the N.T. is by no means silent about it. The commonest verdict of the soldier in hospital about the Western Front is—'It is not war, it is murder, it's Hell.' We have put away this rough thought, till the fear of it has ceased to be a reality. But supposing it should after all be a reality! Suppose Jesus did, after all, mean what He said, when He taught that there was destruction and disaster—not material fire, but something worse—awaiting those who were stumbling-blocks and workers of iniquity, those who either passively or actively resisted His Kingdom! Is it not the usual thing to do with tares, to burn them? Who are we, to soften down the terrors of the Lord, and to make Him simply the personification of Good Nature, when Jesus warns us, and when history in the making warns us, that He has not thrown away His rod? It is very meet and right for us to refuse to believe that God is vindictive, but we must believe—and this is the second aspect of Christ's teaching about the Judgment—that He intends to save the crop and to cleanse the field. In the new heaven and the new earth there will dwell righteousness, and righteousness alone. While we tremble when His judgments are abroad, let us also rejoice; for He has told us that by a special intervention of the King Himself, His good purpose, which we so feebly struggle to work out, shall be vindicated, and all flesh shall see it together.

And what of the wheat? 'Gather it into my barn.' For what, if not for a fresh and more fruitful sowing? We are all in bitterness now for our dear lads who have so suddenly been cut down. The best of them were those who loved God most, and would have been of untold service in His Kingdom. But would they have been so, *could* they any more than we, if the world had gone on in its luxury and easy self-indulgence? Surely they are not wasted, but garnered for a better soil, and a more noble fruitage. A cultured Christian student who lost her only brother writes: 'Somehow the next world seems a cheerful place when one thinks of all those gallant boys there.' And not only is the next world more cheerful. The harassed band of the Householder's servants here should take heart of grace when they think of the innumerable host of unseen helpers whom God is holding in reserve for the service they so dearly loved here, and which they view with such clear eyes yonder.

'Our boys who have shown us God,' says Mr. Britling. It is true. There is new hope for the Church, a new destiny for the world, if only we who also love and serve our God will put on His whole armour, and come to His help against the mighty forces of evil that even now assault His throne. To be a Christian is to be out for heroic effort, for ceaseless toil and vigil, for the most devoted obedience. The bugles call. 'He that hath ears, let him hear.'

The Destination of the First Epistle of Peter.

By the Rev. F. H. Durnford, Burra, S. Australia.

'Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia.'

The first verse of the first chapter of the First Epistle of Peter consists in the Greek of thirteen words. But behind and in those thirteen words, as in all the words of the New Testament, there is a great deal more than appears at the first reading of them. And here one is led to ask this question, How far are expositions and explanations of the texts of the Bible really needed? What is the real value of the commentary? How much, for instance—to take an example from the thirteen words referred to—need we know about the five places mentioned in the Epistle? How far is it worth the while of the average Biblical reader to know exactly where Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia are?

When the reader of a commentary on a book of the Bible spends much time in learning about such a point, and the author of the commentary still more time, is that time well spent? The answer to that question may be given in the following way.

(1) Of all the sciences which illuminate the text of Holy Scripture few throw greater light on it than the Science of Historical Geography. Works such as G. A. Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, or C. F. Kent's *Biblical Geography and History*, are of the utmost value for a right interpretation of the Bible.

(2) In the particular case of the five places in question, a more careful inquiry into their history reveals much about the conditions of the times when the First Epistle of Peter and the other books of the New Testament were written.

The words have been, as a matter of fact, commentated on by famous scholars.

Ramsay has written the five articles on the places in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. Bigg in the 'International Critical Commentary' thought it worth while to write special pages about them in his introduction. And Hort, in his famous unfinished work on 1 Peter, wrote a special Excursus on the Provinces of Asia Minor, included in St. Peter's Address. What a wealth of valuable information about the History and Organization of the Early Church can be obtained from the mass of material contained in those three lots of writings.

(3) All five names occur in other places in the New Testament, which fact alone opens up a wider field to the reader. For one of the best ways of commentating on a word in the Bible is to note where it occurs in different texts, and how often it is used in the Bible as a whole.

(4) If some one should say, 'Other things are more important,' there need not be any fear that other great Church matters like the Cause of Missions, or Social Service at home, will suffer through Christians spending their time in Biblical study.

It is a remarkable fact how zeal for such matters goes hand in hand with scholarship and minute inquiry. Few men have done more for the Anglican Church, whether in Foreign Missions or Social Service at home, than Brooke Foss Westcott—yet it was Westcott who edited the New Testament, and in his commentaries would toil over the most minute detail.

So far then from thinking it not worth while—or getting Biblical study out of proportion to other things—to inquire minutely, the student will find it most profitable to make exhaustive inquiries into Biblical words—even into the names of provinces and islands. To take one instance. It adds more interest to the field which St. Barnabas sold for the benefit of the Church when we know—as Furneaux has pointed out for us in his recent work on the Acts—that Cyprus was a favourite residential spot and the land there was more valuable.

Let us then consider the five districts to which Peter addresses his letter. Pontus and Bithynia go closely together. For in the first century A.D. the Roman province of Bithynia was officially known as Bithynia Pontus. This consisted of the northern part of what is now Asia Minor—forming the southern shore of the Black Sea. Pontus was the ancient kingdom of Mithridates, and on its shores were the ports of Amastris, Sinope, and Amisos.

The river Halys ran through part of the province. Pontus is mentioned in two other places in the New Testament. In Ac 2^9 it is recorded that dwellers in Pontus were among the devout men from every nation under heaven who were assembled at Jerusalem for the feast of Pentecost. Inhabitants, then, of the country to which Peter was addressing his letter, would have already heard Peter in his speech at Jerusalem. This would apply also to the dwellers in the provinces of Cappadocia and Asia who were also at Jerusalem on the occasion of the first Whitsunday. Then Pontus is mentioned again in Ac 18^2. When 'Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth, he found a certain Jew named Aquila, a man of Pontus by race, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had commanded all the Jews to depart from Rome; and because he was of the same trade, he abode with them, and they wrought; for by their trade they were tent-makers.'

Aquila, though in recent times resident in Rome, was a provincial from Pontus, and not one who originally belonged to the city. Ramsay—in an interesting note on the name of Pontus in the New Testament—points out that he was not, as some have thought, a slave from Pontus who had been set free—a Roman freedman—as the edict of Claudius expelling the Jews would not have applied to him if he had been a Roman freedman. Being a Jew by nation, a provincial residing at Rome, he was expelled by the terms of the edict. It is interesting also to know that Pontus was like Cilicia, a district with abundant pasturage for goats, and numbered tent-making among its industries. It may be remarked—though the point is not of great importance—that the name Pontus was used in an official sense, meaning the Roman province of Bithynia Pontus, and also in a geographical and more popular sense, meaning the ancient kingdom of Polemon, and other regions as well. But as Ramsay says: 'In 1 P 1^1 Pontus is clearly the province. Few could doubt this, and Hort has proved it beyond question in his posthumous edition of part of this Epistle.'

The name Galatia is, one need scarcely say, a well-known one in the New Testament, and, as we have seen, dwellers from Cappadocia would have heard St. Peter preach at Pentecost. The Roman province of Asia included all the western part of Asia Minor from Bithynia in the north to Lycia in the south. It may be noted that a convenient map of these districts is to be found in the Extra Volume of Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*.

One other name yet remains to be commentated on—and that perhaps the most interesting of all—Bithynia, for it was a word to be afterwards made famous in Pliny's classical letter. Bithynia is mentioned again in Ac 16^7. Paul and Silas on the second missionary journey went through the region of Phrygia and Galatia, having been forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia. And when they were come over against Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia, and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not.

This mention of Bithynia is important—for around it centres a question as to the number, state, and condition of the Christians in Asia Minor during the years 58–64, between which dates the Epistle of Peter was most likely written. Why was St. Paul forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia and Bithynia?

'The Holy Ghost,' writes Bigg, 'is Wisdom, and there must have been some reason for this prohibition. The scholar Weiss has this suggestion, that other preachers were already at work in the forbidden regions, and that it was neither necessary nor desirable that St. Paul should direct his energies thitherwards. It may have been that St. Paul was merely being called to go straight on and cross the sea to Europe as he did; but the conjecture of Weiss is worth considering.

In any case we are met with this intensely interesting and perhaps startling fact, that while Paul had founded and written to various Church congregations in different parts of Asia Minor, there were also scattered all over Asia Minor, in the provinces of Bithynia, Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and Asia, Church congregations written to by St. Peter as well. Congregations which he calls 'the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion.' That brings us on to a further important question, Who were these 'elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion'? What was the state of Christianity in Asia Minor in the year 60? What was the Church like in these Roman provinces thirty years after the Crucifixion? What kind of people were they to whom Peter's Epistle was originally addressed? The following answer may be given. The word Dispersion was a term used to describe the Jews who had been scattered among the nations

since the time of the Captivity. It comes in four other passages which throw light on the word. James begins his Epistle with a greeting to the twelve tribes which are of the Dispersion. In St. John's Gospel (7^{35}) we are told, 'The Jews therefore said among themselves of Christ, Whither will this man go that we shall not find him? Will he go unto the Dispersion among the Greeks and teach the Greeks?' In Zephaniah (3^{10}) we read of the daughter of my dispersed, and in Isaiah (11^{12}) of the dispersed in Judah. Now in Asia Minor Jews had been domiciled from an early date. In the fourth century B.C. Aristotle had met a Jew who was Hellenic not in language but in soul. Antiochus the Great had settled 2000 Jewish families from Mesopotamia and Babylon in Phrygia and Lydia. This we learn from Josephus. In 138 B.C. the Roman Senate wrote on behalf of the Jews to the kings of Pergamos and Cappadocia. A reference to this is in the First Book of Maccabees (chap. 15). Agrippa in a letter to Caligula says there were numerous Jewish settlements in Pamphylia and Cilicia. Petronius says that Jews abounded in every city of Asia and Syria. What, therefore, do these facts signify? Surely that the Christian congregations to which Peter writes would be drawn largely from the Jews of the Dispersion in Asia Minor. The privileges which God allowed to the chosen people would pass on in the natural course to the Christian brotherhood. On the other hand some of the primitive Churches may have been exclusively Gentile—composed of those who had no knowledge of the Old Testament. This in no way minimizes the importance of the distinction between Judaism and Christianity.

The elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion then would mean those, whether Jews or Gentiles, who were called by God to be Christians. Men and women, whether Jews or Gentiles, dwelling in Asia Minor, chosen by Christ to leave their earthly home and become members of the Christian congregation.

One final question may usefully be asked before we end this exposition on the first verse of the Epistle. At what date did the news of the Christian faith find its way into these regions of Asia Minor, such as Pontus? Was there much knowledge of Christ in Asia Minor before, for instance, Paul started on his first missionary journey. No doubt the dwellers in Pontus and Cappadocia, when they returned to their native towns and villages after Pentecost, would spread the Gospel. As Bigg pointedly remarks, 'Among the 3000 souls who received baptism at the time of that great outpouring of the Spirit there must have been many who went home and preached the new faith. Very much good work must have been done by obscure missionaries of whom we have no record at all.'

Pilgrims, chapmen, traders of all kinds, soldiers, and subordinate officials played a part in the dissemination of the gospel, and there was probably no corner of the empire where Christianity had not been heard of within a very few years.

In the Study.

Rizpah.

A Study in Motherhood.

'And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.'—2 S 21^{10}.

Rizpah is one of the great tragic figures of the Old Testament narrative. Her story is the last chapter of a blood-feud, such as often went on from one generation to another among the Eastern races of long ago; such indeed as may still be found in lands where men's blood is hot and their instinct of revenge deep and passionate. There are two elements in the situation, both of which are strange to us.

1. *The judicial death of the innocent.* A modern situation requires that the man who dies shall at least have violated the law. But the sons of Rizpah are perfectly blameless; they die, not because they have broken a law, but in response to a grim and mysterious demand that comes from a dark superstition, victims to the stern and unethical powers which, like the Greek Até and Nemesis, sit and work behind the arras of history.

2. *The refusal of rites of burial.* This was one of the favourite tragic themes of the ancient world.

It was the theme of the *Antigone* of Sophocles: Polynices by a tyrant's decree was left unburied outside the walls of Thebes: Antigone, his sister, defied the decree, and finding none to help her, went forth alone to do the deed, though the penalty of disobedience was death. In that case, a larger issue is wrapped up in the story—the age-long problem of the relation of decrees of state to the conscience of the individual. But apart from that, in the ancient world the doom of lying unburied was one of the deepest dishonours that could be inflicted, and the duty of giving honourable rites of burial one of the obligations that pressed most urgently upon the nearest and dearest of the dead.

I.

1. Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, was a maiden who by her beauty and charm had attracted the attention of Saul the king. She was brought into the royal harem. It was the humiliation of the Eastern woman, and is still wherever Christ is unknown, that a man might possess her body without possessing her soul, without even seeking to win her affections.

¶ Slave concubines were entirely at the mercy of their master, whose right over them was absolute, and 'the begetting of children by their master was desired rather than otherwise' (Maspero, p. 735). Kings had several wives as well as concubines, and sometimes the son of a favourite slave might be nominated as the successor to the throne. They had also the right to take any female slave from her master as a concubine. In such a case the seller of the slave undertook all responsibility incurred by such a claim (*ib.* 708; Sayce, p. 77). There existed among the people irregular marriages, in which the father's consent was not required, and no purchase price was paid for the woman, though cohabitation, terminable at will, took place. Such a woman, however, was regarded by the law as a mere concubine, and had to wear a stone with her own and her husband's name and the date of their union (Maspero, p. 738).[1]

2. The girl gave birth to two sons, Armoni and Mephibosheth. And as we are enabled from the last tragic scene to interpret the earlier scenes about which the history is silent, we gather that the strong and tender nature lavished all its devotion upon the boys. The man who stood in the relation of husband to her she could hardly love; to love him would have been presumption. There was enough in the heroic, but melancholy, character of Saul to enchain a good woman's pity if not her devotion. But how dare a humble concubine entwine her affections about the king? The boys, however, were her own. She could watch their growth, nourish their bodies, train their minds, embrace them, lean over them in their sleep, wait for their dawning reverence and love, draw them closer to her as the years passed, and look forward to the time when her eyes would be closed by them in death, and her body would be buried by their hands. They were all in all to her.

¶ Orientals rejoice exceedingly over the birth of a *son*, for he is not only to perpetuate the memory of his father, but is expected to be the support and defence of his mother and of the rest of the family, in a country where unprotected woman is most cruelly oppressed, and the widow and the fatherless even of the wealthiest are often reduced to penury and want. The same feeling existed among the Hebrews. Hagar despised her mistress as soon as she found herself the mother of a son. When the hated Leah had given birth to Jacob's first-born she rejoiced, saying, 'Now, therefore, will my husband love me.' And when she had borne him six sons, she exclaimed, 'God hath endued me with a good dowry: now will my husband dwell with me.'[2]

3. But a great tragedy was to come. Let us look more closely at Saul's family. The rightful heir of Saul, Ishbosheth, was a weakling, but he had a strong and capable general and adviser in the person of Abner, first cousin to the king. On the death of Saul, Abner espoused the cause of Ishbosheth, and through his counsel and management the tribes on the eastern side of the Jordan remained loyal to his house. David reigned over Judah in the south, but the rest of the tribes, not only on the east but on the west side of the Jordan, continued faithful, generally speaking, to the house of Saul.

And one could hardly say what might have been the issue if Abner had remained at the head of affairs. But Rizpah becomes the unconscious instrument of a further change in the fortunes of the royal house. It is an additional testimony to the personal charm of Rizpah that the brave and valiant Abner came under her influence. He even proposed to make her his own wife, and that might seem to us a very innocent and sensible proposal now that the king was dead and those ladies of the court had no protector, but it was not so regarded in Israel. A similar request on the part of Adonijah in the time of Solomon cost Adonijah his life; and Ishbosheth, rightly or

[1] *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, iii. 811.

[2] H. J. Van-Lennep, *Bible Lands and Customs*, 568.

wrongly, saw in this proposal the first step towards the usurpation of the throne. Such action as Abner's was so regarded (as we find in other examples of Scripture), and Ishbosheth did not scruple to charge Abner with this design.

And so king and counsellor quarrelled over Rizpah, and the contention was so sharp between them that, like Paul and Barnabas, they separated, Abner going over to the house of David and leaving the house of Saul to its fate.

4. It was after the fall of Saul's house and the establishment of the throne of David over all Israel that the tragedy took place in the life of Rizpah. The twenty-first chapter of 2 Samuel, which narrates the facts, is one of those passages in the Old Testament that force the hand of the interpreter. One has to choose between the credit of Scripture and the credit of God. If the facts here narrated are true, it is impossible to believe that God, or let us say the Yahweh of the Israelite, is just and merciful, as we now understand the terms. But if the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is to be identified with Yahweh, nay more, if Ezekiel's conception of the Lord is correct, that He demands the death of the criminal for his own sin, but not the death of the children for the sins of the fathers, and if the Lord is and always has been unchangeable, the same in the period of the Gospel-revelation, in the time of Ezekiel, and in the time of David—then we have nothing for it but to maintain that the theology of this chapter is false. Or let us rather say, the chapter faithfully represents the facts of the situation, but the facts represent only the superstitions of the men of that day.

The facts of the case were as follows. The Gibeonites, of the old guilty Canaanite race, had escaped extermination, and been made over to the priests, to assist the Levites in some of the rougher work connected with the Tabernacle: they were hewers of wood and drawers of water; slaves, especially assigned to the service of the sanctuary. They had now for centuries enjoyed the protection of the Lord God of Israel, when Saul, who had, in a spurious liberality, declined to execute God's wrath on Amalek, rushed to the opposite extreme, and, courting popularity by unauthorized fanaticism, sought to slay these inoffensive Gibeonites in his zeal for the children of Israel and Judah. We may suppose that this was not his own sin alone, but that too many of the nation shared his intolerant and cruel feelings; for retribution came in the shape of a famine, three years, year after year.

The famine was but one of many similar occurrences in the arid and parched land of Palestine. Such had been before, such might be again; but in the province of faith it had its special significance. It was understood to be a scourge sent by God on Israel, because of Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites. It appeared to David that, now that he had discovered the secret cause of God's wrath, the nation must humble itself to these Gibeonites whom it had injured, and who were so manifestly under God's protection. So 'he called for them, and said unto them, What shall I do for you? and wherewith shall I make the atonement, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord?'

The Gibeonites made answer, 'We will have no silver nor gold of Saul, nor of his house; neither for us shalt thou kill any man in Israel. And he said, What ye shall say, that will I do for you. And they answered the king, The man that consumed us, and that devised against us that we should be destroyed from remaining in any of the coasts of Israel, let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul, whom the Lord did choose. And the king said, I will give them.' So in fulfilment of this promise, 'the king took the two sons of Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she bare to Adriel the son of Barzillai the Meholathite: and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the mountain before the Lord, and they fell all seven together: and they were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, at the beginning of barley harvest.'

5. Upon the manner of this atonement, the nature of the satisfaction demanded, the sacred historian makes no comment. He tells us the fact, and adds nothing to it. According to the law of Moses it was the right of the injured party in some cases to fix the penalty that should be paid. And this the Gibeonites were permitted to do. They seem to have considered stern justice

and retribution, rather than any recompense to themselves. Silver and gold they refused, but seven lives of the children of Saul's family they demanded.

¶ That the custom of balancing, or cancelling, a blood account by a payment in money, was well known in ancient Palestine, is evident from the record of David's conference with the Gibeonites, concerning their claim for blood against the house of Saul, in 2 Samuel 21^{1-9}. When it was found that the famine in Israel was because of Saul's having taken blood—or life—unjustly from the Gibeonites, David essayed to balance that unsettled account. 'And the Gibeonites said unto him, It is no matter of silver or gold between us and Saul, or his house; neither is it for us to put any man to death in Israel'; which was equivalent to saying: 'Money for blood we will not take. Blood for blood we have no power to obtain.' Then said David, 'What ye shall say, that will I do for you.' At this, the Gibeonites demanded, and obtained, the lives of the seven sons of Saul. The blood account must be balanced. In this case, as by the Mosaic law, it could only be by life for life.[1]

II.

1. 'And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.' Surely if this had been a heathen tale, its memory would have been immortal.

The Old Testament is full of love stories; and the stories are of all kinds—not only of lover and lover, husband and wife, but of father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister, friend and friend. In all these relations love finds in the Old Testament of all literature its best illustration, because of all literature it is in the Old Testament simplest and least self-conscious. When we read its books with this idea in mind, we find love flashing out from many a page, and softly lambent in many a character, where we have hardly been aware of it before. Fierce or gentle, cruel or kind, selfish or devoted, all the men and women of Israel are lovers. Sometimes their love is so pure and flawless as to seem almost worthy to be a type of the divine reality; sometimes it is but 'broken lights' of that reality, yet still the stories of these loves suggest, and in their own way interpret, that perfect love which is 'more than they.'

2. It has always been the hardest task which theology has had to face, to be rid of the idea that God, sharing our vengeful passions, delights in the death of a man, as man in his savage state delights in the death of his brother. No one questioned that those gaunt bodies, wet with the dew, and parched with the gathering fervours of the sun of June, excruciated, emaciated, ragged, stained, and verging to corruption, were an acceptable sacrifice to the God Yahweh. Rizpah herself did not doubt it. This is the deep tragedy of the situation; but, like all the bitterest fruits of human woe, it contains at its heart a certain core of comfort. She believed that her sons were an offering by which the vengeance of Heaven was averted. Like the Mater Dolorosa at the cross, though a sword pierced her heart, she was not without dim and eager surmises that the deaths were an expiation, and that these were they who had redeemed Israel. It was the absorbing thought of the day and the night to keep those precious bodies from violation. She might not bury them; the authorities would not allow it. Perhaps in some obscure way she acquiesced in the harsh decision, from a feeling that if they were decently buried they would cease to be an effectual atonement. She would therefore leave the sacrifice complete and unimpaired. But there was one thing which she could not endure—that the vultures should peck out the eyes which she had loved and kissed, or that the lions and the jackals should tear the limbs which to her imagination were still the tender and helpless limbs of infants. Therefore the woman, in the sacred exaltation of a hungry and imperishable love, took up her station by the gallows, nor would she move by day or by night. All through the summer, till the autumn rains should come and wash the bodies, preparing them for the legal burial long delayed, she camped on that ghostly ground. The great birds wheeled, screaming, in the air by day, but she scared them from the bodies of her dead if they approached. And in the solemn and fearful night, when strong men might fear to be abroad, this delicate woman, strong with the supernatural strength which is the dower of motherhood, watched by her solitary fire, unafraid of the roaring and yelping beasts, subduing them perhaps by her silence and immobility into a kind of awed tameness in her presence, but rising even from the snatched slumbers to drive them away with her feeble hands if ever they ventured to come near to her beloved dead.

[1] H. C. Trumbull, *The Blood Covenant*, 324.

This is the atonement that must surely atone—this prolonged sacrifice of love in the heart of a mother.[1]

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine![2]

¶ In what is one of the greatest of Tennyson's poems he has taken the theme and *motif* of the Rizpah narrative, and given it a comparatively modern setting—A rustic dare-devil has robbed the mail, flinging the purse which he took among his comrades—for he had committed the felony because 'they dared him to do it.' Condemned to be hanged, his body was left as a warning to highwaymen. His mother was haunted by the last cry of her son as she left the cell. She went mad and was kept under restraint for a time. When at last she was released, her one thought was to steal out to the gallows by night and gather up the bones as they fell one by one from the rotting skeleton, that she might bury them.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em,
I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.[3]

III.

1. Before Easter (according to our own calendar) Rizpah's watch began, in a land where the ripe barley may be gathered in before Easter Day. From Easter, through seven long weeks to Whitsuntide; from Whitsuntide, which is there the end of wheat harvest, and we know not how much longer, while the grapes ripened, and the olives were gathered, and at last the ingathering, the joy of the harvest of all the fruits of the earth is come; all this while Rizpah the daughter of Aiah remained with her sackcloth under the gallows on the naked rock. And at last David and all Israel were shamed out of their neglect, for their ears rang with the fame of that which Rizpah the concubine of Saul had done. Then they sought for the bones of Saul and Jonathan which had been buried under a tree in Jabesh-gilead. They put the law of God in force against the law of the barbarous Gibeonites; and at length they 'gathered the bones,' when nought else was left to gather, 'of them that were hanged.' They buried the royal dead in the sepulchre of their father, 'and after that God was entreated for the land.' And where was Rizpah the daughter of Aiah? We have told all that has been said of her, and we know no more.

How far God instructed and comforted her we know not (we may trust that to His goodness), but men could not help honouring her. 'It was told David what Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, the concubine of Saul, had done.' His noble heart was touched by her faithfulness and unwearied love. Her brave spirit kindled his; and he recognized and completed the gallant deed of the men whose city had been saved by Saul in his early heroic days.

The men of Jabesh-gilead had shown their gratitude to Saul by rescuing his remains from insult. David was still true to his friend Jonathan: he had extricated his son from the vengeance of the Gibeonites, and now he entombed the remains of Saul and of Jonathan, and of these the expiatory victims, in the country of Benjamin, in the sepulchre of Kish, Saul's father. So did these, that died on the hill before the Lord, not only restore plenty to a famished land, but indirectly obtained honours for their kin, immortalized their mother, and prefigured our salvation.

2. When all was done that love could do, Rizpah earned her two boys nothing but a grave. For herself she won unfading glory, but who could suppose that her own glory was ever for a moment in her mind? It was desperate, unreasoning, overpowering love, love that she gave for nothing, pure, disinterested, unrequited love. There could be no voice, no answer, nor any that regarded. Love, and love only, seems to have been the motive of that which Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, the concubine of Saul, hath done.

[1] R. F. Horton.
[2] Rudyard Kipling, *Songs from Books*, 237.
[3] *The Works of Tennyson*, 503.

Many tears cannot quench, nor my sighs extinguish, the flames of love's fire,
Which lifteth my heart like a wave, and smites it, and breaks its desire.

I rise like one in a dream when I see the red sun flaring low,
That drags me back shuddering from sleep each morning to life with its woe.

I go like one in a dream, unbidden my feet know the way
To that garden where love stood in blossom with the red and white hawthorn of May.

The song of the throstle is hushed, and the fountain is dry to its core,
The moon cometh up as of old; she seeks, but she finds him no more.

The pale-faced, pitiful moon shines down on the grass where I weep,
My face to the earth, and my breast in an anguish ne'er soothed into sleep.

The moon returns, and the spring, birds warble, trees burst into leaf,
But Love once gone, goes for ever, and all that endures is the grief.[1]

3. It takes God to account for Rizpah. Is there not a gleam of the heavenly in Rizpah's rugged heart? Is there not in every form of true human love a kind of converging testimony to the Heart of the Eternal, who has put a piece of His own divinity within our very being, to save our human nature from being altogether clod and clay?

¶ All the love-stories of Israel are in some degree parables of divine love. One after another, as they pass before us, they leave with us some elementary lesson of the great truth that the highest of all relations is the love-relation, and that this, therefore, must be the relation between God and man.[2]

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[1] *Poems by Mathilde Blind*, 70.
[2] L. S. Houghton, *Hebrew Life and Thought*, 183.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Bees.

'And the Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came out against you, and chased you, as bees do.'—Deut. 1[44].

There is at least one little word you understand in this verse. When I read it my thoughts went back to a June afternoon long ago, when I happened to be one of a party standing at the top of the ruined tower of an old castle. A swarm of bees had alighted there, and we were trying to entice them into a hive.

I am sure that nearly every one of you has at some time or other seen a swarm of bees. You may have met one. You treated the bees like enemies; you tried to fight them with your cap, and in the end only succeeded in making them very angry. If you have ever come across wild bees and robbed their byke you must know what a real bee fight means.

Moses thought of bees pretty much as you do. To him, as to many another traveller, they were simply a savage and dangerous annoyance. His words to the Israelites recall an incident in the travels of Mungo Park. Some of his people having met with a populous bee-hive imprudently attempted to plunder it of its honey. The swarm rushed out in fury and attacked the company so vigorously that man and beast fled in every direction. The horses were never recovered, and several of the asses were so severely stung that they died the next day.

I believe it is not generally known, but it is true, that in the recent operations in German East Africa, when the troops under General Smuts arrived at a certain place they were suddenly attacked by great swarms of bees. The Germans had placed their hives in the way and attached them to wires so that when the soldiers trod on the wires the hives were overturned.

1. Nowadays it is a very common thing for people to make bees a study. They look into their homes, and learn all about them. And these

wonderful insects teach many fine lessons. Not very long ago, a lady in speaking of a young farmer said to me, 'He is somewhat rough on the surface, but there must be a finer side to his nature—he makes a special study of bees.' How could that be, do you think? One of the greatest of our present-day writers on the subject says that the first time we open a hive there comes over us a feeling that we are profaning a sacred place where at any moment some terrible surprise may meet us, and that is a good experience for any one. A bee-hive is quite dark. There the bees work; and there they not only make those wonderful honeycombs, but produce the sweet honey you like so much.

2. Have you ever examined a honeycomb carefully? If you have, you must have noticed how perfectly each cell is formed. The cells are six-sided and built with such marvellous accuracy that the hand of man could make nothing to equal them.

When you are a little older, you will, I hope, read Maeterlinck's book on *The Life of the Bee*. It is full of interest from beginning to end. What he tells us reads like a fairy tale. He describes the hive as a busy, busy city, governed by laws as fixed as those of the proverbial Medes and Persians. Above those laws there seems to be a great principle. I do not know if we can call it a principle—rather is it a spirit—an atmosphere. Let me explain what I mean. Once a girl was out spending an evening at a friend's house, and about eight o'clock she said to her hostess, 'I cannot stay longer—I must go.' 'Why?' she was asked. 'There is no rule in the boarding school,' she answered, 'but there's an *atmosphere*, it's more binding than a *law*,' and she laughed. (The lady at the head of the school had a great power over her pupils.) Well, one of the chief things that the spirit or atmosphere of the hive says is that no bee must think simply of itself—self-interest must be sacrificed for the good of the whole. It is by frequent and careful watching that this has been found out.

3. There are wonderful palaces in the hive; and though you will scarcely believe it, there are love-stories; and sometimes these become tragedies, for bees are often so devoted to each other that if they become separated they pine away and die. Then, do you remember that I spoke of the hive as a dark city? The tiny inhabitants of it work in the midst of mystery and hope. They go on working and just perish. They would live longer if they were only a little less forgetful of self. Think of it all, boys and girls. I shall not tell you about the faults of bees; I dare say you know that they are bad-tempered. Try, however, to find out more about bees for yourselves.

4. The other day I took up a book. It was called *In Tune with the Infinite*. That means being so near to the spiritual world that one can almost hear God speaking. The bees are so in tune with Nature that they know exactly the time when on some bright summer's day they must leave the old home and seek for a place in which to build a new one. So they go on. Can't we learn from them? Do we not get to think so much of our lessons, or our daily work, or our sport, that we have no time for thoughts of Nature or of God? To the young farmer of whom I told you, a summer without bees would be dull indeed—as dull as one without flowers would seem to you. He was a better man for thinking about them. When Robinson Crusoe saw the footprint in the sand, he felt he was not alone; he could not help thinking about God. And behind the wonderful spirit of the bee-hive there is surely some Great Mind—the same indeed that makes the trees bud and the flowers blossom. Yes, and that gave you your own home, and the father and mother who care for you. If you but allow yourselves to think of some of the wonders of Nature you cannot help praying; and, boys and girls, when you pray in earnest you are not far from the Kingdom.

II.

The Right Kind of Hands.

'Clean hands.'—Ps 24^4.

Did you ever stop to think what very powerful things hands are? It is with our brains that we think, and it is with our tongues that we speak, but it is with our hands that we act. They can be used for doing good, or for getting into mischief; for giving, or for stealing; for creating beautiful things, or for destroying; for healing, or for hurting. And so it is very important that we should have the right kind of hands.

Now if you look through the Bible I think you will find that the right kind of hands are 'clean

hands.' But what does the Bible mean when it speaks about 'clean hands'? Well, perhaps you will understand better if I tell you a story which I read the other day.

There was once a Russian princess who lived in a wonderful palace of ice. Her parents were very wealthy and she had lots of fine toys; but she loved best of all to play in the beautiful garden which lay round the palace. She was quite content and happy until one day she peeped through a hole in the high hedge which surrounded the garden. And beyond the hedge she espied some flowers which looked far more gorgeous than those in her own garden. She was just going to squeeze herself through the hedge when her nurse pulled her back and told her that, although the flowers looked so fine, they were really poisonous and if she pulled them they would for ever stain her hands.

Well, the princess was rather like a great many people who are older and wiser. Just because the flowers were forbidden they seemed all the more desirable. And the more she thought about them, the more she wanted them. So at last she found an opportunity to escape from her nurse. She broke through the hedge and gathered a great bunch of the gorgeous flowers, and she carried them back in triumph to show her nurse how foolish she had been to forbid them. But when she laid down her bouquet and looked at her hands, she saw that they were all stained just as if they had been burned black. Moreover, the fumes rising from the flowers had darkened her face and dimmed her eyes. And the worst of it was that she was never quite the same afterwards. Her face never became really white again, and she always sat with her hands hidden in her lap, palms downward, to hide the ugly stains that would not come off.

Now there are two kinds of stains we get on our hands. The first kind comes off, and the second kind does not. The first is the kind we get when we go out to play or to dig in the garden. Generally we come in with very grimy hands, but a good scrub with soap and water soon puts them right again. But the second is the kind that we get when we do anything mean or unworthy or dishonest, and that is the kind the Bible means us to avoid when it talks about 'clean hands.' No amount of washing or scrubbing on our part will take those stains away. Like the flowers of the Russian princess they soil and spoil our hands for life.

Would you like to know the names of some of the things that make our hands black and ugly?

1. First there is *stealing*. That puts a very black stain on them. Perhaps most of you think that at any rate you haven't got that mark on your hands. But are you quite sure about it? You know there are more ways of stealing than one. You can steal just as much by taking little things as big things, by taking lumps of sugar or bits of cake or marbles. And you can steal other things besides money or goods. You can steal time by being idle when you ought to be busy. You can steal another boy's brains by copying his exercise instead of taking the trouble to write your own.

2. And another thing that stains our hands is *greed*. Now although greed isn't quite the same as stealing, it is a very near relation—a first cousin I should think. When we steal we take what belongs to somebody else by right; when we grab we take something that somebody else has an equal right to with us, and we take it quite regardless of their share of the right. The grabby person takes the biggest cake and the rosiest apple and the best place in a game, and when he grows older he grabs the best position and doesn't mind how much he pushes to get other people out of it. And the worst of it is that grabbing is so very near to stealing that sometimes we can scarcely tell when we go from one to the other. When we are trying to take all we can get it is so easy to take a little more than we are entitled to have. Well, I'm not going to say anything about how greedy people get disliked, but I want you to remember that greed not only stains our hands but twists and deforms them, and nothing we can do will put them straight again.

3. Another thing that stains our hands is *cruelty*. And I think that puts the blackest mark of all on them. It is the mark which shows that we are no better than the beasts, that in fact we are a great deal worse, because the beasts have not brains to invent forms of torture, nor consciences to tell them they are doing wrong. Now I think you will notice something if you read the lives of really great men, of our great soldiers and sailors and leaders; they were nearly

always kind to dumb animals and little weak things. God has made some things helpless and dependent on us. We could all use our superior strength to torment them. That is easy. What is not so easy is to care for and protect them and keep ourselves from hurting and oppressing them when we feel tempted to. That shows real strength.

We have thought of three particular ways in which we blacken our hands—by stealing, by grabbing, by cruelty. But indeed every kind of wrong-doing soils our hands, so we can't help getting them more or less stained as we go through life.

Now if you read the Psalm from which our text is taken you will see that nobody is fit to enter God's presence with soiled hands. And we have seen that no amount of scrubbing on our part can take away the stains. Then what are we to do? Shall we never get rid of those stains, and shall we never be fit to stand in God's holy place? Yes, there is one way. We can take them to Jesus, and we can ask Him to wash them and to keep them clean. He alone is able to do it, and He will do it if we ask Him.

Point and Illustration.

The Name of Jesus.

One of the most interesting of the books which have been written by Chaplains to the Forces, and these books are now not few, is a book entitled *On the King's Service* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net), which has been written by the Rev. Innes Logan, M.A. There is no 'writing-up' in it, none whatever. Yet it is not too much to say that every chapter has its thrilling narrative. Without controversy Mr. Logan has the gift. Any chapter could be quoted to prove it. Take this from the chapter entitled 'A Clearing Station.'

'There is not, and never has been a religious revival, in the usual sense of the term, on the Flanders front, and I am afraid it is true that modern war knocks and smashes any faith he ever had out of many a man. Yet in a hospital there is much ground for believing that shining qualities which amid the refinements of civilization are often absent—staunch, and even tender comradeship, readiness to judge kindly if judge at all, resolute endurance, and absence of self-seeking, so typical of our fighting men—have their root in a genuine religious experience more often than is, in the battalions, immediately evident. It has been my experience, again and again, that with dying men who have sunk into the last lethargy, irresponsive to every other word, the Name of Jesus still can penetrate and arouse. The hurried breathing becomes for a moment regular, or the eyelids flicker, or the hand faintly returns the pressure. I have scarcely ever known this to fail though all other communication had stopped. It is surely very significant and moving.'

The Ideal and the Actual.

Dr. Herbert B. Workman, President of Westminster Training College, has the gift of exposition. And he does not confine it to the Bible. He is not a commentator of Old Testament or New. He is an expositor of the Church. His particular field of study is the History of the Church in the Early and Middle Ages. And just there where accurate and interesting exposition is so much needed, he is a masterly expositor.

Dr. Workman's new book contains six lectures, delivered under the Cole foundation of the Vanderbilt University, and now published with the title, *The Foundation of Modern Religion* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). Their subject is the Mediæval Church, its history, its character, its contribution. We have described the book in describing its author. Let us confirm our estimate by a characteristic quotation. If it is somewhat long it is very significant.

'We pass from the study of the penitentials, as an illustration of the nature of mediæval conventions, to the consideration of another matter, the right understanding of which lies at the root of insight into all mediæval matters. We allude to the discrepancy in mediæval life between its ethical and spiritual ideals and the spotted actualities of its daily life. Practice, it is true, in every age must always drop below the ethical standard, unless indeed the ethical standard is of a low average. Certainly Christian practice, save for the saint, can never attain the ideal as it is in the great Exemplar. Even in Greece and Rome we see the contrast of practice and precept. But in neither Greece nor Rome could there exist the abysmal contradictions which we find abound in mediæval Christianity.

'The reason, of course, is obvious. The ethical standards of Greece and Rome were finite and

human. They were the results of the introspective thoughts of its philosophers, and could not rise higher than their own source. But the Christian ideal of conduct involved the supernatural and infinite; the source and example was the perfection of the one Divine Life on earth. With the Greek time was of the essence of the ideal; the ancient demanded a standard that could be fulfilled on earth. With the Christian the ideal was from the first brought into relation with the great Beyond; the will of God as it is done in heaven is the daily rule for men's will on earth. With the Greek or Roman,—for instance, the noblest stoic of them all, Marcus Aurelius,—ethics were limited to present-day duty; the other world had no message of hope. With the Christian this life was but the schoolhouse. For him, as for Browning's grammarian,

"Actual life comes next.
Man has Forever."

He sums up its possibilities both for the now and the hereafter in the golden thought: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that when it shall be made manifest we shall be like him."

'Contradiction therefore between the ideal and the actual in Christianity was sharp and inevitable, and only could have been avoided by a Christianity that came down to the level of human nature itself. The gospel of salvation was necessarily, both for the individual and the race, a gospel of contradiction between the ideal upheld and life's common cravings and passions. Such contrast every man feels within his own heart; and this law of the microcosm has ever been the law of the world at large. But never has the contradiction between the ideal and the actual been more vivid than in the Middle Ages. And this for a double reason. The contradiction would have been less sharp and painful had the ideal been lowered, or had human nature been worthier. But, to the eternal glory of the mediæval Church, whatever its practice, it never lowered its standard. On the contrary, the very simplicity of an age that knew nothing of introspection or higher criticism gave to the ideal a literal sharpness of outline, inexplicable to a more complex generation. Nevertheless this literalness produced such mighty saints as St. Bernard, St. Francis, or St. Catherine of Siena. The mediæval saint, in fact, towers above all other saints, simply because he knew nothing of twentieth century adaptations of the Gospel to the need of business, pleasure, knowledge, politics, and imperialism. But while the mediæval saint thus set before himself an ideal far more difficult and transcendent than those in vogue to-day, on the other hand the ethical capacities of the average mediæval man were far lower than those of to-day. For it is the weakness of the twentieth century, as well as its strength, that between the ethics of the street and the pew there is not an overwhelming difference. In the twentieth century, therefore, we are not troubled by the glaring contradictions between ideal and practice; if anything it is the ideal that needs raising; it is too much smirched with the dust of what is deemed practicable. But in the Middle Ages the average man was but a savage once removed, the long centuries of whose superstition and vicious practices could not be eradicated by a few years of sacraments and teaching. The student, therefore, will make but little progress in the understanding of the early mediæval Church who does not sympathetically bear in mind the inevitable contradiction between the ideals, sublime beyond measure, of the saint, and the pit, noisesome, dark and barbarous, from which the actual life of men was digged. Religion, in fact, was reverenced as a thing external, the special concern of a priestly class whose merits the community vicariously shared. The application of inward religion by the laymen to the round of life in the castle, in the camp, in the shop or in the field, was an ideal of whose realization the Church only slowly began to dream. Not until St. Francis founded his order of Tertiaries do we find it taken up in any organized form.'

In Good Company.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has found manifest pleasure in recording his recollections of Swinburne, Lord Roberts, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, Edward Whymper, S. J. Stone (the author of 'The Church's one foundation'), and Stephen Phillips. And he has given pleasure to other men and women in multitudes. The note of the book is sincerity. You can trust him. Whatever his memory may be for facts (we have no reason to doubt it), his memory for impressions is never at fault, and his impressions are without fear and

without reproach. He calls the book *In Good Company* (Lane; 5s. net).

Let us tell one of Mr. Kernahan's stories after him. Its special title might be 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

'Edward Whymper (the mountain climber) was a "marked" man wherever he went; and in all companies a man of masterful personality, who inspired attention and respect in every one, and something like fear in a few, but who, except in the case of children, rarely inspired affection. That he was aware his manner was not always conciliatory—was in fact at times forbidding—seems likely from a story which I have heard him tell on several occasions and always with infinite gusto.

'"I was walking up Fleet Street one day," he began, pursing his lips, mouthing and almost smacking them over his words as if the flavour were pleasant to the palate, "when I chanced to see a sixpence lying upon the ground. Now according to the law of the land, anything we find in the street is in a public place and must be taken to the nearest police station. I wasn't going to be at the bother of picking up a sixpence merely to take myself and it to the police station, so I cast an eye around and walking just behind me I saw a poor ragged devil without so much as a shirt to his back or a pair of shoes to his feet. I didn't require to speak or even to point to the sixpence. I just caught the fellow's eyes and looked with my own two eyes at the sixpence upon the pavement. That was quite enough. He followed my glance, saw the coin lying there, knew that my glance meant 'You can have it if you like,' and my good fellow was down on it in a moment. Well, I didn't stop to let the fellow thank me, but just walked on. It so happens, however, that I'm peculiarly sensitive to outside impressions. If I'm in the street and some one is taking stock of me, even though I can't see them, I'm conscious of it in a moment. If I'm in a hall, listening, say, to a lecture, and some one behind me has recognized me, or is interested in me for any reason, I'm just as aware of it as if I had eyes in the back of my head. Well, I passed up Fleet Street, and along the Strand till, approaching Charing Cross, I became suddenly aware that some one behind was watching me as if for a purpose. I turned, and there was my ragged, shirtless, bootless devil of a tramp, who had followed me all that way, poor devil, I supposed to thank me. So I thought it decent to slow my pace, and when he was just alongside of me I half turned to give him the chance to speak, and waited to hear what he had to say. What do you think it was? To express his thanks? Not a bit. When he was level with me, he hissed, almost spat in my ear, 'You blank, blank, blankey blank, blank! too blanky proud blank, are you? to pick up a sixpence—blank you!'

'"That, I said to myself at the time," continued Whymper, "is all the thanks you get for trying to do a good turn to the British vagrant. But, on thinking it over, I've come to the conclusion that there was something unintentionally offensive or shall we say patronizing, in the way I looked at the man and then at the sixpence—something which he resented so bitterly that he had to follow me all that way to spit it out."'

Quotations.

There is always a demand for books of quotations if they are good. If they are not good they are nothing. The ability to discern the right words to quote is not a mean one. It is next to the ability to write the words. But the good book must also be appropriate and accurate. If it is outside the range of one's interests one has no interest in it. If it is inaccurate it is the veriest fraud.

One objection only is to be made to *Forty Thousand Quotations*, compiled by Charles Noel Douglas (Harrap; 12s. 6d. net). It does not give the book (or poem) from which the quotation is made. It gives the author alone. Now very often we want the context. Let this be considered for a future edition. Otherwise all is well. It is accurate so far as tested; it is appropriate for all ordinary speakers or preachers or students of life. Its scope includes a great many passages (single sentences) from Scripture (besides those that are scattered throughout the book under their own title), and a great many (ten columns) on Washington's Birthday. As for the wisdom of the selection, it is a marvel of consistency and success. We should like to quote a complete section, but it is difficult to find one short enough. Take

ECCENTRICITY.

Eccentricity is developed monomania.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Who affects useless singularities has surely a little mind.—LAVATER.

Even beauty cannot always palliate eccentricity.—BALZAC.

Men are of necessity so mad, that not to be mad were madness in another form.—PASCAL.

Often extraordinary excellence, not being rightly conceived, does rather offend than please.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

Oddities and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; but when they do, they are its misfortunes and blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them, or at least will never affect to be distinguished by them.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigour, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.—JOHN STUART MILL.

The Practice of the Sermon on the Mount.

'A Korean came into the study of a missionary one day and said, "I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and thought I would come and recite them to you." The missionary listened while this convert repeated in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount. Feeling that some practical advice might be helpful, the missionary said: "You have a marvellous memory to be able to repeat this long passage without a mistake. However, if you simply memorize it, it will do you no good. You must practise it." The Korean Christian smiled as he replied, "That's the way I learned it." Somewhat surprised, the missionary asked him what he meant, and he said: "I am only a stupid farmer, and when I tried to memorize it the verses wouldn't stick. So I hit upon this plan. I memorized one verse and then went out and practised that verse on my neighbours until I had it; then I took the next verse and repeated the process, and the experience has been such a blessed one that I am determined to learn the entire Gospel of Matthew that way." And he did it.'

The anecdote is quoted from a pamphlet by Dr. George Heber Jones on the Korean Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is quoted in a book entitled *Popular Aspects of Oriental Missions*, which has been written by Mr. L. O. Hartman, Ph.D. (New York: Abingdon Press; $1.35 net). Mr. Hartman's object is to show how the teachings of the various religions of the Far East actually work out in life. He has travelled in the East; he has read many books on the religions of the East; and he can write. Thus his equipment is complete. It would be difficult to find an easier introduction to the study of Eastern religion.

Another Life.

Elizabeth A. Hayes feels keenly, even bitterly, the agony of the War, and in her *Thoughts on Many Themes* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), especially in its poetry, speaks out about it. But the Thoughts are not all of the War. This is her faith in Providence:

'Many of the disappointments in this life will doubtless be appointments in the next.

'When Providence deprives us of one good thing, we may rest assured it is to bestow upon us something better; yea, in the end, when the heart-strings which have quivered and vibrated to that strange tune of human life are still, to offer us heaven in exchange for earth.

'There is no explanation of this life except it be found in one to come. It is like a mysterious nut which has never yet been opened. Some men spend their earthly existence in examining a few of the wonderful markings on its outer shell, others bore straight for the kernel, becoming convinced that there is one. But the nut still remains unopened, the secret of its heart unknown. Yet, if ought should persuade man of the existence of another world, surely it is the fact of living in this: so full of enigmas, brimming with sorrow, and containing so much joy.'

Contributions and Comments.

Araunah the Jebusite.

In the *Encyc. Biblica*, Canon Cheyne explains away this name. He says: Araunah, as a name, is thoroughly un-Hebraic and presumably un-Canaanitish. He assumes: 'One has a right to require a definite Hebrew name.' And he asserts: the definite Hebrew name required is Adonijah, Again, in his *Crit. Bibl.*, published later, on this name, he adds a curious note: 'Adonijah, however, is certainly an incorrect pronunciation.' Does he mean an incorrect transliteration of a foreign name? Then his explanation in *Enc. Bi.* is wrong and baseless. After all, the original name was un-Hebraic at least. And why should any Jebusite, of necessity, have a definite Hebrew name? As a rule, at any rate, all the world over, even now, much more so then, a man's name is chosen from his own language. The language of the Jebusite was certainly a language of Canaan, even if it were not Hebrew—perhaps Hittite, or Habiri, or some other Canaanite dialect.

Certainly, if the name were a Hebrew one, the resourceful Canon, I believe, would never have failed to give us the correct pronunciation. That it was not a Hebrew name, commentators generally agree. H. P. Smith says: 'The original form of the name cannot be recovered' (Inter. Crit. Com.). The author had the original form, and evidently hesitated over its transliteration. The present Massoretic Text, if genuine, bears ample evidence of that. With three attempts the author satisfied himself, namely, אורנה (v.[16]), ארינה (v.[18]), and ארונה (vv.[20bis. 21. 22bis. 23. 24]). The Massoretes evidently consider the second attempt to be a textual error—the *yod* should be a *vav*; and they direct that the first form should be pointed like the third. Still, they have left the two forms in the text as regards the consonants. Their authorized reading, like ours, was *Araunah* (or *Auarnah*). Clearly this means at least: the author himself felt some linguistic difficulty in transliterating; and he was anxious to offer his reader a passably correct Hebrew form of a Jebusite name! I would emphasize this fact and offer no criticism at present.

The following points may be added:—The story does not suggest that the Hebrews and the Jebusites were the closest of friends; or that there existed any linguistic difficulty as to their conversation about the buying and selling of a piece of land. They had also much in common as to their sacrificial thoughts, ritual, and language. The only question that remains is this: Was the Jebusite language a Canaanite dialect—a Habiri speech or a Hittite *patois*?

William Glynne.

St. John's, Shildon, Co. Durham.

Revelation i. 20.

There is a very fruitful idea here in the relation between the stars and the candlesticks, which perhaps has not been fully brought out by the commentators. As to the ἄγγελοι of the churches, represented by the stars, commentators are divided between the idea of the Bishop and that of the guardian angel or heavenly counterpart of the Church. But even those who take the latter view do not seem to rise to its full implications. What is this heavenly counterpart of the Church, this angel (like the angels of the little ones in Mt 18[10] who ever behold the Father's face), which is represented by the star? Is it not the divine ideal of the Church, the Godward aspect of it, the Church itself as God is graciously pleased to see it? What we have then is this: the candlestick is the Church as we see it; the star is the Church as God sees it. We see the poor flame on a candlestick—but God sees a star. And here we have the guarantee of the Church's security (earthly tempests cannot extinguish the stars); and of the Church's success (the darkness of the world will not comprehend the light of the stars).

C. W. Inglis Wardrop.

Biggar.

An Illustration.

In the Old Testament there is an emphasis on the name of Jehovah which is little commented on. If this sacred term signifies the Self-Existent One it has distinctly the further meaning of the Deliverer from sorrow.

Jehovah is He who hears the cry of the distressed or aggrieved and who in compassion comes to give redress or salvation. It is Jehovah Abraham finds on his virtual offering up of Isaac—the God who pities and provides. It is Jehovah who redresses the grievances of Isaac and blesses him —a fact which makes Abimelech afraid. It is Jehovah Jacob sees that lonely night at the foot of the ladder—a vision which fills him with awe; and Jehovah on whom he calls, on his return, to save him from Esau. It is Jehovah who sustains the broken-hearted Joseph in Egypt and gives him favour with all. And it is Jehovah who appears to Moses, saying: 'I have surely seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and have heard their cry . . . I am come down to deliver them. . . . Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh. . . . I have heard the groaning of the children of Israel; say unto them: I am Jehovah . . . I will bring you out . . . I will rid you of their bondage . . . I will redeem you . . . I will take you to me for a people.'

Further instances may be collected from the O.T., but these are sufficient to prove this particular and very definite meaning of the name of Jehovah.

In China a custom prevails that aptly illustrates this significance of the Jewish name for God. In severe pain, in calamity, oppression, or great grief of mind, a person will exclaim, 'Ya-wei, Ya-wei.' It is not so much a call as a groan, a sob, or an exclamation of anguish. It always betokens exceeding intensity of grief or fear, from whatever cause.

The two syllables are not represented in the written language. Neither are they everywhere pronounced the same. They vary from 'Ya-wei' to 'A-wei' or 'Yah-wei.' Either or both are sometimes slurred or drawn out, and it is difficult for a European to pronounce them exactly. The 'wei' occasionally is a cross sound between 'wei' and 'way.' But whatever be the variations the word is easily recognizable and, after once heard, unforgettable.

It may be that this exclamation is a vocal relic of a long forgotten past. No one can say. Whether or not, I know of no custom that so beautifully illustrates the character of Jehovah as He is portrayed for us in the deliverance of His people from Egypt.

Did the Hebrews and other ancient Semites have a similar cry in their times of anguish and sorrow? If so, would not that help to throw light on the origin of this revered name for God, and explain their later superstition in not pronouncing it?

THOS. TORRANCE.

Chengtu, Szechuan, China.

Luke xx. 20.

'AND they watched him, and sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men.'

'They' according to Luke (v.[19]) were 'the scribes and chief priests,' but both Matthew (22^{16}) and Mark (12^{13}) state with more definition that they were Pharisees and Herodians. Calvin (*Harmony*, on the passage) well notes that these two parties in the state held opposite views in regard to the payment of tribute. The one aimed at undermining Jesus' standing with the Many, should He admit the liability to tribute, and the other, should He deny it, could denounce Him to the Dawlah. Neither of them could, therefore, have approached Jesus with such a question in their own proper characters, seeing that their views were well known; and Luke states that they, in fact, did not do so.

The only party who could, with any hope of being taken seriously, have put this question about the legitimacy of the Census-money was that of the Sadducees. They were at once sticklers for the national Law and upholders of the alien Government (Jos. *Ant.* xiii. 10. 6, xviii. 1. 3). The Hebrew for Sadducees is צדוקים, which in the writing of the period would not be distinguishable from צדיקים (just), of which the Greek rendering is regularly δίκαιοι. In the present passage there does not appear to be much point in the emissaries of the Pharisees and Herodians 'feigning themselves just men' (δικαίους), and I venture to suggest that this δικαίους is simply a mistaken rendering of an original 'Sadducees.' In the following section (Lk 20^{27}) the *real* Sadducees appear on the scene.

T. H. WEIR.

University of Glasgow.

Sheeny.

MIGHT not the origin of this name for a Jew be found in the East End boy's capacity for coining a nickname? The Yiddish-speaking foreign Jew's

pronunciation of the German word 'schön' (fine, beautiful), a word which would be often on such a Jew's lips, would come very near to 'sheen.'

J. H. ADENEY.

Bedford.

'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence' (Matt. xi. 12).

ARE not our Lord's words here rather laudatory than critical, and, joined with John's message, are they not the mark of a new order of things? Reasons for this view may be given.

(1) Why is John mentioned as a starting-point? He preached μετάνοια and the Kingdom. Our Lord Himself began His ministry with the same call. Is Repentance an easy thing? Is it not rather the most difficult thing in the world of human thought? If it be the only door to the Kingdom, what resolution, what struggle, what moral grit does it not call for on the part of those who make the effort!

In one of the noblest passages in 'Enid and Geraint' Tennyson emphasizes the psychological struggle—'Full seldom does a man repent,' etc.

The struggle of the Prodigal Son with bad food and dirty work was nothing compared with the fight against reluctance and pride which must be beaten even with violence (βίᾳ) before he could go home and say, 'Father, I have sinned.' He won out and went. Would not our Lord rightly style him βιαστής?

The individual soul anywhere and everywhere that shows like courage as well as knowledge and conviction is the man whom nothing can stop, and by the magnificent paradox of the Gospel is numbered among the πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι (Mt 5^3) whose is the Kingdom, through humility.

(2) It may be asked where do we find any justification for such a kindlier use of βιαστής. In passing we may note that in Æschylus we have the conjunction, εὐμενεῖ βίᾳ—in the Iliad οὐκ ἔστι βίη φρεσίν—in the Odyssey the related βιατάς is joined with νοός. But what is more to the point is that our Lord was not tied down in His speech to customary uses of words when He aimed at rousing His hearers from apathy and challenging attention and memory: He used words that stuck. In Lk 14^{26}, 'and *hate* not his father and mother,' the startling phrase has called for much exegesis. In Mt 5^{13} ἐὰν δὲ τὸ ἅλας μωρανθῇ, 'If the salt be turned into silliness,' yields but a mild sense in our ordinary versions. (Has the use of the word ἅλας in late Greek anything to do with Latin *sales*?)

Lk 13^{32}, 'Go ye and tell that fox,' startles us almost to asking, Can our Lord have said this at all? It may well be that we have had preserved for us only a few of His more extraordinary turns of speech, and the recent finds in Egypt have their own suggestiveness. What we have on record shows that He was no pedant, yet did not aim at over-strained subtlety but at emphasis. Much of what we have reminds us (for illustration) of curative medicines made up in tabloids for handy use—parables in little: *e.g.*, I am the Door—I am the Good Shepherd—I am the Light of the World—This is my Body.

(3) Considered as a statement of a moral and spiritual experience our text is on all-fours with St. Lk 13^{24}, ἀγωνίζεσθε εἰσελθεῖν διὰ τῆς στενῆς πύλης (θύρας), which in its turn gives us the true limit of πᾶς (everyone) in Lk 16^{16} and may be paraphrased—Everyone who does enter, enters by the only door of determined and courageous resolve to reform, involving a *violent* wrench away from the old life.

(4) The fact that St. Luke's sentence ends with βιάζεται instead of the ἁρπάζουσιν of St. Matthew suggests the possibility that if we had the sentence in Aramaic we might find an alliterative one, similar to the play on words which Isaiah exhibits in Is 4^7 and 24^{17}, and which is lost altogether in our English translation. Such a method is excellent for riveting attention and aiding memory.

To sum up, it seems in conformity with the general trend and manner of our Lord's teaching to paraphrase this condensed utterance thus: From the time John preached that Repentance and its outward acknowledgment in Baptism were the condition of entrance to the Kingdom, men of conviction and resolution have struggled hard with themselves and triumphantly made their way into the Kingdom as conquerors in spite of all the powers of evil. Cp. Ro 8^{37}, Eph $6^{11\text{-}17}$, 2 Tim 4^7.

After all, the victory is the Lord's victory in and through man. The Stronger (Jesus) has vanquished the Strong (the Devil), and so the Kingdom of God has come (Lk $11^{20\text{-}22}$).

> Men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

BENJAMIN RALPH.

Chellwood, Canada.

'The Remainder of Wrath.'

THE exact Hebrew wording of Ps 76^{10}, where these words occur, calls for a closer examination than that evinced in either the A.V., 'The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain,' or the R.V., 'The residue of wrath shalt thou gird upon thee.' Both translations are unsatisfactory as close renderings and fail to bring out the actual meaning of the clause and its true place in the context. Reasons for this opinion are submitted below.

As a foreword it may be observed that the whole song relates to war (the LXX adds *πρὸς τὸν Ἀσσύριον*) and to God's place and attitude in relation to war and its aftermath. It is noteworthy that, though the opening of the Psalm has a local colouring, its purview (as often in the Psalms and the Prophets) widens out into a universal field, and takes in the whole providence of the Almighty. It begins with 'Judah,' but soon passes to 'all the meek of the earth.'

In support of the objection raised above, the following considerations are advanced:—

1. Neither the A.V. nor the R.V. is a close translation of the latter clause of the Hebrew text of v.^{10}. In the former clause of the verse חֵמַת (= 'hot passion') is singular grammatically, in the latter clause it is in the plural חֲמֹת, namely, 'particular acts of hot passion.' This difference is ignored in both versions and also in the LXX, where the feeble word *ἐνθύμιον* appears in both clauses.

2. The former clause apparently makes a hopeful assertion about 'wrath of man' *as a whole*, which is somehow to be turned in the end to God's honour. Whence then comes any *remainder of wrath* to be further dealt with? The partitive sense given in the versions seems quite inadmissible.

3. The sentiment arrived at seems rather tame and feeble and out of suit with the balanced dignity of the Psalm as a whole and with the nice parallelism of the previous verse—'all the meek of the earth.'

4. The pivot word, however, is שְׁאֵרִית translated in R.V. 'residue.' A comparison of several passages in which this word occurs exhibits the fact that a common usage applies it to persons or a nation, such as the remnant left by war or some other scourge, and it is usually accompanied in the context either by a promise and hope that the survivors will be rescued and taken care of, or, on the other hand, by a warning of the complete ruin of the remnant of the ungodly. It is sufficient to cite as examples Mic 7^{18}, Zeph 2^{7}, Jer 11^{23} 44^{14}.

5. It seems, then, more legitimate to render שְׁאֵרִית חֲמֹת by 'survivors of acts of hot passion,' or, 'the remnant left after acts of man's violence,' which also makes the poetic balance of the verse correspond more agreeably to that of v.^{9}, which closes with God's care of the innocent. For such a use of the grammatical construct state we may compare Ezk 12^{19}, 'The violence done by all the inhabitants.' This subjective sense ought here also to displace the spiritless and needless partitive genitive.

6. There remains the final verb תַּחְגֹּר, which the R.V. rightly connects with the sense 'gird,' but needlessly makes it reflexive, supplying 'upon thee,' words not found in the text. Considering the variety of constructions found with חָגַר such addition to bring out the meaning would be legitimate if needed. But it is not needed, and obscures the true meaning of the clause.

It is sufficient to translate it simply, 'Thou shalt gird up,' with the sense always present to the Oriental mind of preparation for an effort. Thus it implies the added hope that God will fit and prepare 'the survivors' for a fresh start, a fresh duty, a new effort, a new purpose. With this compare Pr 31^{17}, where the same verb חָגְרָה in the former part is balanced by the verb אִמֵּץ, 'make strong,' in the second member. The LXX (*ἑορτάσει σοι*) does not give any help and appears to be founded on another reading.

Conclusion. Taking the two clauses together, we seem to find in the former a hopeful confidence that somehow the summed up passion and violence of the world will in the end be turned to God's glory, and in the latter clause the confidence that God will use His kingly power and fatherly providence to reinstate the surviving innocent sufferers of wrong. This hope is a salutary comfort in the present world crisis: 'Thou shalt restore the survivors of violence.'

BENJAMIN RALPH.
Chellwood, Sask., Canada.

What does it signify?

THE word *σημαίνω* at the beginning of the Apocalypse (1^{1}), both in the Authorized and the Revised Version, is rendered 'signify.' 'He

sent and signified it by his angel to his servant John.' Now the word 'signify' in English is used in a purely secondary meaning which does not in the least suggest the primary one. We say, 'What does it signify?' meaning 'What does it matter?' We say that a person has signified his agreement with somebody else. But what the writer of the Apocalypse meant was that certain things were shown by signs. 'He sent and showed it (or them) by signs to his servant John.' The moment we get away from the signs we lose the peculiar force of the book. So much indeed is the Apocalypse a book of signs that it might even, to a large extent, be set forth pictorially. One of the signs is that of the lake burning with fire and brimstone; and if it had only been remembered that this is a sign, then we should have been delivered from the nightmare of an actual lake of fire and brimstone. In the life of Dean Farrar a letter is quoted in which the anonymous writer, after denouncing a sermon by Farrar in the Abbey, goes on to say, 'I pray that your eyes may be opened, before it is too late, and you find yourself in the lake of unquenchable fire.' The writer evidently thought of an actual lake; whereas it is but the terrible sign of something far more serious in the thing signified. If the lake burning with fire and brimstone has cooled to be the crater of an extinct volcano, we must not forget the volcano in the depths of the personal life which is not extinct. Jesus showed it by a sign to His servant John. Signs and symbols are only too easily overlooked as being signs and symbols.

DAVID YOUNG.
Whitley Bay.

Entre Nous.

New Poetry.

Messrs. Constable have published *An Annual of New Poetry, 1917* (5s. net). It contains poems by Gordon Bottomley, W. H. Davies, John Drinkwater, Edward Eastaway, Robert Frost, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, T. Sturge Moore, and R. C. Trevelyan. These are good names. Some of them are great names. The volume is altogether too original, and too weighty in its originality, to be lost sight of in the multitude of books of poetry that are coming out just now. We quoted recently a parody of W. H. Davies. Here is a genuine poem. It is called

THE BELL.

It is the bell of death I hear,
Which tells me my own time is near;
When I must join those quiet souls
Where nothing lives but worms and moles;
And not come through the grass again,
Like worms and moles, for breath or rain;
Yet let none weep when my life's through,
For I myself have wept for few.

The only things that knew me well
Were children, dogs, and girls that fell;
I bought poor children cakes and sweets,
Dogs heard my voice and danced the streets;
And, gentle to a fallen lass,
I made her weep for what she was.
Good men and women knew not me,
Nor love nor hate the mystery.

We cannot quote from everybody, but John Drinkwater must not be passed by.

ON READING THE MS. OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNALS.

To-day I read the poet's sister's book,
She who so comforted those Grasmere days
When song was at the flood, and thence I took
A larger note of fortitude and praise.

And in her ancient fastness beauty stirred,
And happy faith was in my heart again,
Because the virtue of a simple word
Was durable above the lives of men.
For reading there that quiet record made
Of skies and hills, domestic hours, and free
Traffic of friends, and song, and duty paid,
I touched the wings of immortality.

The volume contains six of W. W. Gibson's attractive and inevitable monologues, each of them slightly abridged. We should like much to quote one of them. The shortest is

THE PLATELAYER.

Tapping the rails as he went by
And driving the slack wedges tight,
He walked towards the morning sky
Between two golden lines of light
That dwindled slowly into one
Sheer golden rail that ran right on
Over the fells into the sun.

And dazzling in his eyes it shone,
That golden track, as left and right
He swung his clinking hammer—ay,
'Twas dazzling after that long night
In Hindfell tunnel, working by
A smoky flare, and making good
The track the rains had torn . . .

Clink, clink,
On the sound metal—on the wood
A duller thwack!
It made him blink,
That running gold. . . .

'Twas sixteen hours
Since he'd left home—his garden smelt
So fragrant with the heavy showers
When he left home—and now he felt
That it would smell more fresh and sweet
After the tunnel's reek and fume
Of damp warm cinders. 'Twas a treat
To come upon the scent and bloom
That topped the cutting by the wood
After the cinders of the track,
The cinders and tarred sleepers—good
To lift your eyes from gritty black
Upon that blaze of green and red . . .
And she'ld be waiting by the fence,
And with the baby . . .

Straight for bed
He'ld make, if he had any sense,
And sleep the day; but, like as not,
When he'd had breakfast, he'ld turn to
And hoe the back potato-plot:
'Twould be one mass of weeds he knew.
You'ld think each single drop of rain
Turned, as it fell, into a weed.
You seemed to hoe and hoe in vain.
Chickweed and groundsel didn't heed
The likes of him—and bindweed, well,
You hoed and hoed—still its white roots
Ran deeper . . .

'Twould be good to smell
The fresh-turned earth, and feel his boots
Sink deep into the brown wet mould,
After hard cinders . . .

And, maybe,
The baby, sleeping good as gold
In its new carriage under a tree,
Would keep him company, while his wife
Washed up the breakfast things.

'Twas strange,
The difference that she made to life,
That tiny baby-girl.

The change
Of work would make him sleep more sound.
'Twas sleep he needed. That long night
Shovelling wet cinders underground,
With breaking back—the smoky light
Stinging his eyes till they were sore . . .

He'd worked the night that she was born,
Standing from noon the day before
All through that winter's night till morn
Laying fog-signals on the line
Where it ran over Devil's Ghyll . . .

And she was born at half-past nine,
Just as he stood aside until
The Scots' Express ran safely by . . .
He'd but to shut his eyes to see
Those windows flashing blindingly
A moment through the blizzard—he
Could feel again that slashing snow
That seemed to cut his face.

But they,
The passengers, they couldn't know
What it cost him to keep the way
Open for them. So snug and warm
They slept or chattered, while he stood
And faced all night that raking storm—
The little house beside the wood
For ever in his thoughts: and he,
Not knowing what was happening . . .

But all went well as well could be
With Sally and the little thing.
And it had been worth while to wait
Through that long night with work to do,
To meet his mother at the gate
With such good news, and find it true,
Ay, truer than the truth.

He still
Could see his wife's eyes as he bent
Over the bairn . . .

The Devil's Ghyll
Had done its worst, and he was spent;
But he'ld have faced a thousand such
Wild nights as thon, to see that smile
Again, and feel that tender touch
Upon his cheek.

'Twas well worth while
With such reward. And it was strange,
The difference such a little thing
Could make to them—how it could change
Their whole life for them, and could bring
Such happiness to them, though they
Had seemed as happy as could be
Before it came to them.
The day
Was shaping well. And there was she,
The lassie sleeping quietly
Within her arms, beside the gate.

The storm had split that lilac tree.
But he was tired, and it must wait.

J. Logie Robertson.

He is a bold man who writes a poem and calls it *Petition to the Deil.* Mr. Robertson does so, writes it in the Burns metre besides, and calls his book by the title of it (Paisley: Gardner; 1s. 6d. net). The first verse is:

O Thou, wham yet I'm sweer to name—
A kind o' Kaiser when at hame,
A spy abroad—but a' the same,
Without addition,
Deevil! I thy attention claim
To my petition.

Now that verse gives us the key to the whole volume. It is a volume of war verses, as the author describes it; it is also a volume of anti-Kaiser verses. The sonnet we shall quote is typical. It is called

THE NAKED HAND.

December 27, 1915.

Thou that did'st brandish in the face of Peace
A madman's mailèd fist, that overaw'd
And then uprous'd the nations, look abroad
And mark the mailèd fists how they increase!

These (dream not otherwise!) shall break the lease
Of thy usurping power, thou thing of fraud,
Greed, pride, and cruelty! Patience of God!
When, when shall Heaven decree thy reign shall cease!

Meanwhile, to fill thy dastard heart with fear,
Look nearer home: it is a starving land,
Befool'd and bankrupt by thy make-believe!
Closer than mailèd fists, a Hand is here
That wears no armour; 'tis a Naked Hand
That thrusts at throats, and wears a ragged sleeve!

Frederic Manning.

Here is the war in all its savage realism—here in Mr. Manning's *Eidola* (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). But here also is the British soldier's unquenchable trust in God. Let us give two poems, to illustrate both attitudes.

THE TRENCHES.

Endless lanes sunken in the clay,
Bays, and traverses, fringed with wasted herbage,
Seed-pods of blue scabious, and some lingering blooms;
And the sky, seen as from a well,
Brilliant with frosty stars.
We stumble, cursing, on the slippery duck-boards,
Goaded like the damned by some invisible wrath,
A will stronger than weariness, stronger than animal fear,
Implacable and monotonous.

Here a shaft, slanting, and below
A dusty and flickering light from one feeble candle
And prone figures sleeping uneasily,
Murmuring,
And men who cannot sleep,
With faces impassive as masks,
Bright, feverish eyes, and drawn lips,
Sad, pitiless, terrible faces,
Each an incarnate curse.

Here in a bay, a helmeted sentry
Silent and motionless, watching while two sleep,
And he sees before him
With indifferent eyes the blasted and torn land
Peopled with stiff prone forms, stupidly rigid,
As tho' they had not been men.

Dead are the lips where love laughed or sang,
The hands of youth eager to lay hold of life,
Eyes that have laughed to eyes,

And these were begotten,
O love, and lived lightly, and burnt
With the lust of a man's first strength: ere they were rent,
Almost at unawares, savagely; and strewn
In bloody fragments, to be the carrion
Of rats and crows.

And the sentry moves not, searching
Night for menace with weary eyes.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

My soul said unto me: Yea, God is wise
With wisdom far too bright for our weak eyes.
I answered thus my soul: Yea, God is wise!

My soul said unto me: Yea, God is good
And maketh love to be our daily food.
I answered thus my soul: Yea, God is good!

I sent my soul from me that it might tell
The damned and make a Heaven where was Hell,
It smiled and said: Nay, fear not, all is well!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

'In many English churches before the Reformation there was kept a little lamp continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for prayers and masses.' That lamp of pity gives the title and the tone to the book. The title is *The Lamp of Poor Souls* (Lane; 5s. net). For all poor souls everywhere, alive or dead, this true poet has a heart of pity. There is variety enough, for there is variety of need in the world. And pity is not a narrow grace. It is observant of nature, it is inclusive of gentle humour. Two of the most acceptable of the poems handle the hackneyed themes of the Dawn and the Evening; and the poem entitled Wiltshire is of some breadth of kindly satire.

I DIED o' cider and taters
When I wer a-turned four-score.
Us always wer hearty aters,
My feyther he wer afore.

There is a memorable poem on the bridegroom at Cana, who was led to love Christ because his heart was so full of love for his bride. But let us rather quote

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET.

'If there arise among you a prophet or dreamer . . .'

I have left a basket of dates
In the cool dark room that is under the vine,
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates
And a flask of the amber wine,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savoury herbs, and spice, and the delicate wheaten
Flour that is best,
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

This morning he cried, 'Awake,
And see what the wonderful grace of the Lord hath revealed!'
And we ran for his sake,
But 'twas only the dawn outspread o'er our father's field,
And the house of the potter white in the valley below.
But his hands were upraised to the east and he cried to us, 'So
Ye may ponder and read
The strength and the beauty of God out-rolled in a fiery screed!'

Then the little brown mother smiled,
As one does on the words of a well-loved child,
And, 'Son,' she replied, 'have the oxen been watered and fed?
For work is to do, though the skies be never so red,
And already the first sweet hours of the day are spent.'
And he sighed, and went.

Will he come from the byre
With his head all misty with dreams, and his eyes on fire,
Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?
I will give him raisins instead of dates,
And wreathe young leaves on the little red plates.
I will put on my new head-tyre,
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.
Will he note? Will he mind?
Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be kind?

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

SHALL we ever again be able to preach the Pauline theology? The doctrine of Justification by Faith, for example. Has any one preached on Justification by Faith since the war began?

We may as well ask, Shall we ever again be able to preach? For we cannot preach religion without preaching theology. Theology *is* religion preached.

But we must preach theology with adaptation. We shall never again preach the theology of St. Paul as our fathers preached it. We must adapt it to our own generation. We may even have to be careful about the word 'Theology.' Professor William MORGAN, writing a book on what we used to call the 'Theology of St. Paul,' adds the word 'Religion,' and makes his title read *The Religion and Theology of Paul* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net). For the theology that is only speculation about religion is dead. We must preach a living theology, a theology that is the preaching of religion.

And in adapting the preaching of the Pauline theology to our own time we must make ourselves acquainted with such discoveries as have been made in it. Justification by Faith was itself a discovery in Luther's day; and Professor MORGAN believes that it has vitality and significance still. But the discovery of our day is the discovery of Pauline Mysticism.

How did our fathers speak about indwelling—the indwelling of the believer in Christ, or the indwelling of Christ in the believer? Never mind how they spoke about it. We, adapting the Pauline ideas about indwelling to our own day, speak about the Apostle's mysticism. The word not only catches on but carries with it all the truth. And if we were preaching a single sermon on St. Paul's mysticism we should find the three divisions ready to our hand. For there were three expressions, not two only, which St. Paul used to convey his conception of this mystical union—first, the believer in Christ; next, Christ in the believer; and thirdly, fellowship with Christ in His death and resurrection.

Professor MORGAN explains all three expressions, and with most welcome lucidity. But first of all he tells us what Mysticism is.

Like poetry, he says, Mysticism is hard to define. But 'we may take it that the goal which in all ages it has set before itself is union with God.' Now that is no definition as it stands. For all living religion strives after union with God. And if it is a religion that moves in ethical and personal relations, the union is understood to take

place in thought, feeling, and will. To be in union with God is to think God's thoughts, to love and hate what God loves and hates, to act as God acts. What is it that makes such a religion mystical?

It is this. The mystic regards the ethical and personal union as only preliminary to something deeper and more intimate. He 'contemplates God's eternal being as the real substance of his own soul, and his own upward aspirations and endeavours as the motions of the universal Spirit. In the highest moments of his religious life all personal and moral relations, all "my, mine, and me," are swallowed up in the rapturous consciousness of immediate contact with and absorption in the Deity. It is no longer himself that lives, but God. "If I am to know God directly," says Eckhart, "I must become completely He, and He I."'

Is this the mysticism of St. Paul? It is not. St. Paul's mystical union is never with God; it is always with Christ. The idea of God as in the believer, or as the element of his life, 'hardly emerges.' You may say that, for St. Paul, Christ is equivalent to God. So He is. Nevertheless it is with Christ and not with God that St. Paul comes into mystical union. It is his soul and Christ that are no longer distinguishable. It is 'Christ in you' that is the 'hope of glory.' It is the man who is 'in Christ' that is 'a new creature.' It is fellowship with Christ in His death and resurrection (not predicable of God) that is the most original and the most fruitful of all the Pauline thoughts about mysticism.

The teachers of mankind are somewhat sharply divided at present into two classes, the worldly and the other-worldly. These words may both be used offensively. But they need not be. There are those who, without being absorbed with fashion and frivolity, believe that the object of all earnest endeavour should be the betterment of the conditions of life here and now. And there are those who, without being indifferent to 'the social problem,' believe that the supreme effort should be directed towards making men partakers of the life eternal.

This difference of aim has become acute. It is openly and for the most part violently expressed, and that in every land. In a book which seems to come from Australia its acuteness is frankly recognized. The title of the book is *Human Ideals* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net).

The author of the book, Mr. Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A., does not appear to have any professional interest in religion. The greater part of the book is occupied with that human ideal which we have called the worldly. He expresses it in this way: 'The evil that afflicts mankind must be exterminated, and the good must be increased. Civilization must be improved, and a better race evolved. All human effort is to be concentrated on producing an ever greater and nobler humanity. There is the satisfaction of thinking that our labours will bear fruit after we are dead, even perhaps in increasing measure into an indefinite future.'

But he is not satisfied with that ideal. He asks two questions of its advocates. 'What of the individual souls who pass away? And what satisfactory goal lies ahead of all this progress?' These two questions he leaves unanswered. He believes that they are unanswerable. Only the occasional and abnormal mind is satisfied, as was George Eliot's, with the immortality of those 'who live again in minds made better by their presence.' It is doubtful if any mind is content to sacrifice itself for a future of purely material prosperity.

But neither does Mr. Spencer accept the other-worldly ideal. This is how he expresses it. 'Happiness will be found in a state of being which souls reach through death. A lifetime in the

visible world is an individual's period of preparation for unending life in an unseen world. Pure and right living and the true faith in God are alone needed. All else—such as sufficiency of material goods, health, intellect, friendship, beauty—are really of no account; and the desire for even the normal constituents of earthly happiness is apt to distract from the one aim.'

What answer does he give to that? He gives two answers. The first is that human society must become moral. It is not enough, he says, that one soul here and one there should be united to God, and, growing in the Divine life, should show themselves to be just and merciful as God is. We must secure the salvation of mankind. We must spend ourselves in the effort to make humanity as a whole bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.

Now, 'so long as there is poverty side by side with riches, so long as there are disease and pain and misery which might be remedied but are not, so long as circumstances are heedlessly allowed to narrow and stunt human lives, so long will society remain unfit for the Spirit of God.' 'We must secure that, if there is sufficient wealth, all families of honest people have enough of good food and healthy houses and decent clothes, that all have, so far as man can provide, large opportunity for science and literature and art, that there be no false dignity to mark off one human being from another, that the various positions and occupations shall be open to all according to abilities, and there be free intercourse and fellowship throughout the community. We have to constitute society through and through on the principle of loving our fellow-men as ourselves, so that mankind may progress towards immortality.'

The second answer is that 'a wide and rich development of mental life is required for the full development of spiritual life. We cannot allow man's innate longing for truth and beauty to be repressed in the name of a puritanical theory of salvation. But great mental activity requires a certain standard of bodily health and vigour. Hence the necessity for that social progress which promotes the development of both minds and bodies. For they are to become the organs and instruments of spiritual life, which is the beginning of life eternal.'

'It is only through combining these two theories and methods of the evolution of man that justice is done to either. Let us boldly grasp the truth that the future of the race is the future of the individual. Death does not separate one from the other. The soul has to evolve, since it will live again in an evolved mankind. Mankind has to evolve, since it will comprise the evolved soul.'

What is the difference between the progress of civilization and the coming of the Kingdom? Is there any difference? In all proclamation of the Gospel is it not our object to carry the principles of the Kingdom into every part of social and national life, leavening it thereby till the whole lump is leavened? And when the whole lump is leavened, can we not say that the Kingdom of God has come?

No, says Canon Goudge. That is not how the Kingdom of God is to come. If the Kingdom of God were to come in that way, this war and the savagery attendant on it would be inexplicable. For if the Kingdom of God were to come by the slow and steady leavening of the meal of human society, such a war as this, or any war, would be a direct defiance of God's will and purpose. And it seems to Canon Goudge that to set this war directly against the will of God and make it wholly evil, is to deny to God the sovereignty of the world, and to make it quite impossible to believe that all things work together for good to them that love Him.

Canon Goudge does not deny that the Kingdom of God comes by a process of gradual ameliora-

tion. He denies that it comes by that alone. He has been studying the Apocalypse. He turns, as he thinks all Christians will turn to-day, with special interest to the Apocalypse. For events have happened, and continue to happen, which suggest serious questions as to the character and rule of God. And to these questions the Apocalypse, of all the books of the Bible, is the one most likely to furnish an answer.

Now, when he turns to the Apocalypse, what Canon GOUDGE finds is that the Kingdom of God is to come by judgment. He does not find that it is to come by judgment only. The Apocalypse does not stay the advancing tide of enlightenment. But its uppermost thought is the thought of judgment. And not of one judgment only, but of judgment after judgment, right up to the last judgment of all.

That is why Canon GOUDGE finds the study of the Apocalypse profitable to-day. And that is why he has published his pamphlet on *The Apocalypse and the Present Age* (S.P.C.K.; 3d. net). If we think that the Kingdom is to come only by the spread of Christian civilization, we have no doctrine or device by which to account for this war. We turn upon the Church. Is this all that the Ministry of the Word and Sacraments has done for the world in nineteen hundred years? We turn upon Christ Himself. Is this all that He has been able to accomplish with all the power that was given to Him in heaven and in earth?

A recent writer spoke of the names of Jesus in the New Testament and said that one of them was 'Lord of Hosts.' He blundered better than he knew. Jesus is Lord of Hosts also. He moves through the world by steady progress, by the evolution of Christian culture, where we will move with Him. Where we will not, He moves by judgment. And when judgment takes the form of war, even such a war as this, He sees to it that the experiences through which men pass shall form character for eternity. For His purpose is greater than to 'build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.' It is to build a Jerusalem that shall be both of this world and of that which is to come, a Jerusalem which shall be always coming down out of heaven and always returning thither again.

Let no one say his struggle naught availeth:

'All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

But it survives there as well as here—there ready to come down. Eternity will affirm it, because eternity affirms it already:

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.'

When the editor of this journal was invited to undertake the editorship of a new Dictionary of the Bible he went to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the leading scholars there. For he knew that unless Sanday and Driver, Swete and Ryle, approved, and were willing to become contributors, it would be his duty to decline the invitation. Dr. Driver approved, and offered not only to become a contributor but to read all the Old Testament articles. Dr. Sanday hesitated.

Proceeding to Cambridge, not quite sure that he had not better proceed home, the editor was met most unexpectedly by Professor Ryle. Dr.

Sanday had sent him a telegram, telling him to get the best of the Cambridge men to become contributors to the proposed Dictionary, and to undertake some of the work himself. A letter followed. Dr. Sanday had hesitated because the most promising of the younger men in Oxford were engaged in research work under his direction, and he feared that this other work would occupy too much of their time and interest. He now saw that it was his duty as it was his pleasure to encourage the undertaking. He offered to write the article 'Jesus Christ.'

That was the Oxford surprise. The Cambridge surprise followed immediately after. Professor Ryle (we speak, of course, of the now Dean of Westminster) gave priceless advice regarding men. As he passed from name to name he came upon the name of Professor Gwatkin.

Everybody in Cambridge knew that when Dr. Creighton was elected to the Dixie Chair of Ecclesiastical History, Dr. Gwatkin was greatly disappointed. But the story of his most magnanimous behaviour was not well known until the life of Dr. Creighton was published many years after. Meantime, however, Dr. Creighton had been made a bishop, and no one had contested Dr. Gwatkin's claim to the Chair. When Professor Ryle came to his name, he said, 'You need not trouble with Gwatkin; he is occupied with a book and will not work for you.' He had declined to contribute to the Cambridge *Companion to the Bible*.

He was called upon, however. Not with the expectation of his undertaking any articles for the Dictionary. But he might give advice. And in any case he was a man to be consulted.

His study was half occupied with theology and half with something scientific, which he afterwards showed to be snails! A kettle was boiling vigorously on a side-table. He came in, and the plan of the new Dictionary was explained to him. 'Go on,' he said, 'it's most interesting—but stay till I smother that noisy fellow in the corner.' 'Well, what do you want me to do?' He was wanted to write all the articles on the Christian Ministry. He undertook them all, and wrote them. Every article was sent up to time, and every article was a Dictionary model—full, concise, accurate, and expressed in faultless English.

Nor did Dr. GWATKIN ever refuse to do any work that he was afterwards invited to do. He wrote some articles for the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS—'Persecution,' 'Protestantism,' 'Reformation,'—great articles, articles which no one but he could have written. The last was finished and despatched a fortnight before his death.

He died on the 14th of November 1916, his death being due to a motor accident.

Among Professor GWATKIN'S contributions to literature is a volume of sermons, in the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, entitled *The Eye for Spiritual Things*. He had prepared another volume which, under the care of his widow, has just been issued in the same series. Its title is *The Sacrifice of Thankfulness* (T. & T. Clark; 4s. 6d. net). All that has here been said is intended as introduction to that volume.

For Dr. GWATKIN was all his life a surprise, and every work he published was a surprise. How many men there must have been to whom the Gifford Lectures on *The Knowledge of God* came as one of the most thankful surprises of their life. He was always doing the impossible thing, from the time that he took four Triposes—Mathematics, Classics, Moral Sciences, and Theology, and won a First Class in every one of them—to the time when he wrote the surprising sermons which fill this volume.

The sermons are very short—an average of six pages each. Yet they say all that has to be said

on their subject, and not only engage but imprison the attention. For all is amazingly fresh, and not a word is added or out of place.

The first sermon gives the book its title—'Thankfulness the True Sacrifice.' The text is Rom. 12[1]: 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.' The first sentence is such an arresting statement as the first sentence of a sermon should always be: 'Even the visions of St. John scarcely look so far into the glorious future as the Epistle to the Romans which is now before us.' And it is true—as the first sentence must always be, else it had better not be arresting. Then the preacher proceeds.

'The verse I have read is St. Paul's conclusion from a vast review of the history of mankind from first to last. Through the hollow splendour of the world of failure round him the Apostle's keen eyes glance backward to the old sin which had been the ruin of human life, then forward to the time beyond time when there shall be no more sin and death, but the whole creation shall share in the glorious liberty of the children of God. Even the stubborn unbelief of Israel shall one day be made to help His glorious purpose of having mercy on all men. Then bursts out a song of triumph: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! . . . I beseech you *therefore*, brethren, by God's compassions,—by all the tender mercies he has shown to them of old, and by the mighty salvation he has raised up now for us and all men,—that ye offer your bodies, by means of which all your works are done, both good and bad, as a living sacrifice,—living, and therefore holy and well-pleasing to God,—for just this is the worship reasonably to be expected from men redeemed like you."'

He draws attention to 'one striking phrase.' What is 'a living sacrifice'? 'Our first idea of sacrifice is the killing of victims; and, in fact, the Jewish temple was a great slaughter-house of sheep and oxen, and the smoke of the offerings for sin went up to heaven continually from the altar of burnt-offering. It was more like a butcher's shop than a church. But if these sacrifices for sin were the most conspicuous of the offerings, there were others also where no blood was shed. These were not offerings for sin, and could not be, for without shedding of blood is no remission; so that they were offerings of thanksgiving. Therefore a living sacrifice is a sacrifice of thanksgiving.'

'As everything turns on this, I will give you another proof of it. Whatever might be the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices, it came to an end when the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The gospel knows of only one offering for sin—the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sin of the whole world which our Lord has offered once for all. We have no altar but the cross of Christ, no sacrifice for sin but the one true sacrifice on Golgotha. Thus there are no sacrifices left for sinners like us to offer but the spiritual sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving; but the Lord has made all of us priests to offer these.'

'It follows that the Christian life is essentially a life of thanksgiving. True, it is a sacrifice. We have to offer ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be used and consumed according to our Father's loving will. Not our way but His, whether He lift us to the throne or on the cross. Be this world's trials what they may, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Be our sins and failures what they may, we are not to brood over them with morbid remorse, but to thank God and take courage, and go forward in the spirit of hope. Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.'

So 'Christian life is not the melancholy thing which men so often make it. The gifts of God

are not mere traps to catch us in. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," are commandments of men, which have indeed a show of wisdom and humility, but are of no value at all to check the carnal nature. All things are ours, if we are Christ's. All things are given us for enjoyment, if only they are sanctified with prayer and thanksgiving. We are not called to any sort or kind of abstinence or fasting, except from murmuring and sin. Every pleasure we can find in life is freely ours, if only we can be truly thankful for it to our Heavenly Father.'

Is not this a surprise of preaching? Again we say that a preaching surprise which is only a surprise is less than nothing. But this is a surprise of truth. It is the teaching of St. Paul. 'There were Colossians and Ephesians in his time who thought it dangerous, and some will think so still. Must we not have laws and rules to tell us what is right and wrong, and act according to them? I answer that laws and rules have their use, but that we shall not find it out unless we set the spirit of thankfulness above them. Pharisees of all ages have tried another way of working laws and rules; and we know what it comes to. But by thankfulness I do not mean the Pharisee's thankfulness, that he is not as other men, or even as this publican. Nor do I mean the swindler's thankfulness: "Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich, and perhaps very charitable with my ill-gotten wealth." Words like these are mere selfishness, however they may sound like words of thankfulness. True thankfulness is from heaven, heavenly. It lights our souls with righteousness and peace and joy, and fills our hearts with love of God and of the sons of God for whom Christ's blood was shed.'

And it is truth that is as good as it is true. For 'consider what a guide of life this is. They know little of their own hearts or of the mind of Christ who look to laws and rules as their highest guide. The spirit of thankfulness is the sword of God dividing right and wrong. Laws and rules may guide our outward actions, or more likely they will not even do that; but the spirit of thankfulness is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. If you have any doubt of the matter, try it for yourself. Take something which you know to be wrong, or something which you are making believe to be right; some unfair advantage over your neighbour, or something which is doing him harm; or something which is doing yourself harm in body or soul; or, if you like, something which is perfectly innocent, except that you are too fond of it. Take one of these, and try if you can receive it as God's gift, and truly thank Him for it. You will very soon find out that thankfulness is a test which searches far beyond the reach of laws and rules. Of course it is possible for you to deal deceitfully; but if you are indeed thankful, the rest of your duty will take care of itself. How can a man be anything else than pure and true and loving so long as his heart is overflowing with thankfulness for the gift of life in Christ?

'This, then, is the Christian life. It is a sacrifice as wholly devoted to God as any burnt-offering; but it is the living sacrifice of thanksgiving. This is the true communion with God. There was always something of wrath and torment in those lower sacrifices for sin which witness to our broken peace; but this is the sacrifice of perfect love, the sacrifice which is holy and well-pleasing to God. It is the Lord who humbled Himself to offer sacrifice for sin; and our work is to rejoice and be thankful for it evermore. Even the Jewish rabbis could rise above their beggarly elements when they said, All sacrifice has an end in the world to come, but the sacrifice of thanksgiving has no end. This is the proper sacrifice of the Church triumphant; and the meanest of us here is called of God to offer it along with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Henry Melvill Gwatkin.

By the Rev. H. Bisseker, M.A., London.

The first principle of giving,' Professor Gwatkin once said, 'is that you give yourself.' His own life formed an exposition of the truth he expressed. By means of the noble powers with which he was endowed he made himself the servant of his generation. He asked for no honours in return: his rare gifts of mind and heart seem always to have been viewed by him not as an instrument of personal self-advancement, but as a trust to be diligently administered in the interest of his fellows. Therefore with lifelong industry and with lavish generosity he 'gave himself' to others —to his pupils, his readers, his fellow-workers in Church and University, and, through all and in all, to the Lord whom he fervently revered. I place this chivalrous self-giving first, for I believe that it furnishes a master-key both to his character and to his long and eminent career.

There have probably been few scholars of the present day whose death could have provoked so deep a sense of loss. His own pupils have always been enthusiastic in their admiration for him. It would be possible to number by hundreds the men and women who look to him as the greatest and most inspiring of all their teachers, and in whose intellectual and spiritual development his influence marks nothing less than an epoch. It is not easy to analyze the spell which he cast over us. It was, I think, explained in part by the virile independence of his thought. He was supremely a lover of truth. He delighted in playful epigrams concerning those who denied his own most cherished convictions, but in all that he said to us there was a noticeable absence of special pleading. The goal of every investigation was Fact, and wherever the facts led him he was resolutely determined to follow. The influence of this uncompromising fidelity to truth was increased by the authority of his profound and extensive learning. Most scholars, even though men of wide and careful reading, can furnish a specialist's treatment in only one, or at the most two, of the different branches of knowledge: Professor Gwatkin was an expert in at least three. I remember an interesting illustration of this fact, which, for the light it sheds on the wide range of his appeal, is perhaps worthy of preservation. During the long vacation which followed the publication of *The Knowledge of God*, I had taken the book away with me to read on my holiday. I was travelling that year with an able 'science' man, and one Sunday afternoon he happened to pick up the first volume and quickly became engrossed in it. 'That is a remarkable book,' he said, when he returned the volume to me. 'All the theologians I have read before, when they discuss Natural Science, betray the fact that they possess a merely external view of the questions under deliberation. This man writes *from the inside*: he really knows the subject.' It is not surprising that one who could treat so many departments of knowledge with the sure touch of the specialist, should command in an unusual degree the confidence of those who looked to him for guidance. For men who were theological students there was, if I read his influence aright, a third element in his singular power of attraction: all his thinking—in the language of the theologians—was Christo-centric. I have spoken of his unflinching devotion to the truth; but, for him, the truth was a Person. In his view Christ was the Inspirer of all knowledge and the pivot of all history. 'There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world'; 'And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us'; 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life'—I believe that his whole conception of human life and history could be summed up in these brief sayings from the gospel with the fundamental ideas of which his own thought had so much in common. His sure grasp of Christ unified all his teaching, and the radiant impression he conveyed that in Him he had found the satisfying solution of every problem lent to his message a strength of conviction which was scarcely less than prophetic.

To some of us, already enriched by the inspiration of his teaching, he gave also the rare privilege of his friendship. We then made a new discovery —the Professor Gwatkin of his own home, sitting on his favourite low stool by the fire and fondling his handsome 'Puss,' who, of a proud Persian breed, appeared to consider that the process

afforded her master at least as much distinction as he conferred. Hitherto we had honoured him as a scholar: now we experienced the charm of his fine human qualities—his quiet strength, his genial courtesy, his delightful humour, his constant affection, his freedom from self-seeking and the greatness of his simplicity. If strangers desire to understand the singular beauty of his character, let them read his letter of May 18th, 1884, to Professor Creighton, written on the Oxford scholar's selection for the Chair to which he had every reason to expect that he himself would have been appointed (*Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*, i. 245). The chivalrous relations existing between Darwin and Wallace have long been remembered to their mutual honour: the generous spirit of this letter, substantiated as it was by Professor Gwatkin's loyal support of Creighton through the years that followed, is not unworthy to be associated with that classic example of magnanimity. And this spirit represents the characteristic attitude of Professor Gwatkin's life. The liberality with which he devoted both interest and leisure not only to scholars of his own age, but also to the work of younger students, has made upon some of our minds an impression which will never be effaced. Assiduously engaged on undertakings of the first importance, he never seemed too busy to give us counsel and direction. Long talks by the fireside in his library are among the memories of Cambridge to which the present writer looks back with the deepest and most lasting gratitude. There, surrounded by his magnificent collection of books and with 'the beasts' safely reclining in their cabinet against the opposite wall, he would freely pour forth, for the benefit of one young learner, ideas so rich in their suggestiveness and so finished in their expression that, had they been taken down and published, they would have furnished volumes destined to guide and stimulate thousands of grateful readers. It was in intercourse of this kind, so generously granted to us in the midst of his busy days, that we came to know the man himself, and to our earlier admiration we learnt to add a reverent affection.

Something still remains to be said if our impression is to be even relatively complete. Not even his own illuminating thought formed Professor Gwatkin's most important contribution to our life. Contact with a great thinker does more than enlarge men's knowledge: it transforms their outlook. To be brought into touch—especially to be brought into close touch—with Mr. Gwatkin's personality gave us new ideals. It widened our vision. It revealed to us the immensity of the field of knowledge, provoking humility and inspiring reverence. Never had we ourselves appeared so ignorant: never had the search for truth appeared so daring. And yet the self-same influence which taught us wise restraint proved also our most powerful stimulus. For, as many have found to their permanent enrichment, his unwavering passion for truth was strongly contagious. Chastened by the knowledge of our own insignificance, our hopes were none the less rekindled by the vision he had shown us. If we could achieve but little, it might be our best, and, in the divine ordering of the universe, the lowliest service to truth, wrought in sincerity, would have its appointed place. If the function of a teacher is to inspire in his pupils a sense of the vastness of Truth, a recognition of its high and exacting demands, and, along with these, a purpose, at once humble and aspiring, loyally devoted to its service, Professor Gwatkin occupies an unassailable position among the greatest teachers of his generation.

The qualities which so deeply impressed his students have given him a much more extended influence. For, though he belonged in a special sense to Cambridge, through his published writings he belongs also to the wider world outside. Compared with that of some authors, his literary output was small. But each of his books is an acknowledged masterpiece in its subject. His work is marked by the rare quality of creativeness. Most books embody an echo: in his we detect one of the comparatively few original voices of his day. And since his message could command the medium of an almost faultless style, there is confident reason for believing that his influence as a teacher will live. His thought has become a part of the Church's permanent possession, and, through the lips of those who consciously or unconsciously have learned from him, in numberless pulpits and lecture-rooms of the world he, though dead, will still be speaking.

God the Invisible King.

By the Rev. Frederick J. Rae, M.A., Aberdeen.

The publication of this book[1] is an interesting and significant event. It is not an event of the first importance at all, but interesting and significant. Interesting—because Mr. Wells has not been a conspicuously religious figure, and now he is nothing if not warmly and even passionately religious. And significant—because here is a clever and thoughtful and wideawake literary man who in the midst of the great war and because of it has found God. God sometimes speaks by strange and unusual voices. And I feel convinced that there is a real message in this book for us in the Christian Church.

The glimpses we got in a previous book, *Mr. Britling sees it through*, of the way in which Mr. Britling came to his faith in God were promising; and when it was announced that the author was writing a whole book to expound his new religious experience it was expected with impatience. Not for years have I opened a book with more eager anticipation, and I think only once in my life have I found a book at the first blush so disappointing. The thinking in it is of the thinnest kind. It is full of contradictions and of positions that demolish each other. Its theology is that of a mere beginner. It is full of ignorant misrepresentations. And, worst of all, its spirit is not very different from that of the old secularist societies who published cartoons of the most sacred Christian beliefs in order to bring them into ridicule. Mr. Wells cannot discuss Christian doctrines with dignity or fairness. He employs vulgar Billingsgate as his favourite weapon.

Why discuss the book then? Because with all this there is a real message in it and a real experience; because the writer is in earnest; because he has a testimony to utter; and because the big fact he has got hold of is something for us to think about. I will try first to get at the heart of his testimony that we may see what the book contains of value. And then I will venture on one or two comments.

Exposition.

The God whom the writer has found is a finite God. There is Another, the unknown, out of whom all things have come. Mr. Wells calls Him the 'Veiled Being.' He is the Creator, but we know nothing about Him. The God of our knowledge is a Redeemer; He is a God in our hearts. He is neither all wise nor all powerful nor omnipresent. But He is a Person, a God of salvation, loving and lovable, inspiring, existing in every human soul. He is within us. He is our Captain. He is boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is our Friend and brother and the light of the world. He fights against the evil in the world. He struggles with us against it. He is near us and sympathizes with us. He had a beginning, but He will have no end. He grows with the growth of humanity. He is the best in all of us. He is love, yet an austere love, a love that does not 'coddle' us but asks the hardest things, sacrifice, even death. We cannot use Him as Christians use their God. He uses us. We have to give up all to God to be used. He will tolerate no rivals. His authority is absolute—so much so that we must give up putting the heads of kings on our coins and postage stamps, and put His instead. [How, Mr. Wells does not explain.] He is not meek like Christ. He is a fighter, a militant God.

How this loving, helping, human God is to be found and known is an important point. There is only one way. He is never found by logic or argument. The real believer never argues, he testifies. God is found directly in experience. Listen for Him in the silence and you will inevitably hear Him. To find Him is conversion. It is a discovery. The usual process is, first distress and then discovery. The cardinal experience is an immediate sense of God and absolute certainty which nothing can shake. You not only know God's reality thus by an immediate perception, but you know His will in the same way. As soon as you know Him you know His purposes. No argument is needed or possible.

Religion, then, is the recognition of God, and of His authority and claims. It is the turning away from self, the discovery that the goodness I thought was in me is really above me. It is no longer that I choose to give time and pains to the service of

[1] *God the Invisible King*, by H. G. Wells (Cassell; 6s. net).

others, but that I have come under a divine imperative. 'I am a humble and willing servant of the righteousness of God.' If only all sincere men would see it, what is meant by duty and service is just God. 'Without God the service of man is no more than a hobby or a sentimentality or an hypocrisy.'

The world is to be a theocracy, a government by God directly in all spheres. Religion is bringing every department of life—public and private—under the will of God and recognizing Him as the invisible King. God takes all—our life, our possessions, our energy, and those of the state and of the whole world. He is King.

And what does He do for us? He gives salvation from self. He leads us through a dark jungle to a great conquest. He gives happiness and victory over sin, and a free and splendid life.

Salvation is a great word of this religion. It is salvation from sin, from fear, from all weakness. It is got by repentance and faith. And it is immediate. 'Believe, and you are saved,' Mr. Wells says. Sin cannot damn a man who has found God. . . . The moment you truly repent and set yourself to such atonement and reparation as is possible, there remains no barrier between you and God. 'Though you sin seventy times seven times God will still forgive the poor rest of you. . . . A man with the light of God in his heart can defeat vicious habits, rise again combative and undaunted after a hundred falls.' Only 'blindness of the spirit can shut a man off from God.' 'If you but lift up your heart for a moment out of the chaos of madness and cry to him, God is there, God will not fail you.'

How is this religion to be maintained and propagated? Every believer is to be an apostle. No Church is necessary. Indeed, the Church and Sacraments have been the disease of Christianity. And yet there is no objection to an association of believers. By all means have an organization under God. It may help you to 'shout out' about God, or to work better by working in a gang. Collective action under God may be a good thing. Indeed, there is sure to be a number of associations under the new religion for all kinds of purposes, to shout out about God, to work for God, to make shrines, praying places, temples, retreats, and so on. Men may multiply their use by union.

Such is the substance of what is true in this remarkable book. It is, as the author says, 'a religious book by a believer.' He claims that it is the religion that modern men and women are coming to believe. Let us consider what it means.

Comment.

1. *It is just Christianity.* When we put aside all the book's invective against the Christian doctrine and Church, all its vulgarity, all its misrepresentations and contradictions, and present only its religious message, we can see at once what Mr. Wells has found. He has found Christ. What his book describes is the typical Christian experience. His religion is the religion of Christian experience. The presentation is unconventional and often beautiful and touching. But it is just the gospel, not in its completeness perhaps, but in its essence. His finite God is Christ. What could be finer as a mere statement of the Incarnation than this: 'For the purposes of human relationship it is impossible to deny that God presents Himself as finite, as struggling and taking a part against evil'? A finite God, limited, growing in knowledge, near us, in us, knowing us and sympathizing with us, our saviour, our captain, our leader, a fighter with us against evil—what is this but the Pauline Christ? or, indeed, Christ as He was on earth and promised to be for all time?

And religion as surrender to this Big Brother and Leader, as self-identification with Him, as the achievement of His Kingdom in our hearts and in the world, as forgiveness and help and victory, as the free pardon of the worst sinner, as prayer, as surrender of all to His will—what is all that but a fine picture of the really Christian life and the Christian attitude to Christ and the world?

Even the Church is first kicked and then found to be essential. Even symbols that are first scorned are at length seen to be inevitable.

If Mr. Wells had set out to describe the essential Christian facts he could not have done it better. And he has done it so well because he has experienced them. He has described real Christianity from the inside without knowing it. That is the real value of his book.

This is not made any less significant by his invectives against Christian beliefs. He scorns them, and then quietly describes them as his own belief. For example, he will have nothing to do with the Omnipresence of God. That would make Him infinite. But he says of his God, 'God

is everywhere and immediately accessible to every human being,' and again, 'He is in immediate contact with all who apprehend Him.' I do not want any more omnipresence than that. That is what omnipresence means. He scorns a Church, yet says an association may be useful if it helps men first to shout out about God, and next to work better for the world—just the two reasons, worship and service, for which the Christian Church exists. He abuses the Christian God as a 'bickering monopolist' who will have no other God but Himself, and then says of his God, 'It is plain He can admit no divided control of the world He claims.' He scorns the Christian worshipper for heaping gross praises on his God, but one of the chief uses of his associations that are to replace the Church is to help the new believer to shout out about God. And his own heaped up, repeated, thrilling praises of his God outdo the praises of most Christians. He rejects all symbols, and then says these new associations will erect cathedrals shrines, and such-like things.

Nor is this book any the less significant because of the constant and grotesque misrepresentations of Christian beliefs and practices in which the book abounds. These are truly amazing. It is obvious that Mr. Wells does not know the Bible at all, and does not know what ordinary Christians believe. The misrepresentations are so gross as sometimes to seem intentional. But this makes the experience he gives as his own all the more powerful a witness to what all Christians believe and have experienced.

Nor does the vulgar abuse of Christianity, and the Church, and Christians take anything from the value of the testimony he utters. You may deem it surprising that I should say such a man has found Christ, a man who throughout his book indulges in abuse that is not only unfair but unspeakably gross, and in statements that can only be described as patent slanders. But there are two things to be said about this.

First, I have often noticed that a convert, even a convert to Christ, is at the outset of his religious life characterized by an extreme intolerance. He is always wanting to set people right and deal with people from whom he thinks he differs. It is a curious fact that sudden and complete conversions are often followed by this kind of uncharitableness. But in Mr. Wells's case there is a second reason. He is clearly in a state of honest panic lest he should be treated as a brand from the burning, lest the Church should rejoice over this prodigal and fall on his neck. So he proceeds to kick the Church and Christianity and all connected with it to make it quite clear he is no trophy of grace for them. This is the secret of much of the Billingsgate that the book contains. But if one realizes this and puts it aside, the fact that what Mr. Wells has experienced is just the reality of Christ stands out more vividly than before.

2. But secondly, this new religion is just *the old religion without its background, its foundation, and its strength.* What would Christianity be as a gospel without the infinite God in it and behind it? What would the love of Christ be without the greatness of God? An amiable emotion that could do nothing. Mr. Wells's special hatred, special contempt, is the doctrine of the Trinity. But at any rate this doctrine of the Trinity secures the essential divine background for Christianity. Christianity is a power if the infinite God is in it. Without that Christianity is a pleasant amiability. Mr. Wells says his modern religion knows nothing of the Great Being whom he calls the Veiled Being, who is the source of all that is. Even his God does not know much about the Veiled Being. The Veiled Being is the ultimate Reality. And the finite God of Mr. Wells is quite separate from Him. The finite God is within humanity over against this Great Unknown. What kind of theology is that? Is it conceivable that any thinking person will be satisfied with such an absurdity? Mr. Wells pours contempt on the Trinity, but he leaves us with a duality, with two gods, one near us and the other as far away as possible. They are unconnected. Well, a Trinity is far more reasonable than a dualism, because it at least unites the two separated members. It is a real indication of the theological or philosophical calibre of Mr. Wells's mind that he should actually present this dualism to people as his theology.

What Christianity does is to bring these two together—the finite God of Mr. Wells's experience who is Christ, and the Veiled Being who is the infinite Creator and Father. They are One. God is in Christ. Christ is God limited, human, growing in knowledge, within humanity, our Captain. But behind Him and in Him is the eternal, and all Christ's love and pity have the infinite greatness of God as a background, and that is what makes them a gospel for mankind. Mr. Wells's God,

divorced from the infinite and eternal God, is a futile God. He can do nothing. He can lead us nowhere. There is no certainty at all that He can go anywhere. How much Mr. Wells unconsciously feels this is shown by the fact that after rejecting omnipresence and infinity for his God, he makes Him present everywhere, with a vital relation to every soul in all the world. He has to bring this infinite element back in order to get his God to be anything worth our faith. What his experience needs in order to be a real gospel is to take more of the infinite God into it as a background. But then he would be under the necessity of having something like a Trinity. The simple fact is that the God of Mr. Wells's faith and theology is helpless to achieve anything certain.

Mr. Wells has had a vivid experience. It is so real that no one can doubt it. It is, I believe, a Christian experience. All it wants is the Christian theology to make it rational and to make it a message. I hope Mr. Wells will get this. I hope he will not let his terror of being embraced by the clergy prevent him from going a little further into the truth. We really do not want to embrace him. He will probably do far better work for God outside the Church. I hope he will form his association that is not a Church, to help believers like himself to shout out about God (not of course to worship) and work better because in a gang (not of course for Christian service). We will promise solemnly not to fall on his neck or to mention such a thing as a brand.

3. I come back to this cardinal fact that here is a real experience. The book is, as he says himself, 'a religious book by a believer.' What he records is a genuine spiritual vision. And such a faith is never the result of argument or logic. That is what the writer is specially urgent about. He will have nothing whatever to do with such intellectual processes. Listen in the silences, he says, and you will hear God. God is a discovery. I think that statement is one of the hall-marks of a true experience. That alone would show that his faith is a real one. He goes too far in repudiating intellectual process. But the emphasis on direct spiritual vision is the important thing. Here is a man who has found God, a God not to be distinguished from Christ, and who has seen the great truth that in this God is an immediate salvation, that there is welcome for the vilest sinner, that repentance leads to immediate forgiveness and acceptance. And he says: This God is within you. Listen and you will become aware of Him. He is the best that is within you. What you call duty, the ideal, is just God in you. Open your eyes and see Him, and then come and give up all to Him that He may use you and fight with you and on your side against evil and for the Kingdom of righteousness and love. That is Mr. Wells's evangelistic message. It is Paul's and the Church's. And if Mr. Wells brings it home to souls whom neither Paul nor the Church can reach, well we shall all (as Mr. Wells puts it) 'shout out' about God, or in our less ecstatic language we shall bless His Name.

In the Study.

Lot's Wife.

A Study in Detachment.

'But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.'—Gn 19^{26}.

'Remember Lot's wife.'—Lk 17^{32}.

There is a strange abruptness about the manner in which Scripture disposes of some events and their consequences. In the case of Lot's wife we have no record beyond these two verses. Not even her name is given, nor are we told of her first entrance into the sacred narrative. Yet, brief as the record is, it contains some important lessons.

There are people, no doubt, who scoff at the idea of learning anything from it, because, they say, those old Bible stories are not history and cannot be depended upon as having ever really happened. But 'The Prodigal Son' is not history. And it was He who told us that story of 'The Prodigal Son,' who also recalled that older story of 'Lot's wife,' and told men to 'remember' that also. And if He bade men remember it, it must be worth remembering.

As to the matter of its being true, the real trouble is that it is too true. There come to all of us crises in which we have to make an instant choice

between evil and good, between that which is sensuous and temporary and that which is spiritual and eternal; and our choice is our doom, our judgment. By every such decision we betray our ruling aim, and adjudge ourselves worthy or unworthy of eternal life.

¶ Mrs. Oliphant describes the great crisis in the life of Dr. Chalmers. 'Amid all his studies and works the young minister had scarcely claimed, even to himself, to be a religious man, or one to whom the spiritual life was of high importance. He did his duty so far as he understood it, preached his best, held visitations and examinations according to the practice of the Church and time, was always kind, ready to help, with an open house and a friendly word for all who did not palpably cross his path or thwart his will. But there now came a time when clouds gathered over the prosperous firmament. He was brought to the verge of that passage which leads either in light or in darkness to that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and saw those whom he loved pass beyond with that aching incapacity to follow them even in imagination which only those who have watched at death-beds know; and he had himself a severe and lingering illness, which looked as if it might have had the same termination. All these things shook the confident young soul which had hitherto thought of nothing but the questions of science, and the onward sweep and rush of a high career. He was brought to a sudden stand before these mysteries. He could no longer impose his vehement will upon the world, and carry everything before him. Something more was in the tragedy of life than had been dreamt of in his philosophy. What was it? He had come to that crisis which occurs to most men one time or other in their lives. What was before him was no longer plain sailing. What was behind did not give him the satisfaction he had felt in it before. The incompleteness, the dissatisfaction of existence, its jarring tone among the calm accords of nature, came suddenly upon him like a lion in the path. He could not pass it by, or turn aside, or flee. The difficulty had to be met and solved somehow, or he must cease to live.'[1]

I.

In the earlier chapters of Abraham's story, Lot is constantly mentioned, and 'his goods,' without any mention of a wife. In the recital of Lot's rescue after the battle of the five kings, it is said that Abraham 'brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people.' The phraseology is too vague to make sure that even here a wife of Lot is included, though it seems probable.

If he was already wedded to a woman with less faith than himself, what injured his faith might have been enough to kill hers. If the marriage took place later, he would still carry in his soul the taint of his selfishness; and what was a taint in his stronger nature might become mortal disease in hers. Take it how we will, we cannot morally exonerate Lot from a share in his wife's final disaster. Even if she were weak and faithless, a slave of sense, before he wedded her, there was not enough unworldliness in his religion to give her the fullest chance of being saved. In all companionships of the better and the worse, if the better nature is not sufficiently firm and determinant to elevate the worse, then the worse will help to deteriorate the better. The effect goes on silently, insidiously, neither of the two being self-watchful enough to notice it, any more than two friends in interested converse on the margin of a lake give heed to the shadow they cast in the clear water.

1. *The privileges of Lot's wife.*—In order, however, to understand the tragic incident which has come down to us in sacred history, we ought first of all to bear in mind her privileges, for it was because the privileges of Lot's wife were so great that her responsibility was also great. We know that she had the advantage of godly relatives.

There was her husband. For although we do not consider her husband a pattern of godliness, and we can point to glaring inconsistencies in his life, yet, when we have said our worst about him, it remains to be admitted that the Bible refers to him as 'righteous Lot,' and declares that he was 'sore distressed by the lascivious life of the wicked' (2 P $2^{7.8}$ R.V.).

But she had more than her husband's influence; for in earlier years there had been the counsel and the example of Abraham (Lot's uncle), who, even after his nephew left him, did not cease to take the deepest interest in his welfare. When Lot was taken prisoner in the battle of the kings, Abraham went at once to his rescue, and succeeded in bringing him back with all that belonged to him (Gn 14^{12-16}). Nor would Abraham touch the wealth of Sodom which was offered him by its king in return for his services at this time. Surely Lot and his wife might both have learned from such a refusal that they, too, would be better without riches accumulated there, but apparently they did not think so, and just went on as before.

Not the least of the privileges which Lot's wife had was that of being eventually led out of Sodom by the hand of an angel! Her husband lingered, and the family with him, as if unwilling to leave, yet delay was dangerous; so in order to hasten them, 'the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon

[1] Mrs. Oliphant, *Thomas Chalmers*, 40.

the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters' (Gn 19[16]). Thus she shared the favour shown to her husband, and was taken forth from her old surroundings and started on the way to a place of safety. No doubt she felt sure that all would be well with her as she walked along the road that morning held by an angel's hand; but her confidence was short-lived.

More creatures lackey man
Than he has note of: through the ways of air
Angels go here and there
About his businesses: we tread the floor
Of a whole sea of spirits: evermore
Oozy with spirits ebbs the air and flows
Round us, and no man knows.
Spirits drift upon the populous breeze
And throng the twinkling leaves that twirl on summer trees.[1]

¶ I assure you, strange as it may seem, our scorn of Greek tradition depends, not on our belief, but our disbelief, of our own traditions. We have, as yet, no sufficient clue to the meaning of either; but you will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases: and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power. You all know one expression of the purest and happiest form of such faith, as it exists in modern times, in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's Prayer. The real and living death angel girt as a pilgrim for journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; child-angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats, lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them, leaning over their pillows; carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and, even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey to hold out to the weary bee.[2]

2. *Her sin.*—There is not a long catalogue of crime against Lot's wife, nor does it appear that any of her evil deeds swelled 'the cry of Sodom,' which was great in the ears of the Lord; we only read, 'his wife looked back from behind him!' The command given by the angel in her hearing had been definite and urgent: 'Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain.' The command, 'Look not behind thee' was not given because the scene was too awful to behold; for what men can endure, men may behold, and Abraham looked upon it from the hill above. It was given simply from the necessity of the case and from no less practical and more arbitrary reason. Accordingly when the command was neglected, the consequence was felt.

Why the infatuated woman looked back we can only conjecture. According to the context in Luke it would seem as if our Lord ascribed her tragic fate to her reluctance to abandon her household stuff. She was a wife after Lot's own heart, who in the midst of danger and disaster had an eye to her possessions. The smell of fire, the hot blast in her hair, the choking smoke of blazing bitumen, suggested to her only the thought of her own house decorations, her hangings, and ornaments, and stores. She felt keenly the hardship of leaving so much wealth to be the mere food of fire. The thought of such intolerable waste made her more breathless with indignation than her rapid flight.

¶ Though we may admit that Lot's wife was impelled to look back by perfectly natural emotions, some of which were innocent or even laudable, we must also admit, I think, that these innocent emotions were blended with emotions which had some taint of guilt and disobedience. For the word used in Genesis (19[26]), when we are told that she '*looked* back' on the burning city, is a different and much stronger word than that used two verses lower down, where we are told that Abraham 'looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah.' Abraham's look was only a rapid and terrified glance; but the look of Lot's wife was—so the word implies—a look 'of deliberate contemplation, of stedfast regard, *of strong desire.*' She looked back wistfully, longingly, as one whose treasure was in the City, and whose heart was there also. She would fain have gone after her heart had she dared. She would rather have stayed amid all the sins of Sodom, if she might have carried on her old easy life in it, than have climbed the mountain, to commence a new life and to dwell apart with God. Her look was an unspoken prayer; and her prayer was answered: she knew 'the misery of a *granted* prayer.' She lingered behind as one who would fain stay behind; and she *did* stay, though only as a heap of salt, and of salt that had lost its savour.[3]

Haste, maiden, haste! the spray has come to budding,
The dawn creeps o'er the heavens gold and fair.
Come, see the blood ere breaking, the languid day awaking.
'A moment, Time, until I bind my hair!'

Come, maiden, come! the bud has burst to blossom,
The sun has kissed the earth and found it sweet.
Come, lest you lose, adorning, the beauty of the morning.
'A moment, Time, a moment, till I eat.'

Come, maiden, come! ripe fruits are on the branches,
The evening star is glowing in the blue;
The breeze's breath grows colder. Come, ere the day is older!
'A moment till I sip—I'm then with you.'

[1] E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 188.
[2] Ruskin, *The Ethics of the Dust*, § 115.
[3] S. Cox, *Expositions*, iv. 286.

Quick, maiden, quick! Death's hand has stripped the leafing;
Night frees her clouding hair from bonds that keep.
Quick! lest you're lost for ever, in the gloom to find me never.
'A moment, Time, a moment, till I sleep.'[1]

3. *Her doom.*—Involuntarily as she looks at the bleak, stony mountains before her, she thinks of the rich plain behind; she turns for one last look, to see if it is impossible to return, impossible to save anything from the wreck. The one look transfixes her, rivets her with dismay and horror. Nothing she looked for can be seen; all is changed in wildest confusion. Unable to move, she is overtaken and involved in the sulphurous smoke, the bitter salts rise out of the earth and stifle her, they encrust around her, and build her tomb where she stands.

¶ Holman Hunt resided near the southern shore of the Dead Sea for several days in 1854, and has given us in his terrible picture of 'The Scapegoat' an embodiment of the landscape of that portion of the Dead Sea at sunset—a vision of the most appalling desolation. The salt hills run for several miles nearly east and west, at a height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, level atop, and not very broad, the mass being a body of rock salt, capped with a bed of gypsum and chalk. Dislocated, shattered, furrowed into deep clefts by the rains, or standing out in narrow, ragged buttresses, they add to the weird associations of all around. Here and there harder portions of the salt, withstanding the weather while all around them melts and wears off, rise up as isolated pillars, one of which bears among the Arabs the name of Lot's wife. In front of the ridge the ground is strewn with lumps and masses of salt, through which streamlets of brine run across the long muddy flat towards the beach. Everywhere, except at the very few spots where fresh streams enter it, the lake deserves the evil name it has borne for ages. Here and there, indeed, birds sing and twitter on its banks, and in favoured spots rich vegetation covers the rocks; Bedouins, pilgrims, and travellers visit its shores; but these gleams of life only deepen the impression of its unutterable loneliness. The stillness of death is over it all.[2]

¶ There has never been any great calamity of destruction but somebody has looked back once too often, or lingered that fatal moment too long. Do you remember how curiously this comes out in the ruins of Pompeii? The very words which tell what Abraham was said to have seen, would do for what Pliny saw as he looked on that awful sight in his day—the fiery shower, the Lord raining brimstone and fire out of the very heavens, so that as he watched the place where once had been baths, and temples, and theatres, and shops, and homes, 'lo! the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace.'

[1] Dora Sigerson Shorter.

[2] C. Geikie, *The Holy Land and the Bible*, 268.

One I shall never forget. It is a woman's figure, lying as she fell, with the arm and the folds of her dress gathered before her face just as she tried to keep off the dreadful choking ashes, but all in vain. There she fell as she was running in the street; and the ashes buried her, and hardened into stone; and the body gradually decayed away, and 1700 years after, digging there, they found the hollow where it had been, like a great mould, and poured in plaster, and got the very cast of it, so that you can see the very expression of her face, and the folds of her dress, and can count the very threads of it. And see: in the skeleton fingers of one hand was found a little bag—just a few rings and brooches. She had only stopped for those. It would not take a minute. They were all on her dressing-table. Cannot you think how she would call out to her husband to go on with the children, and she would be after him before he got to the city gate! But ah! when they got where they could look back safely, there was no mother, and no word of her, and never word for all these centuries until the workman's pick came on that hollow in the lava. And now you see her with the little jewel-bag in her hand, for all the world like that old story of Lot's wife done into sad and startling fact.[3]

¶ Oh, why do we *delay* so much, till Death makes it impossible? And don't I continue it still with others? Fools, fools; we forget that it *has* to end; lo, this *has* ended, and it is such an astonishment to me; so sternly undeniable, yet as it were incredible![4]

II.

A Story worth Remembering.

1. The story of Lot's wife has always been felt to be a very piteous one. It seems so hard a fate for only one poor regret. Really, however, a deeper meaning underlies the story, which puts it alongside the Greek tale of Medusa as an eternal parable of life. In these two the moods of Hellenism and Hebraism are represented with a rare fidelity and pathos. The Greek story tells of one who was petrified by too keen desire for what to her seemed beautiful and dear. Each is a characteristic expression of the genius of the nation that produced it; each also tells a universal human truth.

¶ It is peculiarly interesting to contrast the story of Medusa with its Hebrew parallel in Lot's wife. Both are women presumably beautiful, and both are turned to stone. But while the Greek petrifaction is the result of too direct a gaze upon the horrible, the Hebrew is the result of too loving and desirous a gaze upon the coveted beauty of the world. Nothing could more exactly represent and epitomize the diverse genius of the nations, and we understand the Greek story the better for the strong contrast with its Hebrew

[3] B. Herford, *Courage and Cheer*, 80.

[4] *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*, by C. E. Norton, i. 115.

parallel. To the Greek, ugliness was dangerous; and the horror of the world having no explanation nor redress, could but petrify the heart of man. To the Hebrew, the beauty of the world was dangerous, and man must learn to turn away his eyes from beholding vanity.[1]

2. In Lk 17^{31-37} Jesus describes the disposition of mind which shall be the condition of salvation. The Lord passes with His heavenly retinue. He attracts all the inhabitants of the earth who are willing and ready to join Him; but it transpires in the twinkling of an eye. Whoever is not already loosened from earthly things, so as to haste away without hesitation, taking flight toward Him freely and joyously, remains behind. Thus precisely had Lot's wife perished with the goods, from which she could not part.

It were well indeed to 'remember Lot's wife,' that we may bear in mind how possible it is that persons who promise well, and make great efforts, and bid fair to reach a place of safety, may be overtaken by destruction. We can, perhaps, tell of exhausting effort, we may have outstripped many in practical repentance, but all this may only be petrified by present carelessness into a monument recording how nearly a man may be saved, and yet be destroyed. 'Have you suffered all these things in vain, if it be yet in vain?' 'Ye have run well, what now hinders you?' The question always is, not what you have done, but what you are now doing. Up to the site of the pillar, Lot's wife had done as well as Lot, had kept pace with the angels; but her failure at that point destroyed her.

¶ The great adventure of the soul demands that it must give itself up to God, to do or to suffer. Like Columbus it will set its course to seas which it has never sailed, for shores that are unknown and perhaps unheard of.

> My purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

If we think—and we often do—that the Kingdom of God may be regarded merely as one of the sides of human life, may be classed as one among many interests, may be ranked as one among many occupations, we are grievously mistaken. It is not so even in ordinary affairs. The doctor or lawyer who is always wondering whether he had better become a soldier or an engineer is not likely to succeed. No great picture will ever come from the artist whose art is only a plaything or a pastime, and not a consuming passion. The thinker or the man of science who launches out into the deep, and then hesitates and draws back and hugs the safe shore, and is afraid of his own conclusions and discoveries, will never add much to the treasure of human thought and knowledge. The very business man will be a failure who does not concentrate on his work. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' is an old maxim, but experience has proved it to be true—true of this world, true most of all of spiritual things. 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'[2]

[1] J. Kelman, *Among Famous Books*, 26.

[2] Canon S. A. Alexander.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Patience.

'Ye have need of patience.'—He 10^{36}.

Early July days make one think of gardens. I can remember many a happy Saturday afternoon in July, and some of those I enjoyed most were spent where there were green grass and flowers and fruit bushes. If you should hear your father or your mother say, 'Those were happy days,' be sure there is a picture in their minds; and the country is generally in it, for all grown-up people love to remember the summer sunshine and flowers of long ago.

1. The flowers are at their best in July; if it is dry weather you can sit on the grass—you can even

lie on it: and, looking up, you can see the branches of the apple trees simply covered with little green apples. The sight of them reminds you of the end of August or the beginning of September; you don't want to pull them in July, you know they are hard and sour. But you walk round the garden with a tendency to linger in the neighbourhood of the gooseberry bushes. The berries are almost full grown. You feel them; 'rather hard,' you say to yourself; yet somehow you can scarcely resist the temptation to pull and eat a few.

In the *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan gives us a picture of two children; the one wanted all his good things now, the other was willing to wait. Some one came to the first with a bag of treasure and poured it down at his feet. He was happy for a little while, and laughed at his companion; but soon he had wasted everything and was left with nothing but rags. The name of the one who was willing to wait was Patience, and Bunyan adds that he will have the glory of his possessions when his companion has nothing but rags.

Now, although eating unripe gooseberries seems to boys and girls such a very commonplace action, it is really doing the same sort of thing as Bunyan's little lad did. He wanted to get happiness, and to get it by a short-cut. So did Jim whom I saw lying sick in bed after being in a garden amongst fruit bushes.

If I were to ask you at this moment what you need to be possessed of when you walk among gooseberry bushes in July, I know you would answer 'Patience.' But you say you dislike sermons on the subject; you hear so much about patience, in fact, that you want to put the thought of it out of your minds. That is just how we all miss many of the most valuable lessons in life. Words often repeated fall at length on our ears like the striking of a household clock. We cease to hear them at all.

Fortunately there are people in the world who have discovered what a good thing patience is. Many wealthy men are among them, and there are others who have no desire to make money, but just spend their lives trying to help those less fortunate than themselves. It was in telling a story of the life of one of these that a writer spoke of him as being possessed of 'a golden key called Patience.'

2. That is surely a very beautiful idea. You all know that a key unlocks doors. With the key of patience we can open a door through which we see quite wonderful things. Life itself seen through that door seems as if it had become new. Those who have had the key for a long time say that everything in life is planned by the wise thought of One who cares for us.

Don't some of you get tired of school routine? Try the little golden key, for there is no royal road to learning, and no place on the prize list without hard work. I have heard of a father being so anxious that his boys and girls should possess the key of patience that he made up his mind that it would not be his fault if they did not have it. He used to read aloud to them nearly every evening, and he always left off at some very exciting part in the story; they had to wait with what patience they could command for the sequel.

3. Why is the golden key so necessary for boys and girls? Just that they might get a true idea of life. People very much older than you, sometimes become very puzzled over the meaning of all the sorrowful things that happen. They are like the children that gather round an artist when he is sketching outside. They see him give strange, and what seems to them unmeaning, touches of colour to the canvas. But one boy may linger at a little distance after the others have disappeared. As he looks, and looks again, he begins to see something that he thinks he understands. He carries the thought home with him, and it stays with him. He's the sort of boy who finds the golden key.

The world itself is just a great story of patience. Its beauty has come by ways that at one time seemed very terrible. Ages on ages ago there were great storms and earthquakes and many little children became orphans, for their fathers and mothers were killed. Men and women cried, 'Where is God? What does it all mean?' Just think of it; our grandest cliffs and crags have come to us through those very tragedies. Away among our highland mountains I have heard a young girl who hardly understood what the golden key meant, cry out for very joy because the world seemed to her so beautiful.

Then you need the key to understand your companions. Boys and girls don't attain to having fine characters all at once. Tempers have to be curbed, jealousy kept down, laziness overcome: you know it. A companion may be praying to be made good, when all the time you are thinking what a disagreeable fellow he is.

You remember about the Apostle Peter. He was like a big boy. It took him a very long time to learn patience, even though he was beside the best Teacher that ever lived. Once when his Master was being insulted by rude men, a sudden impulse made him draw his sword and cut off the ear of one of them. Jesus reproved him—Oh so gently. It was as if He said, 'Have patience, Peter.'

4. God is very patient with us. It is He who has put the desire to be good into our hearts. He perseveres with the patience of a nurse who has a very stupid patient to manage. God's patience was what the writer of the hymn was thinking of when he wrote the wonderful line:

O Love that wilt not let me go.

Let me read two beautiful little verses that were found on the body of a dead soldier during the American Civil War:

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether the waking find
Me here or there.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
To give a patient God
My patient heart.

There are many such patient soldiers now.

Boys and girls, never rest till you have come into possession of the 'Golden Key called Patience.'

II.

The Right Kind of Memory.

'And a stranger shalt thou not oppress: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'—Ex 23^9.

To-day I want to speak about the right kind of memory, because although the memory is not a thing we can see and touch like the hand or the ear or the tongue, yet it has a very important part to play in our life.

It is a splendid thing to have a good memory. The boys and girls who possess such a thing should consider themselves very fortunate. It will be a great help to them through life and make things easier for them. Yes, it is a splendid thing to have a good memory; but it is a better thing to have the right kind of memory.

Now what do we mean by the right kind of memory? Well, some people seem to remember the things they ought to forget, and forget the things they ought to remember. They remember all the little insults and injuries they have received from others. They count them over and feel very badly used and very sorry for themselves. They seem to take a positive pleasure in doing it. And those are very often the people who forget the good that they have received—they forget to be grateful.

But this is not the kind of memory you would wish to have. The right kind of memory *remembers to forget*—to forget all the little injuries and insults that do not matter; and the right kind of memory above all things *remembers to remember*. It remembers to forget itself, and it remembers to remember others.

Now in our text the Israelites were reminded to remember. They were told to remember the strangers who came amongst them, to be kind and hospitable to them, because once they too had been strangers in the land of Egypt. Sometimes strangers were not treated very kindly. They were looked upon as outsiders, and they were given no rights. Often people tried to get out of them as much as they could and to give back as little as possible. Now the Israelites had had a very hard time in the land of Egypt. They had been oppressed and overworked and persecuted. They knew all about the disadvantages of being strangers, and so they were told to be kind to the strangers who came to their land for the sake of all the hard things they had once endured.

I wonder if you have ever been a stranger in a strange land? Have you ever known what it is to be an outsider? Have you ever gone to a new school and felt out in the cold? The other boys and girls had their own interests, they were all friendly with each other, each had his or her special chum, and there seemed to be no room for you. If this has happened to you, then when you get to know the others and are taken into their circle, be kind to the new pupils who come after you. Speak to them, try to make them feel at home, for you have known 'the heart of a stranger.'

It is those who have been in trouble themselves who know and understand best how to help other people out of their troubles. Let me tell you two stories to show what I mean.

A cripple, hobbling down a city street aided by two canes, stopped at a corner to knock a banana-skin off the pavement with one of his canes. Three well persons stood near, but not one of them had thought of removing the skin. The cripple had broken his hip by slipping on a banana-skin a few years previously. He did not want others to suffer as he had done. That is the first story.

And here is the other. One day I was visiting an infirmary in a large city. In one bed was a boy about sixteen years of age. I went to speak to him, and he lifted the corner of the bedclothes a little bit. What do you think was underneath? Just a little baby-boy two years old. Then the young fellow explained that he himself had a club-foot which had been operated on some days previously. This baby had just come in for the same operation, and he had begged the nurse to let him have him beside him in bed. There he was—nursing it as tenderly as any mother, and trying to make the wee mite forget its troubles.

It is those who have suffered themselves who know best how to sympathize. But don't wait to suffer before you begin to sympathize. You can all begin this very day. It just requires a little thought for others. A smile, a kind word, will cost you very little, but they may make all the difference in the world to the person on whom they are bestowed. Then some day you will hear the glad welcome of One who ever made it His business to cheer the lonely, and comfort the sad: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for . . . I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'

Point and Illustration.

The Outlook.

In *The Outlook for Religion* (Cassell; 6s. net), Dr. W. E. Orchard has written a book for the times and made it manifest that he has convictions and the courage of them. Look at what he says about Reality: 'Among the things which the returning army will demand from the Churches will be, at least, "reality." We were never more under the dominion of catch words and phrases which refuse to yield the slightest intelligible meaning on serious analysis. And this may be one of them, for it has become as universal and wearisome as "doing your bit." It will be refreshing if the men do demand reality; it will be a revelation if they can tell us what they mean by it. But this judgment has been given by responsible persons at home, and they probably mean something by it. One can imagine that those who retain any interest in the Churches, and have been able to think during their time in the army, will demand that the Church shall once for all make up its mind about its attitude towards war.' Then: 'The doctrine that there can be no peace until the enemy is utterly crushed will, if persisted in—and one does not see how anything else is possible unless we are all going to eat our words—bring European civilisation to the dust and the Church of the West with it.'

He is still more courageous when he comes to speak of the Denominations and how they are likely to survive the war. 'No one can doubt that the war is going to help Anglicanism, as compared with Rome or Nonconformity.' And: 'If the Anglican Church only knew what an opportunity it now had, it could sweep Nonconformity out of existence. Perhaps the National Mission showed some astute though entirely subconscious recognition that this was the time.'

Of this National Mission he says: 'The National Mission is the latest sign of a genuine religious life. It has been perhaps one of the greatest adventures that the Anglican Church has ever made. It has arisen out of a concern that all is not well, and witnesses to a half-concealed uneasiness about the war being a sign of nascent Christianity, or the soldier's sacrifice an implicit confession of Christ, or any of that nonsense. Many of the clerics may be saying these things, but they do not believe them. It may be clearly enough laid down by some brainless prelates that the Repentance to which the nation is called has nothing whatever to do with the fact that we are at war, which in their judgment is the sign that the nation is religious at heart, and is prepared to take up the Cross and follow Christ; but there would be no mission of this kind if this was what the Church felt in its very soul. The Mission has outwardly failed. It started well, but it rushed into publicity before the Holy Ghost had furnished either illumination or power. Yet it witnesses to a deep concern in the living heart of the Church, and it shows that adventure is not dead.'

But his courage is at its height when he tells us what we are to meet the men with when they

return. 'What we have to make clear to men is that Jesus Christ, a real human being who lived a real human life, who bore the whole burden of our nature and faced the whole problem of our existence, was the revelation of what God essentially is; that this human embodiment in Jesus tells us all about God and His purposes; why He made the world, and how He made it, and what He means by it; tells us all about ourselves, how we are to live and how we are to understand life. And in this revelation there was nothing second-hand, merely copied, diminished, or adapted so as to suit the body of our humiliation and the conditions of humanity; but that this Jesus reveals the wisdom, the glory, the whole nature and very self of God; and this life of ours, this flesh we wear, and all the conditions that are inseparable from humanity, were actually designed so that God should in them be Himself and here show forth His glory.

'I hold that nothing short of Nicene Christology secures and preserves and justifies this whole way of thinking, however inadequate or confusing its terms may have become; and that if we are going to proceed to a more adequate statement on intellectual lines we shall have to go higher than Nicæa, not lower, so as to remove any suspicion that the whole Godhead was not constitutive of the personality of Jesus and revealed in His life. For this crisis has revealed that the Nicene statement can be juggled with and turned into a denial of the real and proper Deity of Christ. But a more exact theological statement is not the thing that matters most at the moment. What we have to set before all people is that the full faith in Christ is the only faith that can save the world now, and if it is to be faith, and not merely a theological idea, it must be an encouragement to venture all upon Christ's absolute reality and power.'

And yet this man is alive to his finger-tips with interest in his fellow-men, the men among whom he is living and suffering to-day.

One can't.

A biography written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is likely to be read. The subject of it is Arthur John Butler, the Dante scholar. A. J. Butler had many interests and worked hard at them all. He was a scholar in the Cambridge way, and not of Dante only, but also of history and politics and Alpine climbing. What he did he did well, being more than conscientious, even fastidious, in his work. And yet most men would call him a failure. His biographer admits it. Why, then, has his life been written? Just to show that the world's failure is God's success.

'Butler, for all his interest—his delighted interest—in all forms of man's activity, could never lay full account with Philistia. But if he "messed a career" thereby, I am very certain that he made a fine business of life.'

So says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and he knew him well. He goes on: 'As a son, a brother, a husband, a father he was not only irreproachable: the word almost insults one who threw the service of his heart so eagerly into all these functions. As a man he walked in God's eye, consciously but fearlessly, and his courage was as ready at hand for disappointment and illness as for any sudden test on an Alpine peak.'

And this further paragraph must be quoted to complete the picture: 'I add what is, in my experience, one of the surest proofs of a complete man, that he could open his lungs to the broadest human jest and laugh his soul utterly clean of it. At the point where good men are delicate his delicacy became almost girlish. I never knew one who with more easy an instinct separated the Holies from the Court of the Gentiles.'

That is good. But it is still better to hear himself. This is how he wrote to his son who had just left Eton and gone to Cambridge:

'My sending you to Cambridge at all, apart from the rather sentimental (and selfish) wish to keep up the family tradition, was of the nature of an investment. . . . As you hold no honours in your hand, and not any exceptionally good cards, you can only do this [win] by good play. I had no honours to speak of. I held good cards: I did not play them as I ought to have done; and I am where I am. Now I have to toil at hack work, at a time of life when most people are beginning to take in their sails, or at any rate to choose the work that pleases them best. What is worse, through having shrunk from drudgery and tried short-cuts when I was younger, I find it very hard now to apply myself to my work, so that I am always more or less driven, and take a whole day to do what most men would do in a morning.

'What you want, I am sure, is a definite purpose,

or rather the determination to let nothing (short of what is dishonourable, which I know you would rightly stick at) stand between you and your purpose. You let yourself be stopped sometimes by "One can't." Now there is nothing which "One can't," except disgrace oneself. To take a perfectly imaginary case. Suppose there was some bit of knowledge essential to your work, which you could only get by writing to the Emperor of China, and could get it so—you should write to the Emperor of China, and find a Chinese scholar to translate for you. But you would say, "One can't." You should practise the operation known as picking people's brains. In nine cases out of ten they like it. As for your coach and your lecturers, it is what they are there for. And be very suspicious about thinking you know anything until you have written it out correctly. Bacon says, "Writing maketh an Exact Man." Also, writing is an excellent challenge to indolence, and so is a moral as well as an intellectual training. Remember that character is built of habits, and habits are formed by small acts constantly repeated; integration in fact; or like a coral-reef. Much the same applies to the mind, only that is in some way more physical, depending on the condition the cells of your brain are in. You can make your brain firm or flabby, just as you can your muscles; but in both cases hard grind *with a purpose* is necessary if flabbiness is to be avoided, and by grind I do not merely mean sitting with a book in front of you, but an effort to *know* some new thing every day, having previously made quite sure what you do know and what you do not.'

So you see the *Memoir of Arthur John Butler* (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net) is a book that must be read.

Life in Christ.

Two volumes of *Sermon Notes* by the late Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson are to be issued. The first, the Anglican volume, has appeared (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, the Rev. C. C. Martindale, dedicating the volumes to Lord Halifax, claims for the Notes that they have a psychological value, for 'Hugh Benson stamped his personality on all that he touched.' But they have also a preaching value. Notes as they are, they are far other than the 'skeleton' variety we are so painfully familiar with. Let us offer an example.

Life in Christ.

Acts xvii. 28: In Him we live, and move, and have our being.

(A friend once said he liked to be alone in a stranger's room, to learn his character from the room.)

Introduction.—Spoken on Mars' Hill, immediately behind Mars' Temple—below the 'Furies'—high on the right of the Acropolis—temple and gigantic statue of Pallas—ivory and gold—below, temple of Theseus—in every direction altars, images—of amazing beauty.

All these were evidences to the supernatural world. So throughout Athens—And in the country—by streams—altars to nymphs,—in daily life the theatre half a temple—sacrifice offered—altar—drinking—bathing—all semi-sacred actions.

(So now in India—the carpenter prays to his hammer.)

All this results in an intense realisation of the supernatural world—a very evil one—impure—capricious—but the two worlds of sense and spirit were all interwoven.

I. St. Paul had to substitute the World to Grace for the Supernatural World of Devils.

He preached the Gospel—'to the unknown God.'

One God—instead of many.

Holy God—instead of lustful and impure—they mocked at innocence.

Loving God—instead of careless.

[Compare Hermes and Bacchus—dangling a bunch of grapes before the god of drunkenness—it is beautiful—but is it divine?

Our Lady and Child: marvellous purity—Child looking out to bless the world.

Their religious books must be expurgated before English boys can read them.]

Above all Incarnate God: who died for love—'to the Greeks foolishness'—Utterly opposed to Greek idea.

Compare an Apollo and a Crucifix!—

[*An Apollo*—perfect animal—symmetry—muscles—poise of the head—nervous limbs—all in the 'pride of life.'

A Crucifix—distorted—exhausted—head drooping—weary glazed eyes—'despised and rejected . . . acquainted with grief.']

Thus his message was, 'There is a spiritual

world about you: You are right in reminding yourselves of its existence—But it is not the world which you imagine.'

So the Christian Church rightly adapted many heathen customs; just as she adapted heathen temples (*e.g.* in Egypt).

Our processions — images — all adapted from heathenism. This is the glory of Christianity.

II. Present-day Tendency is to put the Supernatural World far away.

(1) Go about a big town to-day. The prominent things are the public buildings [where they arrange about the drains and electric trams]—stations—banks—theatres—not religious objects. If you were to propose putting up a cross or crucifix in the middle of the street, people would be shocked and alarmed—[Our villages are full of stumps of crosses which the English materialists have cut down. If our fathers slew the prophets, we do not build their sepulchres—we have improved on that—we destroy their sepulchres as well, *e.g.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. Empty niches of Court of Heaven]—not really from fear of idolatry—they have got idols of their own; but because it would bring the supernatural clearly before their eyes and minds, *cf.* saying grace—family prayers—are going out.

(2) Go into a man's house — take chairs — pictures—Bible (if there is one under an antimacassar). Prayer—alone dogma can give prayers. The Roman has our Lady and the Crucifix—the Salvation Army, General Booth—because they believe in them: and what have we? If we have anything beyond tables or china we have sentimental pictures of nothing in particular—and that is what we believe in.

Follow him in daily life—What is he really keen about? work—amusements—beer—pipe—football—and the evening papers! Follow him in his religion—Harvest Festival instead of Corpus Christi—Watch-night service connected with *time*: instead of the eternal verities of the Lamb slain—He calls that [Corpus Christi] materialistic—what unconscious irony!!! One is weary of the manly, practical, British character that believes in nothing except itself—and a God it has fashioned after its own image and likeness.

(3) Preach nearness of spiritual world—*i.e.* sacramental doctrine—baptism—absolution—Mass—Saints—or even JESUS as a present Saviour—for all sacramental doctrine shows how near the spiritual world is—and people are distressed—'dangerous,' 'superstitious,' 'unpractical.'

Life unbearable to the 'practical men' if he believed that JESUS really came in every Mass—and that a real sacrifice ascended to God—that in loneliness he is a spectacle to angels and men.

Our tendency now is to *separate* these two worlds: and this means the gradual extinction of the spiritual, *e.g.* when a man brags about 'praying in secret'—'worshipping God under the blue dome,' 'confessing his sins to God alone'—it means he is beginning to separate them. Or when he says, 'Let us have civic functions magnificent, but let religion be simple,' he is separating them—You cannot separate them—'serve God and mammon.' 'If the Lord be God, then follow Him—in *anything* you do; or if mammon then follow *him*—in anything—as his worshippers do.'

III. Our Business to Witness to the Nearness of the Supernatural World.

(This is the thought of a Patronal Festival, and how are we fulfilling our vocation?)

(*a*) *By our outward actions* OR by reverence. By all that is called 'ritualistic.' It offends; but it startles. Man in a restaurant making the sign of the Cross is a witness—'he thinks more of the presence of God than of his neighbours.'

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—especially as our leaders have told us it implies the Rea Presence.

We cannot put up our crucifixes: they are torn down—but we can wear them. (Our Lord spoke against the motive of self-advertisement, but it is the other way now.)

'But it is not the time!' Oh! it is: 'The Church may walk warily in times of quiet, and boldly in times of trouble.' They will attack anyhow—either accuse of secrecy, or of barefacedness.

(*b*) *By wedding our daily life and religion again.* (This is the value of a Harvest Festival.)

1. Doing our business religiously—guided entirely by justice.

2. Doing our religion businesslikely—keeping rules—persevering—methodical—Sermon on the Mount—starve if necessary—being natural.

3. *Above all by heavenly-mindedness.*—'In Him we live. . . .' Remember yourself in the Presence of God and angels and all saints. This gives you a 'foreign' air—citizens of the heavenly country—a pilgrim.

Conclusion.—We are compassed by heavenly things. Air vibrates with grace—A spectacle to men and angels—St. Stephen in Sanhedrin. St. John in Patmos, only his eyes opened and the spiritual world was there—'Behold a door was opened in heaven.'

[Instead of the birds flying, was seen an eagle bearing the Everlasting Gospel.
Instead of the Sun was seen the Face of Jesus.
Instead of the roar of the sea was heard His Voice.
Instead of the Sea—the sea of glass.
Instead of the beach—pavement of gold.
Instead of the birds—eagle and angels.
Instead of the waves—the voice of JESUS.
Instead of the Sun—the face of JESUS.
Instead of the clouds—flocks of angels.
It is here about us—This Church is the Gate of Heaven—if we had eyes to see, the air is full of horses and chariots round about us. Lord, that our eyes may be opened!]

'Went to 'Eaven straight, e' did.'

A second series has been published of *A Student in Arms*, by Donald Hankey (Melrose; 5s. net). We make no comparison between it and the first series. It is fit to stand alone and be enjoyed. For the sketches are quite independent, and every sketch has its point as well its pathos. But let us quote one of them, and let it be one of the Imaginary Conversations. These Imaginary Conversations are very characteristic, and will be the best to introduce their much-lamented author to those who know him not yet.

SCENE.—*A field in Flanders. All round the edge are bivouacs built of sticks and waterproof sheets. Three men are squatting round a small fire, waiting for a couple of mess-tins of water to boil.*

BILL (*gloomily*). The last three of the old lot! Oo's turn next?

FRED. Wot's the bleedin' good of bein' dahn in the mahf abaht it? Give me the bleedin' 'ump, you do.

JIM. Are we dahn-'earted? Not 'alf, we ain't!

BILL. I don't know as I cares. Git it over, I sez. 'Ave done wiv it! I dessay as them wot's gone West is better off nor wot we are, arter all.

JIM. Orlright, old sport, you go an' look for the V.C., and we'll pick up the bits an' bury 'em nice an' deep!

BILL. If this 'ere bleedin' war don't finish soon that's wot I bleedin' well will go an' do. Wish they'd get a move on an' finish it.

FRED. If ever I gets 'ome again, I'll never do another stroke in my natural. The old woman can keep me, . . . 'er, an' if she don't I'll . . . well . . . 'er. . . .

JIM (*indignantly*). Nice sort o' bloke you are! Arter creatin' abaht ole Bill makin' you miserable, you goes on to plan 'ow you'll make other folks miserable! Wot's the bleedin' good o' that? Keep smilin', I sez, an' keep other folks smilin' too, if you can. If ever I gets 'ome I'll go dahn on my bended, I will, and I'll be a different sort o' bloke to wot I been afore. Swelp me bob, I will! My missus won't 'ave no cause to wish as I'd been done in.

BILL. Ah well, it don't much matter. We're all most like to go afore this war's finished.'

JIM. If yer goes yer goes, and that's all abaht it. A bloke's got to go some day, and fer myself I'd as soon get done in doin' my dooty as I would die in my bed. I ain't struck on dyin' afore my time, and I don't know as I'm greatly struck on livin', but, whichever it is, you got ter make the best on it.

BILL (*meditatively*). I woulden mind stoppin' a bullet fair an' square; but I woulden like one of them 'orrible lingerin' deaths. 'Died o' wounds' arter six munfs' mortal hagony—that's wot gets at me. Git it over an' done wiv, I sez.

FRED (*querulously*). Ow, chuck it, Bill. You gives me the creeps, you do.

JIM. I knowed a bloke onest in civil life wot died a lingerin' death. Lived in the second-floor back in the same 'ouse as me an' my missus, 'e did. Suffered somefink 'orrible, 'e did, an' lingered more nor five year. Yet I reckon 'e was one o' the best blokes as ever I come acrost. Went to 'eaven straight, 'e did, if ever any one did. Wasn't 'alf glad ter go, neither. 'I done my bit of 'ell, Jim,' 'e sez to me, an' looked that 'appy you'd a' thought as e' was well agin. Shan't never forget 'is face, I shan't. An' I'd sooner be that bloke, for all 'is sufferin's, than I'd be ole Fred 'ere, an' live to a 'undred.

BILL (*philosophically*). You'm right, matey. This is a wale o' tears, as the 'ymn sez, and them as is out on it is best off, if so be as they done their

dooty in that state o' life. . . . Where's the coffee, Jim? The water's on the bile.

The Causes of the Triumph of Christianity.

There is nothing in the *Decline and Fall* which has impressed the world so much as Gibbon's attempt to account for the success of early Christianity. It was so deliberately intended to be subversive of the Christian claim; it did so much to prove that claim unassailable.

Again a deliberate effort is made to explain the triumph of Christianity. It is made by the Professor of Latin in Harvard University. There is nothing in person or place to lead us to expect a different method or a different spirit. Yet how different is the one from the other. What were the chief reasons for Christianity's triumph?

'Sometimes,' says Professor Moore, 'it is lightly said that its victory was due to the fact that it "promised immortality to a hopeless world." But we know that there were many contemporaneous religions which promised immortality and that the world was not without hope. We must try to look somewhat more deeply, and we cannot limit ourselves wholly to intellectual causes.

'The first, although not the most significant, reason may be found in the positive and noble monotheism of Christianity. Other religions by syncretistic processes arrived at a doctrine of the unity of the Divine, of one God who embraced in himself a multitude of divinities; but the new faith, supported by the Jewish inheritance, taught that God was but One, and that there was no other.

'Yet the most important causes are to be found in the person and mission of Jesus. He brought a new revelation of God to men; and it was a revelation which men believed the Old Testament had foretold. The Jewish Scriptures were the one body of sacred writings known to the Greco-Roman world, and their authority was enormous, wherever anti-Jewish prejudices were overcome, or when, as in Christian thought, Jesus was related to its prophecies. This influence had extended to Greeks, especially in such places as Alexandria, long before Jesus began His ministry. Therefore it was natural that the Gentiles' desire for revelation as well as the Jews' Messianic hopes should be attached to the Old Testament, so that Christianity had the support of its weighty authority.

'Again, Christianity knew its saviour and redeemer not as some god whose history was contained in a myth filled with rude, primitive, and even offensive elements, as were the stories of Attis, of Osiris, and, to a degree, of Dionysus. Such myths required violent interpretation to make them acceptable to enlightened minds. On the contrary the Christian saviour had lived and associated with men, whose minds and senses had apprehended his person, acts, and character. These witnesses had transmitted their knowledge directly, and they had testified that the life of Jesus corresponded to his teachings. Jesus was then an historical, not a mythical being. No remote or foul myth obtruded itself on the Christian believer; his faith was founded on positive, historical, and acceptable facts.

'Christianity showed a superior power of adaptation to every class; it was a practical guide of life for all, a guide which was soon recognized by its opponents to be of the highest ethical value. In spite of the human weaknesses of Christians, their superior morality was generally recognized from the time of Pliny. Their motives for righteous living sprang from love and faith rather than from any social or rational sanctions; and the fruits were "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." These virtues and the belief that Christ's revelation and the mystic union of man with the Divine brought salvation, could be understood by the most unlettered. The intellectual classes found Christianity fulfilling the aim of both Greek thought and Old Testament prophecy; in it they saw the ultimate philosophy. Christianity therefore proved itself a religion which satisfied men's desires and hopes as well as their philosophic aims in a more complete and spiritual way than Oriental mysticism or Greek rationalism; and it gave a nobler assurance of salvation.

'Finally, experience taught the value of Christianity; already in the second century the Apologists could make the appeal to common knowledge of the Christians to show the superiority of their faith.'

The book from which that fine passage is taken is really a history of Greek religion. Its title is *The Religious Thought of the Greeks* (Milford; 8s. 6d. net). The author is Clifford Herschel Moore.

It is a historical work. The Religion of the

Greeks is described throughout its history from Homer to Origen. Yes, to Origen; for it is not Paganism only that Professor Moore calls Greek religion. Wherever and whenever the Greek language was spoken, there and then was it used as a vehicle for the expression of Greek religion. The ancient religion got mixed with elements from strange Oriental cults, but it was Greek religion still, though it might now go by the name of Hellenism. And it is not to be thought of that Professor Moore should cut short his history of the religious thought of the Greeks without including the great Greek Fathers. Jesus is here and Paul is here; and the religion of the New Testament is told with no less insight and sympathy than the religion of Plato or Aristotle, though less space is proportionately and wisely occupied with it.

Justice.

At the Clarendon Press is published an address on *The Faith of England*, by Sir Walter Raleigh (6d. net). This anecdote will reveal the text and tone of the address: 'I suppose we should be at war with Germany to-day, even if the Germans had respected the neutrality of Belgium. But the unprovoked assault upon a little people that asked only to be let alone united all opinions in this country, and brought us in with a rush. I believe there is one German, at least (I hope he is alive), who understands this. Early in July, 1914, a German student at Oxford, who was a friend and pupil of mine, came to say good-bye to me. I have since wondered whether he was under orders to join his regiment. Anyhow, we talked very freely of many things, and he told me of an adventure that had befallen him in an Oxford picture-palace. Portraits of notabilities were being thrown on the screen. When a portrait of the German Emperor appeared, a youth, sitting just behind my friend, shouted out an insulting and scurrilous remark. So my friend stood up and turned round and, catching him a cuff on the head, said, "That's my emperor." The house was full of undergraduates, and he expected to be seized and thrown into the street. To his great surprise the undergraduates, many of whom have now fallen on the fields of France, broke into rounds of cheering. "I should like to think," my friend said, "that a thing like that could possibly happen in a German city, but I am afraid that the feeling there would always be against the foreigner. I admire the English; they are so just." I have heard nothing of him since, except a rumour that he is with the German army of occupation in Belgium. If so, I like to think of him at a regimental mess, suggesting doubts, or, if that is an impossible breach of military discipline, keeping silence, when the loud-voiced major explains that the sympathy of the English for Belgium is all pretence and cant.'

Home Prayers.

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., C.F., has written some 'Simple Home Prayers for a Week,' and called the little book containing them *A Daily Offering* (Heffer; 2d. and 6d. net). Here are the prayers for Tuesday evening:

Confession.—O our Father, who dost love us even when we sin, we want to tell Thee all that has been wrong to-day, words that were angry or untrue, deeds that were disobedient or unkind, thoughts that were silly or bad. Forgive us, we pray Thee, and join our hearts closer to Thee: through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Thanksgiving.—O Lord our God, who lovest all the children in the world because Thy Son was a Child, we thank Thee for Thy care over children to-day, and we praise Thee for all Thy care over us: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

An Evening Prayer.—O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst often as a Child fall asleep in the arms of Thy Mother, fold us while we sleep in the Arms of Thy mercy, that no evil may touch us till morning light. Amen.

A Mythical Incident in the Trial of Jesus.

By Herbert G. Wood, M.A., Formerly Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Warden of Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham.

What is the meaning of the phrase ἐζήτουν μαρτυρίαν in Mk 14^{55}, parallel with Mt 26^{59}, which inserts ψευδο before μαρτυρίαν? There is no special difficulty in translation. The sense of the passage is admirably rendered in the twentieth century version as follows:—'Meanwhile the Chief Priests and the whole of the High Council were trying to get such evidence against Jesus as would warrant his being put to death, but they could not find any.' The meaning of the text is plain enough, but it raises many questions. With Mr. Montefiore we ask, 'How have the witnesses been obtained at this hour of night? Where did they spring from? Were they kept in constant attendance lest their evidence should be suddenly required?' To these questions the evangelists return no answer. We have here one of those tantalizing gaps which so frequently occur, in the information supplied in the Gospels and the strictly critical attitude is to confess that we do not know how the witnesses came to be present. The evangelists have not troubled to explain their sudden appearance.

Commentators, however, abhor gaps as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Consequently they are busy with some one conjecture or other, usually offered with great confidence and in entire forgetfulness of alternative possibilities. A study of some of these comments affords a pretty illustration of the dangers of freely embroidering the Gospel narratives. In the course of these efforts at filling up the gap, some writers seem almost to have succeeded in securing currency for an additional incident which has no justification whatever in the text.

If the phrase ἐζήτουν μαρτυρίαν be isolated or read hastily, it is easily taken to mean that the Sanhedrim were looking for witnesses. This misunderstanding answers all the questions. How did the witnesses come to be there? The Sanhedrim instituted a search for them. This is not, indeed, what the Evangelist actually says. He would have written ἐζήτουν μάρτυρας, not μαρτυρίαν, if he had intended to say they searched for witnesses. Moreover, this mistranslation is corrected by the context. Interpreted in this way the text in Matthew would run, 'Now the chief priests and elders and all the council sought false witnesses against Jesus, to put him to death; but found no false witnesses: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet they found no false witnesses'—which is manifest nonsense. But the suggestion of a search for witnesses, once derived from a misunderstanding of the original, is too useful in filling the gap, to be readily abandoned. Besides, if the Sanhedrim was looking for evidence, surely that is tantamount to looking for witnesses. You can't have evidence without people to give evidence. So the misinterpretation holds its ground, and gives rise to many fancy pictures.

A good example of this class of embroidery occurs in Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*. He says (p. 198): 'In the dead of night the authorities proceed to hunt up "false witnesses" throughout Jerusalem, because the witnesses must be produced in the trial scene as closely as possible on that of the capture . . . and the process goes on till two give the requisite testimony.' That Mr. Robertson is guilty of misunderstanding the original is clear from his use of inverted commas. He treats μαρτυρίαν as equivalent to μάρτυρας—a simple grammatical error. He is clearly working on the text, as he attempts to do justice to the imperfect ἐζήτουν, by imagining a continuous search going on till two witnesses are found to agree. In a later work Mr. Robertson says: 'Such a judicial and police procedure as the systematic search for witnesses described in the gospel-story of the Trial could not take place by night.' Here the simple phrase of Mark is treated as a description of a systematic search for witnesses. But it is certain that the phrase can only refer to a judicial procedure, namely, the examination of witnesses in court. It does not even imply, much less describe, the police procedure of a systematic search for witnesses.

It might be thought that Mr. Robertson's error was prompted by a desire to prove details in the narrative to be unhistorical. In this case the suspicion is unjust, for he errs in good company.

Even W. C. Allen in his commentary on *Matthew* (p. 282) seems to falter, for he writes: 'The narrative in Mk. is not free from difficulty. The authorities sought false witnesses, two at least being necessary according to law, cf. Dt 19^{15}, but could not find them (^{55}). For many offered witness, but two could not be found to agree.' Here Dr. Allen seems to countenance a mistranslation of Mk., but his last sentence excludes Mr. Robertson's misunderstanding. Lesser lights commit themselves more irrevocably. Thus Dr. David Smith is found in unexpected agreement with Mr. Robertson. 'They (the chief priests, etc.) summoned no witnesses for the defence, but they hunted up witnesses against Him with an undisguised determination to effect His condemnation and with no attempt to preserve even the appearance of impartiality' (*The Days of His Flesh*, p. 469). It is not clear how far Dr. David Smith would press the search, but the coincidence of phrase 'hunt up witnesses' between him and Mr. Robertson is disquieting. Other writers supply fuller details. M. Brodrick, in a special monograph on *The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth* (pp. 76, 77), observes very justly that 'a stranger sight can seldom have been seen in the High Court of Jewry than that of the judges sending out to seek for witnesses in order to be able to proceed against a prisoner whom they had ordered to be arraigned before them for a predetermined verdict.' Mr. Robert Bird, the author of *Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*, also believes in this search for witnesses, but he conceives it somewhat differently. He notices that the members of the Sanhedrim are the subject of the verb ἐζήτουν. They did not send out to look for witnesses, as Mr. Brodrick supposes. The search was personally conducted by the members of the court. On p. 528 of his book, he writes as follows: 'But no two men could be got to accuse Jesus of the same thing, and the council became very uneasy, and some of the judges rose and went quietly out to look for more and better witnesses and to prepare them beforehand. Going into the palace-yard below, they sought for men to speak against Him.' This is a delightful though purely imaginative picture. Nothing of the kind is contemplated or concealed in ἐζήτουν μαρτυρίαν. But Robert Bird's alternative search by the judges in the palace-yard shows how gratuitous it is to read into this little phrase the description of a systematic search at midnight throughout Jerusalem.

More sober conjectural fillings involve less error but possess little more substance. Thus Renan and Wellhausen speak of the trial as prearranged, and the witnesses as prepared beforehand. It is difficult to deny the force of Mr. Montefiore's comment. 'That the trial is prepared, is asserted, not proved.' Similarly when Dr. Menzies writes (*The Earliest Gospel*, p. 265): 'Evidence therefore was required, and a number of persons are invited to say what they can against the accused, having, of course, been summoned late at night for that purpose,' one is inclined to ask the source of the last bit of information and the reason of backing it with 'of course.' When a commentator says, 'of course,' one suspects he seeks to give strength to an otherwise unsupported assertion.

After all, the late Dr. Bruce in the *Expositor's Greek Testament* kept closer to the text and the truth when he commented on Mt 26^{60} as follows:—'οὐκ εὗρον found not false witness that looked plausible and justified capital punishment. πολλῶν π. ψ. it was not for want of witnesses of a kind; many offered themselves . . . *coming forward on the spur of the moment from the crowd in answer to an invitation from prejudiced judges eager for damnatory evidence.*' This is more probable than most other conjectures. But surely in answering such a question as, Whence came the witnesses in the trial of Jesus? a commentator ought to record a verdict of *non liquet*. Let him mention conjectures as conjectures. For the rest, let him beware of being wise beyond that which is written.

Shadow and Substance.

By the Rev. A. E. Garvie, D.D., Principal of New College, London.

III.

The eternal reality itself has expressed itself in the temporal order, and that progressively until a consummation, not exclusive of progress objective and subjective, has been reached in Christ. So far our study of the Epistle has brought us. Our next step must be to try to answer the question: How has the eternal reality God—as finally manifested in Christ—dealt with all that in the temporal order, in which it so manifests itself, contradicts and challenges its supremacy? The problem of Creation and the problem of History bring us to the problem of Evil. (1) The writer of the Epistle does not, as does Paul (in the generally accepted interpretation, which has been recently called in question) in Ro 8, deal with the question on the cosmic scale, but only on the human. He finds that man has not secured the dominion over the creature that befits his dignity as but a little inferior to the Creator. 'Now we see not yet all things subjected to him' (2^8). Man's unfulfilled promise, however, he sees fulfilled in Christ, and for mankind fulfilled through Christ. 'But we behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour, that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings' ($2^{9.10}$). In one of the previous studies the soteriological significance and value of this passage was dealt with, and must now be taken for granted; we return to the study of it as a theodicy, the Cross as the justification of the ways of God to men. (2) In dealing with the problem of evil, it is often assumed that there are only two alternative solutions, *pessimism* or *optimism*, but a third, *meliorism*, has been suggested, and it is that which is presented to us. The writer does take the world and life seriously; sin, pain, sorrow, death, dread of judgment are real to him; no Christian Science vagaries would find any countenance in him; but he is no pessimist. The eternal reality for him is not a blind striving will, or an unconscious; but the personal God—good, wise, holy, and, despite the appearances, almighty, belief in whom belonged to his Jewish inheritance, which remained unshaken by his acquisition of Gentile philosophy. For him, however, the reality of evil forbade the easy and shallow optimism, which constantly finds refuge from doubt and question in Browning's words: 'God's in His heaven, All's right with the world,' although Browning's poetry as a whole expresses no such philosophy. The writer saw a great deal wrong with the world, and needing to be righted. To say that the world is the worst of all possible worlds must to the serious, earnest mind seem often much nearer truth than to say that it is the best, although to say either shows an intellectual arrogance not to be desired, as what do we know about possible worlds? and the actual world is all we know. The most we can say, and it is enough for thought and life, is this, that we see that the world is being made better; and we hope that it will yet become the best we can conceive or desire (whether the best possible or not matters not to us). This attitude is *meliorism*, and it is the writer's. But meliorism may rest on the common vague belief in human progress, which there is so much in the world to contradict and challenge. Or it may be built on surer foundations, such as the writer in this passage lays for our faith.

(3) In dealing with his solution we may observe (i) first of all that he does not try to escape the difficulty, as recent newspaper correspondence has suggested it should be escaped, by surrendering the almightiness of God. The method adopted by God in bringing many sons to glory, is in the writer's judgment not incongruous, but appropriate for the omnipotent, for Him 'for whom are all things, and through whom are all things,' who is both final purpose and ultimate cause of all reality, with no force or fate distinct from Him, independent of Him, capable of resisting and conquering His will. That man's will can refuse and resist God's will the writer admits; but that conflict is in the ethical and not the cosmic realm. He does not invite us to abandon the first article of

the Apostles' Creed, 'I believe in God the Father almighty.' To abandon that belief is to surrender all security that the problem shall be solved at all. His implicit argument here may be made more explicit. For the solution of a problem essentially moral and religious, the means must be as the ends. God's physical omnipotence cannot bring many sons to glory: that can be accomplished only by making the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. God's almightiness would be here irrelevant, even in the proper sense of the word, impertinent. God's goodness and wisdom direct, and are not controlled by His power.

(ii) *Secondly*, the writer here concentrates on the moral and religious problem, how men sinners can be made sons of God, and how so made they can be brought to the fulness of their life as the sons of God, as sharers in God's glory, His manifested perfection. This does not indicate any indifference or insensitiveness to physical evil, to pain as distinct from sin, but is a putting of first things first, as it is in the realm of the conscious, intelligent, voluntary, and personal, that the problem most presses, and the solution lies nearest. That problem solved, the other may be approached more hopefully and bravely. Further, the way in which that problem is solved, the recognition of the function of voluntary and vicarious suffering in man's salvation, leads to the conclusion that pain itself is not wholly evil, but subserves good.

(iii) The solution here offered, in the third place, brings before us illuminative principles. The Author of salvation is Himself made perfect for His saving ministry to men by His sufferings. He learns a sympathy which does not fall short of self-identification with man by sharing man's suffering to the uttermost. He learns an obedience which amounts to a self-identification with the saving will of God through His sufferings. Personality is perfected both manward and Godward by pain. This suffering is not only voluntary in love to God and man, it is vicarious. 'He tasted death for every man.' The sinless suffer that the sinful may be saved. Not only is personal character perfected, but social function is fully discharged in suffering. By that suffering an end that makes it more than worth while is achieved; 'many sons are brought to glory.' If we ask, Why does not God choose some other way? surely we dare not press the question, when we recall that it was the Son of God, 'the effulgence of His glory, the express impress of His substance,' who so suffered. The way which God has chosen as His own way is not one that man can refuse to tread and so scorn God's companionship. This is the writer's meliorism, his contribution to the solution of the problem of evil in the world.

IV.

(1) The light that is thrown on the problem of evil by the Cross of Christ is not its primary purpose; its primary purpose is to deal with sin. It is because the writer shows how the sacrifice of Christ deals with a universal need in a universal way that we may speak of his *universalism*. It is true that his main argument in the Epistle deals with the relation of Christ, His sacrifice and His salvation, to the Jewish ritual; but apart from accidentals, in essentials his reasoning is applicable to all religions and their provision for dealing with man's sense of sin and desire for forgiveness and deliverance. Temple, priest, altar, sacrifice, prayer, these are general features of the religion of man; in the Jewish ritual there is focused, brought to clearer consciousness and more distinct expression, what is widely diffused in mankind. The sense of sin and the desire for forgiveness may not be prominent; the sin confessed may be ritual offence rather than moral transgression; the forgiveness importuned may be escape from penalty rather than restoration of God's fellowship; but, however inadequately conceived or imperfectly expressed, it is a common human need with which the writer is dealing, and for which he declares Christ alone has found the full satisfaction.

(2) We may in this connexion recall Harnack's observations: 'Those who judged this death as a sacrificial death, soon ceased to bring any other bloody offerings to God. . . . He who looks into history recognizes that the suffering of the righteous and the pure is salvation in history. . . . No "reasonable" reflection and no "logical" consideration will be able to eradicate from the moral ideas of humanity the conviction that unrighteousness and sin demand punishment, and that everywhere, when the righteous suffers, an atonement is accomplished, which brings shame and cleansing.'[1]

[1] Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums*, 1900, pp. 99–100.

It is from the common conviction that atonement is necessary that the writer of the Epistle starts: 'All things are cleansed with blood, and apart from shedding of blood there is no remission' (9[22]). This is axiomatic with him, not a problem to be solved, or a proposition to be proved. What modern theories of atonement are concerned about, why atonement is necessary, he takes for granted, as his readers also took for granted. Where he differs from his readers is in insisting 'that the suffering of the righteous and the pure is salvation,' although he concentrates this saving efficacy of personal sacrifice in Jesus Christ, as Harnack does not. Consequently he maintains that 'bloody offerings should cease to be offered to God'; Judaism should be abandoned for Christianity, the shadow for the very image of the good things to come (10[1]).

(3) The appearance or illusion is throughout the argument opposed to the reality. 'If Joshua had given them rest, he would not have spoken afterward of another day. There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God' (4[8. 9]). The readers are exhorted to 'give diligence to enter into that rest' (v.[11]). There is this rest, because in Christ there is the real high priest; as regards His nature, 'the Son of God,' the scene of His ministry 'the heavens,' His qualifications, perfect sympathy, and perfect obedience. 'We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin' (v.[15]). The qualification of sympathy is more fully stated in the words: 'Wherefore it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted' (2[17. 18]). The qualification of obedience is insisted on with great boldness in a passage which seems to refer to the agony of Gethsemane: 'Who in the days of his flesh, having offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and having been heard for his godly fear, though he was a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered' (5[7. 8]). It was because of this sympathy with man and obedience to God that He was made 'perfect through sufferings,' enabled in His sacrifice to 'taste death for every man,' and thus to become the 'author of salvation . . . in bringing many sons unto glory' (2[9. 10]). What gives the reality to the priesthood is that it is no external office, inherited, usurped, or granted by favour, but it is an inward vocation and qualification in experience and character.

(4) For the same reason the sacrifice is a real sacrifice, as no animal offering could possibly be. 'It is impossible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins' (10[4]). God does not desire them, nor can He have any pleasure in them (v.[8]). It is obedience alone that can and does satisfy God (v.[9]). The writer does not link the two ideas of sympathy and obedience as giving its value to the Cross as closely together as our thought might desire. By His sympathy Christ so identified Himself with the lot of man, all the consequences of his sinfulness, that death for Him had the darkness and dread sin gives to it. By His obedience He so identified Himself with the will of God, that in submitting to death He approved in accepting it as the judgment of God on sin. Intercession accompanied sacrifice in the priest's mediation; and Christ, too, offers the real intercession. 'Christ entered not into a holy place made with hands, like in pattern to the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us' (9[24]). As He presents an adequate sacrifice, so He possesses an immediate contact with God Himself; and thus too He secures a complete salvation: 'Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them' (7[25]).

(5) The reality, in contrast to the shadow, of the priesthood, the sacrifice, and the intercession, is reflected in the Christian experience. Believers may 'draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that *they* may receive mercy, and may find grace to help in time of need' (4[16]). Whereas the Levitical sacrifices could not so cleanse as to leave 'no more conscience of sins' (10[2]), by the obedience of Christ in His sacrifice believers 'have been sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all' (v.[10]). They can now draw near to God 'with a true heart in fulness of faith, having *their* hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and *their* bodies washed with pure water' (10[22]). 'As an anchor of the soul,' they have a hope 'sure and stedfast and entering into that which is within the veil' (6[19]). For them Christ

is thus 'the mediator of a better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises' (8[6]). There is much in the detail of the argument that now sounds unfamiliar to us, but the conclusion is one that has universal significance, that Christ meets a universal need in a universal way, because in His sacrifice and salvation all is personal, ethical, and spiritual, appealing solely and wholly to the moral conscience and religious consciousness of mankind.

Literature.

THE SCHOLAR AS PREACHER.

'The Scholar as Preacher' series could scarcely have been representative without a volume by the Rev. Alfred E. Garvie, D.D., Principal of New College, London. For Dr. Garvie is unquestionably both a scholar and a preacher. He is a scholar in order that he may be a preacher; he preaches as only a scholar can preach.

The title of the volume is timely. It is *The Master's Comfort and Hope*. The sermons it contains are all based on texts taken from Jn 13[31] to Jn 14[31]. In short, it is a connected series of sermons on the great comfortable chapter of the Bible, the resort and consolation of all mourning and anxious people in all the generations of the Christian era.

And how admirably Dr. Garvie expounds his text and applies its wealth of consolation. As the dedication tells us, he has learnt in suffering what he utters in sermon. If we were compelled to select a sermon for special approbation, we think we should select the twelfth. Its title is 'The Power of Prayer in Christ's Name.' The text we need not indicate.

THE STUDY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Under the editorship of Dr. Gerald Birney Smith, Professor of Christian Theology in the University of Chicago, a volume has been prepared to which contributions have been made by many of the best American scholars, and of which the purpose is to guide the student of Christianity, or of any aspect of Christianity, to the nature of the subject and the best literature upon it. The volume has been issued in this country by the Cambridge University Press. The title is *A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion* (12s. 6d. net).

In every case the description of the subject to be studied, whether the Old Testament or the New, whether Early Christianity or Mediæval, whether Systematic Theology or Practical, is well done; in most cases it is a triumph of masterly condensation. The lists of literature could, of course, be criticised: who ever saw a list that could not? But the lists of literature also are the product of real scholarship and breadth of outlook.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

'There can, at least, be no doubt that the twentieth century opens with a very remarkable revival of general interest in philosophy; and, as I have tried to show, it is not the least hopeful sign of this movement that the impulse has come not so much from the professional philosophers as from men of science, in virtue of insights reached and problems raised in the progress of scientific thought. There is, doubtless, as always where a movement spreads to wider circles, much crude statement and wild theorizing by philosophically uninstructed writers. But there is a hopefulness even in the determination expressed in so many quarters to be done with academic tradition, and to discuss the universe from its foundations entirely without prejudice. There is a new spirit abroad in the philosophical world, a freshness of outlook, a contagious fervour, a sense of expectancy, which have long been absent from philosophical writing. The greater part of the nineteenth century was, philosophically, a period of reaction and criticism, an age great in science and in history, but suspicious of philosophy, distrustful of her syntheses, too occupied for the most part with its own concrete work to feel the need of them, and otherwise prone to take refuge in positivism or agnosticism. The philosophy of the century was in these circumstances mostly in a minor key, critical and historical

rather than creative, reviewing its own past and demonstrating the necessity of its own existence, rather than directly essaying the construction of experience. But now it seems as if, with a century's accumulation of fresh material, philosophy were girding herself afresh for her synthetic task.'

With these words Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison closes the fourth of his Gifford Lectures on *The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 12s. 6d. net). Now, it would be absurd to give the credit for this recovered interest in philosophy to any one man, but an unmistakable share of the credit is due to two men, to Professor William James of Harvard for his captivating command of language, and to Professor Pringle-Pattison himself for the clear and quiet method of his exposition and the sanity—the wholesomeness, we should like to call it—of his philosophical conclusions. His Aberdeen Gifford Lectures is only one of his works. It is just as comprehensible as the rest, just as clean-sweeping in the progress of its argument, just as convincing.

The Lectures move forward by criticism and construction. It is not possible to separate any number of them (say the First Course) and call them critical, while the rest are called constructive. Still, it is without doubt correct to say that the thirteenth Lecture contains the conclusion to which the first twelve look forward, and that the remaining seven look back to it and are there to strengthen its conclusion. What is the conclusion? We shall answer in a few selected sentences. 'As in the quest of beauty, so in the life of moral endeavour. The best and noblest looks up to a better and nobler; with a strange mingling of ardour and despair he strains his eyes towards an unapproachable perfection. Hence Browning's familiar paradox that life's success lies in its failures, and that the divine verdict, in contrast to the world's, is passed, not upon the paltry sum of a man's deeds and attainments, but upon the visions of goodness which were his own despair:

> What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me.

Such a passage requires, of course, to be read with understanding. The question is not of the casual inoperative wish, or the formal acknowledgment of the more excellent way, on the part of those confirmed in self-indulgence. Obviously, where there is no attempt, there can be no failure. It is the vision of goodness which has pierced a man with a sense of his own unworthiness, the ideal after which he has painfully limped—it is of these things that the poet speaks. And what I am concerned to emphasize is simply that, according to a doctrine of immanence rightly understood, man's 'reach' as well as his 'grasp' must be taken into account; for the presence of the ideal in human experience is as much a fact as any other. It is, indeed, much more; it is the fundamental characteristic of that experience.'

'Man's ideals are, in a sense, the creative forces that shape his life from within. They have brought him thus far, and they confer upon him the possibility of an endless advance. As Edward Caird puts it: "*Their* prophecies may be truer than history, because they contain something more of the divine than history has expressed as yet, or perhaps than it ever can fully express."

'Whence, then, are these ideals derived, and what is the meaning of their presence in the human soul? Whence does man possess this outlook upon a perfect Truth and Beauty and an infinite Goodness, the world of empirical fact being, as Bacon says, in proportion inferior to the soul? Man did not weave them out of nothing any more than he brought himself into being. "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"; and from the same fontal Reality must be derived those ideals which are the master-light of all our seeing, the element, in particular, of our moral and religious life. The presence of the Ideal is the reality of God within us.'

'There can be no true doctrine of God which is not based on a true doctrine of man. Now the essence of human nature is just, as the poet expresses it,

> Effort and expectation and desire
> And something evermore about to be—

the contrast between the actual present and the unrealized future, passing into the deeper contrast between the "is" and the "ought-to-be," and the duality of what is commonly called the lower and the higher self, with the discord and the struggle thence resulting.'

'As soon as we begin to treat God and man as two independent facts, we lose our hold upon the experienced fact, which is *the existence of the one in the other and through the other*. Most people would

probably be willing to admit this mediated existence in the case of man, but they might feel it akin to sacrilege to make the same assertion of God. And yet, if our metaphysic is, as it professes to be, an analysis of experience, the implication is strictly reciprocal. God has no meaning to us out of relation to our own lives or to spirits resembling ourselves in their finite grasp and infinite reach; and, in the nature of the case, we have absolutely no grounds for positing his existence out of that reference.'

We have allowed the philosopher to speak for himself, brokenly, no doubt, but perhaps not mistakenly. We shall close with a short paragraph from a much earlier lecture: 'One thing at least the sequel should teach us—the faithlessness and the foolishness of despairing as to the future of the instincts and beliefs which constitute man's higher nature. These are indeed imperishable, the supreme example of that power of self-maintenance and of adaptation to changing circumstance which, science teaches us, is the characteristic of all that lives. Changes in our conception of nature may be fatal to one formulation after another; accidents of expression may drop away in deference to historical criticism, nay, much that *seemed* of the very essence of religious faith may have to be left behind. But each time that the earthly body of a belief is laid in the dust, it receives a more glorious spiritual body, in which it continues to function as of old in the heart of man. Timid theologians who tremble for the ark of God at every advance of scientific knowledge do but repeat the sacrilege of Uzzah in the sacred legend, smitten by the anger of heaven for his officious interference. Faith, which is an active belief in the reality of the ideal, is the very breath by which humanity lives, and it will reconstitute itself afresh as long as the race endures.'

SWINBURNE.

It is important, we are told, that a man should choose his parents well. It is scarcely less important that he should choose well his biographer. What some biographers would have made of *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne* we shudder to think. What Mr. Edmund Gosse has made of it (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) gives us the pleasure of a perpetual astonishment.

For Swinburne was simply an oddity. And he was an oddity not in appearance only, and not only in manner, but also in mind and in spirit. Listen to Mr. Gosse himself—and remember that he never gives Swinburne away. This is their first meeting in 1870. 'I have to confess that there was something in his appearance and in his gestures which I found disconcerting, and which I have a difficulty in defining without a suspicion of caricature. He was not quite like a human being. Moreover, the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair had already, although he was but in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me, he stood, perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then, without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped on to this sofa, and presently hopped down again, so that I was reminded of some orange-crested bird—a hoopoe, perhaps—hopping from perch to perch in a cage. The contrast between these sudden movements and the enthusiasm of his rich and flute-like voice was very strange. In course of a little time, Swinburne's oddities ceased to affect me in the slightest degree, but on this first occasion my impression of them was rather startling than pleasant.'

About his outward appearance, and the occasional effect of it, there is a good story. 'Jowett determined that it would be best that Algernon should leave Oxford for a season, soon after entering his twenty-third year. He found an excuse for sending him to read modern history with William Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, but then known as a learned young clergyman who had taken a country living that he might devote himself to the study of ecclesiastical registers. His parish was the strictly agricultural one of Navestock, near Romford in Essex, where he had quite recently married the mistress of the village school. To this amiable couple the republican was duly sent as a private pupil. Swinburne, a little in disgrace, but absolutely imperturbable, arrived at Navestock on a summer Saturday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, on the supposition that he must be tired, kindly suggested that he should have his sleep out, and be excused from attending morning service in the parish church. The poet's breakfast was served in his bedroom, but when the vicar started for church Swinburne perceived that it was a glorious day, and reflected that it was a pity not to be out of doors. The vicarage of Navestock stands

close to the churchyard, and to approach the church from the village every one must pass the gate of the vicarage garden. Swinburne, who had a preference for strong colours, slipped his feet into a pair of scarlet slippers, arrayed himself in a crimson dressing-gown, and sauntered out into the garden. The bell now summoned the parish to its devotions, and it occurred to Swinburne that it would be interesting to see what sort of people went to church in Essex on Sunday mornings.

'So, with the sun lighting up his great head of hair like a burning bush, with his robe all crimson to the ankles, and his vermilion shoes on his feet, he leaned pensively over the gate. The earliest worshippers began to come along the lane, but one and all stopped at a respectful distance, nor dared to pass the flaming apparition. Swinburne grew more and more interested in the silent, swelling crowd that now began to block the lane. Meanwhile there was an ecclesiastical deadlock; not a worshipper appeared in church, until Stubbs, at a loss to account for the absence of his parishioners, bade the clerk to ring again. Still no parishioners! But at last the boldest man in Navestock, fixing his eyes on the poet and hugging the farther hedge, made a bolt past for the churchyard, and the entire congregation followed him in a rush. Swinburne reflected "how oddly the Essex yokel takes his Sunday service," and then strolled back to the vicarage to dress for luncheon. This was his version of the incident, which Stubbs on his part was wont to tell in more or less similar terms.'

As for Swinburne's mind and spirit, we have the poems, and we have many an outrageous scene described in the biography. He was apparently without either moral or religious sensibility, or as nearly so as a man outside a lunatic asylum can be. 'In the summer of 1862 a distinguished party assembled at Fryston [Lord Houghton's place]; it included Venables, James Spedding, the newly appointed Archbishop of York (William Thomson), and Thackeray, the latter having brought his two young daughters, afterwards Lady Ritchie and Mrs. Leslie Stephen. Lady Ritchie recalls for me that the Houghtons stimulated the curiosity of their guests by describing the young poet, who was to arrive later. She was in the garden on the afternoon of his arrival, and she saw him advance up the sloping lawn, swinging his hat in his hand, and letting the sunshine flood the bush of his red-gold hair. He looked like Apollo or a fairy prince; and immediately attracted the approval of Mr. Thackeray by the wit and wisdom of his conversation, as much as that of the two young ladies by his playfulness. On Sunday evening, after dinner, he was asked to read some of his poems. His choice was injudicious; he is believed to have recited "The Leper"; it is certain that he read "Les Noyades." At this the Archbishop of York made so shocked a face that Thackeray smiled and whispered to Lord Houghton, while the two young ladies, who had never heard such sentiments expressed before, giggled aloud in their excitement. Their laughter offended the poet, who, however, was soothed by Lady Houghton tactfully saying, "Well, Mr. Swinburne, if you *will* read such extraordinary things you must expect us to laugh." "Les Noyades" was then proceeding on its amazing course, and the Archbishop was looking more and more horrified, when suddenly the butler—"like an avenging angel," as Lady Ritchie says—threw open the door and announced, "Prayers! my Lord!"'

That touches his moral sense. This his religious. It is a quotation from a letter addressed in 1875 to E. C. Stedman: 'A Theist I never was; I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a *personal* God except by crude superstition or else by true supernatural revelation; that a natural God was the absurdest of all human figments; because no man could by other than apocalyptic means—that is, by other means than a violation of the laws and order of nature—*conceive* of any other sort of Divine purpose than man with a difference—man with some qualities intensified and some qualities suppressed—man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. . . . But we who worship no material incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine humanity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley), but assuredly in no sense a Theist.'

What has Mr. Gosse made of such a man? He has made him attractive, and even lovable. And he has written a biography that is quite likely to be read long after Swinburne's own writings are forgotten.

COMMUNITY.

Whatever else the future will demand of the Christian ministry, it will demand an interest in society. Already 'the social problem' has become the chief concern of some ministers, those especially who live in the great cities. It may be that it should never have become the chief concern of any minister of the Word and Sacraments. But in the future it will certainly become a concern, and a deep concern, of every person who is set apart for the gospel, wherever his lot is cast.

It would be wise therefore if ministers would prepare their minds by immediate study for the calls to be made upon them. What is Society? What is a Community? What is an Association? What is a State? These questions are all answered by Professor R. M. Maciver, D.Phil., in a very full and, we believe, very reliable volume of sociological study entitled *Community* (Macmillan; 12s. net). Dr. Maciver deals with those very terms throughout his book, and he begins with a definition of them. For it is just because they are familiar to us that they demand definition. The science of Sociology has its language already made; it is the language of the people, but it is used without precision. The first thing is to give a definite meaning to each word in common use.

What then is Society? 'Wherever living beings enter into, or maintain willed relations with one another, there society exists.'

And what is a Community? 'By a community I mean any area of common life, village, or town, or district, or country, or even wider area. To deserve the name community, the area must be somehow distinguished from further areas, the common life may have some characteristic of its own such that the frontiers of the area have some meaning. All the laws of the cosmos, physical, biological, and psychological, conspire to bring it about that beings who live together shall resemble one another. Wherever men live together they develop in some kind and degree distinctive common characteristics—manners, traditions, modes of speech, and so on. These are the signs and consequences of an effective common life. It will be seen that a community may be part of a wider community, and that all community is a question of degree.'

What is an Association? 'An association is an organisation of social beings (or a body of social beings *as organised*) for the pursuit of some common interest or interests. It is a determinate social unity built upon common purpose.'

And what is a State? A State is a community, but the term is not synonymous with community. 'Every State has rigid territorial limits, but the modern world, marked off into separate States, is not partitioned into a number of isolated communities. We have already seen that community is a matter of degree, that it is a network of social interrelations, here denser, here thinner, whose ever new-woven filaments join men to men across countries and continents. The State, unlike community, is exclusive and determinate. Where one State ends, another begins; where one begins, another ends. No man can owe allegiance to two States, any more than he can serve two masters, but he can enter into the life of as many communities as his sympathies and opportunities will allow.'

These definitions are explained and defended, and their explanation and defence may be said to be the book. Many matters of most urgent moment arise in the course of it. Has the Community a mind?—that is one matter. 'Community is not an organic, it is a spiritual unity. It rests on the common and interdependent purposes of social beings. But community is not therefore to be thought of as a greater mind or soul. There are two forms of spiritual unity, one the indissoluble unity of the single mind, the other the unity—or rather the harmony—of minds in social relations. The two forms of unity are totally disparate, yet nothing is more common, or more fatal to a true perspective of community, than the confusion of them. Because a community is a union of minds, it is not therefore itself a mind. Such a statement seems so obvious, and yet the contrary statement is explicitly made by distinguished sociologists such as M. Durkheim, and distinguished psychologists such as Mr. William M'Dougall.'

Another pressing question is the meaning of Nationality and its future. 'The intense consciousness of nationality, like the intense consciousness of race with which it is so easily confused, represents a stage in social development, and is the means by which a widened form of social unity is maintained. It fulfils a double service. Negatively, it is an important protest against *false* universal claims, the claim, for instance, of political Rome over the world, or, again, the claim of

ecclesiastical Rome over the world. It was largely through the spirit of nationality that these claims were overthrown. Positively, it provides a ground for the union of localities and for the reconciliation of classes, often in the past so widely separated in interests, giving a somewhat vague though often very effective sentimental community to those divided by hard distinctions of class, station, and culture. The idea of nationality is thus, on the other hand, an expression of the widened social thoughts of men. Again, and in consequence, the principle of nationality enables those who share it to unite effectively for the common pursuit of the concrete interests which also they share. It is the basis on which men build the association of the State, on which, through its aid, they realize in harmony that community of human interests which is deeper than all the differences of men.'

These references and quotations are enough to show that Professor Maciver is a clear thinker, and that a careful study of his book will give the necessary knowledge and confidence to those who have to apply the principles of sociology to daily life.

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL.

Dr. Rendel Harris, before going out to the East, to be torpedoed both going and coming, published a volume and gave it the title of *The Ascent of Olympus* (Longmans; 5s. net). It is an inquiry in Dr. Rendel Harris's manner, both erudite and alluring, into the origin of two Greek gods and two Greek goddesses, the gods being Dionysos and Apollo, and the goddesses Artemis and Aphrodite. They are all traced to vegetables. They *are* vegetables. Dionysos is the ivy, Apollo the apple, Artemis the mugwort, Aphrodite the mandrake. For these vegetables had all healing properties, even magical and supernatural properties, and what is supernatural is to be worshipped, and what is worshipped (being personified) is a god. It is simple, the astonishment is that it is convincing. Dr. Rendel Harris never confounds his facts with his theories. He tells us plainly when he knows and when he speculates. And as we follow him breathlessly we gather stores of useful information and, better, stores of fruitful suggestion. It is impossible to quote his facts within a short compass, they are so indissoluble. Let us quote one of his speculations.

'Every one knows the Norse story of Balder the Beautiful, and of his death at the hand of the blind god Holdur, who, at Loki's malicious suggestion, shot him with an arrow of mistletoe. No one has been able to explain the myth of the death of Balder, but there have been various parallels drawn between the beautiful demi-god of the North and the equally beautiful Apollo among the Olympians: etymology has also been called in to explain Balder in terms of brightness and whiteness, and so to make him more or less a solar personage: but nothing very satisfactory has yet been arrived at. The Balder myth stands among the unsolved riddles of antiquity, complicated by various contradictory story-tellings, and apparently resisting a final explanation. Grimm was of the opinion that there was a Germanic Balder named Paltar, who corresponded to the Norse Balder, thus throwing the myth back into very early times indeed; and he brought forward a number of considerations in support of his theory, of greater or less validity.

'It has occurred to me that, perhaps, the Apel-dur, Apel-dre, and Appeldore, which we have been considering, may be the origin of Balder, and of the Paltar of Grimm's hypothesis, in view of the occurrence of the corresponding forms mentioned above in the Middle High Dutch. If, for instance, the original accent in *apple* (abál) is, as stated above, on the second syllable, then it would be easy for a primitive apál-dur to lose its initial vowel, and in that case we should not be very far from the form Balder, which would mean the apple-tree originally and nothing more. That the personified apple-tree should be killed by an arrow of mistletoe is quite in the manner of ancient myth-making; and the parallels which have sometimes been suggested between Balder and Apollo would be not parallels but identities. Apollo would be Balder, and Balder Apollo.'

LIVELY RECOLLECTIONS.

The Rev. Canon John Shearme has named his book of memories *Lively Recollections* (Lane; 5s. net), and he has named it well. There is not a dull page in it. The personal element is always present, giving human interest. And it is always present inoffensively. For in all the book there is neither foolish vanity nor mock modesty, to disturb the reader's enjoyment.

Canon Shearme has had to do with celebrities

not a few, right up to the highest in the land. When he was an undergraduate in Oxford he had this experience: 'One day I was hurrying to drill. Swinging along St. Aldgate's, rifle in hand, I suddenly came into collision with a young man rounding the corner of Carfax, and my rifle ran into him and momentarily deprived him of his breath. I apologized profusely and helped him to recover himself. It was not till he had walked some paces on his way that I recognized the dog and the person of His Royal Highness [the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII.]. When next we met in the street, the Prince smiled good-humouredly and said, "I think I will give you a wide berth!" He knew me very well by sight, as I belonged to a glee club which often sang before him.'

If you think that that points to awkwardness or ungallantry, listen to this. The Queen and Prince Albert came to Oxford to see their son. 'They paid a visit to Christ Church, and the great gates of Tom were closed to prevent the crowd from following them. I, however, having made friends with a detachment of police, who furnished me with a long staff, entered with them into Tom Quad, and from thence found my way to the library, whither the Queen had gone; and I waited on the steps outside. Just before Her Majesty reappeared from the library, a slight shower of rain fell, wetting the pavement. Inspired by the example of Sir Walter Raleigh, I hastily whisked off my gown and spread it out for the Queen to step on, which she did, to my great pride and delight. Small wonder that my gown, hallowed by the touch of Her Majesty's feet, became a coveted treasure. It soon mysteriously disappeared from my possession, and I saw it no more!'

Such lively recollections as these run right through the book. In later years Canon Shearme preached before Her Majesty, dined with Her Majesty, and after dinner told Her Majesty stories, so that 'the Queen laughed very heartily and the Empress Frederick drew near to join in the fun.'

Here is an illustration of a Scripture text—have you ever seen a prettier? 'In August, 1880, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, being somewhat out of health, came down to Holmbury to recover, and on one Saturday during his stay a Cabinet Council was held there, at which the Duke of Argyll; Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary; John Bright, and several other members of the Government were present.

'Early on Sunday morning, August 15th, I received a note from Mr. Leveson-Gower asking me to reserve two pews for his guests. Now our church was a free and open one, and so strongly did Mr. Street, its founder, feel with regard to this matter that he had placed a marble tablet in the ante-chapel with the following text engraved upon it:

'"If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and become judges of evil thoughts? Jas. ii. 2, 3, 4."

'This being the case, I referred the matter to my churchwardens, Mr. Street and Mr. Frank Walton, R.I., the well-known landscape painter. They consulted together, and feeling that a principle was involved, courteously replied to Mr. Leveson-Gower that no seats could be reserved, but that they would undertake to find sufficient room for his guests if they arrived in good time before the service. And so it happened that, on that and many other occasions, peer and peasant were seated side by side in the church.'

Once, we think, Canon Shearme's memory must be at fault. One of those who attended church on the occasion just referred to was John Bright. 'I could not help noticing the enormous size of John Bright's broad-brimmed hat, which he deposited on the floor outside his seat. I think it would have taken any two ordinary heads to fill it.' The 'enormous size' is all right, but not the 'broad-brim,' for Mr. Trevelyan in his Life of John Bright assures us that he never wore a broad-brimmed hat. Canon Shearme has got the idea from *Punch*, where (in order to show that Bright was a Quaker) the broad-brimmed hat always appeared.

A MYSTICAL LIFE OF CHRIST.

A mystical Life of Christ has been written by 'Elizabetha,' and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul under the title of *The Prophet of Nazareth* (6s. net). It is neither historical nor critical; it is neither devotional nor practical. It is mystical. Every act of the Life of the Master is dealt with

mystically, the outward fact being always considered of any account solely because it contains the inner secret.

Take the chapter 'Concerning the Resurrection.' It opens in this way: 'Taken literally, the "resurrection," the arising, or *reappearance* of the Master after the "decease"—though in His case disappearance of the purely physical form—was no new thing. Such manifestations, in lesser degree, had occasionally taken place long before, and have taken place since. After the cruel murder, for instance, of Thomas à Becket, he showed himself in vision to one of the devoted monks who had sought to protect him from his assailants, saying, "I am not dead," and pointed to his partly healed wounds. The monk was able to see the martyr and to hear his message. For the wounds of the physical body remain for a time as scars upon the more spiritual astral form. And in the case of a Master, a phantasmal body, appearing and disappearing, can be used at will. The "perfect" possess these powers. But a far deeper truth lies here. And it lies in the "resurrection" of the God within the man, the victory of the divine life—through sacrifice—of the Eternal One, the triumph of the true Life over Death, as casting out the perishable surroundings of earth. For the "dead" are they who slumber in the physical world, amid its fleeting dream-illusions, and who realize not the high planes of life and being to which man may attain when he overcomes the lower lives, and realizes and enters into the true kingdom of spiritual existence.'

Again, and a little further on: 'When the great work of initiation is in process, and little by little the outer and lower world to which we cling (knowing no other through the physical senses) recedes before the power and glory of a higher estate dawns—then comes the darkness. "*Why hast Thou forsaken me?*" is the cry of him around whom all things seem to fade and fall into ruins; and even in that supreme hour of sacrifice and renunciation the work of transmutation is achieved, and "*it is finished.*"

'From that time the man is a son of the Father, and appears and lives under other conditions. And he attains ever higher planes of knowledge, perception and power. The matter of the physical world at last is in his grasp; he comes and goes at will, and whither he would, knowing no hindrances, and no barriers. He knows how to use his vehicles, to wear this garment, or that. By the "perfect" the phantasmal form can be used which appears and disappears, and can assume solidity. He has won true wisdom and an eternal victory, and "as within, so without."'

Has this ever been done before, or done so minutely? It is a very closely printed octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages.

ST. OPTATUS.

St. Optatus was Bishop of Milevis. He wrote a book against the Donatists. It is a scarce book. It is scarce in any language. Until 1870 even the original Latin was out of reach of all persons who had not access to the largest libraries. It could be found in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, but how many persons possess a Migne? Now, however, the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, B.A., has published an English version with Notes and Appendixes of *The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, against the Donatists* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net), and the least known of all the Fathers of the Church may be well known easily.

Why should Optatus be studied? Because he wrote so emphatically about the Church. That is his subject. He wrote that the Church, 'she and she alone is One; she and she alone is truly Catholic. In fact this is her name—*Catholica.* She alone is Apostolic—Apostolic for this reason, that all over the world ("ubique") her children are in communion with the *Cathedra Petri*, the See of that Apostle to whom alone the Lord promised the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—the See "against which to contend is sacrilege."' And writing so about the Church, he wrote similarly about the Sacraments. He 'affirms explicitly the truth of Baptismal Regeneration; again and again makes reference to the Sacrifice of the Altar; states the doctrine of the Real Presence in words that are incapable of any misunderstanding.'

That is the reason why Mr. Vassall-Phillips has translated St. Optatus and annotated him. In some other matters he does not approve of his saint. St. Optatus 'argued that "perchance" the sufferings of the Donatists were "by the will of God," and endeavoured to justify them by several parallels from the Old Testament.' That seems to his translator 'exceedingly regrettable,' but even for that he finds excuse in the circumstances and in the clearness of his declarations about the Church.

The translation is well made, not too literal and not too fine: we have compared it here and there with Migne. The notes, too, are scholarly and useful. Look, for example, at the long note on page 50 on the different meanings of the expression 'Catholic Church.' At the end of the volume there is a fine reproduction of a map of ecclesiastical Africa: the date is 1702.

The Rev. E. A. L. Clarke, A.K.C., has 'composed, translated, and compiled' *The People's Missal*, and Mr. Allenson has published it in a form that will at least command attention to it. For it is beautifully printed on India paper, and it is illustrated by charming reproductions of Frederic Shield's pictures in the chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater (5s. net).

But what is the People's Missal? 'The People's Missal follows the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, according to the use of the Church of England, with customs appropriate to English worship, as anciently at Sarum; and with private devotions for priest and people, in maintenance of Common Prayer.' It contains (1) the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels from the Book of Common Prayer and other Proper of Seasons; (2) Collects and Lections supplementary to the Book of Common Prayer, suggested for private devotion; (3) Collects and Occasional Prayers for Memorials at the Divine Service; (4) Eucharistic Devotions according to the Day of the Week; (5) Additional Prayers and Personal Devotions; (6) Prayers of the Passion; (7) Cautels from the Sarum Missal; (8) the Duties of the Ministers at a Solemn Eucharist; and (9) the Canon of the Holy Sacrifice.

The new number of the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* (Bapt. Union Pub. Dep.; 6s. net), contains no fewer than ten articles, together with the title-page and index to the fifth volume. Among the articles there is one, most useful, on Baptist Periodicals. We hope the Editor will complete it some day.

Not for war recipes but for most useful and surprising information on food for all time, consult *One Hundred Points in Food Economy*, by J. Grant Ramsay, F.R.E.S. (Bell; 1s. net).

It is no doubt under the influence of the war and its problems that Mr. C. Delisle Burns has written a book on *Greek Ideals* (Bell; 5s. net). From beginning to end he seems to set our ideals by the side of the ideals of the Athenians, and he means that we should learn the lessons of the comparison and the contrast.

What were the Greek Ideals? First, a life in society, and a character completely social. Secondly, society religious, a religious union, expressing its religious life in its festivals. Thirdly, room left for free local development and for the beginnings of individual liberty. Those are the principal matters. But there were other ideals, such as that of a sane mind in a sane body. They are all described by Mr. Burns with easy command of language and of knowledge.

And on the whole with truth. But he has his prejudices. One is violent. Let us have it in his own words lest we misrepresent him: 'Preaching was, happily, unknown in Athens. When Greeks spoke of teaching they generally meant an incitement to creative and spontaneous thought, not an inculcation of precepts or a repeating of information; but preaching as distinct from teaching is generally a rhetorical obfuscation of already obsolete issues by a person secure from immediate criticism or questioning. So great is the confusion of modern terms that those who desire a serious drama seem to imagine that the stage should be used as a pulpit. It may be so; although it seems unfair that those who have escaped from being preached to death by a mad curate should find themselves in a theatre the victims of a tub-thumper. In any case there is nothing Greek about that kind of didactic drama. The whole festival of Dionysus is a repudiation of such dry-as-dust moralising. For when the Greeks looked to the poets for teaching, they expected to be roused to thought and induced to criticise not only their teachers but the gods themselves.'

Who will take offence at such outspokenness? Only those who deserve it. It is a fine sympathetic study of a subject which we cannot spend too much time in studying if we are to be fit to take our place in the social life that is to be ours when the war is over.

Six lectures on 'Ancient Buddhism as a Discipline of Salvation' were delivered by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, under the Hibbert Foundation, in

the spring of last year. They are now published at the Cambridge University Press under the title *The Way to Nirvana* (4s. 6d. net). Now Professor Poussin is our very first Buddhist scholar. His knowledge of Ancient Buddhism is not only unsurpassed but probably unsurpassable. His enthusiasm is inexhaustible. And he can speak and write good English. This is the book to read and rely upon. There are more pitfalls for the unwary in the study of Buddhism than of any other religion. What is known is known to Professor Poussin and no one need fear to trust him.

The four lectures on *The Increase of True Religion* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net), which Dr. W. Cunningham addressed to the Clergy and Church Workers of the Archdeaconry of Ely, must have called upon every ounce of their hearers' mind to follow them. For they carry an argument right through from the beginning of the first lecture to the end of the last; and the sentences are sometimes long and difficult. But they are good to read. The thought is clear, the language is lofty, the subject is of surpassing consequence. What must we do that when the war is over we may be able to preach Christ better than ever we preached Him before? There are four answers, and these four are one. First, we must learn the truth until we know it; next, we must hold it with assurance; thirdly, we must make one truth a stepping-stone to another and higher truth; and lastly, we must be personally powerful and attractive.

A volume of quite unexpected interest (at least to the theologian) has been issued from the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Science and the Nation* (5s. net). It contains a series of papers contributed by leading specialists in scientific research, together with an Introduction by Lord Moulton. The editor is the Master of Downing College, Mr. A. C. Seward, F.R.S.

The purpose of the contributions is to draw attention to the national value of Pure Science. The war has driven us to the necessity of encouraging the Applied Sciences. But every step in the progress of Applied Science depends upon a previous step in the study of Pure Science. This fact is brought out clearly and convincingly by nearly all the contributors, and it is a fact of very remarkable interest. It is imperative therefore that after the war the State should be generous as never before in the encouragement of Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mathematics, and other forms of pure research work.

The authors of these articles are not only eminent in their own branch of Science; they can also write well, some of them exceedingly well. A more delightful article as pure literature than that of Professor Bragg on 'Physical Research' we have not read for some time. And yet Mr. Rosenhain's article on 'The Modern Science of Metals' is scarcely less delightful. Our Professors of English Literature will have to 'go to the Front.'

Are the men who return from the battle to return better men or worse? No one, no chaplain who has studied the matter, seems able to decide. A book is issued by two chaplains, able men and unprejudiced, the Rev. T. W. Pym and the Rev. Geoffrey Gordon, but they cannot decide. They call their book *Papers from Picardy* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net). And never did chaplains write with more sense of responsibility, with more feeling for reality. But they do not altogether agree. Both discuss the discipline of the army, Will it be good for the men in the future? Mr. Pym on the whole says No, Mr. Gordon on the whole says Yes. Mr. Gordon does not seem to agree entirely with himself. In one place he says, 'We are often told that the men who have faced death in the trenches will return to civil life with a quickened spiritual outlook. It is possible, and in the case of some it is certain, but on the other hand the material ugliness of war is here so horribly in the foreground that it is just as likely that in many of us, our sense of the spiritual will be, not awakened, but deadened.' In another place he speaks of 'devotion to a cause that outweighs and overrides the claims of self-interest as the main cause of the great uplift that has been given to men's characters in these last two years of war.' Yet it is a book of quite exceptional value—so honest are these two chaplains and so unusually well informed.

Mr. Walter M. Gallichan is a ready writer of popular books on life and conduct. His latest volume he calls *Life Enjoyable* (Grafton; 3s. 6d. net). He believes that we may all enjoy life, but we must set about it in the right way. It is his business in this book to show us what that way is.

There is a Street Children's Union in Birmingham and it has a magazine. To the magazine certain eminent men and women have contributed articles on the treatment of street boys and girls during the war. The most original of the articles is 'The Way to Laugh,' by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. The idea is that the superintendent of a Union or other Mission should be able to make the members (especially if they are boys) laugh 'when he cares to.' It is the way to maintain discipline. And Mr. Pett Ridge is right. But you have first to find your superintendent.

Well, all these articles are now gathered into a volume which is called *War and the Citizen* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It contains a portrait of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, because he has contributed an Introduction to it.

The new part of *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.)—it is Part I., 1917—arrests the eye at once through the beautiful plate in colour of water lilies of Ancient Egypt which forms its frontispiece. Then comes the article on the water lilies by Dr. W. D. Spanton, well written and well illustrated throughout—quite enough to give distinction to this part and enlargement of circulation to the quarterly. Few quarterlies can afford to offer such fine work as this. There is also, however, in this part 'An Architectural Sketch at Sheikh Said,' by N. de Garis Davies, and an article by Professor Flinders Petrie himself on 'Egypt and Mesopotamia'—not to be missed in the present expectation.

How does Kultur differ from Culture? The best answer is Professor John Burnet's in *Higher Education and the War* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Burnet's object is the encouragement of a perplexed nation in the use of Greek and Latin as instruments of a liberal education. And a fine generous case he makes out. But, as the way of the best educators is, he drops valuable information at every step; and amongst other valuable items he tells us clearly the difference between Kultur and Culture. In a word, Kultur is national, Culture is patriotic, and 'it is an ill day for a people when it mistakes nationalism for patriotism.'

Mr. William Scott Palmer is one of the contributors to *Faith or Fear*. He has now written a book of his own, and called it *Providence and Faith* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). A very modern book it is, and yet it is very loyal to the Christian Gospel. The author is more drawn to the Gospel than to the Churches which offer it or the Creeds which contain it. Yet he has a creed of his own. Perhaps he would accept this prayer as the expression of it. 'I remember,' he says, 'the "Gorsedd Prayer," a copy of which has just been sent me by an Irish friend, and which runs thus:

> Grant, O God, thy protection;
> And in protection, strength;
> And in strength, understanding;
> And in understanding, knowledge;
> And in knowledge, knowledge of the Just;
> And in knowledge of the Just, love of it;
> And in that love, the love of all existences;
> And in the love of all existences, the love of God and all goodness.'

Part of Mr. Palmer's creed (to be more precise) is the identification of the risen Christ with the Holy Spirit. Will that stand? Turn to the accomplished theologian. In Professor William Morgan's new book on *The Religion and Theology of Paul* we find the identification stated unreservedly. For Paul, says the theologian, it will certainly stand. So this is not a heretical book, but it is very modern and it is very outspoken.

In order to discuss the social problems of the day a small group of scholarly men have formed themselves into a Collegium; and now they have published the first-fruits of their discussion in the form of a volume with the title of *Competition* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The volume contains ten papers. No names are attached to the papers, but five names are given on the title-page: John Harvey, J. St. G. C. Heath, Malcolm Spencer, William Temple, and H. G. Wood—and we are told that after the papers were written by these men separately they were discussed by the whole Collegium, and accepted as expressing the united opinion.

The social problem is caused by competition. Get competition right and social life will be right. But how? The answer is by fellowship. Explain and encourage fellowship, in the home life and in business life, and the problem will be solved. And that is another way of saying explain and encourage the Christian life. For 'the Christian Church stands for an ideal of fellowship which is ignored and indeed denied and violated by the competitive

system of industry and the existing social order. If she be true to herself, the Church must proclaim her standard, and make men uncomfortable concerning the plain contradictions that subsist between our political and industrial life on the one hand, and our religious and moral ideal on the other.'

It is certainly a notable book. It is notable for much, especially for the unembittered but keenly-felt sense of responsibility that runs throughout it.

The Rev. Charles Jerdan, LL.B., D.D., is a writer of sermons for children. He has written and published so many that he might almost be called the writer of sermons for children of our day. We have been curious to know how he preaches to adults. We know now. He has issued a volume—handsome and attractive—containing a selection of the sermons which he has preached to his adult congregations during fifty years of ministry. 'A Ministerial Jubilee volume, 1867–1917,' he calls it. The title is *The Wells of Salvation* (Oliphants; 3s. 6d. net).

The adult sermons are extraordinarily like the children's sermons. Is it the case, after all, that his children's sermons are really adult sermons? That cannot be, for men have told us that they found his sermons for children the best of any for suggesting sermons to their own children. It must be that he considers his people just grown-up children, and, preaching always the simplicity that is in Christ, can call the sermon by any name he pleases. He could not very well *address* the sermon on 'We spend our years as a tale that is told' to children, but he can preach it, and does preach it, so that the children also will listen to it.

A man's sermons, however many they be, are like a man's children. How could Dr. Jerdan slay so many innocents as to save alive only thirty out of fifty years' preaching? How could he do it?

It is easy to write short Bible biographies and be interesting. The literature is plentiful, the interest of man in man is unfailing. But just as difficult is it to make progress in such writing. And what is the use of writing at all if it leaves us where it found us? The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., has written a book on *St. Paul's Friends* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d. net), and has made progress. Try the biography of Luke, for example. Every item of knowledge unearthed by the research of recent years has been appropriated, and in addition to that every text has been independently studied by an alert and furnished mind. The result is a Luke with a new face and a richer personality.

The Rev. Richard Free, M.A., B.D., F.R.Hist.S., Vicar of St. Clement's, Fulham, has written a book about the Church of England, its Parochial System, its Privileges, its Responsibilities, its Workers, and (its) War. And as he has written it for the people he calls it popularly *A Flight of Arrows* (Scott; 2s. net).

Six 'Sermons in Bad Times' have been preached by the Rev. F. A. Screeton, M.A., Vicar of Seacombe, and published with the title *The Nation's Need of Prophets* (Scott; 3s. net). That is really the title of the first sermon, but it serves for the whole; for the others are all national and prophetic. What, then, are the marks of a prophet? These two: Leadership and Reality. With these we shall win the world for Christ.

The Rev. James Stark, D.D., has published many books, mostly biographies. Why has he never until now published a volume of sermons? He knows that he is a preacher, acceptable especially to young men and women. Surely it is a case of mistaken modesty that he who knew all about the making of a book never made a book of his best preaching material? But he has done it at last —*The Lord is my Strength and Song* (Aberdeen: W. Smith & Sons; 2s. 6d. net)—and it is quite up to expectation. Sound in the faith, shot through with a knowledge of the human heart, expressed in chosen language. These gifts go to explain the secret of Dr. Stark's charm for men and women in their early life. But the charm of charms is his sincerity. Every word he utters rings true.

A new edition has been issued of *The Apocalypse of Baruch* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Rather is it Dr. Charles's edition reissued with a most valuable new Introduction. The author of the Introduction is Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley, who has given himself so unreservedly to apocryphal and apocalyptic scholarship, and who, along with Mr. Box, edits the series of 'Texts important for the Study of Christian Origins,' to which the little book belongs.

In the same volume is printed an English

translation of 'The Assumption of Moses,' by William John Ferrar, M.A., with Introduction and Notes.

Professor H. F. B. Compston, M.A., of King's College, London, has told the story of a great charity, *The Magdalen Hospital* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is told in a handsome volume, quaintly illustrated, and no doubt it is good enough for all the care that has been given to it.

The Magdalen Hospital is known in the history of literature, especially Johnsonian literature, through what Mr. Compston calls 'the strange case of Dr. Dodd.' On that case he spends a whole chapter—and it is well spent. What a story! Only the more amazing the more fully it is told. That chapter alone gives the book a strong human interest.

If there was one bad, how many good men and true, and women also (all good), there have been at the Magdalen Hospital. Their portraits and their memoirs are here.

Mr. Israel Zangwill delivered the Conway Memorial Lecture at South Place Institute on March 8, 1917. Its subject was *The Principle of Nationalities*. It is now issued by Messrs. Watts & Co. (9d. net). It is a pressing subject, and far more difficult to understand than we think. Let us try to understand it, that we may take an intelligent interest in the Balkan and other questions when the war is over. Let us read Mr. Zangwill's lecture.

This is a sad time for the secularist. There is of course always 'the decay of churchgoing' to rejoice in. But the life of religion, which it is his business to put an end to, was never more vigorous and never more Christian. How openly Philosophy has come into touch with Christ may be seen in the most recent of the Gifford Lectures by Professor Pringle-Pattison. The approach of Science is still more evident. No doubt the secularist can count his thousands among half-educated youths; but it can be no joy to find that as these youths grow in understanding they leave the secularist literature behind them.

It is the desire of Mr. Joseph McCabe to be read by the philosopher and the scientist. What qualifications has he? He will tell us himself. 'The accidents of life,' he says, 'led me, first, as an ecclesiastical professor, to acquire a thorough command of theology, church-history, and religious philosophy, and then to spend twenty years in the study of science and history. It has therefore been my good fortune to have leisure to study minutely every aspect of the religious controversy.' More than that, Mr. McCabe can put a good face upon things. He knows that the world is not going well for secularism, and so he calls his new book *The Bankruptcy of Religion* (Watts; 5s. net). It is as clever as its title, and as irrelevant. Instead of considering, as so thorough a scholar ought to do, why people will persist in being religious after all that he has written against religion, he spends his space in asserting that they are not religious. Yet the book is far from being a failure. From first to last there is an evidently sincere and even urgent note of concern for morality. And thus the conviction is made stronger than ever that if religion without morality is not true religion, as it certainly is not, morality without religion is incredible in theory and impossible in practice.

Contributions and Comments.

Jael the Blessed.

I.

Will you allow me a few words of remonstrance with regard to the estimate of Jael in 'A Study in Early Ethics,' pp. 349–354 of The Expository Times for May? The ancient Semitic law about protecting a stranger who once has gained admission to your tent is surely subordinate to the equally ancient and still binding law that the said strangers must refrain from passing the curtain or 'purdah' which separates the men's apartments from those of the women. It may be, in truth, only a thin rag which protects the reputation of matrons and maidens alike, quite as effectually as if it were built of adamant. Many Christian writers, even if they have travelled in Eastern lands, cannot rid themselves of Western ideas, and make the same mistake, attributing to Jael

falsehood and treachery to which she was a complete stranger. When Sisera, at first uninvited, and flying before his enemies, made a cowardly rush into Jael's sleeping tent, he threw a foul stain on her honour and reputation which only blood could wash out, the blood of Heber, or of Jael herself. She would probably not be allowed time, when her husband returned, to explain how the cowardly oppressor came to be there, and driven to desperation, conceived the idea, new to a woman, of vindicating her own honour.

How strong the protection of a few yards of cloth may be! This can be illustrated by an episode which occurred to my sister and myself during our second journey through the Sinai desert in 1893. I had in 1892 discovered the ancient Syriac MS. of the four Gospels, and we were returning to the convent accompanied by three Cambridge scholars who had agreed to share between them work of deciphering and copying it, two of them being accompanied by their wives. This necessitated our having three sleeping-tents for ourselves; the use of the dining-tent being given to Rendel Harris, while the dragoman and his Egyptian servants slept in the kitchen tent. Each member of our party had already paid to the dragoman half of what he had agreed by contract to do; and the dragoman had promised that none of us should be held responsible for the safety of this money during the journey. But he unhappily quarrelled with the Bedawin on the first day, and at night they had a hand in pitching our tents. The dragoman, an Egyptian, came to Mrs. Gibson and me, and begged that it might lie in our sleeping tent—it being all in silver coins. We remonstrated, urging that he was exposing us to a danger which we had expressly guarded against by contract; that we did not possess a single defensive weapon; and that one of the other bedroom tents, in which a European gentleman slept, would be far more suitable. 'You need no protection beyond Moslem law and custom,' we were told. 'No Arab will ever set a foot inside your tent, even to steal. He would be accursed for ever if he did, an outcast from his tribe, an outcast from Paradise.' So we yielded, and lost not a moment's sleep in consequence. If this perhaps unwritten law has power to guard a heap of silver coins in the nineteenth century, surely it had some power in the days when Deborah sang; and I cannot help honouring Jael as the first woman who asserted her most elementary right, that of vindicating her own reputation during the absence of her husband. Any invitation of hers to Sisera had been given under the compulsion of terror. I therefore follow Deborah in giving her the title of 'Blessed.'

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

Cambridge.

II.

A good many years ago I heard an explanation of this incident given by a certain Mr. Schor—with whose name many of your readers may be familiar—from his intimate knowledge of the habits of Bedouin tribes. The points that struck me as specially interesting and illuminative are as follows:

1. The 'Nail.' This was a tent-peg, lying ready to her hand as the instrument for her murder of Sisera.

2. 'Butter in a lordly dish.' Mr. Schor denied that this argues an unusual generosity of hospitality, as is commonly understood, or that it implies aggravated treachery on the part of Jael. Often no water is to be found where the tents are pitched, and the only drink available is procured from goats' milk, which is kept in large bowls. At the present day the Arabs use a similar preparation, I believe, called *labban*—a kind of curd. Jael, therefore, did not go out of her way to offer Sisera more splendid entertainment than he asked for; she only gave him what she had—'goats' milk curd in a large bowl.'

3. Her motive. The Bedouin tents, we were told, are divided into two, an external compartment, which is general, and an inner one, reserved for the women. It was into this that Sisera went, thinking to make his concealment more certain, as, though his pursuers might search the outer compartment, they would not violate the secrecy of the inner one. His presence there placed Jael in a predicament, and she feared that when her husband returned, she would come under grave suspicion, and her life might be forfeit by an act of summary justice at the hands of Heber. It was her life or Sisera's, and she determined to give the most practical proof she could of her innocence by slaying him as he lay. He had outraged her hospitality, and by his violation of one of the most cardinal rules of propriety, had forfeited the rights of sanctuary.

Mr. Schor further told us that on one occasion, when conducting a party of tourists, to whom he had been giving this explanation of the story of Jael, they came upon a Bedouin encampment. Proposing to put what he had been saying to a practical test, he went up to some of the Bedouin, and, telling them the story as it stands, he asked, 'Why did she kill him?' Immediately they replied, 'He must have gone into the women's part of the tent.' And for them this was sufficient explanation and excuse.

Trusting this may be interesting to your readers.

T. L. TURNER.

Darvel, Ayrshire.

Martha and Mary.

LECTURING to a large class of students—young women—on the life of Christ, and speaking of the incident of Martha and Mary, I expressed some sympathy with Martha. I was surprised by an outburst of unanimous agreement. 'Then you think Mary was wrong not to have helped her sister?' I said. 'Oh yes,' was again the unanimous reply. 'And yet Mary seems to have been commended for her action,' I said. They admitted this, but said that to them it was a real difficulty. This set me thinking, and I venture to put down the result of my thoughts for the consideration of others.

The passage is as follows (Lk 10^{38-42}): 'Now during their journeyings (ἐνδε τῷ πορεύεσθαι αὐτους) he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.'

It was the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, and the house would be the open leafy booth which, according to the law, was the dwelling-place for the week.

'And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving' (περιεσπᾶτο), was drawn about in different directions, distracted.

The booth would probably be in the court, and as Martha moved to and fro during her busy preparations she would see her sister sitting in rapt attention, heedless of all that was going on.

Jesus was an honoured guest. Martha would spare no pains to do him honour, but she got no help from her sister. At last her patience was exhausted.

'She came up and said' (ἐπιστᾶσα; the word perhaps denotes some impatience), 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister keeps leaving me to serve alone?' The tense expresses the continuance of the neglect. The word implies that Mary had not helped from the first. She had left her altogether in the lurch.

'And Jesus answered and said, Martha, Martha' (the repetition of the name implying affectionate concern), 'thou art in a bustle about many things; but one thing is needful.' I cannot think that the interpretation *one course is sufficient* satisfactory, though it has the support of the R.V. Margin, of Plummer ('Inter. Crit. Com.'), and more guardedly of Alford. I would rather favour the view that our Lord is referring to the Bread of life, the food of the soul, and that this is the good part which Mary chose, and which should not be taken away from her.

On the question whether Mary should have first helped her sister, the Lord pronounces no opinion, but He seizes the opportunity to impress upon the over-anxious Martha the importance of the true proportion in life between the temporal and the spiritual, and that over-anxiety about the former results in undue depreciation of the latter, which is the more important of the two. May we take the view that both sisters made mistakes?

On the one hand, Martha forgot the spiritual in her eager anxiety for the temporal; on the other, Mary in her desire for the spiritual neglected an obvious duty in the temporal.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no commentator takes this view; but I am indebted to a friend for these two quotations from St. Theresa:

1. 'To give our Lord perfect hospitality Mary and Martha must combine.'

2. 'Martha was a true saint though she did not achieve contemplation. What more could one wish than to have Christ often in one's house, to serve Him and to sit at His very table? Had Martha been rapt like Mary, who would have given the Lord to eat?'

MORLEY STEVENSON.

Warrington Training College.

A Study in Christology.

IN Dr. Relton's book, as noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for May, I find myself included in an honourable company to which I do not

belong, namely, amongst those who have advocated what is commonly known as the doctrine of the *Kenosis*, which is now said to be largely 'withdrawn.' In anything I have written on the subject of the Incarnation I have adversely criticised that doctrine and decisively rejected it. The Kenosis I have advocated is not a temporal but an eternal one in view of Creation itself—the Incarnation of God in Christ being the result of an increasing process of Divine self-realization in the human form. I have argued, in *The Spirit and the Incarnation*, that 'God was *never* absent from the world so that He needed at some moment of Time to come into it. (As we read in St. John's Gospel, of the *Logos*, "He was in the world, and the world through Him came into being"). He was always there and progressively entering it more and more fully as forms were present for His reception. But God is, above all, Ethical Being—Holy Love—and it was the Divine ethical self-giving or self-impartation that reached its culmination and highest manifestation in Christ.' God, as the Ethical Being that He is, could appear as man only as the result of an ethical and spiritual process *in* humanity, conceived in His own image. Thus only could the *character* of God find expression in human form. Divine Sonship was the Ideal of the world's life, and this was realized in Christ as the result of, not merely natural, but spiritual, working; and it was realized in Him for all.

W. L. WALKER.

Garelochhead.

Romans i. 4.

MOST commentators find ambiguity in the words τοῦ ὁρισθέντος Υἱοῦ Θεοῦ κ.τ.λ. 'Defined' (Lightfoot), 'designated' (Sanday), 'installed' are renderings proposed. Denney and Sanday say that the exact meaning of ὁρισθέντος as applied to our Lord must be determined from the general tenor of St. Paul's teaching about His Person and Office, as found in such passages as Ph $2^{6f.}$, etc.

A little light on the question appears to be shed by the fact that St. Paul in Ro 1^{1} uses a compound of this verb, and applies it to his own case. He himself is κλητὸς ἀπόστολος, ἀφωρισμένος εἰς εὐαγγέλιον, *i.e.* from all other men he has been separated, appointed and designated as a σκεῦος ἐκλογῆς (Ac 9^{15}). While ἀφορίζειν has something of the *sub specie aeternitatis* element in its meaning, it is never in the N.T. applied to our Lord. Alike in the Eternal Counsel and in the evolution of Time, He stands alone. In His case there is no question of an election from other possible candidates, and the distinction between the eternal 'appointment' and the temporal 'designation' disappear. It would seem as though the shades of difference which trouble the commentators were not present at all in the mind of the apostle.

R. WINBOULT HARDING.

Cambridge.

Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom.

NOT the least interesting feature in Dr. George M. Mackie's article on 'Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom,' in the May number of your journal, is that practically one-third of the aphorisms it contains are to be found in the Talmud. I am giving the references of those that readily occur to my mind. I am using the wording and order given by your contributor, though in some instances the sayings are not quite in accord with the Talmudic citations.

Accursed is he who drinks from a fountain, and then fills it up with stones.—Baba Kama, 92b.

Birds always alight among those of their own species.—*Ibid.*, *cited from Ben Sira.*

It is better to be the last among lions than the first among foxes.—Aboth, 4. 15.

A man is a neighbour to himself.—Sanhedrim, 9b.

All blessings of the home come from the wife.—Bab. Mezia, 59a.

If the fox become king bow down before him.—Megilla, 16b.

Two coins make more noise in a bag than a hundred.—Baba Mezia, 85b.

Sell one article and the world will call you a merchant.—Baba Mezia, 40b.

He who has taught me a letter has made me his slave.—Aboth, 6. 3.

Instruction in youth . . . in age . . .—Aboth, 4. 25.

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it.—Baba Kama, 85a (see below).

He whom men love is beloved of God.—Aboth, 3. 10.

Do not despise any man, or consider anything impossible, for everyone has his time, and everything has its place.—Aboth, 4. 3.

You will avoid evil if you remember three things: where you came from, whither you are going, and before whom you will be judged.—Aboth, 3. 1.

Worship is not the raising of the voice in prayer, but the uplifting of the soul to heaven.—Ber. 24b.

Teach your tongue to say, 'I don't know.'—Berakoth, 4a.

Hospitality is a part of divine service.—Jer. Erubin, 5. 1.

Don't go to an auction if you have nothing to spend.—Pesahim, 112b.

He who increases his flesh increases food for worms.—Aboth, 2. 7.

Silence is the wall that surrounds wisdom.—Aboth, 3. 13.

He who eats and drinks without thanking God deserves the punishment of a thief.—Berakoth, 35b.

The good deeds that you do in this life take on personality and follow you in the next.—Aboth, 7. 9.

I have not given references of the one or two Biblical phrases, and have refrained from pointing out some deviations from the Talmudic texts, through which the pointedness and symmetry of the sayings are by no means improved. But an exception must be made in one case. The proverb:

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it

is given in the Talmud (Baba Kama, 85a) as:

אסיא דמגן מגן (כמגן or) שויה.

Now the verb שוי has the double meaning of 'to be worth' and 'to do.' Here it should obviously be rendered according to the former:

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing is worth nothing,

while in your contributor's version it has been given the latter meaning. It would therefore be highly interesting to know whether the variation is due to a mistranslation of the Talmudic text or to some other cause.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that the Tractat Aboth, to which several of the above sayings are traced, and which contains a store of others, is easily accessible to English readers, as it is contained, together with the appendix forming the 'sixth chapter,' in the *Authorised Prayer Book*, ed. Singer, pp. 184–209 (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 1s.).

A. Mishcon.

Brixton Synagogue, London.

Genesis xxvii. 30.

A.V., R.V., 'And Jacob was yet scarce gone out.

אַךְ יָצֹא יָצָא יַעֲקֹב.

καὶ ἐγένετο ὡς ἐξῆλθεν Ἰακὼβ.

Vulgate: 'et egresso Jacob foras.'

It is questionable whether A.V. and R.V. are right. This passage and Jg 7^{19} are the only ones referred to in *Oxf. Heb. Lex.* (36^a), out of 159 occurrences of אַךְ, for its use as an adverb of *time*. As Jacob had brought food (of course in a dish) and wine (implying a cup, and possibly a skin or jar, 21^{25}) he would either leave or remove the dish and cup, etc. But, when Esau arrived, he saw no trace of the recent meal; his father had to tell him. The usual meanings *altogether*, *utterly*, *completely*, *thoroughly*, suit the context better (Dt 16^{15} 28^{29}, Is 16^7 19^{11}, Jer 16^{19} 32^{30}; Hos 12^{12}, Job 19^{13}). And the use of the emphatic or intensive construction of participle and finite verb יָצֹא יָצָא supports this view. Ps 40^1, 'I earnestly, patiently waited,' and in the N.T., Lk 22^{15}, 'I most earnestly desired,' are two instances of this construction out of many. The narrator did not wish to point out that Esau entered his father's presence *very* soon after Jacob left it, but that Jacob had *completely* left it, carefully leaving no trace behind, from which Esau could guess what he had done.

Nor is the other passage (Jg 7^{19}) repugnant to this. The guard had *finished* their round, setting the fresh sentries at each post. There is therefore no ground for taking אַךְ as an adverb of *time*, in *two* occurrences out of 159.

George Farmer.

Wellesley House, Walmer.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

The Old Testament was much read at the beginning of the war. It was probably read by men who were not at all in the habit of reading it. For some good arguments could be got out of it in favour of a righteous war. It is true there were passages which seemed to disapprove of war. But they were confined to the prophets. One could leave the prophets alone for the present, and in the good old way of the 'proof-text' find arguments for war that were of unmistakable meaning and emphasis.

At the end of the war men are returning to the Old Testament. They are in search of arguments again. But not for war. Now they are in search of arguments for the bearing of the ills that war has done. They have returned to the Old Testament to find out how the men of the Old Testament times understood the meaning of suffering and of death.

Now there are two books of the Old Testament which have much to say about suffering. We cannot add 'and about death.' For on that, the only inescapable fact in human experience, there was never an Old Testament writer who had anything certain to say, and for the most part they left it alone. But the Book of Psalms never gets far away from the thought of suffering. And the problem of pain is the very reason for the existence of the Book of Job.

It cannot be said that the Rev. John Edgar McFadyen, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in the United Free Church College in Glasgow, has returned to the Old Testament. He is never away from it. But it can be said that he has recognized the necessity of contributing something to the understanding of suffering in the world—suffering that is sometimes deserved, and again as often undeserved—and that he finds his contribution in a scholar's careful and considerate study of the Book of Job. He calls his book *The Problem of Pain: A Study in the Book of Job* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net).

What solution has Professor McFadyen found in the Book of Job for the problem of pain? He has found no solution. That is a sore disappointment. Nor does it remove the disappointment, or even relieve it, to tell us that we ought not to have looked for a solution. What else do we read his book for, at a time like this? If there is no solution of the problem of pain in the Book of Job, why should we spend our time in the study of it? Surely we had better go to some other book where we shall find the problem solved.

But Professor McFadyen says there is no such book. There is no such book, he says, either in the Bible or out of it. For the problem of pain is insoluble. He studies the Book of Job, and

studies it on our account, not that he may solve the problem of pain for us, but that he may help us to bear our suffering and to wait.

Now that is not satisfactory. It is never satisfactory where there is no satisfaction. But we may restrain our impatience for a little and ask Professor McFadyen what he has found in the Book of Job that is likely to be of any use to us.

The first thing he has found is that suffering is not a punishment for sin. He does not say that it is never a punishment for sin, though perhaps he means that. What he says is that that is not its meaning. You cannot explain the existence of suffering in the world by saying that it is sent to punish the world for its sin against God. You cannot even point to any single case of suffering and say 'that man suffers because that man has sinned.' Against that conception of suffering, says Professor McFadyen, the whole Book of Job is an indignant protest.

But the Book of Job seems to say that though suffering is not meant to be the punishment of sin, it may be meant to do good to the sinner. Though it has not a penal, it may have a disciplinary, mission. The text which supports that idea is, unfortunately, a saying of Eliphaz. The words are, 'Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole' ($5^{17, 18}$). It is unfortunate, we say, that these are words of Eliphaz, not of Job or of the Almighty, or even of that unimaginative but earnest young man Elihu. It is more unfortunate that they do not apply to the case of Job. Nevertheless Professor McFadyen finds 'real illumination' in them. For, Job or no Job, he is sure that 'suffering, in the providence of God, may have a disciplinary value. If resented, it will harden and embitter the man whom it visits; but, when borne with meekness and uncomplaining faith, it has been recognized by many a sufferer to be a veritable gift of God, cleansing the character of its dross, developing in it unfamiliar graces and virtues—tenderness, patience, humility, sympathy, refinement, strength, beauty — and bringing with it a revelation of God, of His presence and sustaining power, which without it would have been in that degree impossible.'

We said the saying is a saying of Eliphaz, and not even of the young man Elihu. But Elihu says something that is very like it. And although we have no opinion either of the disinterestedness of Eliphaz or of the discernment of Elihu, and, moreover, are not at all sure that this idea is more than a part of the dramatic furniture of the Book, yet we think that Dr. McFadyen is now as near to a solution of the problem of pain as he is ever likely to come.

Let us leave the Book of Job and come to the Gospels. Again the problem is the problem of suffering. And, more even than in the Book of Job, it is the suffering of the righteous. The penal idea is emphatically dismissed: 'Neither did this man sin, nor his parents.' But not the possibility of the righteous having to suffer. On the contrary, when the possibility of the righteous having to suffer is rejected by one of the typical comforters of the day — for the Jews had learned little from their greatest literary treasure — he is answered in words of most astounding warmth: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' For the Son of Man, the Righteous One, came to suffer.

Then follows the meaning of it. Its meaning could not be apprehended at once. But afterwards when the Righteous One had endured the Cross, one of those who saw most clearly why He had to endure it, said, 'It became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings' (He 2^{10}).

That was the meaning of suffering for Christ. It had what Professor McFadyen calls 'a disciplinary value' for Him. It made Him perfect. But in what way 'perfect'? Perfect as the author of men's salvation. Perfect as a bringer of many sons to glory. So the discipline was not for Himself, but for us in Him. At least it was not for Himself alone, but for Him as the head to whom the body grows up by discipline, by the discipline of suffering, of the very suffering which He suffered, until every member of it is in Him presented perfect before God.

The Book of Job is not the last word on the problem of pain. It is not the last word even in the Old Testament. For it knows nothing of the contribution made by another Old Testament book under the title of 'the Suffering Servant of the Lord'—a contribution that carries us a long way nearer its solution. No doubt we are in danger of reading into the passages about the Suffering Servant, which are astonishing enough in themselves, the still more astonishing things which we find in the Gospels. But it is certain that the Book of Isaiah has taken a great and momentous step beyond the Book of Job.

For in the Book of Job the problem is why the righteous man should suffer. But the writer of the Servant passages sees that the righteous man suffers because he is righteous. In Job he suffers in spite of his righteousness, and there is no accounting for it. In Isaiah he suffers because of his righteousness, and just therein lies the explanation of it. 'They made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death [not 'although' but] because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth' (Is 53^9).

That, we say, was a great step to take. And until it was taken it was not possible for men to understand the meaning of suffering. Have we taken that step? Or is the problem of pain still the mystery of the suffering of the innocent? Let us think of the children who were, some of them killed outright, and some of them maimed for life, in the recent raid on London. They had done no violence, and yet it pleased—the Germans?—yes, but the Germans can do nothing in spite of the will of God—it pleased the Lord (we are only at Isaiah's attitude yet), it pleased the Lord to bruise them. And why? That together with their Saviour they might be made perfect through sufferings.

The pain was not for punishment. Neither had they sinned, nor their parents. It was for discipline. Was the children's death for discipline? Yes, their death was for discipline. Was it not by the suffering of death that the Author of their salvation was made perfect? And are they not made perfect in Him?

And so, here is the heart of it. The children who suffered, suffered in Him. In all their affliction He was afflicted; and besides that, in all His affliction they were afflicted. Can we not believe that in His death on the Cross He embraced those little ones who were done to death in the German raid? Have we not imagination enough to conceive it? Have we not faith enough to receive it? He was made perfect in bringing many sons to glory. These sons might be sinners, and so need repentance and faith in order to die with Christ to sin and rise with Him to righteousness. They might, however, be little children, already His, in death as in life, for of such *is* the kingdom of heaven.

The innocent suffer because they have done no violence. That is the way of the world. From the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Nurse Cavell, it is the very superiority of innocence that is the offence. But it is also the way of God. 'It pleased the Lord to bruise him'—remember that. 'Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf'—and remember that. Now there is no unrighteousness with God. If the innocent suffers, he suffers in the behalf of others. But that is not enough. There might be unrighteousness

in that. He suffers also in his own behalf. It was in bringing many sons to glory that the Saviour was made perfect. But *He was made perfect* in bringing many sons to glory.

In plainer but not bolder words, we ask, Would He have been what He is if He had not suffered? And we answer, No. Bolder words? The New Testament is full of it. How is it that He is a faithful and merciful High Priest? It is because He was tempted. It is 'in that he himself suffered, being tempted,' that 'he is able to succour them that are tempted.' Now if suffering was a discipline for Him, it must be meant to be a discipline for us. That which is good for the Highest must be good for the less high. It *is* a discipline for us, *if we suffer with Him.*

Therein lies the whole pith and marrow of the matter. If we do not suffer with Him suffering may do nothing for us. And then the problem is not suffering but sin—the sin of unbelief. But if we are found in Him, dying in His death and rising in His resurrection, suffering and death are the way by which we travel to our perfection: they are the very angels of God sent to take us by the hand and lead us home to God.

The innocent suffer *because* they have done no violence. It is God's way as well as the way of the world. For how otherwise could they suffer with Christ? How otherwise could they share with Him the burden of the sins of the many? And not only so but this also—*the more innocent the more they suffer.*

Is that not so in experience? Is it not the most mysterious of all the mysteries belonging to suffering? But it must be so. For who are the innocent? Now we see that innocence is not merely righteousness of life. We have journeyed a long way beyond the problem of the Book of Job. Innocence is identification with Christ. And how can we be identified with Christ without sharing Christ's burdens? By our death in His death and our life in His life we fill up that which is lacking in His sufferings. We carry with Him the burden of all this unintelligible world.

And the more we are identified the more of the burden do we carry. The same man who said, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,' said also, 'For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.'

And there is no injustice in it. If it is pain it is disciplinary pain. The more searching the suffering, the more intimate the fellowship; the heavier the load of sorrow, the heavier also the already exceeding weight of glory.

The Head Master of Kingswood School, Bath, has published a volume of sermons preached in school. The title is *Kingswood Sermons* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). Now school sermons are for the most part of little service out of school. If they are of service out of school it is probable that they were of little service in school. It is only rarely that a Head Master comes who can preach at once to boys and to men.

Mr. W. P. Workman is such a preacher. The secret of his double success is that he never condescends. His thought is clear and his language is simple, but it is at the same time high thought, as high as the Christian religion calls for, and the language is appropriate to the thought. We should not have known, from reading the sermons, apart from an occasional reference, that they were preached in school. For the texts are the great texts of the Bible. And the treatment is expository, doctrinal, ethical—one or all of these as the text itself and not the audience requires.

One of the texts is the first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is not an easy text for boys or men. And Mr. Workman does not make it easier by a prolonged discussion of its

meaning. Yet the discussion is so lucid and progressive that it is possible to think of the boys of Kingswood School attending to it. It is possible to believe that when it was over they understood what faith is.

Of the first part of the verse, to which Mr. WORKMAN confines himself, there are four translations. First there is the translation of the Authorized Version: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' Next there is the translation of the Revised Version: 'Faith is the assurance of things hoped for.' Then there is the translation of the margin of the Revised Version: 'Faith is the giving substance to things hoped for.' Lastly there is the translation, which we suspect is Mr. WORKMAN'S own: 'Faith is the title-deed of things hoped for.'

He dismisses first the margin of the Revised Version: 'Faith is the giving substance to things hoped for.' 'Hopes are insubstantial, shadowy things. Faith takes them, this translation would say, and clothes them and makes them real. Hopes are castles built in Spain; Faith gives them bricks and mortar, and turns them into solid realities. The idea is magnificent and well worth developing; but I cannot think that it is the writer's meaning here, and there does not appear to be a shadow of evidence in Greek for this use of the word as an act.'

He takes the Authorized translation next. It deserves a little more consideration. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' That word 'substance' does not mean, as we are apt to take it to mean, the material out of which hope is made. It means much more than that. Substance—it is a literal rendering into Latin of the Greek word used here—is 'that which stands underneath,' that which is the reality at the bottom of things. And Mr. WORKMAN admits the possibility that the writer means, 'Faith is the reality, the real self, which lies at the bottom of hopes.' But 'I can only say that I cannot convince myself that this meaning fits into his use of the word "faith" in this chapter. The Greek may forbid us to render the word as an act, but there can be no doubt to me that it is something more nearly allied to an act than this meaning would show.'

We now find that we were mistaken in thinking that 'title-deed' was to be Mr. WORKMAN'S own translation. For he takes that translation next and dismisses it. He is tempted to adopt it. There is about it that peculiarly attractive flavour which belongs to the very latest word in scholarship. The Greek word here employed has been found among the Egyptian papyri with the meaning of title-deed. And the meaning is not only new but beautiful. 'Faith is the title-deed of our hopes.' 'Hope builds for herself "cloud-capped towers" and "gorgeous palaces" and "solemn temples." But what right has she to dwell there? Faith is the title-deed which Hope will wave in your face if you ask her the question. It is Faith that confers upon Hope the right to live in her palaces. It is the hope of all, when the long day's work is done, to rest in the many mansions of the Father's house; but it is Faith alone which establishes a title. Faith is the title-deed of Hope. A very beautiful meaning for the text. But again, I cannot persuade myself that any such meaning can be read into the word "faith" when it reappears, verse by verse, in this chapter. In any case it does not justify the existence of Faith, nor render it easier to reach it, however much we long for it.'

So he comes to the Revised Version. It is the only translation left. 'Faith is the assurance of things hoped for.'

But what does that translation mean? Does it mean that faith is that which makes us sure of our hopes? That is exactly what is meant by saying that faith is the title-deed of hope, a meaning which has been rejected. Moreover, Mr. WORKMAN now sees that that meaning is too impersonal. Faith,

if it is anything, is a personal relationship, it is a transaction between persons.

Suppose that, in order to secure the personal aspect, we take assurance in the sense of confidence. Or why not take confidence itself as the best translation? The Revisers have three times translated the Greek word here by confidence (He 3^{14}, 2 Co 9^{4} 11^{27}), one of them being in this very Epistle. We have the meaning now.

And, like a wise preacher, Mr. WORKMAN at once offers the illustration. 'The Greek historian Polybius, in describing how Horatius kept the bridge, says that his enemies feared his confidence (the word is the same) more than his strength. Faith is the confidence born of Hope. It is the hopeful men who conquer the world. A man who never doubts that clouds will break will always march "breast-forward." "The war will end disastrously; we shall be beaten," said Napoleon III. to one of his marshals at the beginning of the war with Prussia. "Sire," replied the marshal, "only let your opinions be known to the troops, and your anticipations will be fulfilled." Napoleon's spirit did spread to his troops, and the result was Sedan. Faith is the confidence born of Hope. There is no Sedan for Faith.'

We have come to an understanding with science on the question of miracle. Is it working well? We cannot say that it is.

The understanding is that the province of science is the seen, while the province of religion is the unseen. But two difficulties arise. Science claims to be gradually annexing the unseen region of life, and prophesies a time when it will have altogether appropriated it. That is one difficulty. The other is that there is no room even now for miracle, since that is the intrusion of the unseen into the territory of the scientifically seen.

We need not take seriously the claim that with the progress of science religion will cease to be. Only the scientific apprentice makes it. With larger experience it is found that the more men know the more they find is the unknown. On their own methods they do not contract the bounds of the invisible with the progress of discovery; they enlarge them. But serious enough is the objection that miracle is an attempt on the part of religion to intrude into the recognized realm of science.

For we cannot deny it. Miracle is the entrance of the unseen and eternal into the things of time and sense, or it is nothing. If the working arrangement with science overlooked that fact, a mistake was made, and we must revise the arrangement. But in reality there never was an understanding between science and religion that the unseen should remain for ever unknown—no one from the side of religion could have come to such an agreement. Concession had to be made by religion as by science, but if room was not left for miracle the concession on the part of Christianity was hopeless abdication.

The understanding between Science and Religion is not working well because Science still repeats the old formula of Huxley that miracles do not occur, and with that formula shuts the door. But that formula brings Science into conflict with another enemy than Christianity, an enemy that may be less complacent. It challenges History. The formula means that what is not occurring now never occurred. And History has some very emphatic things to say about that.

Again, Science and Religion are not working so well as was hoped for because Science persists in misunderstanding what is meant by miracle. We say it is the visible and verifiable entrance of the unseen and eternal into the things of sense and time. Just so, says the scientific agnostic; that is what we object to. It is interference in our peculiar province. Interference of what? Not, in the mind of the agnostic, of the unseen and

eternal, but of the disorderly in the sphere of order, of the unruly in the realm of rule.

Now in that sense miracles do not occur and never did occur. The only disorder in the world has been due to man, and man can do no miracle. God, the author of miracle, is a God of order, and has been from the beginning. If, therefore, we are to consider miracle as it has to be considered, we must think of it in two ways—first as befitting times and circumstances, and next as introducing competent personality. The miracle must be wrought by God (the unseen and eternal); that is one thing. And it must be done under such circumstances that it will introduce, not disorder into order, but order into disorder.

The miracles which cause the agnostic most trouble are the miracles of the Gospels. Why do they cause him trouble? Because he cannot explain them and he cannot explain them away. Take an example.

A volume of sermons by the Rev. Henry Gow, B.A., has been issued from the Lindsey Press (3s. net). The sermons were preached at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, or at Manchester College, Oxford. For Mr. Gow is a Unitarian and an unbeliever in miracle. The title of the book, *Out of the Heart of the Storm*, is the title of the first sermon in it. That sermon is an attempt to explain or explain away two of the miracles of the Gospels, the Stilling of the Storm and the Walking on the Water.

Now it has to be said that more beautiful or more beautifully worded sermons will not easily be found. But their charm is not enough to hide their failure. This first sermon sets out to show that Jesus never did still a storm or walk on water. What happened was simply that His disciples felt within themselves the effects of a storm stilled or a natural element mastered.

'In the first miracle'—these are Mr. Gow's own words—'Jesus is with his disciples in the boat asleep on a pillow. A storm arises and they find themselves in danger. Then they wake him and say: "Save Lord, lest we perish." He stands amongst them in his quiet calm strength and a great peace comes into their hearts. The load of fear is lightened. In his face, they see the love of God. They are ashamed of their cowardice. The storm is no longer the all-important thing. It seems to vanish into nothingness in the presence of his love. That is a wonder indeed, but it is a wonder that happens every day; that sense of peace when our beloved ones are near us; that influence of courage over fearful hearts, that feeling of calm in the midst of pain, when a strong, loving, fearless man is by our side. How many of us could say to some man or woman whom we reverence and in whom we feel God near: "Let me hold your hand; let me look into your face and I can bear anything. I am not afraid of death with you. The storm is nothing, if only you are near!"'

That is the explanation of the first miracle. 'But the second so-called miracle is different from this. The disciples were alone in the boat. There was no Jesus to awaken; no Jesus whose hand they could hold, whose face they could see, no Jesus by their side, sharing their peril and giving them confidence. The storm falls upon them. They are tossed to and fro; they feel their helplessness and solitude. Jesus is hidden from them by the darkness. And then he speaks to them out of the heart of the storm. Not from the boat, but from the heart of the storm come the words: "It is I: be not afraid." At first, they think him something to be frightened at, a part of the storm, a portent and a thing of dread. And then they feel his presence in the storm itself and realize that in the darkness and the danger, enveloped in mystery, but living and working, love is there. That is where many of us have to look—into the heart of the storm—not in the presence of our loved ones close to us, comforting us by their

words and looks, sharing our dangers in the boat, but out there in the storm and darkness amongst destructive forces, speaking to us by their life and by their death from a distance.'

That is a failure. It does not explain the miracles. It is more than a failure, it is a fault. Not all the beauty of language or charm of sentiment can conceal the ethical delinquency. Mr. Gow knows that that is not what the disciples of Jesus understood by the stilling of the storm or the walking on the water. He knows that that is not what was meant by those who gave the miracles their place in the Gospels.

And what is the occasion of the fault? It is simply failure to recognize the two essential things in every miracle—that it must be the work of one who is competent and that it must be suitable to the time and circumstances.

Mr. Gow does not believe that Jesus was competent to perform a miracle, for he does not believe that Jesus was God. It is none the less remarkable that he should fail in the other respect. He speaks of the disciples of our Lord as if they had lived in the twentieth century. He says: 'The love and reverence of the disciples for Jesus gave them this feeling of his presence in the storm. It is something like the feeling expressed in the well-known lines of *In Memoriam*—

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

Far off thou art, yet ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

But through the influence of Jesus, the perception of the disciples was deeper. They felt his spirit ruling not only in beautiful and peaceful scenes, but in the midst of the darkness and danger round them. That feeling of Jesus in the heart of the storm, in the raging winds and waves, in the destruction and violence which threatened them is the highest perception of love. It is the transfiguration of danger and suffering through love.'

That is all beautiful and true, but not for the disciples of Jesus. Mr. Gow has no more knowledge of them than the Gospels give him. And this is not the picture of the Gospels. The picture of the Gospels is that they were slow of heart to believe. The spiritual presence appeals to Mr. Gow, and the miracles do not. The miracles made their appeal to the disciples and not the spiritual presence. 'This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and shewed forth his glory, and the disciples believed on him.' It was a miracle of the same kind to the Walking on the Water and the Stilling of the Storm.

Principal Denney as a Theologian.

By the Rev. H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, New College, Edinburgh.

By the death of Principal Denney at the summit of his power evangelical religion throughout English-speaking lands has suffered a loss greater, we may say with sober truth, than would have been inflicted by the withdrawal of any other one mind. He seemed to have long years before him. In Scotland he spoke, often with a tongue of fire, to all Churches. He had put them all in debt to his scholarship and his insight, and they listened to him as people only listen to a wholly disinterested man. The cause of Church Union wavered or advanced in no inconsiderable measure according to his judgment. In the Overseas Dominions and in America, particularly of course in Presbyterian circles, his influence went deep and wide. His own Church trusted him implicitly and drew

inspiration from his profound and passionately experimental faith.

His influence on Christian opinion was aided by an exceptionally lucid and convincing style which invariably complied with Swift's prescription for writing well: 'Have the proper words in the proper places.' None could be in doubt of his meaning; as some one said, he wielded 'the power that flows from the correspondence of word with thought.' No modern theologian exhibited more of that confident and incisive mastery of expression which bites upon the mind like a diamond. But he wrote no paradoxes; to him all epigrams had falsehood written on their face. I think there is some justice in the criticism that he liked to have everything about him just a little clearer than things are, but this ringing clarity gave him all the more purchase on his readers. He charged every argument with an extraordinary intenseness of religious feeling of which at times the strain became nearly unendurable. In addition, he wrote with perfect frankness. In the Introduction to one volume he declares (speaking of himself in the third person): 'There is no policy in what he has written, either in its manner or its substance. Nothing, so far as he is conscious, is set down for any other reason than that he believes it to be the truth. . . . To the best of his knowledge he speaks without reserve, and has neither more nor less to say.' This might have been applied to any of his books. Much of his power rested on the recognition of his constitutional inability to hedge.

Denney was a great believer, who even by accident could not have uttered one irreverent or disloyal word. His prayers in the home stirred unwonted depths; you felt he was of one spirit with the martyrs who died for Jesus. Since his death, men of different communions have spoken of him as the conscience of Scotland. They are thinking, for example, of his solemn approbation of the Allies' cause and his equally solemn impeachment of the drink traffic as a curse calling for abolition not 'for the period of the war' but for ever. To a patriot of his sort, the wickedness and folly of the thing were torture. 'The nation,' he wrote, 'is sorely wounded by the war, yet in the liquor trade it opens its own veins, and helps to bleed itself white.'

But we cannot now dwell on his character, although I should myself call him one of the three or four best men I have ever known; our immediate interest is his theology. In that field he towered above the general body of theological teachers in this country. Some years since, an American student of divinity who had taken a protracted course of study in Europe singled out three men as having made upon him the deepest impression of power: Herrmann of Marburg, Wernle of Basel, Denney of Glasgow. He belonged emphatically to the very small class of great lecturers. Men went into his auditorium expecting something to happen, and came out awed and thrilled.

It is probably true to say that Denney's mind, so far as theology is concerned, represented a constant tension between feeling and insight. His instincts were conservative, but truth ruled him so undividedly that he perpetually moved forward. Thus it hardly came natural for him to study Christianity on the principles of the science of comparative religion; yet he could say of the new method, 'its right is unquestioned, and though like all new things it is apt to go to some heads with intoxicating power, it has brought light to a few dark places in the New Testament, and has doubtless more to bring.' Few men have had his capacity for eliminating the accidental and fixing the universal and permanent—that is, the divine—elements in Christian tradition. Very few, indeed, reflected on the gospel with such utter fearlessness. This gave a singular and unfailing charm to his private talk, and he talked quite as well as he wrote. His mind was always breaking out at a new place. You could not travel over his intelligence and map it out once for all, for a creative evolution went on uninterruptedly. But so deep and strong was his faith that, so far as one could see, these transitions were accomplished without friction.

To live is to change, and Denney's attitude to philosophy, for example, seemed to change more than once. He once said to me that systematic thought appeared to him in one mood the great necessity, in another mood the great evil. On philosophies in general he would have pronounced with the apostle: 'All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.' But he never wavered in the conviction that consistent Hegelianism in theology means Christianity without Christ. The worst possible preparation for theological study, he has been known to remark with a smile, is second-class honours in philosophy; but in later years he recognized increasingly the

need for intellectual synthesis, and could even declare that whatever else a young man did or did not study before coming up to a Theological College, he ought at least to be trained in philosophy. Quite recently, speaking of his own student days, he told how he himself entered the Divinity Hall wholly uninterested in certain questions; what he wanted was to see Jesus, and to this Dr. A. B. Bruce helped him. But, he went on, he had come to feel more and more that faith must be related to nature as well as history, simply because in Christ we have touched the last reality in the universe, the truth through which all other truths are to be defined and understood. Jesus is the master light of *all* our seeing. Repeatedly in his work within the last ten years this thought reappears, that Christianity, if it is to be adequate to its own idea, must have the courage to conceive a Christian metaphysic, or, in simpler words, to Christianize all our thoughts of God and the world. As he puts it: 'Once Christ's absolute significance has become clear to us, we discover that our task, if we would understand the system of things in which we live, is not to find natural law in the spiritual world, but rather to find spiritual law—indeed, specifically Christian law—in the natural world.' Had he attempted to fulfil this task, it would no doubt have been in the spirit of a notable sentence in his *Jesus and the Gospel*: 'If anything is certain, it is that the world is not made to the measure of any science or philosophy, but on a scale which perpetually summons philosophy and science to construct themselves anew.' He was accustomed to say that what our age needed was a great new theological mind, a mind fit to think things together and draw lines between faith and the new knowledge, doing for this time what Aquinas and Calvin had done for theirs.

I cannot speak at length of his New Testament work, on which I am not qualified to give an expert opinion. But any one could see that the classical and literary [1] scholarship which he brought to it was in the highest degree technically exact and finished. He read the Greek poets constantly, and used to say that when he retired he would like to read Greek literature over again from end to end. Linguistic erudition is never obtruded in his exegetical work, but it is always there, like the bones in a man's hand.

He contributed two volumes to the Expositor's Bible. *Thessalonians* (1892) consists of expositions preached regularly from week to week, marked by his special qualities of course, but necessarily omitting the technicalities of the exegete, and the critical discussion of important divergent interpretations. *2 Corinthians* (1894) for the first time revealed his exegetical power. It is a book one often returns to. But by far his greatest commentary, and one of the most rewarding commentaries in the world, is that on *Romans* in the Expositor's Greek Testament (1900). This is a classic, never likely to be really superseded. Its grasp of the theology of the Epistle puts it very nearly in a list by itself. Even when he was Professor of Systematic Theology, Dr. Denney used to lecture on Romans once a week, and no writing in the New Testament so called out all his powers. Along with this we ought to read his fine series of papers on the Theology of the Epistle in the *Expositor* for 1901, a year when obviously his mind was full of the subject; here he seizes and fixes with almost startling clearness of outline St. Paul's conceptions of the gospel, grouping all round the central idea of the righteousness of God. After reading accounts of Paulinism which leave us wondering how St. Paul came to make the mark he did upon Christianity, it is refreshing to read again this living and vigilant exposition of the greatest sketch of Theology that has ever been written, for Denney held that Romans 'contains what is so rare in Scripture, so unnatural apparently to the Semitic mind, a train of thought. There is a definite plan and structure in it, and one thing leads on to another till the argument is complete. . . . It was a representation of Paul's mind on the whole subject of the Christian religion, the relevance of which was not limited to the special circumstances of a given community.' One turns the last page with an eager wish that he could have given us a parallel sketch of the Theology of the Fourth Gospel, on which for years he lectured to advanced students. (Especially as he was accustomed to say that the writer of the Fourth Gospel has the last word to say on nearly every Christian idea.) Also how one longed that he should give us a Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels, written with the evangelic freedom he would have used! We must not forget as memor-

[1] His knowledge of English literature was unusual in exactitude. Some months ago he said to a friend, who has told me of it, that he believed that if Shakespeare's tragedies were lost, he could replace them from memory.

able and precise a study in Biblical Theology as he ever wrote, the article 'Holy Spirit' in Hastings' *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels.*

There are some who conceived of Dr. Denney as a great New Testament scholar, yet felt that his contribution as a systematic thinker was relatively small. The fragmentary truth in this is that he had not quite recently published any specifically dogmatic work.[1] It was not his department. But at the very end he announced as the subject of his Cunningham Lectures, the Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation, and we may confidently wait till the book appears with the assurance that it will again prove that, even within the field of Dogmatic, he had the most interesting mind in the country. One quality which distinguished his doctrinal teaching was its moral passion. It was the teaching of a man set on knowing not only what man is to believe concerning God, but what duty God requires of man. In this respect it resembled Calvin's *Institutes.* Denney once complained that there is not a hymn in the hymn-book about simply doing the commandments of God; similarly, he had no interest in doctrine which did not face toward conduct. I will put two passages together which reveal the ethical stringency and sublimity of his point of view. The first is: 'The man who is not good — the man whose being does not respond to the revelation of God and fulfil the Law involved in that revelation—has no right *to be.*' And the second: 'The only good man is in point of fact the pardoned man, the man whose heart has been made tender, and his conscience sensitive, by submitting to have his sins forgiven for Christ's sake.' Any one wishing to see how this profound and subduing moral interest controls all Denney's thought will find it exemplified with special impressiveness in his article 'Law' in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible,* and in a very different work, his *Factors of Faith in Immortality.* I have always felt that when he lectured on Christian Ethics, as for some years he did, he must have been greater than ever.

In his first Dogmatic book, the well-known *Studies in Theology* (1894), Denney came forward as a severe critic of Ritschlianism. I cannot say that on a re-perusal of the anti-Ritschlian passages one detects much of that intellectual and imaginative sympathy which alone makes criticism worth while. Ritschl is a culprit at the bar, and every possible point is made against him. But in this matter, as in others, Denney changed. His review (1900) of a translation of Ritschl's chief doctrinal work was friendly in tone, and latterly one felt disposed to call him one of the most Ritschlian theologians in the country, in the broad sense that he too based all belief on the felt value of the revelation of God in Christ. But he applied this general principle differently from Ritschl, and, one may take leave to think, occasionally to the much greater benefit of those who wish to understand the religion of the New Testament.

The doctrine which will always be associated with Denney's name is the doctrine of the Atonement. Throughout his career he steadily called attention to this as belonging to the very heart of Christianity. The salient chapters of his early *Studies* deal with this topic, and as we have just seen, he chose it for the Cunningham Lectures he was never strong enough to give in public. What above all things he sought for was a doctrine that would preach. 'The evangelist,' he remarks characteristically, 'is in the last resort the judge of evangelical theology. If it does not serve his purpose it is not true.' He envied the Roman priest, who can preach with the crucifix in his hand.

Popular theology has decided that there is an orthodox theory of the Atonement, although this is most doubtful. At all events, not much is gained by asking whether Denney's views on the Atonement were orthodox or not; it is much more important that they reminded you of the New Testament. It is true that his special book on this subject, *The Death of Christ: Its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament* (1902), hardly satisfies the careful exegete, for, to put it broadly, it represents the different apostolic writers as all saying exactly the same thing about the Cross, which in fact they do not do. The living variety of interpretation is obscured. And some have not unnaturally felt that the book set forth the Atonement as consisting in the *death* of Christ rather than in the death of *Christ.* But the cumulative effect of the exposition is very great, and page after page, you feel, was written as if with blood from his own arm. What Denney was quite clear about, from first to last, and what he told out with piercing and unequalled power is this, that in

[1] Though we must not forget his three notable articles in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics,* under the titles 'Fall,' 'Mediation,' and 'Righteousness (in Paul's Epistles)'—all largely doctrinal in character and all recent.

the Cross we see Jesus Christ in His sinlessness dying the death of the sinful. 'All that sin meant for us—all that in sin and through it had become ours—God made His, and He made His own, in death.' He never said that God punished Christ, but he did say that in the Cross sin is once for all condemned, and that Christ bowed under the condemnation. There is no more concentrated statement of what he believed than part of his comment on Ro $3^{25.26}$: 'God's righteousness is demonstrated at the Cross, because there, in Christ's death, it is made once for all apparent that He does not palter with sin; the doom of sin falls by His appointment on the Redeemer. And it is possible, at the same time, to accept as righteous those who by faith unite themselves to Christ upon the Cross, and identify themselves with Him in His death: for in doing so they submit in Him to the Divine sentence upon sin, and at bottom become right with God.' Denney would not have said that this is the whole truth about the Cross, nor did he ever display verbal pedantry; but he held unflinchingly that room must be found for the truth that at Calvary there was judgment of sin as well as revelation of Divine love. It was one of his favourite thoughts that while some say, God is love, therefore He requires no Atonement, the New Testament says, God is love, therefore He provides the Atonement. Only thus do we have a Divine righteousness which 'puts the ungodly in the right.'

In various publications, as in *The Atonement and the Modern Mind* (1903), Denney urged that, in that case, the proper word to describe Christ is 'substitute' not 'representative.' The Saviour is given to us, not put forward on our side. Also he constantly refused to admit that St. Paul had in reality two theories of Atonement, a forensic and an ethico-mystical, lying side by side. Indeed, from the hostility of Dr. Denney's references to mystical religion it has sometimes been argued that he felt a whole-hearted aversion for that whole side of things, so far sympathizing with the early Ritschlians. Partly, this is a question of words. He did feel a strong distaste for Mysticism in its typical mediæval form, indifferent alike to history and to moral issues, and expatiating in a region 'beyond good and evil'; and there is only too much ground for holding that this species of piety has about it nothing specifically Christian, and may be found as whole, as perfect, in a Hindu or a Neoplatonist as in the scholastic Erigena. But Denney did not really ignore the truth of Union with Christ. In a passage where he is actually protesting against submerging St. Paul in mysticism he writes: 'The seat of the attraction in Christ, in virtue of which sinners are drawn into ethico-mystical union with Him, is nothing less than this, that He has come into our place. . . . Here is the love of Christ which takes hold of men, and draws them into the ethico-mystical union.' And his exposition of Ro 6 is studded with sentences like this: 'The essence of our faith is a union to Him in which His experience becomes ours'; 'faith, looking to Christ and His death, really unites us to Him who died and rose again.' He selected these great lines from St. Bernard as putting perfectly what he himself believed as to the relation of the substitution of Christ to ethical identification with Him:

> Propter mortem quam tulisti
> Quando pro me defecisti;
> Cordis mei cor dilectum,
> In te meum fer affectum!

It might now and then seem as if he recognized no relation of persons deeper than the moral relation, but this is not the fact. He expressly disclaims the idea that moral categories of obligation can exhaust the truth of our relation to Christ. 'Even human life,' he writes, 'gives scope for acts . . . which are not moral, but far higher than moral; acts immediately inspired of God, the understanding of which is to morality as the discovery of a fourth dimension would be to geometry.'

Within the last ten or fifteen years Dr. Denney frequently recurred by preference to the idea that by Atonement we mean the cost of forgiveness to God. He was not original in this conception, which goes back at least as far as Bushnell, but it was a conception he took special pains to explain and illustrate. We cannot look long at pardon without the cost of it coming into view. Some of the most thrilling passages in Denney's recent sermons were devoted to showing how every great forgiveness is imparted at a price to the forgiver, and how by analogy the Christian mind is led to conceive of Jesus' experience, through which pardon is mediated, as representing, and indeed being, a vast transcendent Divine-human agony, which forms the vehicle of pardon corresponding to the magnitude and evil of the forgiven sin. Whether this profound and tragic thought has

been further developed in his forthcoming Cunningham Lectures we shall see. Of one thing we may be certain, that his latest argument will in no sense be only a repetition of the old. His mind could not be stationary. I recollect his saying to me, some months back, that he had come to the conclusion that every true and important idea about atonement was to be found in every genuinely Christian mind. If he has been able to bring this out, with his unrivalled force, he will have done his generation one great service more. From start to finish, Calvary was the centre of his world. He drank in life from the thought of Christ crucified, and poured out in burning words the convictions it quickened in his mind. As thus, in an article written but yesterday: 'The apostles did not imagine the atoning power of the death of Jesus—it is too great for imagination. They did not invent it to cloak the offence of the Cross; it is too great to be a theological contrivance. No, but a new truth rose on their horizon as they looked on the perfect sacrifice of Jesus — the truth of truths, beyond all telling wonderful—that sin-bearing love is the supreme and final reality of the universe, and that here it is incarnate once for all. From Christ on His Cross a goodness put forth its hand and touched them which outweighed all the sin of the world and made it impotent; henceforth they believed in God *through Him.*' Nothing ever came from his pen more completely characteristic of his faith and love. If we read these words on a scrap of paper in a desert island, we should think instantly of him.

The student of Denney's theology, if he is wise, will carefully examine the article entitled 'Preaching Christ,' in the second volume of Hastings' *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels.* It reveals with unusual clearness a conviction underlying his whole work, that we theologize only that we may preach. The article is really a first sketch of perhaps his greatest and most influential work, *Jesus and the Gospel* (1908). Both writings exhibit Jesus, in contradiction of Harnack's well-known *obiter dictum*, as even for his own mind a vital factor in the gospel. 'To preach Christ,' we are told, 'means to preach Jesus in the absolute significance for God and man which He had to His own consciousness and to the faith of the first witnesses; and to preach Him as exalted, and as having this absolute significance now and for ever.' But, he held, Jesus can be thus preached without raising ulterior questions of metaphysic. The preacher must put first things first, and the first things concerning Jesus as Saviour are not His pre-existence or His virgin birth, though these are not questioned, but what we see as we read the Gospels, what we hear as we listen to apostolic testimony. Denney was always keenly aware of the uncertainties of metaphysic, in particular of the enigmatic relation of the temporal to the eternal; and as a theologian evangelist he deprecated with all his powers the religious confusion that is certain to be the consequence of making a man's witness to Christ dependent on his answer to speculative problems. 'While we share at the heart the faith of Apostles and Evangelists, we do not feel bound by all the forms in which they cast their thoughts.' This is saying plainly what every modern Christian in point of fact believes.

The concluding section of *Jesus and the Gospel*, in which the case for a simpler creed is argued, has deeply affected Christian thought in this country, especially the thought of ministers. It is there made as plain as such matters ever can be that the Church should bind its members to the Christian attitude to Christ and to nothing else. In a paragraph which has been oftener quoted than any other in his writings, Denney ventures to suggest the following creed as symbolic of the Church's unity in faith: 'I believe in God through Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord and Saviour.' And his exposition of this simple but profound confession has done more than perhaps he knew to quicken the movement for modification of the Creed, into a formula vital, unspeculative, and essentially religious.

It is not suggested in this brief and imperfect survey that the theology of Principal Denney had no faults. He had not adjusted his relations to philosophy; he now and then attained an unreal clearness by omitting some facts of moment; his use of the word 'propitiation' in discussions of Atonement remained puzzling. Some criticisms of new writers showed an undue severity. But as theologian and as man, there was no one like him. I have known many theologians both scholarly and devout; but I have never known his equal for making the New Testament intelligible as the record and deposit of an overwhelming experience of redemption, and for generating in those who listened to him the conviction that the

gospel incarnate in Jesus is the only thing that matters. The impressiveness of his faith and his extraordinary mental powers was heightened and intensified by a character of such goodness, such pureness, such sensitiveness to all that is high and worthy, that one seeks in vain, throughout the circle of one's knowledge, for its like. God took him—so we may apply his words regarding another—God took him; not nature, or disease, or death, but the God with whom he had walked.

Literature.

THE EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH.

Sir Henry H. Howorth's name is known in widely separated branches of study, and it is always and everywhere known as the name of a scholar. Recently he published two volumes on Gregory the Great and Augustine the Missionary, so that his new book in three great volumes on *The Golden Days of the Early English Church* (Murray; 12s. each net) will not be the surprise it would have been had it been the first-fruits of his interest in English history. Nevertheless it is a surprise. Three such volumes in a new study and for a man of his years is an achievement of rare enough occurrence. We can compare it only with the work of that yet more venerable veteran, Dr. E. A. Abbott, whose work, however, has nearly all been done in the department of the Gospels. Dr. Abbott was born in 1838. Sir Henry Howorth was born in 1842.

Sir Henry Howorth has had the joy of a great discovery. He has discovered that the historians of Early England have neglected the ecclesiastical writers—hence poverty of material and misrepresentation of life. They have even neglected Bede. Now 'we alone in all Europe possess a work of the matchless worth of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, unequalled in its time in style, picturesqueness, and extraordinary general accuracy, and presenting an historical and moral outlook of a very ideal kind. It is the one matchless literary work of art in the European literature of the first half of the eighth century A.D., and it forms a splendid scaffolding upon which to raise our building, and on which to hang the various illustrative decorations or additions which lesser lights have provided for us.'

That discovery is enough to send a man to the writing of a great book. And that 'explains the object and purpose with which, at the close of an exceptionally strenuous life and by the evergreen kindness of my old friend, Mr. Murray, I have written five volumes of closely packed matter dealing with the beginnings of the English Church during less than a century and a half of its early career.'

But what were the Golden Days of the Early English Church? They were the days which began with the arrival of Archbishop Theodore and ended with the death of Bede. Bede himself is the great figure, and Sir Henry Howorth is never done speaking of him. In a long Introduction to the first volume he describes the whole of Bede's writings and gives an estimate of their historical value. And even in the Preface he names two matters for which he deserves particular credit. 'First, so far as we know, he was the first to introduce into the Church's creed north of the Pyrenees the clause about the double procession of the Holy Spirit of which the first authoritative pronouncement was made at the third Council of Toledo. At all events, so far as our evidence goes, it first occurs in Bede's writings. Secondly, he was the first Western scholar, so far as we know, to use the two Latin versions of the Bible systematically, the older Vulgate, sometimes called the Itala, and Jerome's edition; Cassiodorus and St. Gregory had both done the same in part, but Bede did it systematically, being tempted to do so in all probability by the presence in the library at Jarrow of a splendid codex of either version.'

After he got the command of his sources Sir H. H. Howorth seems to have written his book with ease. Such a book is usually read with difficulty. It is not so with this book. It may be read as easily as it was written. For the author's mind is orderly, and his orderly mind controls the use of his copious vocabulary. Now and then he seems deliberately to disregard the scholar, as he translates familiar Latin phrases and tells good stories

that are equally familiar. This takes nothing away from the actual learning, of which every page is evidence, while it certainly gives the book a longer reach of reading public. And the illustrations, which are both many and good, will increase its popularity.

TERTULLIAN.

From the Cambridge University Press has come an edition of Tertullian's Apology with an English translation, which will be welcomed as a contribution to Patristic literature of the very first importance. Its title is *Q. Septimi Florentis Tertulliani Apologeticus* (12s. 6d. net). The late Professor John E. B. Mayor, President of St. John's College, is the Editor. Using the text of Oehler, Dr. Mayor annotated the Apology. His annotations occupy two-thirds of the volume. He also wrote an Introduction to it. The translation is the work of Professor Alexander Souter of the University of Aberdeen.

In the Introduction, a delightful joint production of Professor Mayor's amazing scholarship and forcible English style, students of the Latin language are urged to carry their studies beyond 'the handful of writers, barely filling a single shelf, which are counted as Latin classics,' and to continue them until they include Bede and Alcuin. Thus they will take Tertullian by the way. And how much better for acquiring a knowledge of the language is Tertullian than any 'classical' author. 'Many of the Fathers write very simply, and might serve admirably for the neglected discipline of the ear; even as Cicero and the younger Pliny pursued their studies by the aid of *readers*. It is certain that an entire volume of either Chrysostom (Dio—to name a heathen—or John) could be read carefully in shorter time than is spent on the study of the few hundred lines of the Agamemnon. And the path through the former would be all luminous, through the latter dark with corruptions and conjectures and despairing interpretations.'

But is Tertullian worth studying for his own sake? Professor Mayor answers that question also. He says: 'A once popular book, of solid but unobtrusive learning, now forgotten, by an accomplished Cambridge scholar (*Biography of the Early Church*, by R. W. Evans, 2nd ed., London, 1859, 2 vols. sm. 8vo), if read with the authorities cited in the notes, will form an excellent introduction to patristic study. Listen to this character of Tertullian's apology (i. 336–8):

'"Its power is far superior to that of any former defence. Tertullian not only surpassed his predecessors in information and talent, but was peculiarly fitted by temper to treat such a subject. No one could express in such forcible language the indignant sense of injustice, or represent its detail in a more lively manner. None could press his arguments so closely, and few had so learned an acquaintance with heathenism, and could expose its follies with more bitter sarcasm (*Apol.* 42), or whip its wickedness with a heavier lash (*Apol.* 35). The subject too, while it gave free scope to the range of his argumentative powers, neither allured him, nor compelled him to sophistical subtilties. The free and elastic vigour of a mind that had still half its strength in reserve pervades the composition; and if we put the mere mechanism of style out of the question, and consider the copiousness, the variety, the interest of the matter, the skilfulness of selection of topics, and the powerful grasp with which they are handled, together with the greatness of the occasion, it will not be too much to say, that it is the noblest oration among all which antiquity has left us. . . . In what a state of mind do we rise up from it! Its brilliant pictures are glowing before our eyes, its deep tone of declamation is sounding in our ears, its imploring, its condemning, its expostulating accents have touched our feelings to the quick. . . . Heaven and hell have been moved, and have entered into a mortal struggle, of which we are now enjoying the fruits, in a victory which has decided the fate of mankind for all eternity. What literary gew-gaws do the finest orations of Cicero and Demosthenes appear after this! How do we put them away as childish things, and feel ashamed that we should set such value on the vituperative filth which is poured forth upon Aeschines and Antony, political rivals on the narrow stage of a corner of this little world."

'I believe that of those who have really grappled with Tertullian's difficulties, few will challenge this verdict of a most competent judge.'

It is not necessary to add that the translation is the last word of accurate scholarship and felicity of phrase. All Professor Souter's work is so.

INTOLERANCE.

'Most of us feel that intolerance is an antiquated evil.' That, says Professor Arthur J. Klein, is because we do not know what intolerance is. Professor Klein has done research work in the theory and practice of *Intolerance in the Reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England* (Constable; 7s. 6d. net). He has done this with a thoroughness which could scarcely be due to mere antiquarian interest. Clearly he believes, as he says he believes, that intolerance is by no means of the past, but very present and oppressive still. His book therefore is really didactic. But, as becomes a Professor of History, he teaches by historical example. He goes back to the reign of Elizabeth, and gives such a picture of the hateful and hideous thing there that we must abhor it. He paints it so minutely that we must recognize its features wherever we find them, in ourselves most surely of all. And so he does all that in him lies to lift us out of our darkness into that light in which we may acknowledge, as Cromwell said, that it is possible we may be mistaken.

One thing is brought to great clearness and certainty. Ecclesiasticism and militarism are within hail of one another. It is so to-day. It was so in the days of Elizabeth. 'When Elizabeth ascended the throne of England more than a generation had passed since Luther had stirred the souls of men by his proclamation of revolt. His call to arms as it echoed over Europe had roused men of all nations to range themselves in fighting mood upon one side or the other. Religious enthusiasm, national feeling, a new vision of moral and intellectual life had stirred Catholicism and Protestantism alike to the very depths. No longer were ideas and ideals to be passively received and held; they became banners to lead armies by, the standards for which men joyfully flung away their strength. Hatred, unreasoning and unreasonable, obscured high purpose and lofty aim; in the name of religious faith both sides descended to unexplored depths of savagery and cruelty. But such sacrifice could not continue. Here and there in Europe evidences of returning sanity were seen. Vicious combat brought desire for peace, and the realization that ultimately an adjustment of its religious quarrels must be made if European civilization was to endure manifested itself in the first vague gropings for some basis of settlement. In Germany a certain basis of toleration in a small territorial setting was offered by the Peace of Augsburg. In France the wisdom of L'Hôpital attempted to secure an adjustment upon humane principles only to be defeated by the militarist elements which broke down the first slight barriers of moderation and left us the memory of St. Bartholomew's Eve. In England the same groping took form in a policy which may appear petty, but which, at least in the maturing consciousness of the national State, created a national Church. The pettiness of England's compromising religious policy may be forgotten and forgiven in the wider significance which that policy has as one phase of a general European adjustment.'

The Bibliography is very full; it fills eighteen large closely printed pages. And it is very good—even though among the Histories of Scotland no mention is made of John Hill Burton or Andrew Lang.

ILLINGWORTH.

If he had not been a writer of letters it would have been difficult for his wife to make a book of *The Life and Work of John Richardson Illingworth, M.A., D.D.* (Murray; 10s. 6d. net). For the outward incidents were very few. Here is the biographer's own

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

June 26, 1848	Born.
1857–1867	St. Paul's School.
1867	Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
1872	Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford.
1872–1883	Tutor of Keble College, Oxford.
1875	Ordained Deacon.
1876	Ordained Priest.
June 26, 1883	Rector of Longworth.
Aug. 2, 1883	Married.
Aug. 22, 1915	Died.

Between the dates marked 'Married' and 'Died,' Dr. Illingworth did his duty by the rural (and immoral) parish of Longworth, received the annual visit of the 'Lux Mundi' party, and wrote books. His work was the writing of books. Early in life he made a covenant with himself and God that he would write books in defence of the Faith, and he carried out that purpose loyally, unflinchingly, and successfully. He had written

the last book that he wanted to write just before he died. We have given the Chronological Table of his life, we shall give the list of his books also:

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

1870–1876 . . Three Sermons in *Keble College Sermons.*
1882 . . . . *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel.*
1889 . . . . Two Essays in *Lux Mundi*, 'The Doctrine of the Incarnation' and 'The Problem of Pain.'
1893 . . . . *University and Cathedral Sermons.*
1894 . . . . *Personality Human and Divine* (The Bampton Lectures).
1898 . . . . *Divine Immanence.*
1902 . . . . *Reason and Revelation.*
1904 . . . . *Christian Character.*
1907 . . . . *The Doctrine of the Trinity.*
1911 . . . . *Divine Transcendence.*
1915 . . . . *The Gospel Miracles.*
1915 (July 16) . *The Problem of Pain* (Reprinted from *Lux Mundi*).

Canon Scott Holland speaks frankly about the books. He says: 'Longworth did much for him: but it had one lack. It gave him no intellectual intercourse with men of his own calibre. He was alone with himself, so far as thought went, for the greater part of every year. And he was never much of a reader. He read a few great books well: but hardly anything else. So it came about that he, who, in his younger days, was our most audacious pioneer in the free play of reason, grew unsympathetic to the new intellectual moods. He did not keep up with their changes and chances. He reacted from their excesses. He chaffed: he mocked: he held them at arm's length.

'And this told on his own thought. He did not advance on the positions that he had taken. He was content with applying in some fresh form the familiar premises which he had made his own. This ended by giving a certain sameness to what he had to say. It was the inevitable price that he paid for the security and peace of the unchanging background which alone enabled him to do his work. But this work, in spite of every drawback, retained all its keenness of edge, its delicate force, its sureness of touch, its fine distinctiveness. It was as good in his last book as it had ever been: and this is surely a high tribute to his intellectual discipline and to his sincerity of purpose. Still and always he retained the same gracious charm, the same mystical fragrance.'

The biography is made up mainly of letters. They are of a simple friendly character and need not be quoted. Here are some other things.

'The rector had a keen sense of humour, and used often to tell us of a sick visit he paid to a very old man in the village. He had said an extempore prayer with him, as he always did, and when he got up from his knees, the sick man said in admiring tones, as his sole contribution to the office, "My, what a head-piece you have got!"'

'He controlled a very irritable tongue with difficulty, and did not always control it. He was then apt to think much of himself and of his own ailments; his temper was by no means what he would have desired it to be. Much of this was no doubt to be attributed to ill-health. But year by year he steadily grew in self-control; year by year he became more and more unselfish, more and more thoughtful for others — extraordinarily thoughtful indeed; more and more patient, more and more gentle and loving.

'He was greatly pleased when some of his books were translated into Japanese, and when one day we heard through a friend that one at any rate was also in Chinese, I well remember how moved he was, and how he remained silent for a little while, and then told me it was really an answer to his prayer. I give the exact words he said from a note made at the time in a book kept for such purposes: "I don't mind telling you that I had long been praying for this, the call of China seemed so pressing, and I wanted to have a share if possible."'

THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS.

Dr. P. T. Forsyth is always himself. But he never wrote more like himself than in this volume on *The Church and the Sacraments* (Longmans; 6s. net). He never says a thing one way if it can be said four ways. He dares the most audacious alliterations. And he snatches at every idea or fragment of an idea as it rushes into his mind and smites it down on his page, to the bewilderment of his admiring readers. He says once—surely not

without a smile—that 'more suggestions crowd in on me than there is place for here.' It gives us a glimpse of what we might have had. What we have we know.

And there is no use leaving it unsaid that these characteristics of Principal Forsyth as a writer make his books hard reading. If we could only let them alone. We do not let them alone, we read them to the end, protesting of course all the time and as astonished at ourselves as at him when the end comes. For this book is not only filled with suggestive ideas about the Church and the Sacraments, it is filled with one idea, and that idea is so great and held so tenaciously that all the other ideas and half-ideas gather round it for its impressiveness. The idea, we need not say, is the Atonement. The Church and the Sacraments owe to the Cross of Christ everything that they are in themselves and everything that they can do for us. If therefore we exalt the Incarnation and neglect the Atonement in the interest of our ecclesiasticism or our sacramentarianism we are faulty theologians and false witnesses.

In the middle of his book Dr. Forsyth prints a chapter by his colleague Professor Andrews. Why does he do so? He does not agree with it. He could not possibly agree with it and be himself. For Professor Andrews goes in for baptismal regeneration and consubstantiation. He begins at once to contradict it, and he goes on contradicting it to the end. Yet he never *says* that he differs from Dr. Andrews; he seems to say that he does not differ. What is the meaning of it?

Once, however, Dr. Forsyth differs from himself. It is in his use of the word 'priest.' At one place, referring to public prayer, he says: 'Here the minister is no more prophet but priest. His effectiveness is not prophetic but priestly. His voice does not now come to the Church, but rises from it. He is the organ of the common priesthood of the Church.' At another place, speaking of baptismal regeneration, he says: 'It is a truth beneath even the errors of the baptismal regenerationists that Baptism is an act of the Church, and of the Spirit through the Church, that it is an act which is at least shared by others than the child and the parents. Well, if it be an act of the Church, must not the Church be there to perform it? Ought the Church to depute and leave not only the agency but the whole act to the minister? Somebody of course must be deputed to conduct the proceedings, and perform the visible deed. But the spiritual act—is that to be turned over completely to the minister? If that is done, the minister is no more a minister. He is a priest. He not only acts on behalf of the Church, but he acts instead of the Church.'

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn would surely have been numbered among those (of whom the world was not worthy) who were examples of the faith that endures persecution, if the prophetic writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews had included the Christian along with the Jewish dispensation in his list. The history of his life, told so affectionately by Mr. John W. Graham, M.A., and published under the title of *William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania* (Headley; 6s. net), is one long persecution. He might have said, though we do not know that he ever did say, with St. Paul, 'we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.' It was not only one long persecution, his life was also one long disappointment. And yet he might have added, again with the Apostle, 'in all these things we are more than conquerors.' It is a pathetic story, quite humiliatingly pathetic and painful; and if Christ had not warned us, saying, 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth,' we should have been much perplexed thereat. 'Yea, he that killeth you will think that he doeth God service'—that is the pity of it, think so sincerely, though perhaps never guiltlessly.

Mr. Graham has proved himself a competent biographer, giving us a living portrait, and lovable as living, and not letting one dull page slip through his hands. There are many portraits and other illustrations.

Once only does Mr. Graham leave his subject for a little, and then he is more interesting than ever. The great doctrine of the Quakers is the Inward Light, and the great difficulty of that doctrine is how to preserve and give full value to the historical Christ. This is the occasion of Mr. Graham's departure, and this is what he says:

'One receives from the writings of the early Friends the impression that they had not succeeded in finding or stating the connection between the historical and inward Christ in a clear way. There has not been published, even now, any philosophic account of the identity which we have always

asserted between the historical human Jesus of Nazareth and a living and universal spiritual Presence. The traditional view about the personality of Jesus, and the lack of a sufficiently scientific psychology, have combined to prevent the solution of this puzzle in our own day.

'However, the conception of the subliminal self has, through the work of the Society for Psychical Research, become part of the current coin of philosophy. We realize that there is at the back of the external mind a large range of faculties below the threshold of consciousness,—a man in the cellar,—to put into English the literal meaning of "subliminal." This region is still only partially explored. It contains faculties both higher and lower than those of the normal man. There are to be found there remnants of personality that have been outgrown in the course of civilization, and the dim beginnings of faculties that have not yet been reached in our spiritual evolution. Not all that is subliminal is wise and good. Nevertheless it is also true that in this great untapped reservoir of the water of life are to be found the hidden origins of motive, the bases of visible character, and contact with that spiritual environment where God dwells. In this great region of the soul lie the fountains of inspiration, the track of prayer, and the way to the Whole, the universal soul. This is the region of mystical experience, and all religions are so many means of battering at its gates. In terms of this conception, then, we find the key to the experience of the early Friends, the psychical explanation which has been lacking. The subliminal mind of Jesus Christ was such that it is fitting to call Him a Son of God, a human phrase which tells of a spiritual affinity, of a descent comparable to the physical relation of father and son. A subliminal personality like His, stimulated by His, crystallized under the same laws of crystallization as His, and bearing to His a relation of close kinship, is what the Friend means when he speaks of the birth of the Divine Creature, of the Light of Christ within, and of the eternal Word of God, the light and life of men. The humanity of Jesus of Nazareth presents no difficulty, for it is not questioned. The link between the inward and outward in Him is no more mysterious than the link between the inward and outward in ourselves. The identity is in the subliminal region.

'This theory has come to me from a lifelong study of the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and it has been a great delight to find that the venerable Professor Sanday of Oxford, our greatest living theologian, has in his recent book, *Christologies Ancient and Modern*, adopted the above as his final and accepted view. The earlier chapters of his book are devoted to criticising and exposing the errors in all the other Christologies of history, and then he closes on the kinship between the subliminal self of Jesus and the anointing that comes to ours. "We have the mind of Christ" is the Apostle Paul's way of putting it. The subliminal, in this sense, is, it will be seen, an accurate scientific term which includes what we popularly have called the Soul.'

Dr. R. W. Dale used to say that he read every book about preaching that he could lay his hands on. Bishop William Fraser McDowell says: 'For more than a generation I have been reading the Yale Lectures as the successive volumes have appeared, reading them with an ever-growing profit and interest.' And for that reason, as well as others, Dr. Dale and Bishop McDowell are the authors of two of the very best of the celebrated Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching. Bishop McDowell delivered the Yale Lectures in 1917. They are now published under the title of *Good Ministers of Jesus Christ* (Abingdon Press; $1.25 net).

The lectures recall another great Yale lecturer. There is an unmistakable recollection of Phillips Brooks throughout the volume. And that is not surprising. For into the atmosphere created by Phillips Brooks and by Professor A. B. Bruce the author of the latest Yale Lectures was brought when a student and was much influenced thereby. 'The first gave relief from a mechanical theory of the origin of the Bible by showing how it sprang out of life, the life of the redemptive God and the life of man whose redemption God sought. The other gave relief at a half-dozen points by showing what is now a commonplace, that the contents of the Bible "chiefly relate to a purpose of grace, and its great watchword is redemption." The first answered the question how there came to be a Bible, the second what it supremely contained.'

But there is a greater influence here than the influence of Brooks or of Bruce. It is the influence of our Lord Himself. The men whom the

lecturer addresses are told that their ministry must be a ministry of Revelation, a ministry of Redemption, a ministry of Incarnation, a ministry of Reconciliation, a ministry of Rescue, a ministry of Conservation, a ministry of Co-operation, a ministry of Inspiration. And in every case *their* ministry was first *His* ministry. The one looks to the other; it is possible and it is imperative because of the other.

The Rev. H. Maynard Smith preached, and under the title of *The Church and Social Questions* (Blackwell; 1s. net) he now publishes, five social sermons. He preached them at the command of his bishop. He told his people so; and he told them plainly enough that but for the bishop's command he would not have preached them. Thus in beginning the sermon on 'Sunday,' he said: 'By command of the Bishop, I have this morning to discuss with you: "The Church's duty in procuring for all classes a Christian Sunday." What this duty is and how a Christian Sunday is procured I am unable to say. If the sentence means that the Church is to propose and further fresh legislation, to make everyone attend Church, whether they be Christians or not, the project seems somewhat out of date; and yet a Christian Sunday without worship is a contradiction in terms. If it means that the Christian Sunday ought to be enjoyed by everyone who wishes to enjoy it, we are on safe ground; but then we know large classes do not wish for a Christian Sunday, but for a beanfeast. If, however, the word *Christian* is not to be pressed, we imagine that the sentence should be paraphrased as follows: "The Church's duty to procure for all classes one day of rest in seven." This third interpretation is the only one that is consistent with the address given last Thursday by the Organizing Secretary of the Bishop's Company.'

This is not eccentricity but independence. Every sermon is sane and searching. The other topics are Capital and Labour, the Relation of Sexes, the Church and Public Life, and the Church and Amusements.

How many of the men who have fallen in the war will be remembered? Those will be remembered who have had a biographer. The biography need not be long. Viola Meynell's biography of *Julian Grenfell* (Burns & Oates; 1s. net) is the length of a magazine article. But it is very choice. Nothing in his short life that counts has been forgotten; everything has been set in the light. Julian Grenfell deserved remembrance, and he will be remembered.

There is no occasion for regret. He went to the war as to a banquet. He was a born fighter. And his following of Christ did not affect his ardour for the battle. 'There is a story,' says Charles Lister, in a letter to Julian's mother, 'there is a story in one of Miss Kinsgley's books of a West African Medicine-man, who found himself at death's door. He applied all his herbs and spells, and conducted all his well-worn rites before his idols, and with his friends' intercessions—without any effect. At last he wearied of his hocus-pocus, and took his idols and charms down to the sea-shore and flung them into the surf, and he said, "Now I will be a man and meet my God alone." Julian, from the time I knew him, had flung away his idols and had met God. His intense moral courage distinguished him even more than his physical bravery from the run of common men—and his physical bravery was remarkable enough, whether he was hunting, boxing, or whatever he was at.'

Julian Grenfell was the eldest son of Lord Desborough. On the 12th of May 1916 he was struck by a shell on the Ypres-Menin Road, and died in hospital on the 26th.

The revelation of the Spirit in the Acts of the Apostles is the revelation of a Spirit which impels to missionary action. So Mr. Roland Allen reads the book, and we doubt not reads it aright. For that reason he has brought together the references to the work of the Spirit in that book, classified them, and set their meaning forth in a readable narrative. His subject is about the most vital that any Christian writer can handle, and he handles it to the reader's very great profit. Undoubtedly this little book is one of the books of the present year of grace that will live. Its title is *Pentecost and the World* (Oxford University Press; 1s. net).

Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine has published ten *Boston Lectures on the New Psychology* (Fowler; 2s. 6d. net). The title 'New Psychology' is used to cover now one thing and now another; Mr. Grumbine's system has much affinity to spiritual-

ism, clairvoyance, telepathy, and the like. And it may be taken on trust that he knows all about it. But he has so copious a vocabulary that he is handicapped in his efforts to impart his knowledge to others. Thus he says:

'What is most difficult for the lay mind to intelligently—that is, scientifically—comprehend and demonstrate is how one who is Divinity or eternal absolute Spirit, with potential attributes of omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence, realizing the supernormal powers of clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, being in the world and yet not of it, should be compelled, in the earth life at least, to live a life of apparent contradiction, subsisting, as it were, upon the substance of the physical phenomenal life and yet simultaneously with every breath that is breathed knowing that his Divinity, his eternal self, needs none of these things.'

But when he gives illustrations of his ideas he is intelligible enough. This is one of them: 'A lady of extreme sensitiveness in the city of Chicago had a son who was wild and unmanageable. In an altercation with a male companion he was shot down in cold blood. His mother, who was at her home some miles from the tragedy, heard the shot and swooned at the moment when the life of her son was taken. A few hours later his body was brought home dead. Her fears and the strange psychic phenomenon had been verified.' We wish he would always give illustrations. He believes that poetry may be 'received' by spiritualistic revelation. 'Some splendid specimens of such poetry purporting to emanate from the spirits of Robert Burns, Edgar Allan Poe, and Mrs. Robert Browning could be cited.' Why does he give no examples?

What is Quakerism? (Headley; 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. net). The question is asked by Mr. Edward Grubb, M.A. His answer is that Quakerism is the Inward Light in doctrine and in practice. That was George Fox's discovery; that is his followers' distinction still. What is the Inward Light? Mr. Grubb finds it hard to say. He doubts if it is possible to make it intelligible to the inexperienced. He approaches it by analogy. The perception of the beauty and worth of poetry is a kind of inward light. So is the recognition of true character.

'Now we see what this discussion is leading up to: it is by the "Inward Light" that we have the knowledge of God. This knowledge does not come to us by observation of the things about us, like our knowledge of the world of nature, nor by intellectual proof, nor by the testimony of others embodied as the authority of Church or Bible. All these are invaluable as aids and preparations for the true knowledge of God, but they cannot give it us until we come to the point of "seeing" with our own inward eyes. In other words, the knowledge of God comes *by revelation*.'

The book is very modern. Mr. Grubb says plainly that the early Quakers were mistaken in some matters. They drew too rigid a distinction in their doctrine of the Inward Light between the human and the Divine, the natural and the supernatural.

'The Divine works normally through the human and not apart from it. Particularly we are learning that right guidance comes from God *through the fellowship* of gathered souls, and that we shall rarely find it except as we make ourselves part of the fellowship, and are bound into the harmony of the One life that is flowing through it like the sap through the vine.'

We commend Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee's book, *The German Terror in Belgium* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net) to the notice of the Pope. 'But they deny it,' he has said, helplessly. Can they deny the facts, so sifted and searched, that are stated here? Can they deny the photographs? It is the best book yet issued for the few remaining 'neutrals.'

The Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, M.A., has stated 'An Englishman's Belief in his Church,' calling the book *Ordered Liberty* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is the Hulsean Lectures for 1916–1917. Mr. Duncan-Jones has little fault to find with the Church of England, which he thinks is better prepared to face the future than any other Church in the world. Take the matter of authority. He says that there are, roughly speaking, three methods of reaching assurance in matters of faith, which may be denominated the Ultramontane, the Catholic, and the Lutheran. The Ultramontane stands for obedience to the Church without question; the Lutheran makes the individual's own opinion the final authority; the Catholic (that is, the Anglican) is the right mean, neither too much

dependence nor too much independence. It may be true that the *via media* is not always the best for facing the future with. But Mr. Duncan-Jones looks upon its sweet reasonableness as not only the chief characteristic but also the surest hope of the Church of England. For in the future men will be less concerned with extremities and more interested in essentials.

The Rev. H. M. B. Reid, D.D., is Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and it is very proper that he should write the lives of the Professors of Divinity in that University. He has determined to do so. The first volume of his work is ready. It deals with the first six professors who were also Principals of the University. So he calls the book *The Divinity Principals in the University of Glasgow* (Maclehose; 6s. net). Their names are Andrew. Melville, Thomas Smeaton, Patrick Sharp, Robert Boyd, John Cameron, and John Strang. It is not a large book to hold six memoirs, but time has sifted the materials, letting go the unessential and preserving that which is of permanent use and interest. They are real biographies with all their brevity, and those who would study more fully have a bibliography provided for them. The volume contains portraits of Melville, Boyd, and Cameron, and would have contained portraits of the others also if they had been found.

The volume of *The English Catalogue of Books for 1916* (Publishers' Circular; 7s. 6d. net) gives little indication of the shortage of paper or the restricted output of literature of which we have heard so much since the war was taken seriously. The volume for 1914 announced the issue of 11,537 books; this volume announces 9,149 books. And the present writer's experience points to the possibility of the output of 1917 exceeding that of 1916. For in the twenty-eight years of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, not once were so many books sent for review in the month of May as were sent this year. And they are not pamphlets or books about the war. Some of them are great expensive volumes of theology and philosophy. It is all in the way of that home production which is so much preached to us, and it is a form of home production that is better than even potatoes.

The most remarkable feature of this volume is the number of books of poetry that are announced in it as having been published last year. It is not the business of the English Catalogue to tell us what the volumes are worth. But if we may judge by those that have been noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES their average of excellence is remarkably high. That much at least the war has done for us, and it is one true gain.

The *Thoughts on the Epistle to the Romans* (Stock; 2s. net) which have been written 'for laymen, by one of them,' are simple and orthodox. This layman has got at the heart of the Pauline theology.

The Rev. A. A. C. N. Vawdrey, M.A., Vicar of St. Budock, Falmouth, is a preacher of short sermons. So short are they that he finds room for one-and-twenty in a small volume of just over a hundred pages. But there is thought—one thought at least—in every sermon, and there is sincerity. The volume, which is called *The Christian Warrior's Home* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), has much to say about the Church.

The same author has published a still smaller book on the Holy Spirit. Its title is *Our Unheeded Comforter* (Scott; 9d. net).

The Angel of Hope, by the Rev. Paul Louis Quillet, A.K.C.L. (Stock; 1s. net), is an earnest gentle effort to bring the comfort wherewith the author himself has been comforted to other sorrowing and anxious men and women.

In a Note to a letter in the February number of his Diocesan Gazette, the Archbishop of York laid before the Church certain suggestions as to the ways in which the National Mission might be carried on. That Note has been amplified by the Rev. Charles C. Bell, M.A., Canon of York, into a book, which is published by the S.P.C.K. under the title of *Carrying on the National Mission* (1s. net).

Before the war began a Committee was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to inquire into the history of the use of unfermented wine in the Holy Communion. The Committee consisted of Dean Ryle (as Chairman), Dr. Oesterley, Professor Swete, Mr. Turner, and Dr. Woolley. It could not easily have been more authoritative. The report is now issued. Its title is *Unfermented*

Wine (S.P.C.K. ; 6d. net). What is its judgment? Against—against decidedly. But that judgment will not stay the movement.

There is still ignorance, and plenty of it, regarding *Comparative Religion*—what it is, and what it seeks to do. And ignorance is the poverty-stricken parent of fear. So Dr. A. S. Geden has done well to write a short and simple book under that title (S.P.C.K. ; 2s. net). He is just the man to write it well, for he is a trained scholar who has given many hours and years to the study. This is his aim—

'The following work,' he says, 'is and can only be a brief introduction to a serious and most important subject. For those whose interest is enchained, and who desire to pursue it further, it is hoped that the bibliography at the end of the book will afford aid and guidance for more unrestricted study. Only a selection from a great and growing literature has been possible. In this respect, as in many others, the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, edited by Dr. Hastings, is a treasury of all good things. There are many ways, however, of approaching the study of Comparative Religion. The best, in the judgment of the writer, is that of attempting to gain an insight into the teaching of some of the more influential religions of the world, collating then the results obtained, and estimating the significance of truths held in common and of the cleavages and differences which profoundly separate them. It is from this point of view that the following introduction has been written. If it may conduce in some measure to a deepened interest in a subject that yields to none in urgency and promise, the purpose and hope of the writer will have been fulfilled.'

Bishop McDowell, in his Yale Lectures for 1917, tells us that in America there are ministers who fear that they may be spoken of as children's preachers. In this country no minister covets a more honourable attribute. The only trouble with us is that so few are worthy of it. Dr. A. E. Garvie, Principal of New College, London, is much concerned about the neglect of the children both in public worship and elsewhere. He has written a book on *The Minister and the Young Life of the Church* (S.S. Union; 2s. net) to urge the duty and pleasure of work among the little ones, and the obligation that lies on every student for the ministry to train himself directly for it. He writes with ample experience; and so simply and sincerely that no one can miss either his meaning or the pressure of it.

The Coptic Cabala.[1]

By D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., D.Litt., F.B.A., Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford.

That ancient authors, both sacred and profane, at times employed cryptic modes of expression is known partly from their own statements, and partly from traditions recorded by others, while occasionally it is to be inferred from certain phenomena. In languages whose letters have numerical values it is natural to utilize this fact for puzzles of the sort; and, indeed, in the great encyclopædia of old Islamic diplomacy which the Sultanic Library in Cairo is now publishing, a recognized form of cypher consists in substituting for the letters of names their values as numbers; thus, the series *forty*, *eight*, *forty*, *four* might represent *MHMD* (Mohammed), though this method was often thought too simple, and the process was complicated in some way. The Rabbinic name for this process is *Gematria*, usually identified with the Greek word γεωμετρία, 'geometry,' but more probably a corruption of the word γραμματεία in the sense 'cryptic alphabet' (as *notae* is used in Latin), since the word is applied to puzzles on a different principle, *e.g.* that which consists in substituting ת for א, ש for ב, etc. The Rabbis made some wonderful discoveries in the Old Testament by the use of the numerical *gematria*; thus they

[1] *A Preliminary Investigation of the Cabala contained in the Coptic Gnostic Books*, by F. H. Blond and T. Simcox Lea. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1917. 3s. 6d. net.)

identified Abraham's 318 trained servants (Gn 14^{14}) with his house-steward Eliezer, the letters of whose name make up precisely that number. In the New Testament the Number of the Beast is offered as a puzzle, and no one has hitherto succeeded in solving it; for the essence of these cryptograms is that the solution must be *exactly* right, and liable to no objection, as is the case with the Rabbinic 318. It is also fairly clear that the number 153 in Jn 21^{11} is cryptic, but of this too the import is quite uncertain.

The authors of the pamphlet before us, one of them an architect and the other a Doctor of Divinity, are attempting by the aid of this process to recover some of the γνῶσις to whose existence they find allusions in the New Testament, and of which they suppose relics to be preserved in the Gnostic literature of the Copts. The numerical value of certain names and technicalities in the New Testament is not accidental (according to them), but reveals a system of mathematical symbolism, at times implying considerable proficiency in this science.

Now it is not possible to employ letters simultaneously for two purposes without detriment to one or other of those purposes; the existence of a puzzle is therefore apt to be revealed by something that is unnatural in the words that contain it: as in the first line of the *Iliad*, which ancient critics declared unlucky, inappropriate, irreverent, obscure, and unmetrical. Is there anything about the words with which this pamphlet deals calculated to excite suspicion? In the first case with which they are occupied the answer should be in the affirmative. It is that of the name ΚΗΦΑΣ, translated Πέτρος, but which would naturally be rendered Λίθος, which in Greek, like כאפא in Syriac, is the ordinary word for 'stone.' This word *petros* seems to be preferred owing to its similarity to *petra*, 'rock,' found in the *Greek* of Mt 16^{18} ('Thou art stone, and on this rock I will build my church'), but not in the underlying Syriac, which has כאפא, *stone*, in both places, shown by a number of reasons to be right. Now if Πέτρος were numerically equivalent to Κηφᾶς, this would afford an easy explanation of the employment of this equivalent. The explanation offered by the authors of this pamphlet (who do not, indeed, notice the difficulty) is the following. The value of the name Cephas is 729, which is the cube of 9,—it must be admitted, a number highly likely to be employed mystically. 'The Schema, or visible figure of Cephas, shews $9\times9\times9$ or *243* facets out of a total of *486* on the whole surface. The *486* is *petra* ($80+5+300+100+1$), so that Petra the rock is the surface of the cube whose solidity is Cephas. And ΠΕΤΡΑ, σμγ, or the Rock of 243 stones = *729* = ΚΗΦΑΣ.'

This explanation accounts for two facts—the Græcizing of the Syriac name by the addition of a termination, and the introduction of the *rock*, which the original Syriac has not got.

A further difficulty in the passage is the use of the term ἐκκλησία (Church), which does not seem to belong (at any rate in the sense of something capable of being built) to quite the beginnings of Christianity. The Lewisian Syriac fails us here, and the Curetonian is not likely to represent the original in the case of its equivalent for this word. The mathematical explanation offered is the following:

> It will be observed that the 243 facets visible belong to 217 separate cubes. . . . On the further side of the cube, invisible, are 169 more of the lesser cubes, and this is the number of the name of Christ Ὁ ΑΜΗΝ. These $217+169$ cubes completely surround and enclose the cube of $7\times7\times7$ stones, whose surface has facets $7\times7\times6=294=$ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑ—the Church.

It may be asked to what extent this system is to be found in the Coptic remains of Gnosticism, the *Pistis Sophia* and the Book of *Ieou*. The reply is that the system is not directly discernible in them, but is suggested as a solution for some difficult passages. That the Gnostics to some extent worked on this principle is attested by Irenæus, who makes the very pertinent observation that the numerical value of the name *Jesus* should be taken not from the Greek, but from the Hebrew. And the same would apply with even greater force to the name *The Amen*. The task of supplementing the statements of Irenæus would seem to be different from that of discovering intentional examples of the method in the New Testament itself; for the writers admit that there was a false as well as a true *gnosis*. And if the number 666 in the Apocalypse be a conscious imitation of 888, the number of the Greek *Jesus*—and this, which is an old suggestion, seems to be plausible—the authors of this pamphlet are justified in introducing

into criticism an element which has been hitherto ordinarily neglected. The history of a text is only understood by those who know of what both the authors and the copyists are thinking. But to appreciate fully the system suggested in this pamphlet requires more knowledge of mathematics and of the history of mathematics than most students of Christian theology are likely to possess.

The Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

By Professor the Rev. James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt., Hon. M.A.(Oxon.), Glasgow.

I.

During the past ten years, ever since Wrede published his pamphlet in 1906, it is the literary aspect of this writing which has commanded most attention, the problem of its structure and shape, the question whether it is a treatise or a homily. But the problem of its theology or Christology remains paramount. If this religious aspect has drawn less eager interest than was formerly the case, the reason has been an impatience with the habit of turning metaphors into dogmas, which has been specially rife in the dogmatic use of Hebrews, partly owing to the mistranslations of the Vulgate, partly owing to ignorance of Semitic sacrifice. I propose in this paper to discuss the genesis rather than the exodus of the Christology of Hebrews. But I do not mean to imply that the interests of the one are not at bottom the interests of the other. The doctrinal applications of Hebrews have been sometimes arid and sometimes mischievous, and often both. Still, they have been prompted by a religious interest fundamentally, and this was the interest which led to the original formation of the author's Christology. The more historical criticism has altered our attitude to the biblical proofs of Hebrews, to its bookish arguments and occasionally fantastic Alexandrian exegesis, all the more ought we to realize that the instincts of the writer were larger than any arguments which he adduces in their favour. The tabernacle may be legendary, and the interpretations of the Old Testament no longer tenable, but it was not from these that the composer of this beautiful and strong homily derived his convictions and confession of Jesus.

The clue to the Christology of Hebrews as of any other N.T. writing or group of writings lies in the particular aspect or estimate of the Christian experience which characterizes the writer. By 'Christology' we mean the expression given to thoughts upon the value and significance of Jesus Christ in the world-order, viewed from any standpoint of thought and discipline. The anonymous author of Hebrews is forced to think out this religious value, not by any speculative necessity (although he is more speculative in some respects than Paul) but by the demands of his own original faith in contact with the needs of his readers. Just because his speculations are so daring, we require to start carefully from the axiom that they are speculations in the interests of a religious experience, on which he reflects and for which, by the help of Alexandrian Judaism, he finds a metaphysical and theoretical basis of the Christian position towards God and the world.

To this writer religion is above all the sense and assurance of fellowship with God on the basis of forgiveness. Christianity is the religion which *is* religion as it mediates access to the divine presence and secures the consciousness of God's nearness. Now and then he seems to admit the simpler view of Jesus that such access requires no more than faith: 'he who draws near to God must believe that he exists and that he does reward those who seek him.' But the characteristic idea of his argument is that man's approach to God must be mediated by sacrifice offered on his behalf. He takes a sombre view of life; the stern sense of the moral decisiveness of existence in this world and of the liability to lose heart and ground thrills paragraph after paragraph of his homily. He thoroughly sympathizes with the instinct which underlay the practice of sacrifice in ancient religion, that fellowship with God is not a matter of course, that God is accessible and yet difficult of access, that human nature cannot find its way unaided into his presence, that the pressure

of life may make faith waver, and that the fact of sin, with all the fear and weakness born of sin, presents an obstacle to be surmounted. He quotes the climax of the fortieth psalm, for example—'I come to do thy will, O God'—but not to prove that obedience to God's will means fellowship for men, as if the ethical discipline were enough to secure communion. His point is that this will does require a sacrifice, and such a sacrifice as Jesus alone could offer. 'It is by this will that we are consecrated, because Jesus once for all has offered up his body.' 'Having a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, let us draw near. . . . We have confidence to enter the holy Presence in virtue of the blood of Jesus.' It is only on the basis of this sacrifice that fellowship with God can be attained and maintained.

Observe how he reaches this position.

To his mind, trained in the Alexandrian philosophy of religion, the world of absolute reality, the world of ideas and of eternity, stands over against the present world of sense. The latter is merely the shadow and copy of the former. There is an archetypal order of things to which this lower world of ours but dimly corresponds, and in the eternal order alone is there access to God's real presence. From the shadows and unsubstantial shows of the lower world one must somehow enter this higher, inward sanctuary. I say, sanctuary—for to our author the idea of fellowship is fundamentally regarded as worship. He is himself conscious of living in this sphere of the absolute, in the divine presence; but he has not broken into it by some heroic venture of faith, he has been brought into it, or rather it has broken upon him. Christianity is for him the absolute religion of nearness to God and of eternal fellowship in the Spirit, but, unlike Philo, he is conscious of having attained this, not through ecstasy or mystical rapture, but by the person and work of Jesus Christ, who has not only opened up the higher order but inaugurated the way into it. The higher world of bliss is indeed a future world, in the sense that Jesus was to return to earth for his expectant company. Primitive Christianity required this eschatological attitude even from a thinker like the author of Hebrews, though he yields more to it than the Fourth Evangelist. His theme, he tells us, is the world to come, 'of which we speak'; Christ 'is the high priest of the bliss to be' (9^{11}). Still, the Christian has already tasted the powers of the world to come, they have entered his experience in part here and now, since with the ascension of Christ into the upper world the messianic era has dawned and the new covenant between God and man has been set up. Unlike Philo, our author has not allowed his eschatology to be spiritualized away. But it is held along with ideas which hitherto had never been correlated with it, namely, the celestial sanctuary and the high priesthood of Jesus.

Though the philosophical idea of the two worlds did not suggest any idea of a high priest, it is not difficult to understand how the latter conception could be fitted into the former by an early Christian. Mediation between God and man was a cardinal note of the priestly idea. The priest's work, in the ancient world, was in the main to realize a specially close relation to the deity, either on the score of personal achievement or on the ground of race or hereditary position; which carried with it the power of doing for other men, with regard to God, what they were unable to do for themselves. Both of the O.T. sacrifices singled out in Hebrews bear on this point. The sacrifice at the inauguration of the covenant and the high priest's annual offering on the day of atonement dealt with those breaches of the holiness-code which periodically interrupted and impaired the communion between the people and God. Both re-established the right of the people to enjoy his presence. Jesus, for our author, is the great High Priest who represents the people before God in virtue of his self-sacrifice; he is also the mediator who inaugurates the new covenant. Both conceptions bring out the fundamental significance of Christ for his religion, but it is the former which emphasizes the vital relation between Christ and his people. And that is how the author of Hebrews represented to himself what Paul put in his doctrine of vicarious redemption.

How did he come by this remarkable and novel conception of Jesus as a celestial high priest? Was it a flash of inspiration, another note of insight in his restatement of the faith? We may grant that it was, and at the same time repudiate any intention of diminishing that originality when we proceed to ask—what led him to it? After all, the most brilliant flashes depend upon an atmosphere already prepared for them. They are struck out of something.

Now it is not enough to say that the conception

of the high priesthood of Jesus Christ was an amplification of what Paul had already said about the intercession of Christ, nor even that it was the transference to Christ of the Philonic sacerdotal predicates of the Logos, or the result of Bible-reading in the Pentateuch. In the Pentateuch the writer found proofs for what he brought to it. The O.T. illustrations really buttress a conception built on other grounds. What these grounds are, we may perhaps discover by looking in three directions.

(*a*) Once the notion of a heavenly temple became current, it was not difficult for an author like the writer of Hebrews to advance to the allied conception of a heavenly high priest. Like the prophet who wrote the Apocalypse of John, he thinks of heaven in civic, ritual, and even pastoral imagery, but particularly in ritual terms. The origin and moulding of the conception of a celestial sanctuary do not concern us here. We have simply to bear in mind that this idea of a temple and altar in heaven seems to have become widespread in apocalyptic piety during the second century B.C., and that one of the germs of this speculative conception was the Hebrew (originally, I suppose, the Sumerian) legend that the altar and tabernacle of Moses had been copied from pre-existent heavenly patterns. The tabernacle on earth was, as our author puts it, 'a mere outline and shadow of the heavenly—as Moses was divinely instructed, when he was about to execute the building of the tabernacle: See, God said, that you make everything on the pattern shown you on the mountain.'

From this it was a natural development to work out the idea of a priest in the celestial sanctuary, and this is exactly what our author did. When I say 'natural,' I do not intend to disparage his poetical and religious originality. It was not an inevitable development. The Apocalypse of John has no priest in heaven; it does not rise to this view, nor does the earlier Testament of Levi (5), where we have the confession and vision of Levi who has been raised to heaven in order to be consecrated: 'The angel opened to me the gates of heaven, and I saw the holy temple, and upon the throne of glory the Most High. And he said to me, Levi, I have given you the blessings of priesthood till I come and sojourn in the midst of Israel. Then the angel brought me down to earth.' Like Hebrews, this Testament regards the priesthood on earth as only a temporary substitute for the direct presence of God, but unlike Hebrews it has no high priest in heaven: the priesthood is Levi's, not Judah's, and it is exercised on earth.

(*b*) It was the idea of the celestial sanctuary, I believe, which ultimately formed the genesis of the companion idea of the celestial priest in Hebrews. Philo indeed found in his conception of the Logos one principal means of mediating between the cosmos of divine ideas and the material, phenomenal world. In the latter the Logos is inherent as the pervasive Reason or moral principle, enabling men to apprehend the higher world of God; and as such, as superior to the angels, as the son of God and of Wisdom, the Logos is the high priest who intervenes between humanity and the celestial order. But in Hebrews the Logos is in the background, and the divine high priest has a human career on earth. According to Philo, the function of the Jewish high priest was to mediate between God and men; his nature bordered on the divine as well as on the human. We can trace, in his references to this subject, that instinctive need of intercession which breathes through Philo's piety, even though the breath is theosophic rather than spiritual. But in Hebrews, for all the Philonic atmosphere, it is not some heavenly Man who performs the priestly functions needful to bring men into fellowship with God. It is not an angel, as in the speculation of Rabbi Resh Lakish, who assigned the priestly function of intercession to Michael (Chagiga 12*b*: 'Zebul [*i.e.* the fourth of the seven heavens] is that in which is the heavenly Jerusalem and the temple, and an altar is built there, and Michael the great Prince stands and offers upon it an offering'). In Hebrews it is a divine Son, who, in order to qualify for his service, has to become man. Furthermore, Hebrews stands significantly and I think deliberately apart from the beautiful idea of the intercession of departed saints like Jeremiah on behalf of Israel. The entire interests and hopes of men are centred on the function of Jesus Christ.

(*c*) A third source for the conception may be sought in the combination of the messianic and the sacerdotal functions which is reflected in the hundred and tenth psalm. Whether or not this hymn was originally messianic, it was interpreted as such before long. In the Testament of

Reuben (6^8) it is actually applied to Hyrcanus, the Maccabean priest-king, but in the Testament of Levi (18) functions which are messianic in almost everything but name are ascribed to a new priest, with more spiritual insight than even in the hundred and tenth psalm itself. The curious thing is, however, that this priest discharges no sacerdotal functions. The hymn describes his consecration, but contents itself with declaring that sin shall end in his days and that he shall open the gates of Paradise to men. Probably this incidental and occasional fusion of messianic and sacerdotal functions was due to the passing phase of expectation that a messiah would arise from the sacerdotal Maccabees. In any case, it was not widespread. But this third source deserves special attention, since Hebrews goes back to the hundred and tenth psalm for one of its leading proofs of the sacrificial power of Christ—as we shall see.

In the Study.

Orpah.

A Study in Internationalism.

'And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her. And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her god:'—Ruth $1^{14.\ 15}$.

Over and above the charm which belongs to the beauty, simplicity, directness, and symmetry of the story of the Book of Ruth, its interest for us lies in the fact that it sets before us the purpose of God, and His own providential working for the fulfilment of that purpose, in such a way as to bring home to us how He is still moving wonderfully for the carrying out of that same purpose in our lives. We see also how side by side with this revelation comes the further revelation that, for its due fulfilment, God asks and waits for human co-operation, and this not only in the actual response which each human will must make to the call of God, but also in the surrender of each human life to further the purpose of God in other lives.

The providence of God, working out His will and purpose, is no blind necessity. He makes an offer to our will, but that will He has made free—free to accept or to reject His offer—and He will never destroy or withdraw the freedom which He has given.

Of one thing we may be certain: the ultimate result of this great gift of freedom must be for good, else God would not have given it; and of this we have a pledge, in that we can see at once that only in this way can we enjoy the privilege of co-operating with God by the free correspondence of our wills with His.

But once more we have to bring ourselves to face the dread alternative. Our privilege is balanced by responsibility. There is the possibility of missing our opportunity, and therefore of failing to let God's purpose be fulfilled in us.

I.

Daughters-in-Law.

1. Orpah is a somewhat disappointing figure in this interesting story. She belongs to the class of persons who turn out differently from what one expects them to do: there is, in fact, a looking-back-from-the-plough note in the music of her life. We have very little information about her past. All we are told is that she was a Moabitess by birth, was married to Chilion, one of Naomi's sons, and had been left a widow.

Next to Ruth, the bereaved Naomi is really the one who touches our sympathies. Naomi's husband had lost his life while seeking a livelihood: he had found a grave where he sought a home. Apparently this 'judgment' fell on him at once, judgment treading on the very heels of offence. Before his sons were married he was taken away from the evil to come. For we can hardly doubt that it would have seemed evil to him that his sons should marry strange women, women of a race of which God had said, 'Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy unto them: neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son; for they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods' (Dt 7^{2-4}). The sin of these

young men in marrying strange women is not expressly denounced as a sin in the story, any more than that of their father in forsaking the land of promise, although it is denounced in the Targum, which commences v.[4] thus: '*They transgressed the commandment of the Lord*, and took foreign wives from among the daughters of Moab.' But no one can read the Old Testament without feeling that they sinned against the Law: for, to the Hebrews, marriage was a religious covenant; and St. Paul does but utter an admitted and familiar truth when he asks, 'What communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial?' The reason of the law is given in the passage just cited from Deuteronomy: 'They will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods.'

¶ Marriages of Israelites with women of Ammon or Moab are nowhere in the law expressly forbidden, as marriages with the women of Canaan were (Dt 7^{1-3}). Still in the days of Nehemiah the law (Dt 23^{3-6}) was interpreted as forbidding them, and as excluding the children of such marriages from the congregation of Israel (Neh $13^{1-3, 23-27}$), an interpretation confirmed by what is said of the Edomites in Dt $23^{7, 8}$, and endorsed by the Chaldee paraphrast, who paraphrases this verse, 'And they transgressed the decree of the Word of the Lord, and took to themselves strange wives of the daughters of Moab.' See, too, Ezr 9^{1}. But probably the marriages of Mahlon and Chilion would be justified by necessity, living as they were in a foreign land.[1]

2. It is a mistake to think of Naomi's life as all shadow. Life never is entirely dark unless with those who have ceased to trust in God and care for man. While we have compassion on Naomi, we must also admire her. An Israelite among heathen, she keeps her Hebrew ways, not in bitterness but in gentle fidelity. Loving her native place more warmly than ever, she so speaks of it and praises it as to make her daughters-in-law think of settling there with her. The influence of her religion is upon them both, and one at least is inspired with faith and tenderness equal to her own. Naomi has her compensations. Instead of proving a trouble to her as she feared, the foreign women in her house have become her friends. She finds occupation and reward in teaching them the religion of Jehovah, and thus, so far as usefulness of the highest kind is concerned, Naomi is more blessed in Moab than she might have been in Bethlehem.

[1] *The Holy Bible, with Commentary*, ii. (ed. F. C. Cook), Joshua–1 Kings, 227.

When her two sons were taken away, Naomi felt no tie binding her to Moab. Moreover, in Judah the fields were green again and life was prosperous. She might hope to dispose of her land and realize something for her old age. It seemed, therefore, her interest and duty to return to her own country; and the next picture of the poem shows Naomi and her daughters-in-law travelling along the northward highway towards the ford of Jordan—she on her way home, they accompanying her. The two young widows are almost decided when they leave the desolate dwelling in Moab to go all the way to Bethlehem. Naomi's account of the life there, the purer faith and better customs, attracts them, and they love her well. But the matter is not settled; on the bank of the Jordan the final choice will be made.

The fact that both Ruth and Orpah were minded to accompany the destitute Naomi, when she returned to her native city, gives us a fine impression of the pure and happy family life of the household into which they had been admitted. Mahlon and Chilion must have been men of worth and character to win so sincere and steadfast an affection from these two daughters of Moab. And the gracious Naomi must have carried herself both wisely and graciously to these young wives, or she would not have inspired them with a love so devoted and self-sacrificing. But there is more than that. When once they had breathed the pure atmosphere of a Hebrew home, it is no marvel that Ruth and Orpah were reluctant to lose it. To the men of Moab women were but toys to be played with while they retained their charm, and to be cast aside as soon as some brighter toy took the eye. But in ancient Israel, as happily also in modern England, the worship of God was, as a rule, conjoined with a pure domestic life, a life made pure and sweet by chastity and kindness, by respect for women, by love for children. No doubt Ruth and Orpah were profoundly impressed by the purity and fidelity which distinguished the Hebrew from the Moabitish home, and repaid it with tenderness and a grateful attachment to the family into which they had been welcomed.

The kindness of Orpah and Ruth to Naomi is the more remarkable that ancient authors combine with modern to complain of the unhappy relations which obtain between the daughter- and the mother-in-law, and in laying the blame of it on the

latter. 'The mother-in-law has forgotten that *she* was ever a daughter-in-law,' says an old German proverb; Terence laments that all mothers-in-law have ever hated their sons' wives; and Juvenal affirms that 'domestic concord is impossible so long as the mother-in-law lives.' And, no doubt, among selfish people, who confound jealousy with love, the relation is apt to be a source of irritation and discord; the mother is loth to relinquish her rights in her son, and the wife is forward to assert her rights in her husband: both are apt to forget that their common love for the same person should draw them together and make them of one heart and mind. But in lands where the home-life is pure and tender, and among persons of an unselfish and generous nature, even this relation becomes a very happy one. And, possibly, we may accept it as the weightiest testimony to the tenderness and purity of domestic life among the better Hebrews, that both the prophet Micah and our Lord Himself imply that the tie between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law was as close and sacred as that between mother and daughter, or father and son; that both affirm it to be one of the last signs of utter social division and corruption when the daughter-in-law rises up against her mother-in-law.

¶ A certain man was living with his wife and her bedridden mother in a two-storeyed house when the house caught fire. The man, having thrown all the furniture of the upper storey out of the windows, was looking round for anything else worth saving. He espied his wife's mother. Seizing her in his arms, he carried her to a window and threw her down into the street. Then, rolling up her bed with care, he carried it downstairs. When he emerged, his neighbours asked him what he was hugging so tenderly. 'My mother-in-law's bed,' he replied. 'And where is your mother-in-law?' 'Oh,' said the bewildered man, 'I dropped her from the window.' It was agreed that he had done wisely.[1]

¶ I doubt if any artist outside the Bible ever painted decision of character in the resolution to follow the fortunes of a mother-in-law. That is what the Sacred Gallery has done. It has taken, to illustrate female decision of character, the most unheroic form of love—the love for a mother-in-law, the devotion to an object that is often supposed to awaken jarring. The Bible always selects the discarded stones and makes them the head of the corner. We have seen how it has selected the most unromantic forms of love. In Sarah it has exhibited a wife's commonplace trials. In Rebekah it has displayed a mother's domestic annoyances. In Rachel it has painted a maiden waiting with hope deferred. In Miriam it has depicted an unmarried woman loving only the souls and not the aspects of men. In Deborah it has revealed the love of a parish visitor manifesting itself in the rebuke of sin and the condemnation of wrong. And now in Ruth it gives us a picture of love between two females, one elderly and the other young—love in a sphere where there would seem to be no possibility for romance and from which all chance of chivalry would appear to be excluded.[2]

[1] J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land*, 246.

II.

Orpah's Decision.

1. While the story of Ruth has become one of the great love idylls of the world, we are told nothing of Orpah's subsequent history; but we gather that it might have been entirely changed had she acted wisely when brought to the place of decision concerning it. If she had held by Naomi—if she had made the same brave act of choice, the same great change of life and home and country and religion as did Ruth—it was the hand of Orpah that Boaz might have accepted, it was Orpah who might have been the ancestress of Jesus Christ!

She did go forth from Moab. The special occasion of her doing this was Naomi's return to Bethlehem, when the two daughters-in-law walked along the road with her. Perhaps nothing more was intended on their part at the outset than the kindness with which we usually accompany our friends a certain distance if they are leaving us for a long while. Yet questions of the gravest import have sometimes been settled by the way, and it was so then. The three women went forth out of the place where they were, and Orpah, for once at least, found herself with her back toward the old home and her face set in an opposite direction.

¶ 'Great events,' Napoleon wrote from Italy, 'ever depend but upon a single hair. The adroit man profits by everything, neglects nothing which can increase his chances; the less adroit, by sometimes disregarding a single chance, fails in everything.'[3]

¶ Over and over again Oscar Wilde lamented his wasted opportunities, and particularly in some lines that remind us of nothing as much as the lament of Robert Greene; but Greene's was a death-bed sigh, whereas Wilde's was made in his prime. 'Surely,' says Wilde, in one of his finest out bursts:

> Surely there was a time I might have trod
> The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
> Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God!
> Is that time dead? Lo! with a little rod
> I did but touch the honey of romance,
> And must I lose a soul's inheritance?[4]

[2] G. Matheson, *The Representative Women of the Bible*, 188.
[3] W. M. Sloane, *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, i. 321.
[4] T. Wright, *The Life of Walter Pater*, ii. 125.

2. Before Moab was finally left Naomi attempted to dissuade her daughters-in-law from undertaking the journey, or from leaving their friends and country. She told them of a blank life before her which they could not share. She released them from all ties, from all obligations. She pointed out to them that their whole chance of fortune lay in their remaining in Moab. She laid special stress on the dismalness of their matrimonial prospects in the land of Canaan, among a people who hated foreigners and held their own caste to be supreme.

¶ If we would understand the scene, and especially the stress laid on these young widows finding new husbands, we must remember that in the East of antiquity, as in many Eastern lands to this day, the position of an unmarried woman, whether maid or widow, was a very unhappy and perilous one. Only in the house of a husband could a woman be sure of respect and protection. Hence the Hebrews spoke of the husband's house as a woman's *menuchah*, or 'rest'—her secure and happy asylum from servitude, neglect, licence. It was such an 'asylum' of honour and freedom that Naomi desired for Orpah and Ruth. But, as she had to explain to them, such an 'asylum,' while it might be open to them in Moab, would be fast closed against them in Judah. In marrying them her sons had sinned against the Hebrew law. That sin was not likely to be repeated by Israelites living in their own land. Yet how is Naomi to tell them of this fatal separation between the two races? how is she to make these loving women aware that, if they carry out their resolve to go with her, they must resign all hope of honour and regard?[1]

3. To Orpah the arguments of Naomi were persuasive. Her mother lived in Moab, and to her mother's house she could return. There the customs prevailed which from childhood she had followed. She would have liked to go with Naomi, but her interest in the Hebrew woman and the land and law of Jehovah did not suffice to draw her forward. Orpah saw the future as Naomi painted it, not indeed very attractive if she returned to her native place, but with far more uncertainty and possible humiliation if she crossed the dividing river. She kissed Naomi and took the southward road alone, weeping as she went, often turning for yet another sight of her friends, passing at every step into an existence that could never be the old life simply taken up again, but would be coloured in all its experience by what she had learned from Naomi and that parting which was her own choice.

[1] Samuel Cox, *The Book of Ruth*, 68.

¶ Men in general, and especially primitive men, do not reach their conclusions by any process of intellect or logic, but by emotional bent.[2]

¶ The being moved at a pathetic discourse is no more proof of our being in a right religious tone of mind than the crying at a tragedy is proof of a tender heart. Buonaparte could deluge the world with blood for his selfish purposes, and yet weep over the sufferings of a wounded soldier.[3]

III.

The Lost Tide.

1. Orpah must not be regarded as one of those hard, irresponsive natures, who are as pleased to say 'good-bye' for a lifetime as to greet you when you look in for a five minutes' call.

It is not an exaggeration to say that there are such persons in the world. Meetings and partings are alike to them, because they are not affected by either, and it makes the same impression whether you tell them of an earthquake or of an evening party, whilst spiritual and sentimental are synonymous terms to them, both being despised. How difficult it is to get at the heart of people like this, or to hold their attention at a given point.

We much prefer speaking to those whose tears flow at the loss of a friend, and for whom the woes of humanity are full of pathos, and the love of God has a melting power, though they know very little about it in their lives. Hence we sympathize with Orpah, who wept at the thought of bidding farewell to Naomi. The remaining link with the past would be broken when she was gone. Orpah had often listened eagerly whilst Naomi told of the people and the home from which Chilion came, because everything connected with her husband's early life had a charm for the young widow, and to part from the only one who could rehearse all this was more than she anticipated; it was too sad.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.[4]

[2] Hugh Elliot, *Herbert Spencer*, 135.

[3] W. R. W. Stephens, *The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook*, i. 245.

[4] Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 217.

2. We cannot turn away from Orpah without being reminded of Lot's wife, because the record of these two women has a strange similarity; and this is the more striking when we consider that there was a connexion between them. The Moabites, we know, were descendants of Lot and his daughters who escaped from Sodom; and we cannot forget that three women went forth from Sodom then, just as three women went forth from Moab, but one of them 'looked back' and perished, and one of the latter three went back and was heard of no more. If we are disposed to wonder why the one who 'looked back' was dealt with more severely than the other who actually went back, the explanation is simple enough. The Moabites had not inherited the advantages which Lot and his wife and daughters once enjoyed; they did not know the access to the true God, which that family had known (though it was not always valued as it should have been by them). And Naomi was a very poor substitute for an angel to take the hand of Orpah and lead her out of her old surroundings: yet Lot's wife had one to take her out of Sodom. 'To whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more': and the Lord has taught us that He also will do the same. He did not hold this Moabitess responsible for the same amount as Lot's wife, seeing she had not the same opportunities, nevertheless Orpah might have used what she had to better purpose and obtained a place in the Lord's Kingdom.

But once I pass this way,
And then—no more.
But once—and then, the Silent Door
Swings on its hinges,—
Opens . . . closes,—
And no more
I pass this way.
So while I may,
With all my might,
I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight,
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway,
That climbs through Darkness up to Light,—
Through Night
To Day.[1]

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[1] John Oxenham, *Bees in Amber*, 5.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

A Seaside Friend.

'And the ass saw the angel of the Lord.'—Nu 22^{25}.

'And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon'—Jn 12^{14}.

To-day, I want to speak to you about a great friend of boys and girls. You are trying to guess who it can be; names pass through your mind—the name of some man, the name of some woman you love. Well, this is neither a man nor a woman, but the common seaside donkey that in August stands, one of a row, waiting to give you a ride over the sands. You feel happy whenever you see him, don't you?

Once I heard a clever man say that he thought boys and girls ought to be taught the history of their country backwards, beginning with the events of the present day. It would certainly make history more interesting, and I believe you would grow up with a better idea of what it really means.

Well, I remembered about this idea of teaching history backwards whenever I thought of the donkey, and I began to try to go back over the history of the poor neglected beast of the vegetable cart and the seaside to the time when it was honoured and respected.

Even now, though the donkey does look a little disreputable, we love him. Doesn't he seem patient standing among his brothers waiting for his call to give some boy or girl a ride? Don't you laugh when you see a specially obstinate one?

Have you ever tried to imitate his weird and ugly cry? You are inclined to think that the donkey has been made just to make fun for you.

I believe the ass—the donkey, to give him his familiar name—is really a happy animal so long as he is with boys and girls. But aren't you sorry for your poor friend when you see him on the road yoked into a little cart, and beaten because he won't go? He has fallen on evil days.

The ass is very often mentioned in the Bible. But in those far-off days it was a very different animal indeed from the poor stunted and often half-starved but patient beast of the seaside and the road. Our climate, and the hardships endured by the ass in this country, have told against it. It has gradually become poorer and weaker. You know the poor street donkey? One can scarcely believe that merchants in the East used to carry their riches on the shoulders of young asses. Sometimes too they were yoked with oxen in tilling the ground. But the chief service rendered by the ass was its use in riding.

In those days too the ass was reckoned a wise beast: it was, in fact, credited with cleverness rather than stupidity. Now you know that a donkey and a person who is very stupid have come to be called by the same name. But, when we think of it, both the horse and the ass have more wisdom of a kind than some men. Travellers tell us that, while men are sometimes deceived by the mirage of the desert, neither the horse nor the ass ever falls into the same mistake.

Speaking of clever animals makes every one think of dogs. I have heard a boy boast of how his dog could speak. Haven't some of you had a chance of noticing a terrier which, when his master was leaving the house, looked into his master's face with eyes that said, 'May I go?' And if you are angry with your dog, you know that he looks sad and reproachful. His eyes mean, 'Master, I know you must be right in being angry with me, but I did not really mean to do what was wrong.' When you were quite little, you never thought it strange that all sorts of animals were made to speak. Now, of course, you laugh at fables; you say they are stupid, and meant only for little children. 'Whoever heard of a fox or a crow speaking!' You all agree, however, that your dog can tell you what he means. Some people, as they grow older, go back to their love of fables: all creation speaks to them.

Luther the great Reformer had a favourite robin. 'I have one preacher,' he said, 'that I love better than any other upon earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon the window sill, especially at night; he hops on the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself.'

There was an Old Testament prophet who loved his ass as some men nowadays love their horses and their dogs. When, in spite of the solemn word of the Lord, Balaam wanted to have his own way, and set out on an unblessed journey, the angel of the Lord stood straight in the way, having his sword in his hand. Balaam did not see him, but the ass did, and would not go forward. Twice Balaam struck her, and at last she lay down under him. He was very angry and struck her again. Then we are told that the Lord opened the mouth of the ass and she spoke. Those of you who have a faithful dog of your very own will be able to understand this beautiful Bible story of the ass.

'And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now I had killed thee. And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden all thy life long unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay. Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed his head, and fell on his face.' Does not that story remind you of how the eyes of a dear dog might speak?

We know that Jesus rode upon an ass's colt. In those days there was no special humility in the case. He rode upon an ass as any prince or ruler would have done when going on a peaceful journey. A clever writer of the present day, in a little volume of poems, has given us a few verses on 'The Donkey.' He makes the donkey speak and recall the New Testament story. Listen carefully while I read two of the verses:

> The tattered outlaw of the earth,
> Of ancient crooked will;
> Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
> I keep my secret still.

I shall read the second verse very slowly: try to understand the meaning of it:

> Fools! For I also had my hour!
> One far fierce hour and sweet:
> There was a shout about my ears,
> And palms before my feet.

Boys and girls, in this world there is no room for mockery, there is no room for cruelty. And surely even the 'tattered outlaw' if Jesus has touched it deserves a certain reverence from us. You love the seaside donkey; when you see its toiling brother of the street, remember the story of Balaam, and the still better one of Jesus riding upon an ass's colt.

The children of Jerusalem ran alongside crying 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' He loves to hear you sing your hymns now, and if He still cares for the sparrows—and we believe He does—surely He wants you to be kind to the donkeys, even when they are obstinate. Though it be, as the poet says, but a 'tattered outlaw,' that beautiful New Testament story belongs to its family history.

I hope you will see your friend of the seaside this summer.

II.

The Right Kind of Heart.

'A pure heart.'—Ps 24[4].

When we were speaking about the right kind of tongue, I said that we couldn't have the right kind of tongue unless we had the right kind of heart. But we can't have the right kind of ears, or eyes, or hands, or feet, or memory either unless we first have the right kind of heart.

Now I wonder how this is? Well, you see it is because the heart is the very centre of everything. It is like the mainspring of a watch—if that goes wrong everything else goes wrong. It is the heart that keeps all the other bits of the body alive. You could go on living if you lost an arm, or a leg, or an eye, but you couldn't live without your heart.

So you see the most important thing of all is to have the right kind of heart. And what is the right kind of heart? There is only one, and it is the 'pure heart.'

Now I want to explain first of all what we mean when we talk about our hearts in this way. Perhaps you have thought of your heart as the part of your body which sends the blood through your veins. And that is quite right; but we can think of our hearts in another way. They are the bit of us with which we feel, the bit that loves and hates, the little house where our passions and desires live.

And what is it that makes our hearts black and dirty? Well, you know that. It is sin. Sin is the great soiler and spoiler in the world. God never meant our hearts to be like that. He meant them to be pure and beautiful. But sin came into the world and spoiled them. When we are quite little there are just a few faint stains upon them, but as we grow older the spots grow blacker and deeper and uglier, until at last they cover up all the whiteness and the beauty. Every time you are angry, or untruthful, or have a bad desire, a little stain goes on your heart, and these stains will increase as you grow older unless you can get your heart made pure again.

It is very sad to have our hearts growing blacker and blacker, but the worst part of it is that these stains shut us away from God, for it is only the pure in heart who see God. How, then, are we to get rid of the stains? We can never hope to make our hearts clean ourselves. If we tried every day from morning to night till we were old and grey-haired we could never hope to do it. But God can do it if we give them into His keeping. He can wash them clean in the blood of His own Son, and He can keep them clean by giving us the Holy Spirit to dwell in them. He can take away all our bad desires, all our wicked thoughts, and He can put pure, sweet ones in their place.

I read the other day of a lady who was walking over an estate with a friend. They came to an old tumbledown cottage. The thatch was in holes, the windows were broken, the garden was a mass of weeds. But the lady said to her friend, 'I wish you would let me have that cottage.' And the friend replied, 'Oh, you can have it for nothing. It isn't worth much, as you can see.' So the lady took the cottage. She turned out all the rubbish. She had the roof mended and the windows replaced. She had the walls papered and painted and hung with beautiful pictures. Then she set to work on the garden. She removed all the weeds and planted beautiful flowers in their stead. And when her friends came to see it they exclaimed, 'What a sweet place!'

Boys and girls, that is what God can do with our hearts if we will let Him. He can turn out all the rubbish and change the ugliness into beauty. But

we must let Him do it. He cannot do anything unless we give Him permission.

Don't wait to have your hearts made clean until they are so black and foul that you cannot see the whiteness underneath. Jesus loves the heart of a little child. He loves to come and dwell in it. Did you ever think why it was that Jesus loved the children so much? I think it was partly because they loved and trusted Him, but I think it was also because they were so pure. The Pharisees scorned Him, the crowds mocked Him, but the little children climbed on His knee and nestled in His arms. And that is where He wants all the little children to be to-day.

Point and Illustration.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Has Sir Rabindranath Tagore read Amiel? Listen to this (Amiel's *Journal*, i. 98): 'The centre of life is neither in thought nor in feeling, nor in will, nor even in consciousness so far as it thinks, feels, or wishes. For moral truth may have been penetrated and possessed in all these ways, and escape us still. Deeper even than consciousness there is our being itself, our very substance, our nature. Only those truths which have entered into this last region, which have become ourselves, become *spontaneous*, and involuntary, instinctive, and unconscious are really our life—that is to say, something more than our property. So long as we are able to distinguish any space whatever between the truth and us, we remain outside it. The thought, the feeling, the desire, the consciousness of life, are not yet quite life. But peace and repose can nowhere be found except in life and in eternal life, and the eternal life is the divine life—is God. To become divine is then the aim of life; then only can truth be said to be ours beyond the possibility of loss, because it is no longer outside us, nor even in us, but we are it and it is we; we ourselves are a truth, a will, a work of God.'

Now listen to Tagore. 'We are face to face with this great world and our relations to it are manifold. One of these is the necessity we have to live, to till the soil, to gather food, to clothe ourselves, to get materials from nature. We are always making things that will satisfy our need, and we come in touch with Nature in our efforts to meet these needs. Thus we are always in touch with this great world through hunger and thirst and all our physical needs.

'Then we have our mind; and mind seeks its own food. Mind has its necessity also. It must find out reason in things. It is faced with a multiplicity of facts, and is bewildered when it cannot find one unifying principle which simplifies the heterogeneity of things. Man's constitution is such that he must not only find facts, but also some laws which will lighten the burden of mere number and quantity.

'There is yet another man in me, not the physical, but the personal man; which has its likes and dislikes, and wants to find something to fulfil its needs of love. This personal man is found in the region where we are free from all necessity,—above the needs, both of body and mind,—above the expedient and useful. It is the highest in man,—this personal man. And it has personal relations of its own with the great world, and comes to it for something to satisfy personality.'

That is from Sir Rabindranath Tagore's latest book, *Personality* (Macmillan; 5s. net), and that is the thought which informs it and makes it a book. It is with rare beauty of language and with equally rare clearness of thinking—albeit it is so mystical—that this thought is carried through the book. But we never miss its note.

The new book is likely to be popular. It has some good portraits and other illustrations.

Father Stanton.

Arthur Stanton: A Memoir, by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net). It is the memoir of the most religious and most disobedient (to ecclesiastical authority) person of our day. Arthur Stanton was religious from his infancy; no one could recall the time when he was not. He never had experience of the crisis called conversion. If it is possible to be born religious, he was born so.

But what is it to be religious? In Arthur Stanton's case it was to find the supreme interest of life in the Church and Sacraments. His letters from school were all about the sermons he heard or the Church he heard them in; later, the letters were more occupied with ritual and adoration.

But this absorption in religion did not withdraw

him from his fellows. He was as notably a worker among the indifferent as he was a ritualist. He had clubs for postmen and clubs for boys—and there was no religion connected with them. Of the club so closely associated with St. Alban's, Holborn, where he spent his life, that it was called 'St. Alban's Club,' he says: 'We have . . . a Bar, at which will be sold to Members, Beer, Wine, and Spirits, as well as Tea and Coffee; a Kitchen, from which can be supplied Breakfasts, Dinners, and Suppers; new Bagatelle-Boards, Card-Tables, a larger Library, a Reading-room, etc.' And again: 'No religious element is to be found in it—no religious newspaper allowed. Neither do we allow Education Classes, or Mutual Improvement Classes. It is strictly a club, and not a trap to convert or educate, and all the government is entirely in the hands of the members themselves, and I am quite satisfied in seeing and knowing it keeps the fellows out of the dens of vice abounding here. Last night I had a prayer-meeting, and then went to the Club and played 2 rubbers of whist.'

Father Stanton's life was one long ritualistic controversy, of which his biographer gives us full reports. Once he trips, and speaks of Sir William Harcourt as a coward! How much better does Father Stanton himself speak: 'Harcourt has begun his tirade in the *Times* again; it is as forcible as ever. One can't help chuckling when he says the Bishops have not "peace within their walls, although they have plenteousness within their palaces." The worst of it is he has such good grounds to stand upon—for were we able to Catholicize the Establishment we should commit a political and social wrong in a Protestant country like England. But the outcome of it all is with GOD, and He will bring to pass what He wills. . . .'

If we would appreciate this man, we must understand that he was a great preacher and a great 'human.' These two. And these two are brought together in a very striking manner by an unnamed 'clergyman.' The passage is long, but it must be quoted in full.

'It was in the Hilary Term of 1906 or 1907, I think, that among the notices of the meetings of a society known at Oxford as the "De Rebus Ecclesiasticis" appeared the statement that on a certain day Father Stanton would speak on his "Recollections of St. Alban's, Holborn." The "society" was a formless thing, without rules of membership or list of members; it had two undergraduate Secretaries who sent its list of meetings to graduates and undergraduates, who were supposed to be interested in Church matters. I was myself by that time a graduate and in Orders, and I remember asking one of the Pusey House clergy a day before the meeting whether he was going to it. "No, I'm not," he said; "none of us are. Stanton doesn't like clergymen at these things, and he'll be best pleased if we stay away." Undaunted by my friend's warning, I made my way after Hall to St. John's. The meeting was held in the rooms of Jack Romanes: a big, panelled room in the inner quad., and though I was in pretty good time, when I got there the room was packed with men. All the chairs and the window-seats were full. I managed to get a place on the floor where a man's boot-toe kept kicking the back of my head. It was not a comfortable seat, but I wouldn't have missed that evening for a great deal. At a few minutes before the time for the meeting to begin Fr. Stanton came in, very quickly, and sat down in an arm-chair close to the fire. There was the usual awkward pause, and then a nervous Secretary got up, and after a few halting words of introduction said we were ready for Fr. Stanton's paper. Stanton—I can see him now—took out of his pocket a well-worn Bible and said, "I wonder whether you'll mind my sitting down while I talk to you: I'm getting an old man, and it comes easiest to talk sitting down." And then he turned over the pages of his Bible and said, "I'm going to talk to you from the first chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, 18th to part of the 20th verse." I can hear him now repeating over again the last words of his text, dwelling on, rather drawling, them in that delightful way of his, "fore-ordained before the foundation of the world." I can only describe the effect of such an exordium as a most sudden and utterly unlooked-for shock. To a man, we had come to hear a shower of jokes and funny stories, accounts of his dealings with Bishops and the like—and then to be treated to a text! Stanton was apparently quite unconscious of what was expected, for he went on at once to speak of the Precious Blood as the Apostle wrote of It, and launched out into one of the most searching and impressive Gospel sermons I have ever heard in a fairly wide experience. It was a most direct and

tender appeal, passionately earnest, marked by his familiar mannerisms (so far as an arm-chair permitted), and every word of it arresting. Phrases of it, quite disconnected, linger in my mind: they are hardly worth recording, for they give no idea of the sermon's power, but here they are for what they are worth:

'"Some people think our religion began with Henry VIII. Oh no" (shaking his head); "we want a religion older than that. We want the old Catholic Church. We want to go right back to the Lord Jesus Himself—'foreordained before the foundation of the world.'" Then later: "Ah well, you'll think all this that I've been saying to you is very old-fashioned Gospel. Well, you see I come from Holborn. And the New Theology comes from Holborn. Now I don't want to say anything unkind about Mr. Campbell, he's said some very kind things about me, but I do say this to you, 'No man having drunk the old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith' (and the speaker's face lighted up) 'the old is better.'" There was another passage in which he was speaking of the Precious Blood being shed *sub specie æternitatis*, and not to the ticking of a clock, and how we must get into the habit of looking at things in that way; illustrating it by the joy it was to him as he sat in his room in the Clergy House to get a glimpse of the sky, with its sense of illimitableness, and how it helped him to see things *sub specie æternitatis*. And then as he was closing, "Now, my dear boys, some of you I know are going to be priests. Now when you are priests teach your people to love the Lord Jesus. Don't teach them to be Church-of-England; teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

'If the beginning had been unexpected, not less so was the end. "Now," he said, "will you all stand up while I say a prayer?" and we scrambled to our feet, and Stanton stood and prayed extempore in the most simple and moving way; prayed that we might know the power of the Precious Blood and the love of the Lord Jesus.

'It was the most amazing *De Rebus* meeting, I imagine, before or since. For myself I can only say that I was almost gasping. For he had kept our attention rigid, even strained, for more than forty minutes, and after such a sermon and such a prayer one wanted to be alone for a bit. I remember the Secretary, more nervous than ever, getting up and in the formal way at such meetings thanking Stanton for his paper and saying that if any one wished to ask him any questions about it, he was sure Stanton would answer them. It was curiously grotesque, as if any one could ask questions in the Oxford debating-society manner about such a sermon. I remember Stanton saying, "Oh, I don't know about answering questions about Theology. If you want questions answered about Theology, you'd better go across the road to Pusey House; they know all about it there." Of course no one dreamed of asking questions, and we sat on, awkward and embarrassed, and as the prophets say "astonied," until at length some one with more wits than his fellows rose and said, "Would Fr. Stanton tell us something about his work at St. Alban's?" That worked like magic, for Stanton immediately replied, "Oh yes, I can tell you about the work at St. Alban's. I can tell you about my boys." And then he began: and once again I am powerless to reproduce the effect of that experience: he passed from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the grave to the gay, more swiftly than any man I have ever heard: at one moment a lump was in your throat with the amazing pathos of his story, at the next you were laughing at the quip of some street-Arab. Stanton began about his boys. "We meet," he said, "on Sunday evenings at six. We meet in a room underground: the sort of language we use sounds best underground. We don't play any games; the only game they know is to spit into the fire: we just sit round the fireplace. One Palm Sunday," he said, "we were doing that, and suddenly one of them said, 'Come for a 'oliday wiv us a Friday, farver'" (he reproduced the Cockney accent). "I said, 'No, I can't come with you on Friday. Do you know what next Friday is?' And they said, 'Yuss, it's a Bank 'oliday, ain't it?' And I said, 'Yes, it's a Bank Holiday, but it's Good Friday; it's the day our dear Lord died for us.' Then they said, after a pause, 'Well, what would you like us to do a Friday?' And I replied, 'Well, I should like you to come to church.' And they replied at once: 'So we will if you'll give us a 'ot cross bun.' I said, 'Oh yes, I'll give you a hot cross bun.' As a matter of fact, I got the Sisters to provide two hot cross buns each for them (I can't imagine how they managed to eat 'em) and a glass of milk, and they all turned up, clean and tidy as I'd never seen 'em before, and then they all marched into church, into a front row, and all knelt down (I can't

imagine who'd taught them; I hadn't), and one of the good Sisters who saw them said, 'Oh, look at those rough lads! That's Fr. Stanton's influence.' It wasn't my influence at all; it was the influence of the buns and the glass of milk. Then the service began, and we had that Litany of Monro's ['The Story of the Cross'], and they all sang it: and when we got to the last section beginning:

Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the *goal*,

they all sang the last word as '*gaol*'—and upon my word before the next Good Friday every one of 'em had been in gaol."'

The Grandson.

By the Rev. Moses Gaster, Ph.D., Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Congregations, London.

On the Punic inscription of Byblos which dates from the fifth to fourth cent. B.C. the name of Yehomelek appears as the son of Yeharba'al and then בן בן of Armelek.

The word for son is here duplicated. It has hitherto been taken to mean 'the son of the son,' *i.e.* the grandson of the person mentioned after the second בן, 'son.' All who have discussed and commented on this inscription have been unanimous in the opinion that we have here a strictly genealogical line stretching from Yehomelek to Armelek, and that the last mentioned name was the third in the direct line of descent separated one from the other only by one generation. This unquestionably has a direct bearing on history and chronology, and unless properly elucidated might easily lead to confusion and wrong conclusions. Hence the value to be attached to this description of the relation between Yehomelek and Armelek, the assumed 'grandson' and 'grandfather,' and the proper relation which existed between them.

It is surprising that no one should have felt the obvious difficulty of translating בן בן as grandson. To whom does it refer? If to Yehomelek then it is unnecessary, for it is evident to the most casual reader that Yehomelek, being the son of Yeharba'al, must be the grandson of Armelek, the very next person mentioned in the inscription. And if it is to refer to Yeharba'al, then why should the name of his father have been omitted and only that of his grandfather given? If they knew the latter surely they must have known the former, and there is no reason why he should not have been mentioned. Another explanation must therefore be sought.

Neither the mason who cut the inscription nor the king who ordered it invented this way of recording the genealogy of the royal family. They merely followed what must have been the universal practice. It must have appealed to the readers and must have been clearly understood by them. Otherwise, if unintelligible or open to an ambiguous interpretation, it certainly would not have been used on a royal public monument, nor is it admissible to see in it a mistake of the mason. What then could be the real meaning of the duplication of the word 'son'?

Is it a mere coincidence that we find in the oldest Samaritan Chronicles hitherto preserved precisely the same use of the duplicate 'son' in passages containing lists of members of ruling families.

The oldest Chronicle, or what is considered to be the oldest, the Tolidah, is assumed to have been compiled in the first half of the twelfth century. This, however, is the date only of the compiler, not that of the material used by him. It is no doubt very ancient material, consisting originally of lists of genealogies jealously preserved through the ages, without any other biographical or historical detail as is the case in the 'Chain of the Samaritan High Priests' (published by the present writer in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, April 1909), or other similar lists preserved with such tenacity among the peoples and families of the East. These are the skeletons for the more ample chronicles of which the Samaritans have also a goodly number. In every one of them one can find the same materials used and to such an extent that the one seems to be merely an amplified copy

of the other. Here, then, we find we are dealing with very old material faithfully handed down and equally faithfully preserved. This is not the first instance in which I have had occasion to convince myself of this fact, and the more Samaritan texts will be published and critically examined the more will it be established as an unassailable axiom that we have in this literature an extremely old relic of times which go back to that of the Maccabean period, if possible, even older still. In these Chronicles, short and long, we find various genealogical lists in which, as in the Byblos inscription, we meet with בן and בן בן, *i.e.* son, and the duplication, *e.g.* in the Tolidah, ed. Neubauer, p. 16.

I have obtained from the Samaritans two copies of this Tolidah which may assist in the publication of a new and revised edition. One of them (my Cod. No. 1161) is very carefully and calligraphically written, and has as marginal glosses some highly important additions. Among them the description of the burning of a red heifer for the preparation of the ashes required for the purification from uncleanness. But this by the way.

In order to be quite sure in my interpretation of the Samaritan Chronicles, especially the portion connected with the calendar, I read it with the Samaritans, and when I asked what the duplication of בן meant I was told by them that it did not mean 'grandson,' but on the contrary it marked a break in the direct line of succession. One or more links in the chain were missing. Only those names were then mentioned which were genealogically connected but not in the direct line of father and son in unbroken succession. Only the fact that the first named was the ancestor of the last named was to be conveyed to the reader by this duplication. This at once solves the problem of the Punic inscription. By using the form בן בן Yeharba'al or Yehomelek was to be shown as the descendant of that ancestor who probably was a famous man in the local history. It was a source of pride to be connected, in direct descent, with such an ancestor. And this was a very important point, which Yehomelek did not wish to have overlooked or forgotten. Now the Samaritans, living in close proximity to the Phœnicians and in constant contact with them, could easily have borrowed that practice from them. Any one acquainted with the history of Oriental nations is aware of the immense value of proper genealogical tables.

The link between the Samaritans and the old Phœnician tradition is furnished by the Palmyrene tradition. In some of the inscriptions the same duplication of son, בן, is found. In these inscriptions the use of this formula is still more surprising, for we find here long genealogical lists, and it is therefore rather curious to find suddenly in the midst of them בן בן, when so many other names are connected with one another by the simple בן. Lidzbarski, in his *Handbuch der Nordsemitischen Epigraphik* (Weimar, 1898), p. 135, notices this fact, and the only explanation he can give is that it is a repetition and due in all probability to a mistake made by the mason or to the unwitting omission of a name between the double בן, which has fallen out by some error. How unsatisfactory such an explanation must be is self-evident. Those who erected these monuments would not have exposed themselves to the ridicule of tolerating such faulty inscription. And if they were keen enough to reproduce a whole string of names they would certainly not have allowed a single one of them to drop out, owing to some mason's error. The real explanation seems to be that this repetition served to show that here was a lacuna in the genealogy, and that one or more links in the chain were really missing.

Kings and priests (Kohanim), more than any other members of the community, watched jealously over their genealogical lists, so as to prove the purity of their descent and the qualification for the service in the Temple. The same held good with the royal house of David and his descendants and also other prominent families. No wonder therefore that, even in cases where an intermediate link had snapped, they none the less were anxious to connect the surviving members and at the same time to preserve historical accuracy by marking the fact that in one place there was a gap. Once this fact is recognized some of these chronological difficulties might disappear. Among the Jews a slightly different practice prevailed. True, the word בן (son) was not reduplicated, but the same meaning was evidently attached to it, notably in such cases where the whole weight was put on the first ancestor, or ancestors. The immediate line of succession was of secondary value, so long as it could be traced in a direct line. The very chapter in Matthew 1 proves this to have been the case. For the sake of symmetry it was divided up in groups of ten. It is, however, a mistake to take it as meaning that each one of the men was the

immediate son of the preceding man. One or more links may be missing, yet it did not affect the real intention of the author of the genealogy to prove the descent from David. The name of the ancestor becomes a patronymic. We find Mephibosheth called the son of Saul (2 S 19^{24}) though he was the grandson. Even Obed is called the son of Naomi though he was only indirectly her grandson (Ru 4^{17}).

The best proof for such abbreviated lists where בן is used with the figurative meaning of descendant is the genealogy of Mordecai (Est 2^{5}), or even the genealogy of David in Ru $4^{21ff.}$ In Ezekiel we already find the prophet being called son of Adam, being directly connected with the first ancestor. The Messiah is then called the Son of David (Sanhed. 98a ff.). Jesus is called the Son of Man or Adam. This would solve the difficulty among others of the genealogy of Machir which is so perplexing (Gn 50^{23}, Nu 26^{29}, etc.). Examples can be adduced to prove such use of the word 'son' in the applied meaning of descendant. More numerous are the examples in the long lists in the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and especially Chronicles, where, by applying this principle, difficulties which have appeared insurmountable would thus be set at rest. If we turn now to post-Biblical literature, the principle seems to have been even more generally applied than has hitherto been realized. Names of well-known scholars like Ben Azai, Ben Johai, Ben Zakkai by their very form show that they are not meant to be taken otherwise than as being patronymics, and not the names of the immediate father, as has hitherto been assumed. We have, then, in the Chapters of the Fathers (5^{22}) a certain Ben Bg Bg, and in the next verse (^{23}) a certain Ben Hē Hē. No one has as yet succeeded in explaining these curious names. It is probable, however, in view of the foregoing that these names were those of well-known personalities, of whom their descendants had reason to be proud. They were well known to the contemporaries, but owing to some political or religious reason—sectaries—were mentioned only by some initials. Be that as it may, this use of בן to mark descent has continued for many centuries. The greatest Massorites are known as Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali. There is not the slightest doubt that these two names stand for two schools and two families of Massorites. So probably is the case with Ben Ezra. There are a large number of persons who claim to belong to the Ben Ezra family. It would be easy to multiply examples from the Rabbinical and mediæval literature. It is sufficient to refer to Levy's Talmudic Dictionary, *s.v.* vol. i. 238–241. Many a chronological difficulty could thus be obviated, if we allow the same latitude to the interpretation of the simple בן, and see in it the parallel to בן בן without the graphic duplication. Once this is established it will be helpful in many directions towards the elucidation of many Biblical and post-Biblical genealogical and chronological problems. Of no less importance is the fact that we have here again another proof for the high antiquity of the Samaritan Tradition.

Contributions and Comments.

The Ethics of the Jael Narratives.

The real difficulty in the Jael story is not in the fact that she murdered Sisera. That act (as was admirably shown in the article on Jael in The Expository Times for May) was one which could be justified up to the hilt according to the morality of her time, and was therefore in the circumstances worthy of the highest commendation. The crucial difficulty is to be found in the honour accorded to a person who had deliberately violated the most sacred law of social morality known to the Semites. Considering the fundamental place this unwritten law held in the estimation of Jael's contemporaries, it seems inconceivable that its violation could under any circumstances have been palliated, much less deemed worthy of the very highest praise. The suggestion made that Arabs have sometimes been known to act in defiance of this law does not really help matters; even in these days atrocious crimes are sometimes committed, but those who commit them are nevertheless considered beyond the pale of civilized society.

Nor does it suffice to say, with Dr. Bernard (Hastings' *Bible Dictionary*), that 'Jael's act was *not* in accordance with contemporary morality. . . .

But whether her motive was patriotic or selfish, the "moral difficulty" of the narrative is serious only to those who do not recognize the gradual education of mankind. For if the prophetic writer of the encomium on Jael did deliberately sanction such an act as hers, inasmuch as it had been perpetrated in the interests of patriotism and of the religion of Jahveh, then his morality, and presumably that of the religion of which he was the representative, was subversive of even what moral standard had been achieved by the other nations round about. That is to say, such praise, so far from being connected with the gradual education of mankind, was, on the contrary, indicative of ethical retrogression and degeneracy.

There are certain considerations which offer a possible way of escape from these difficulties.

(1) In the prose narrative Jael is depicted as inviting Sisera into her tent, giving him milk to drink, and finally murdering him in his sleep in a cold-blooded, systematic fashion. Her gross outrage on the sacred person of a guest is clearly and elaborately described. But—and this is the important point—in this narrative there is no word of approval, much less of praise, for her action. It is merely narrated without comment. It is not even fair to say, with Cheyne, that 'though the narrator does not in express terms commend her,' yet a hardly visible enthusiasm is visible in his description. If there is any exultation to be found in the telling of the incident, it is undoubtedly with reference to the fact that Sisera, the enemy of Israel, had been overtaken by an untimely and degrading death, being butchered, and that by a woman. No approval whatever of Jael's breach of hospitality is implied thereby.

Similarly, it is not justifiable to suggest with Moore ('Inter. Crit. Com.'), on the strength of Jg 4^9 ('The journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honour; for Jahveh shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman'), that because Barak was deprived of the honour of killing Sisera in fair fight, the glory 'taken from him' was 'given to' Jael.

In short, the writer of the prose narrative does not endorse Jael's treachery and crime against hospitality, either explicitly or implicitly.

(2) It is in the poem alone that Jael is commended at all. There, however, the praise accorded to her is of the highest:

> Blessed above women shall Jael be,
> Blessed shall she be above women in the tent.

Unless there is clear proof to the contrary, we must assume that the writer of the poem was at least not below the level of contemporary morality, and that, therefore, he could not possibly have praised Jael so extravagantly had she been guilty of an act which flagrantly defied the ethical code of the time. The interesting thing is that the poet never does state that she committed such an act.

It has almost always been taken for granted, even by those who have recognized that the deed described by the poet is very different from that recorded in the prose narration, that Sisera had already partaken of Jael's hospitality before she slew him.

W. Robertson Smith says, '*he is drinking* when she strikes the blow.' Cheyne says, '*as he stood drinking* . . . he was beaten lifeless to the ground.' While Moore ('Inter. Crit. Com.') states that '*as he was hastily draining the bowl*, Jael . . . felled him to the ground.' The song makes no such statement.

We have a right, I think, unless it is expressly stated otherwise, to take it for granted rather that had Sisera partaken of Jael's 'food and bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured' by her.

The obvious inference is, then, that Jael struck the warrior down with a swift unexpected blow before the milk had passed his lips. The poet evidently assumes that it was so, or he must in common decency have withheld his praise, though he could still have outpoured his exultation and rejoicing that Sisera was no more.

The song runs thus:

> He asked water, and she gave him milk;
> She brought him milk in a lordly dish.

The 'lordly dish' was part of the stratagem which Jael's quick woman's wit had devised on the spur of the moment. Although the exact translation is uncertain, it is agreed by most commentators that it was a large and heavy basin. Cheyne says that it was made of bronze. Moore renders it 'a huge bowl.'

To hold such a bowl two hands are necessary, and so for the instant Sisera was deprived of his sword hand; also, as W. R. Smith suggests, as he lifted the big basin to his face his vision would be momentarily obscured. This double fact gave Jael her opportunity. Like a flash she seized some kind of extempore weapon—a flint from her household coffer (*sic* Cheyne), or more probably a mallet for driving in tent-pegs, and (as we have the right to

presume) before he actually tasted the milk, struck him full on the temple. The slightest miscalculation, and the fate of the daring woman would have been sealed, for Sisera as a great warrior must have been armed, and was probably as strong and brutal as a prize-fighter,—he was desperate withal.

> And she hammered Sisera, she broke his head;
> Yea, she crushed and pierced his temples.
> Between her feet he sank, he fell, he lay;
> Between her feet, he sank, he fell:
> Where he sank, there he fell dead.

To sum up: In the prose narrative a gross betrayal of hospitality is described, but there is no approval recorded. In the poem the praise is unstinted, but nothing save a gallant act is held up for commendation. The poem is, moreover, far the older and more trustworthy document.

ROBERT A. AYTOUN.

Woodbrooke, Birmingham.

Pharisees, Herodians, and 'just men,' as the Questioners about the Tribute.

MR. T. H. WEIR in 'Contributions and Comments' for June conjectures that the men sent to question our Lord about the tribute posed as Sadducees, not as 'just men' (Lk 20^{20}). He would relegate the Pharisees and Herodians mentioned by Matthew and Mark to the background in this conspiracy, suggesting that these parties could not appear in their own proper character, lest the sinister object of the deputation should be apparent. But by a slip Mr. Weir has given more scope for their activity behind the scenes than they are entitled to by the evidence; for Mark does not define, any more than Luke, the *original designers* of the plot as Pharisees and Herodians, but makes the sending of 'certain men' of these two parties the essence of the plot itself (Mk $12^{12.\ 13}$). Similarly Matthew ($22^{15.\ 16}$), though he does not trace the origin of the scheme beyond the Pharisees themselves, evidently represents the Pharisee-Herodian combination as belonging to the execution of the scheme. Surely, then, there was a significance intended in the 'personnel' of the actual deputation, upon which Mark and Matthew agree, but which, according to Mr. Weir's conjecture, is unimportant and, so far as it existed, would have to be disguised.

But why disguise it? The Gospel accounts, as they stand, would certainly lead us to suppose that the essence of the insidious move was the sending of particular men whose party affinities would be likely to gain the sympathies of Jesus, to start with, and put Him off His guard. Pharisees, at any rate, could very plausibly appear as conscientious doubters of the permissibility of paying tribute to a foreign ruler, and were just the men, with their high reputation for strictness and a professed sympathy with all fearless righteousness, to make the flattering appeal which was designed to draw Jesus into an anti-Roman declaration. For this was the main hope of the plotters, as Luke clearly defines it—'so as to deliver him into the power and authority of the governor'—though there was also the second string to their bow, as Mr. Weir indicates, the chance of 'undermining Jesus' standing with the many,' should He fall upon the other horn of the supposed dilemma. It seems hardly necessary to suppose that the Pharisees and Herodians come into the story as the official fautors of the popular shibboleth and of the 'loyal' shibboleth respectively. This, I know, is the usual explanation, and it is the underlying cause of Mr. Weir's difficulty, leading him to contend that these partisans must have disguised their share in the plot if it was to obtain success. But on that view, I would argue, there was no reason for them to be in it at all, either in the background or as open actors: once Jesus had had to declare without explanation (as the original plotters expected) either against or for the tribute, any agent of the Sanhedrin present could have denounced Him to the governor, or, in the alternative, 'taken hold of his saying before the people' (Lk 20^{26}). No! the simplest interpretation of the narratives taken together is that the question was meant to be put by Pharisees and Herodians as being 'in character' with the attitude of those parties towards the Roman power; the only 'feigning' necessary was that of an honest religious scruple ('just men'), a feigning definitely stated by Luke, but also implied in all the accounts. The pretence of a religious scruple belonged, of course, only to the Pharisaic section; and Luke, who gives prominence to this and who does not mention the Herodians, would seem, therefore, to think chiefly of the inducement to our Lord to declare against the tribute that was involved in His certain sympathy with the Phari-

saic demand for 'the way of God in truth' without fear or favour (Mt 22^{16}).

But the Herodians also could associate themselves plausibly with a Pharisaic questioning of the permissibility of the tribute, though not in their case from the religious point of view. The tribute was the symbol of the direct rule of Rome in Judæa, which had come in A.D. 6 as a serious curtailment of the Herodian power; and therefore the payment was not a thing to be blessed by any section of men who called themselves 'Herodians.' If they could foster, especially among the Pharisees who were the most popular and strongest party of the day, the idea that this direct government by Rome was an unpermissible outrage on the conscience of the Jews, there was a good chance that the empire, which was always much afraid of the Jewish conscience when it was likely to lead to disturbance, might revise its policy of administration in Palestine, as in fact it did twelve years later in restoring an undivided rule to Agrippa I. as a *rex socius*. Herodians, then, were quite 'in character' on a deputation of this kind, and would stand probably in the contemporary mind for an attitude of criticism towards the procurator's power rather than of whole-hearted support. Was not Herod Antipas at enmity with Pilate up to a certain fateful day? Possibly another reason for the choice of emissaries from this party, as I have argued elsewhere in a study of the 'Political Relations of Christ's Ministry,' was the affinity up to a certain point in social and political outlook between our Lord and the Herodian government in Galilee. If this was a fact, it would be known by the Sanhedrin, and they would think that the presence of His Herodian friends would be a further inducement to Him to fall into the trap of an anti-government declaration.

STEPHEN LIBERTY.

Walney Vicarage, Barrow-in-Furness.

'Give us this Day our Daily Bread.'

A PRAYER FOR THE 'MEAT THAT ENDURETH.'

THE most familiar words of the Bible are those of the Lord's Prayer. The petition in that Prayer which is couched in the simplest words, and appears to have reference to the most common and universal of all our wants, is 'Give us this day our daily bread,' yet it is the least understood of all the petitions, and the most difficult to understand. It is the petition about which there has been the widest difference of opinion, and of which there have been the most diverse interpretations.

The questions about it which are difficult to answer are these: What does the word 'daily' mean? and what is the 'bread' for which we are taught to ask?

To begin with the second question. The common interpretation is, of course, that 'bread' here stands for everything that is needful for our physical life in this world, teaching us to remember, and to try to realize, our dependence upon God as 'the Author and Giver of all good things' whether for body or soul; and, doing so, to make our requests to Him for their supply, or to bless the use of the means which He has put within our reach to obtain them. But this seems to be contrary to our Lord's injunction, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' to which is added the promise, 'and all these things shall be added unto you,' which seems to imply that if we *seek* the former (as we must do if we are to obtain them, for spiritual blessings can be had only *when sought for*), we need not *ask* for the latter. 'After all these things do the Gentiles seek,' but 'your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things,' and will give them *unasked*. He who does not forget the sparrows is not likely to forget His children.

We attach great importance not only to the first words of this Prayer, 'Our Father' (it is the children's prayer, and should be addressed to God as our Father), but also to the *order* in which the petitions which follow the invocation are placed. We note the twofold division of the Prayer, the former half having reference to the honour and glory of God's Name, the latter half to our needs as His children, but these, too, not as unrelated to, but closely associated with, the honour of His Name. But *first* things *come first* here. Can we conceive it possible that in the enumeration of our wants, the most prominent place should be given to provision *for the body*, before even the forgiveness of sin, and deliverance from evil? No, the 'bread' here spoken of, however wide an interpretation we give to the word, however much it may connote, cannot be the 'meat which perisheth.'

That may be obtained without any asking of God at all, by the man who has not God in any of his thoughts, and even by fraudulent means. But there is *nothing in this Prayer* which can be had without the earnest desire on our part to possess it, and if we obtain it by asking, it is only because our asking is the expression of our desire. What the 'bread' of this petition is can be determined only by the meaning to be assigned to the word 'daily.' Now this is the English rendering of a word which is not found elsewhere in the whole range of Greek literature. It is found here only, and seems to have been *coined* to express a special meaning which no word in ordinary use could express. So that we cannot get at its meaning by comparing its use here with its use in other passages, a very frequent and proper method of getting at the meaning of difficult or doubtful words. We can get it only, if at all, by reference to its derivation. And in this case, of the two derivations which are possible, though one of them is far more likely to be the true one than the other, *neither* can possibly give us the meaning of 'daily.' Had that been the meaning intended, there was a word in readiness and in common use, and it would undoubtedly have been used here. Instead of it, this new word was *coined* to express an entirely different idea, which was probably either 'bread for our wants,' or 'bread for the morrow—or the future.' And the most natural derivation is that which gives the latter meaning, 'Give us this day our bread for the future,' 'this day' for a *present* possession, but one also which 'abideth unto everlasting life.'

Taken in the ordinary acceptation, this petition is often referred to in order to justify the observance of Harvest Festivals. These, so long as they are not mere expedients for raising money (which ought to come of freewill offerings), but are the occasion of hearty thanksgiving to Almighty God 'for all the blessings of this life,' need no justification from this or any other scripture. God *is* the Giver of all good things, and to Him our thanks are due, and should be paid. But to go to this Prayer for the justification of our festivals is to destroy its beautiful symmetry by putting this petition into its wrong place, thus substituting a temporal good which we are assured will be *added* to us, and for which therefore no special petition is needed, for the greater and abiding spiritual good, which only they who ask for it *can* receive. Rightly understanding it, our constant prayer will surely be, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread.'

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

West Kirby.

St. Mark vii. 28.

'nevertheles the whelpes also eate under ye table, of ye childrens crommes.'

So Miles Coverdale (1535). This is one of those passages which commentators pass by on the other side. The difficulty is duly noted in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, i. 64. It is twofold. In the first place, dogs in the East are wild animals, and fairly large. In the second place, the Eastern table, when there is one, is only some five or six inches high. It is true that the Talmud, in addition to the ordinary pariah dog, which is compared to a wolf, mentions a smaller sort, called a Kūphrī dog, of about the size of a jackal (Kil. c. 1, etc.). The name Kūphrī is variously derived from the island of Cyprus or from *kefer*, a village. But, however that may be, this dog is said to have been even more ferocious than the larger type, and I am assured by two credible witnesses, one a native of the country and the other long resident there, that the domestication of the dog in Syria is an unknown thing. Canon Tristram, indeed, states that he 'found no difficulty in making a pet of a puppy, taken from among the pariah dogs' (*Nat. Hist.*, p. 80, cited in *D.C.G.*); but in the verse cited above, the dog as a household pet is taken to be a thing of everyday occurrence, unworthy of remark, like the κύνες τραπεζῆες of the Greeks. Indeed, an old friend suggests that Mark may have had Greek custom in his mind when he wrote.

Another possible solution is that the correct text is that preserved in Matthew (15^{27}), 'the dogs eat of the crumbs *which fall* from their masters' table,' and that Mark misread some word meaning 'to fall' as some other word meaning 'under.' 'Under' (ὑποκάτω) answers in Hebrew or Aramaic to תחת or תחות or to למטה. Πίπτειν, 'to fall,' on the other hand, corresponds in the LXX regularly to נפל, but also to מוט (Ps 140^{11}, etc.), which might easily be confused with מטה. In Ex 9^{19} it is used to translate ירד, of which the regular Aramaic equivalent is נחת. Some parts of this verb, such as תחות or תחתה, might well have been mistaken for the preposition תחות. Unfortunately, there does not appear to be any other example in the LXX of such confusion of these particular words having taken place.

T. H. WEIR.

University of Glasgow.

Entre Nous.

A Scallop Shell.

A Scallop Shell of Quiet is the title which has been given to the twelfth volume of Mr. Blackwell's 'Adventures All' series (2s. net). It contains poems by four women, Enid Dinnis, Helen Douglas-Irvine, Gertrude Vaughan, and Ruth Young. And these four poets are introduced to us by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, who says this about them. 'Some general resemblances emerge amid the individual differences of our four. The modern woman is sometimes supposed to be irreligious, but although but one of the writers is definitely devotional, a spirit of piety informs the volume, as well as a spirit of pity, and a response to the actual touch of life is common to three of them.' We shall quote one of Gertrude Vaughan's poems:

There are two things, yea three, that I would write
If I should die to-night;
Two things, yea three, that it is my delight
His praise to sing, Lord of the earth and sea,
Lord of all things that be;
Three things that alway, whither I am wending
So I am I, shall give me joy unending
Though I should die to-night.

First, that I lovèd life, and saw good days.
I walked in woodland ways;
Watched apple-blossoms ope with fresh amaze
Each Spring; I slept beneath the starry skies;
Saw the Lord Sun arise,
And hearkened while great Mother Earth, in turning
Left him, a molten globe, all glowing, burning:
(Ah, must I die to-night?)

Next, that my friends did give me great content,
Nor did much argument
Do aught but set more firmly roots that went
Too deep for summer storm or winter blast;
These bound us yet more fast.
Comrades! who by your unafraid believing
That good shall win made lovelier life's weaving,
'Twere hard to die to-night!

Now come I to the third, most splendid thing
Of these three I would sing:
That you, dear England, royally did fling,
Yourself, your very self into the breach;
Forbade the tyrant reach
His goal, while you, his gathering hordes defying,
Poured blood and treasure—Ah, that I, in dying,
May hold this fast to-night!

I would that this were all that I must write
If I should die to-night,
Nor darker record dim my pages' white,
Yet stay:
I will not sing of locust-eaten years
Or penitential tears.
Nay,
While the sweet faint trumpet-voice is clearer growing:
'Arise, my soul, go forth, and in thy going
Prepare to greet the Day.'
This will I write, to-night.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

The well-known Canadian poet, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, has gathered together and published in one volume a number of his poems, under the title of *Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems* (Toronto: McClelland). They are Canadian, with the love of that great land very catching in its warmth of utterance. But they are more. Even the vastness of Canada is not enough to hold the heart of this true poet. He takes the world for his parish. He touches the human heart in many of its experiences, and he touches it always with surprise. For he has a gift of word and phrase that sets him apart.

The range of topic is wide. But always there is the spiritual atmosphere. The following poem is more openly and absorbingly religious than most:

To the Heroic Soul.

I.

Nurture thyself, O Soul, from the clear spring
That wells beneath the secret inner shrine;
Commune with its deep murmur,—'tis divine;
Be faithful to the ebb and flow that bring

The outer tide of Spirit to trouble and swing.
The inlet of thy being. Learn to know
These powers, and life with all its venom and show
Shall have no force to dazzle thee or sting:

And when Grief comes thou shalt have suffered more
Than all the deepest woes of all the world;
Joy, dancing in, shall find thee nourished with mirth;
Wisdom shall find her Master at thy door;
And Love shall find thee crowned with love empearled;
And Death shall touch thee not but a new birth.

II.

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And that alone prevails which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave;
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave:
Then from the portal where the ripple rings,
He bursts into the boundless morning,—free!

Bruce Malaher.

Whatever else the war has done for Ireland it has given her the singing voice. Not that all the Irish poetry that is pouring forth is warlike. When the singing voice is given it sings also of home and rest and love and the cornfields. So sings Mr. Malaher in *The Wizard's Loom* (Stoneham; 3s. 6d. net), unaffectedly, religiously, as the following testify:

DEUS UBIQUE.

There is incense in the air
And holy water in the dew,
A shrine beyond the thicket there
Under a spreading yew.

Countless candles brightly gleam
On an altar strewn with flowers,
Where the sparkling woodland stream
Flows through lilied bowers.

I will tether now my steed
To a bending willow near,
And worship in this quiet mead,
For God is surely here.

THE DOOR.

Dark, dark the portals that are grimly frowning
In this dread hour which has o'ertaken me;
High towering crags the sombre lintel crowning,
Obscure God's light, God's air, relentlessly;
About my feet vast depths abysmal lie,
And now, behold!
I stand alone, who am about to die.

Here, king and peasant, rich and poor, have passed
To Death—Door of Eternity—
And on its threshold now stand *I*, at last,
All powerless to turn aside and flee;
But stay, I tremble and I faint no more!
Because I see
A Golden Glory shines beneath the Door.

John Collins Rose.

There are various ways of regarding Nature—the utilitarian, the scientific, the artistic, the religious way. Mr. Rose finds all ways good except the merely utilitarian. In this poem he combines the scientific and the religious point of view:

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

One sturdy spandril, pea-green, arching, bears
Seventeen ribbed leaves of graceful loveliness.
Some shining as if varnished, some less bright,
O'ershadowing 'neath their canopy, eleven rows
Of fairy hanging lamps surpassing praise;
Farthest from earth hang two sets, each two lamps;
Then three of three lamps each; then, where the strength
Of Nature's plan is greatest, five sets each four lamps;
Then, nearest earth, one final set of three;
A tale of thirty-six, all told. All wax-like, cream,
Suffused with greenest daintiness. Some, yet, are closed,

Others, full open to the air, display
Their doubly triple lips, while, far within
Their dainty, secret, sexual array
In fulness of perfection charms the sight.
Men say it is the Seal of Solomon; as for me
I feel assured it is a Seal of God.

So doth this plant, at its appointed time,
Bloom in full air; in sight of men on earth,
And many of God's creatures small and great;
Then, having worked its work of use and ornament,
The power, that bade it rise, bids it withdraw.
And pensively it hangs awhile, at rest,
Admiring springing strength of sister-flowers,
Till by the cleansing wind, or gardener's hand,
All sight of it above-ground disappears;
But still the root retains its pristine force
Thro' summer heat, cool rain, and winter snow,
Perfecting in its secret cells the forms
By which, in splendour, it shall re-appear.

So may we men, awhile upon this earth
Work out our work; then by the Gardener's hand,
Beneath the earth, regain our ancient germ;
And at a time appointed re-appear,
If here, or otherwise, the Gardener knows.

The title of the book is *Athenäis, and Other Poems* (Sampson Low; 5s. net).

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Besides issuing her poems in one large volume, Mrs. Wilcox issues them in separate small volumes under particular titles. One such volume recently issued is called *Poems of Purpose* (Gay & Hancock; 1s. 3d. net). Let us quote for specimen one of the shortest of the poems:

LIMITLESS.

When the motive is right and the will is strong
There are no limits to human power;
For that great Force back of us moves along
And takes us with it, in trial's hour.

And whatever the height you yearn to climb,
Though it never was trod by the foot of man,
And no matter how steep—I say you *can*,
If you will be patient—and use your time.

Brian Brooke.

How often in this war has the fighter been a singer! Nay, every fighter in the British ranks is a singer: it is thus he fights and wins. But how often has the fighter been the maker of songs for the others to sing! Brian Brooke is one. Son of Captain H. V. Brooke of Fairley, Countesswells, Aberdeen, 'near his nursery window flowed the Gaudie, which "rins at the back of Benachie," and through his life ran the inspiration of the Scottish burn, of the wind across the heather, and the "Go back, go back!" of the grouse. But this was only background after all. At first, the boy lived to himself apart, in a world of fairies, gnomes, and spirits of the air, gathering every fragment of fairy lore, and being quite content to sit for hours together under a bush, retelling to himself and the birds the elfish chronicles. To him the fascinating person who lives in a daffodil bell was, at this time, as real as the birds and beasts whom he dearly loved. Frequently in the midst of torrents of rain the red-haired laddie would rush out to place a large leaf over some specially cherished family of nestlings, thus, no doubt, greatly interfering with the domestic arrangements of the mother bird. Once, when he was ill with scarlet fever, he insisted on watching with anguished eyes the dying spasms of a favourite goldfish. Suddenly his face lit up joyously as he exclaimed: "Mother, if that little goldfish dies just before I die, I will hide it away, and then I will take it up to heaven with me."'

But first he went to the Colonies—British East Africa, Ceylon, Uganda, Jubaland—not finding any of them heaven. The Masai called him 'Korongo, the big man,' who could kill leopards with a spear. When war broke out he joined the British East African force. Later he fought in France, and fell at Mametz on July 1, 1916, the very first day of the great Somme battle.

Of his songs a volume has been made: *Poems by Brian Brooke* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). This is one of the shortest and most characteristic:

A ROLLING STONE.

The wind in the thatch is screaming, the tempest scurries above,
And I am sitting and dreaming of hearth-stone, marriage, and love.

I dream of a glance of gladness, the touch of a small hand cool;
Then wake from my dreams of madness, the thoughts of a childish fool.
For the Bible has stated clearly, men oughtn't to live alone;
But what when the man is merely a rough and a rolling stone?
You men in the towns who worry, with papers and books by day,
Whose days are of noise and hurry, whose nights are a dazzling play,
Your lives are a constant clamour, a ceaseless struggle and push,
You know not the peaceful glamour that reigns in the lonely Bush.
But you've got one thing which never is granted to those who roam,
Your wife by your side for ever, in the peace of an English home.
To live with your child beside you, the love of an honest wife,
Are surely the things to guide you in happiness through your life.
Surely it's worth the candle to struggle for those you'll leave,
When your child on your knee you dandle and know that that child will grieve?
But few in the world will sorrow, and none in the earth need care,
If I go to my death to-morrow, provided I go there square.
I have the sport and the pleasure of working where work is fun,
Reward in a certain measure, when I know that I worked and won;
Camping in tent or banda, wherever my work may call,
Usoga, E. A., and Uganda, I've travelled and worked in all;
But the things worth being alive for — one's children about one's knee,
And a woman to work and strive for, can never belong to me.

May Wedderburn Cannan.

'Poetry,' said the Dante scholar, A. J. Butler, 'is the embodiment in dignified language and metrical form of the nobler emotions—so expressed as to give delight to the hearer and arouse the corresponding emotions in him.' If that definition will stand this is poetry:

THE CALL.

I will go North again, for here I am forgetting
The lamps of moonlight swinging in the rowans silver starred,
For it may be in the quiet of sunrise and sunsetting
That I shall not remember that the road has been so hard.

I will go North again, for I can hear no longer
In the hush of twilight stillness the voices of the sea,
And it may be that the old loves over Time shall prove the stronger,
And I shall find the lost friends that walked the moors with me.

I will go North again, for here my heart is breaking
For the sight of lifting seaweed golden brown beside the blue,
And it may be from the garden at the cool sea dawn's awaking
I shall find the heathered roadways that long ago I knew.

I will go North again, for all the hills are calling,
I can hear the waves low lapping as they meet the kindly sands,
And I know above the moor road the soft West rain is falling,
And I would set my face to it and feel it on my hands.

I will go North again, I will lie upon the heather,
I will take the old path shorewards where the whin is all afire,
And it may be when my comrades and I have met together
We shall find the old-time glories that our tired hearts desire.

Yes, Miss Cannan is a poet. There are other poems in the volume, *In War Time* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net), which will meet Butler's definition quite as well.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It has been difficult lately for some of us, perhaps for many of us, to receive a message from the Quakers. We must get over that. We are getting over it. The Swarthmore Lecture is a Quaker foundation. The lecturer for 1917 was the Quaker, William Littleboy. He lectured on *The Day of our Visitation* (Headley; 1s. net). He lectured powerfully on an urgent theme. We must not pass him by.

His theme is the Second Advent. Much is made in the New Testament of Christ's Second Advent. Is there anything in all the range of Christian doctrine that we are now making so little of? A very small and vanishing band of apologists is still calculating dates and counting numbers. The vast majority see nothing in it. This certainly, they say, criticism has accomplished, whatever be the worth of the accomplishment. It has shown that the expectation of the Second Coming was a false expectation.

The Quakers have taken to the criticism of the Bible beyond all other Christian communities. Mr. Littleboy is a critic. He has read freely in the multitudinous literature of 'Apocalyptic' of our day. He has read sympathetically. It is extremely improbable that he will look for the Parousia with the eyes of a millennarian. The astonishing thing is that he touches the subject at all. He touches it because he has found truth in the promise of Christ's coming, truth that he dare not withhold from his own people or from us.

This first—that we may be looking for wholly mistaken signs of His coming. When He came to His own His own received Him not. They were looking for Him, but they did not know Him because they were looking for Him in a wholly mistaken way. This is one of the most melancholy elements in the most melancholy event of history. 'Long centuries of expectation, of hope becoming ever more eager—a hope that upheld the Hebrew nation through cycles of suffering and disappointment; an expectation of the coming of a Deliverer who should establish the Kingdom of God on earth, whose divine authority should right the wrongs of ages and restore the nation to all, and more than all, its ancient glory; and then the failure to recognize the Deliverer when at length He came; and a blindness which, beginning with criticism, ended in rejection and the Cross.' Is there any historical situation so amazing?

It is easy for us to condemn the Jews. It is better to consider them. The prophecies and the promises seemed to point to an altogether different kind of Messiah. It is true, they had the one great prophecy of the Suffering Servant. This prophecy is to us highly illuminating, and Jesus

took it as the clue to His mission. But the Jews did not receive the Suffering Servant as messianic. And when He came, and they fulfilled the prophecy by making a Sufferer of Him, it never occurred to them that there was any connexion between them. It did not occur even to His disciples. It was only when He was declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead that they understood. And they alone understood because they alone clung to His memory through personal affection. We may wonder that the Jews did not all love the Highest when they saw Him. We need not wonder that they did not recognize the Messiah.

Will we recognize Him when He comes again? Not if we do not look for His coming. The greater number do not any longer look for His coming. They say He has come already. He is always coming. He comes in every event that occurs to us, in every step in life we are led to take. We have only to open our eyes to see Him come.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds He comes, comes, ever comes.
In sorrow after sorrow it is His steps that press upon my heart.

Is that the Second Advent? It is not the Second Advent of the Synoptists or St. Paul. But it is said to be the Second Advent of St. John. Mr. Littleboy quotes from Dr. Edwin Abbott. That great mystic, called St. John, says Dr. Abbott, 'seems to be impatient of materialistic details—and especially of any that bordered on the theatrical—about the Lord's coming in a conquering, or royal, or imperial character; preferring to think of Him as entering into the heart of each believer, as into a friendly guest-chamber, so that the friend shall sup with Him and He with the friend.'

Mr. Littleboy is as ready as Dr. Abbott to distinguish between one evangelist and another. That is true, he says. It is true as far as it goes. It is true for St. John. But it does not exhaust the promise of His coming. There is one thing especially which is prominent in the promise, which cannot be taken out of it, and that interpretation does not meet it. That interpretation makes the Coming to be by gradual steps and slow. But the Coming is to be with catastrophe.

Now there is no idea that is more repugnant to the modern mind than the idea of catastrophe. Darwin has dismissed it; and the modern mind, whether it is 'critical' or not, is certainly Darwinian. Mr. Littleboy is himself a Darwinian. He feels the repugnance. He feels that it is not God's way to intervene in the affairs of men, that He works by the slow and methodical process of evolution, and that it is something like a fool's hope to look for His hand in the unexpected and unparalleled event.

But there is the promise. It is not to be set aside so easily. He takes his feeling to task. Is it *true*, he asks, that there are no new departures in God's leading of men? Does He never intervene to vary the even working of evolutionary forces?

The evolutionist himself admits some such intervention even in material things. 'An expert, to whom I am indebted for several remarkable illustrations of this phenomenon, writes: "The occurrence of such mutations, which have been observed in a good number of cases now, has led many biologists to suppose that evolution does not only take place by infinitesimal gradations, but sometimes at least by distinct steps, some large and others small."'

Mr. Littleboy finds such intervention in history. His example is China; and China is a better example now than when he delivered his lecture. He might have chosen Russia.

But he has another historical example, and it is

more impressive than the revolutions in China or Russia. The first advent of Christ was such an intervention. That advent introduced a new factor into the process of human development. Christ cannot be accounted for on the lines of evolution. Nor can evolution account for the change which the coming of Christ made in the lives of His disciples. Within a few weeks it 'transformed the "unlearned and ignorant" Galileans who forsook their Lord in His hour of trial into heroes who faced unflinchingly the wrath and cruelty of men.'

Mr. LITTLEBOY is entitled to the use of another example. It is the example of the 'First Publishers of Truth' in his own Society. He quotes from Dr. Rufus Jones: 'Their experience was attended by *a great release of energy, and the formation of vastly enhanced personality.* Men, formerly somewhat below the normal in physical stamina, became capable of tasks quite beyond the ordinary limits of physical effort, and were able to endure a *régime* of organised and unorganised persecution which almost passes the belief of this age of undisturbed toleration. But more striking than this heightened power of endurance was the heightened power of mind and spirit which the movement reveals. Persons who had occupied only the most humble stations in life, unschooled in books and unpractised in affairs, by some sudden alchemy became the exponents of a new message and conception of life, the powerful and convincing preachers of a fresh word of truth, the champions of new moral and social ideals, and the organisers of a unique Christian Society.'

Last of all, Mr. LITTLEBOY takes the example of his own and his friends' experience. 'Have there not been in the personal experience of some amongst ourselves also spiritual awakenings—cataclysms, which we can only regard as divine interventions for our salvation?'

Is it difficult to see what he is driving at? He is driving at the war. That is the catastrophe of our day. That is the direction in which we are to look for the coming of the Son of Man.

A number of essays on 'Social Reconstruction after the War,' by various writers, have been gathered into one volume by Miss Lucy GARDNER (Bell; 3s. net). The title of the volume, *The Hope for Society*, is the title of the first essay in it. And the author of the first essay is the Bishop of Oxford.

There are optimists and pessimists by temperament, and there are optimists and pessimists by war. The Bishop of Oxford has been made a pessimist by war. And he thinks it possible that this subject, 'The Hope for Society,' was given him deliberately. He has been told so 'by a rather malevolent friend.' It was given him, he thinks, as a tonic for himself. And so, as 'the best sermons a man preaches are those he preaches against himself,' he has accepted the subject and preached the sermon.

Did we say that Dr. GORE had been made a pessimist by the war? Ah, he was something of a pessimist before it. Even then he was conscious 'how desperately wrong the constitution of society was.' He found himself up against great interests, political, social, economic—great interests, with money and power behind them, and they were all selfishly carried on for the benefit of the few. Worse than that, he found that the many, the great multitude of men and women who had everything to gain by opposing these interests, did not oppose them, or did not oppose them seriously. There was discontent in the multitude, but there was 'astonishingly little driving power.'

Was that enough to make a man a pessimist? Dr. GORE does not think so now. For he goes back in imagination to the Gospels. 'There you have Our Lord Jesus Christ Who rides out because of the word of truth, and meekness, and righteousness, a great warrior, and He comes up against the

great interests. That is what makes the thrilling interest of the drama, there as it is unfolded in those Gospels. He comes up against the religious, the ecclesiastical interest, the Scribes and Pharisees. It is a tremendous claim that He makes upon them, the claim that they who are the authorized exponents and representatives of the true religion in the midst of the people of God, shall be content to be told by one who in their eyes is the merest layman that they are to think over again about the real meaning of their religion, over again from the very beginning. It is a tremendous claim to make upon people who stand in that position—the professors and officers of the established religion.'

And what success had He? He had no success. The truth is that there is 'hardly an instance in the history of mankind in which the ecclesiastical interest, the religious interest, has stood that test and been equal to that claim—has had the grace to respond to it by anything that you could call a thorough and wholehearted willingness to learn.'

But the ecclesiastical was only one of the interests that Jesus found Himself up against. There was the political interest. The Sadducean families were in office in Jerusalem, and they commanded a powerful majority in the Jewish House of Commons of those days. Their motto was, No Change. Whatever you do, do not disturb the balance of the delicate political situation. For if you do, the Romans may come and take away our place and nation. 'I feel it constantly,' says the Bishop of Oxford, 'that it would not be at all difficult to write the leading articles in the *Daily Sadducee* or the *Weekly Pharisee*.'

And then there was the financial interest. 'Jerusalem was a place, like Benares of India, which lived wholly on pilgrimages. The pilgrims came to make sacrifice and they must buy their sacrifices, and to buy them they must change their money from the current money into the Hebrew money. It was an extraordinarily lucrative business. And if St. John is right, if the Fourth Gospel is right, in telling us that our Lord really cleansed the Temple at the beginning of His ministry rather than at the end of it—and I think that where St. John seems deliberately to correct the synoptic narrative he corrects it rightly—if it was at the beginning rather than at the end, then we understand the significance of this action better.'

All these interests, selfish and powerful, banded themselves together and determined that this voice that was raised against them should be silenced. Ecclesiastical, political, financial—all the great interests behaved then as they have behaved ever since then. They asked no questions. They made no concessions. They simply set themselves to crush out that troublesome and disturbing voice.

But where was the suffering multitude? The common people heard Him gladly. What support did they give Him?

For a time they gave Him the support of their presence. They applauded His successful encounters with the representatives of the interests. They even compelled the interests to go to work warily. 'Not on the feast day,' said the interests, 'lest there be an uproar of the people.' But when the battle closed, the multitude was either wanting or went over to the other side. For they found 'it was something much deeper than political revolution that was being asked of them, even a change of character and temper and outlook, something deep and personal, penetrating to the very roots of their characters and being, that was being asked of them, and that was too much except for a very few.'

Against the great interests of His day Jesus had no success. What then? Did He turn pessimist? The Bishop of Oxford remembers Him and is troubled. How can he, how can any man, become a pessimist because the drink trade is so

powerful, because the Houses of Parliament are so time-serving, because the great ecclesiastical leaders are so timid in our day? It was pitiable, says the Bishop of Oxford, 'to walk about the villages and to feel that the interests stood in the way of anything like thorough reform; and then to feel even more pitiable on the other side the almost total absence of driving power in the people who were suffering most and had most to gain from any change, but whose feelings were only feelings of despair and cynicism, altogether without courage and without driving power.' It was pitiable, but it was not enough to turn a true-hearted follower of Jesus into a pessimist.

Then came the war. It came with new occasions for pessimism, such occasions as the most pessimistic had never dreaded. Dr. GORE felt the new terror. Before the war 'there were prospects grim and terrible enough to stagger anyone's imagination, but nothing so horrible as what has been actually happening these last two years I suppose did we anticipate.'

Did the new terror bring relief from the old? It did much more than that. When Dr. GORE had time to think, he found that the war had brought about a collapse, and that on the largest scale and in the most startling form, of the old civilization in which the selfish interests were supreme and unassailable. 'The whole of our conceptions of civilization, the fabric of our civilization, national, international, commercial and to a very large extent religious and almost more than all educational, had been built up on a basis of selfishness, and it has collapsed. I do not think that in our memories we ever had a time when people were as a consequence so openminded. It is an immense ground for hope.'

How do books with original ideas in them fare while our minds are so occupied with material things? How will a book fare which breaks out into originality on every hand, and originality of the most startling character? It is a book by the Rev. John Huntley SKRINE, D.D., once Head Master of Glenalmond. Its title is *The Survival of Jesus* (Constable; 5s. net).

It is a book written with art and man's device. 'Systematic theology?'—that is science. This has all the beauty of variety and suggestion. A 'body of divinity?' This is as ethereal as Ariel. The author introduces himself (by the name of John DESMOND) as a possible, and possibly awful, heretic, albeit he is now a Canon of the Church and lives with his mother in the Cathedral Close.

Lives with his mother—there is much in that. For the mother has to approve of the heresy. At every step of its progress she has to approve, and its progress is not slow. There are others. There is one good friend among the clergy who is good enough also to approve, and even admiringly urge him on to deeper depths of heterodoxy. But it is the mother that matters. The introduction of the mother is part of the artistic way in which theological treatises are written in our day. It is artfulness as well as art. For if the mother approves, had we not better hold our hand, we who have to make all our theology acceptable to mothers?

The title is puzzling. 'The *Survival* of Jesus'? It is puzzling to the end. In so artful a book it is puzzling by its artlessness. For the survival of Jesus means that He did not die and rise again. It means, either that He never died, or else that if He died He never rose again from the dead. Between these two the choice of alternatives is never in doubt. The puzzling thing is that the choice should be thrown in our face, as it were, the moment we take the book in our hands.

Jesus did die. '"All men are mortal." That is from the manuals of Deductive Logic, an example of a major premiss in a syllogism. "William Smith is a man"; there is a minor

premiss; and the conclusion is logically certain, "William Smith will die."'

That is the beginning of the eleventh chapter. But the conclusion is not immediately 'Jesus is a man, therefore Jesus will die.' Dr. SKRINE knows more of the art of writing theologically than that. All men are mortal. William Smith is a man. 'But now . . . What is this chant that comes ringing down the street?

Vive la—vive la—vive la—
Vive la compagnie.

It is a company of the Dunminster levy swinging past my door. I stand on the step, and from the athlete striding at the head of his men with the tread of a stag, I catch a salute, which elates me. It is a scholar of mine in college days. "Vive la—Long live the company!" do they sing? Who knows if they will live, this company of a hundred lithe English lads. Next week they will be at a finishing school on a Surrey heath or Wiltshire down. Next month (or so they fondly anticipate) they will be in Flanders. The next month—where? Something of them, not they, will be lying two thousand yards away from a hill-side, innocently festooned here and there with patches of shrub and stacks of firewood, out of which Death, that lay in wait there, has opened her mouth upon them and swallowed them up quick into Hades the Unseen.'

So William Smith is here to introduce us to the Descent into Hades. If Jesus 'descended into hell,' He died, did He not? Surely, He died. 'At Weimar in the Goethe house, to which before it was nationalised my uncle Richard was privately admitted, the last of the Goethes, the then owner, showed him among the relics a pencil-sketch left by the poet. A Greek hero in Hades hails a newcomer to the Shades, a greater than himself (but I am not clear as to the name of either), with the greeting inscribed below, "Bist du auch herunter gekommen?" "Art thou also" (one might paraphrase), "thou, our great one, become weak as we; art thou become like unto us?" It haunted my uncle, it has haunted me from him. No wonder: it is mortality's heart-cry out of a deep heart, the soul of one of earth's strong spirits, long since become "weak as they."'

Yes, Jesus died. But it is with the Descent into Hell that we are to be engaged at present. 'Jesus went into Hades the Unseen. We say it in our Creed, and of late have been thinking that we ought to unsay it; and since we are afraid to unsay a word which has once been said in a venerated formula, we have disarmed it of meaning; have told our flock that no more is affirmed than the word Hades (the 'not seen') connotes; that Jesus went out of sight; left the body which made Him visible, underwent a real dissolution of flesh and spirit. The mediæval fancy of a "Harrowing of Hell" must be put away as a childish thing. The New Testament's "Preaching to the spirits in prison" was a pious but unauthorised opinion.'

It has been said already in one of these Notes in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES that there was evidence of a recovery by means of the war of the doctrine of the Descent into Hell. Dr. SKRINE has recovered it. 'To me,' he says, 'it seems of late an inevitable truth. It could not be otherwise. We know that Jesus was no longer in that mangled body laid in Joseph's vault (though not all of us remember that we know this when we theologise about the Rising); then where was He? In the "other world," the timeless spaceless world, where eyes could not follow Him; and so we have called it Hades. What was He doing there? He was doing as He had ever done; He was being the Life, making souls to live.'

Whose souls? 'He went into the Unseen. With whom did He meet there, to whom did He give life by His converse there? The men of the past, so we all have told ourselves. There, writes one churchman poet, He is "at large among the dead," He "wakes Abraham to rejoice," His eye

calms "the thronging band of souls," at His side the companion of His crucifixion "waits on His triumph." It is a very great company, a multitude whom no man can number.'

'But are these the whole company whom Jesus meets in the Unseen World, are these all whom there by His being's touch He redeems from spirit's death, or in whom He fulfils the life which a mortal accident cut down as a flower or an ungospelled ignorance kept shut in the unopened bud? The fate of the untaught or the early perishing of our day, the child of the thieves' quarter or the boy slain in his teens, how is it different from that of the "thronging band," whom our poet compassionates? If it was here, in Hades, that Jesus brought life to Abraham and the fathers of Israel, or to Dymas the robber, will He do less for one of those soldier lads who drops by a German bullet before his soul has had time to decide its choice for life of the narrow way or the broad?'

'Tell not me that this has not been told us, must be left to heaven's uncovenanted mercy. No, there are things of his mortal destiny which a man knows without being told: there is a mercy of heaven not revealed in the Bible but in the heart. By that revelation I know thus much, and on the knowledge I would venture all I hold dear of here and hereafter: in the Unseen World Jesus works atonement on the still unatoned. In that large opportunity of time and room, He can touch to fair issue the arrested life and the spoilt; souls broken in this world He can make whole, souls which it left still to be made He can there make perfect.'

'He descended into Hell.' Well, let us agree about that. How gladly do we agree, if we possibly can. But, when He came up again, what then? Did He who died and went to preach to the spirits in prison rise again from the dead?

Dr. SKRINE says He did. 'He did really show Himself alive after His Passion.' 'It was no phantom but His very self.' 'All that had been in the Galilean prophet who had died on the Cross, was present in the Upper Room and in Joseph's Garden and on the Emmaus road.' But——.

'But Jones of Pearstead, when he came over to "draw" me about Donaldson's heretical pamphlet on the Resurrection (he drew my covert blank, because I had not seen the pamphlet), Jones did not know his own faith correctly, but mixed it up with things doubtful and irrelevant. He played the stalwart apologist, demanding with thump of fist that Christian critics of the New Testament should accept "evidence good enough to convince a jury." Pitiful heavens, a jury! Twelve householders of reputed integrity who are summoned from their counter or oven. Well, if this were a crowner's quest, and these worthies were there to cross-examine witnesses who identified the person of one found dead, and gave evidence of the when and where and what of the discovery they would be competent to fill the panel. But the task is not such. Physical things are physically discerned, as spiritual spiritually. But here are metaphysical things to discern, and what is Jones for a metaphysician? What has to be determined is not an experience of men's corporal organs, eye and ear, or hand, by which similar fleshly organs were verified in the apparitions, but the experience of the most central spiritual consciousness of a Peter or a Thomas, the precise event which happened to their personality. This juror must investigate and report on, not the stimulation received by the optic nerve of the eyewitness, but the psychic stimulus and response to it between the unseen Reality and the total personality of the man which is the true incident denoted by the witness who said, "I have seen the Lord." Now God indeed looketh on the heart. He can measure the fulness and correctness of that heart's response and self-surrender to a Presence which has passed by it, and in passing has stirred it with a life-provoking touch; He can count the beat of the pulse which

is a creature's will energising towards the will of its Creator. God can look on the heart; but your juryman, friend,—can he? If he cannot, what have I to do with his judgment on what the witness really saw and heard? Eye of witness hath not seen nor ear heard the things which belong to our peace, which are the invisible world, and "they which it inherit." That visitation must be known not by this and that sense, not by all the senses, but by these and that which lies behind them all, the spirit in the witness which creates the sensitive flesh to be an organ of knowledge, the personal being of a man who can have intercourse with a personality that is divine.'

The difficulty is with the body. Dr. SKRINE does not deny the resurrection. He denies the physical resurrection. The body went as other bodies go—ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Yet He rose. He appeared to the disciples during forty days. How did He appear? Dr. SKRINE even puts the question in this way: 'With what body did He appear?' For he holds that He appeared to the disciples in a bodily form, in such a form that He could say to Thomas, 'Reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side.' With what body did He appear?

He appeared—emphasize the word 'appeared' now—He appeared with the same body as He had when He was with them in Galilee, the same body as that with which He went up and down doing good. But it was appearance only. How did He succeed in persuading the disciples that it was real? He succeeded by means of telepathy. The secret is out. This is the meaning of the whole book. Jesus died as we all die. Jesus rose again from the dead as we shall all rise. But Jesus had a telepathic power, a telepathic personality, which no one else has ever had. And in the power of that telepathic personality He appeared to the disciples during those forty days and persuaded them that He had risen from the dead in the body.

Dr. SKRINE does not say that He desired to persuade them that His resurrection was a physical resurrection. That was their mistake.

The Beatitudes.

BY THE REV. R. H. CHARLES, M.A., D.LITT., D.D., F.B.A., CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven: Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.'—Mt $5^{3.5}$.

THE Sermon on the Mount opens with a number of beatitudes. How many those are is a subject of controversy. If we reckon them simply as they stand in vv.$^{3\text{-}11}$, there are nine. But it is obvious that the last two are duplicates. Thus in v.^{10} we have: 'Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake,' and in v.^{11}: 'Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you.' But not only does v.^{11} appear to be a duplicate of v.^{10}, but there are reasonable grounds for regarding v.^{10} as the last of the beatitudes proper, and v.^{11} as the beginning of a new section. For in v.^{10} the blessed are spoken of in the third person—'blessed are they,' as in all the preceding beatitudes, whereas in v.^{11} there is a sudden and unexpected change into the second person—'blessed are ye,' a change which persists throughout the rest of the Sermon. Also it is to be observed that the promise in v.^{10} is the same as in v.^{3}, 'for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' These two facts taken together make it probable that the Evangelist intended vv.$^{3\text{-}10}$ to be taken together as a whole, complete in itself, and vv.$^{11\text{-}12}$ to be connected with the section that follows in the second person.

This is the first inference we draw, but before we pursue this subject further, it will be helpful if we briefly contrast the methods of the first and third Evangelists. St. Luke definitely states at the outset his intention to write a life of the events

and sayings of our Lord in their chronological order, and to recount them in their original historical setting. But the method of St. Matthew was wholly different. Only in a limited degree does his Gospel observe a chronological order, and in the great collections of the sayings, parables, and other discourses of our Lord he definitely abandons the order of time, and groups together sayings and parables that were uttered on different occasions and addressed to different hearers. If we study St. Luke we see that the Sermon on the Mount in St. Matthew consists of several sermons carefully put together by St. Matthew. In the case of both Gospels we have simply a selection of our Lord's words and discourses, and that an incomplete one. The account in one Evangelist needs often to be supplemented by materials from the other.

Let us return now to the beatitudes. We have seen good grounds for regarding vv.[3-10] as a whole, but having done so we are brought face to face with a fresh difficulty. These verses include eight beatitudes. But the number eight is not a sacred number in any sense and is without a parallel in St. Matthew, and in St. Matthew certain sacred numbers play a great rôle, as we shall see. In Revelation there are exactly seven beatitudes pronounced in great crises in the world-drama represented in that Book, and this number is no accident there; for it frequently recurs. The same number of beatitudes is also found in 2 Enoch. Similarly in St. Matthew the number seven has a significant rôle. Thus in chap. 23 there are seven[1] woes pronounced against the religious leaders of Judaism—a fact that might suggest that there were seven beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount. St. Matthew also[2] groups together seven parables in 13, and seven petitions in the Lord's Prayer, whereas in Lk 9^{2-4} there are only five petitions.[3] Again in chap. 1 St. Matthew deliberately omits several names in the genealogy of Christ in order to compress it into three groups each of 14 names, *i.e.* six groups of seven.

Bearing these facts in mind let us now return to the eight beatitudes, in reference to which the analogies just cited would lead us to expect seven, and let us question the MSS. as to whether they contain any evidence for or against the text as it stands in our English Bibles and in most of the Greek MSS. Now though there are several unquestionably corrupt passages in the N.T., where the MSS. wholly fail us owing to the fact that these corruptions arose before the existing MSS. and Versions came into being, it happens that we are more fortunate in respect to the passage before us. For ancient evidence attests a diversity in the order of the second and third beatitudes. Thus, whereas most MSS. and Versions uphold the present order of vv.[4, 5], one great uncial and the two oldest Versions reverse the order and put v.[5] before v.[4]. On the ground of this fact two distinguished scholars—Wellhausen and Professor Bacon of Yale—say that v.[5], 'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth,' which is really Ps 36^{11}, was first written as a gloss in the margin and subsequently incorporated in the text by most authorities after v.[4], and by a powerful minority after v.[3]. If this is the correct solution of the difficulty, and at first sight it is rather attractive, we have then exactly seven beatitudes. But the more closely we study this solution of the difficulty, the more unsatisfactory it becomes.

I will now put before you briefly certain grounds for rejecting Wellhausen's hypothesis, and the solution which I have arrived at from a fresh study of the passage. First of all the conflicting order of the verses attested in the two classes of textual authorities does naturally, though not necessarily, point to some interpolation, but that it is not v.[5] that is interpolated but v.[4] I will now produce evidence.

First of all v.[4] comes in most awkwardly between v.[3] and v.[5], which are essentially related to each other seeing that v.[5] presupposes v.[3]. That is, the meekness that is commended in v.[5] presupposes the humility that is commended in v.[3]. Hence we

[1] It is noteworthy that in later MSS. these seven woes were expanded into eight (see p. 538 note 2), just as we hope to prove that the seven beatitudes were expanded into eight by the very early interpolator of v.[4].

[2] Another instance of our Evangelist's devotion to certain numbers is to be seen in his division of his book into five sections, 7^{28} 11^{1} 13^{53} 19^{11} 26^{1}, after the example of the five books of the Pentateuch, the five books of the Psalms, the five Megilloth, the five divisions of Sirach, of 1 Enoch, and of the ethical work *The Sayings of the Fathers*. Three also is a favourite number: cf. 5^{22} (three degrees of sin); 6^{1-18} (three external duties of alms, prayer, and fasting). See Hawkins' *Horae Synopticae*, 165 sqq.

[3] Hawkins (*Horae Synopticae*, 166 *n.*) draws attention to the fact that each of the two additional petitions contains a characteristic Matthæan word, γενηθήτω and ὁ πονηρός or τὸ πονηρόν.

should expect v.[5] to follow immediately on v.[3]. In confirmation of this close connexion between v.[5] and v.[3] we might quote Mt 11[29], where the two ideas are brought together in the same sentence: 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and humble in heart.' Nowhere else in the other three Gospels does this combination of these two graces occur. In other words, this combination is peculiar to St. Matthew.

Now some of my hearers may reflect, What of the Magnificat in St. Luke, in which it is stated that 'He hath exalted the humble and meek'?[1] Here we have an interesting instance in which a corrupt reading established itself in our Prayer Book. The reading 'humble and meek' is not older than the sixteenth century. It is not found in a single Greek MS. nor in any ancient version. Thus the combination 'humble and meek' belongs only to the first Gospel. Hence to read v.[5] immediately after v.[3] would be thoroughly characteristic of St. Matthew, and if any verse is to be rejected it is not v.[5] but v.[4], since it severs two ideas which are essentially allied. But this is not all. Even if we follow the less strongly attested text and read v.[4] after v.[5], this will not be sufficient. For v.[4], 'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted,' is different in form from the rest of the beatitudes in St. Matthew. In St. Matthew each class that is blessed is carefully defined, so that it is at once recognized as worthy to be blessed—the poor in spirit, the meek, those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, those that are persecuted for righteousness' sake. But there is no such definiteness in the words: 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The class of mourners here would, if this beatitude came from St. Matthew's hand, have been as carefully defined as are the other classes in the rest of the beatitudes. For these mourners do not include individuals or nations mourning over the wreck of their baffled knaveries, or the miscarriage of their treacherous deceits. Hence since the MSS. show that the text is here somewhat doubtful, since, further, the very diction and form are against the genuineness of the beatitude relating to the mourners, and in favour of that relating to the meek, we may with good reason conclude that the second beatitude here originated in a gloss which was written by a scribe in the margin and incorporated by a later scribe in the text.

It may have been suggested by one of the beatitudes in St. Luke; for the class of mourners is mentioned without any definition, just as it is in three cases out of four in St. Luke, and it is left to the reader to interpret them in a spiritual sense: 'blessed are ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of heaven': 'blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled': 'blessed are ye that weep now; for ye shall laugh.'[2]

If, then, we may conclude that there were originally seven beatitudes and that v.[4] is an intrusion, the thought is very illuminating. Let us, to begin, read these two beatitudes together, as we infer they stood originally: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit (that is the humble); for theirs is the kingdom of heaven: blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.' Here the two classes that are blessed are 'the humble' and 'the meek.' Of the former it is said that theirs is the kingdom of heaven, that they are already citizens of the kingdom of heaven; of the second—not that they do possess the earth, but that at some future time they shall possess it. In certain respects, therefore, the two classes are distinct. Who, then, are these two classes? This is an important question, as some recent scholars have treated the two phrases 'the poor in spirit' and 'the meek' as practically identical. But the meaning of the Greek words makes this identification impossible. Who, then, are 'the poor in spirit,' and who are 'the meek'?

First, as regards the former—'the poor in spirit.' The word 'poor'[3] in Hebrew had two distinct

[1] Humble and meek is not found in any of the great English Versions: it is not found in Henry VIII.'s Goodly Primer of 1535, but it appears in Edward VI.'s first Prayer Book in 1549, and in every successive edition of his work. The true reading of course is 'the humble.'

[2] Attention has already been drawn to the fact that in the true text of Mt 23 there are seven woes and no more. But it is instructive to observe that in 23[14] (found in the A.V., but rightly omitted in the R.V.) we have an interesting analogy to v.[4]. First of all the textual evidence makes it clear that the woe in 23[14] is an interpolation. In the next place the textual authorities that support 23[14] are divided as to *the place where they add it* as they are in v.[4]. Thus E F G H *al* with some Versions add this verse before v.[13], whereas some cursives, the itala, and the Syr. cur. add it after v.[13]. ℵ B D L Z, etc., omit this verse. From these facts it follows that 23[14] (adapted from Mk 12[40], Lk 20[47]) was interpolated at a much later date than v.[4].

[3] 'ânî translated in the LXX 41 times by πτωχός or πένης, 9 or 10 times by ταπεινός, and 3 times by πραύς.

meanings—a literal and metaphorical one. Literally it meant those who were afflicted or impoverished or without adequate means of subsistence: metaphorically, it meant those who were humble in heart, disposition, and character. Now it is obvious that the word 'poor' has here its metaphorical meaning, and St. Matthew by adding the phrase 'in spirit' puts this beyond doubt. And yet, even if this phrase were omitted, we should have to interpret the word 'poor' according to its secondary Hebrew meaning, just as we do in Lk 6[1], 'Blessed are ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of heaven.' This beatitude, therefore, deals with humility, which is the initial grace of the Christian life. And further since, though the texts of the beatitudes differ both as regards number and form, they agree in placing this beatitude first, we may conclude that it was the first to fall from our Lord's lips.

There is, moreover, a notable fitness in the first beatitude being pronounced on humility; for humility is the indispensable condition of progress not only in religion and morals, but also in science, in matters of peace, in the affairs of war. For its essential characteristic is—a willingness to learn, whether from friend or foe. On the place of humility in science I will content myself by quoting the pronouncements of Bacon and Huxley in this respect. 'Into the kingdom of science,' writes Bacon, in his *Nov. Org.*, 'as into the kingdom of heaven one cannot enter save as a little child'; and Huxley, in a letter to Kingsley, expresses himself as follows: 'Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth, which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the facts as a little child, follow humbly wherever nature leads, or you shall learn nothing.'[1]

That humility is the indispensable condition of progress is universally conceded. Since, then, in all departments of life and character it is a prerequisite of progress therein, we naturally desire a clearer knowledge of what humility is. Now the first step to such knowledge is to disabuse our minds of the popular false conception of it, which unfortunately has the sanction of St. Chrysostom, who fell into the amazing error of defining humility as a making ourselves small when we are great. Exhibitions of this phase of humility are familiar to us all. Which of us has not heard certain individuals among our friends or acquaintances morbidly deploring their shortcomings and depreciating their gifts and achievements? And, whilst we listened in uncomfortable silence to such outpourings, did we not reflect that, if we were but to express our concurrence with such confessions, we should run the risk of losing their friendship for ever? Such a misconception of humility is not infrequent even amongst excellent people. For a picture of this caricature of humility in its worst form we have only to turn to Dickens' portrait of Uriah Heap.

Humility does not consist in the mere absence of pretension, certainly not in a morbid self-depreciating spirit; it is no transient state of feeling into which a man may artificially work himself; rather it is a true and right estimate of ourselves, made in all soundness of mind, an estimate which Christian ethics does not require us to falsify or unjustly lower. St. Paul bids us not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but to have a right and sound judgment.

But, this being so, how comes it that the Greek moralists of our Lord's day and back to the time of Aristotle depreciated humility and regarded it as the mark of an abject or mean-spirited man, whereas the N.T. recognizes it as the first and indispensable grace of Christianity? These diverse estimates as to the worth of humility arose from the different standards acknowledged by ancient Greek and Christian teachers. The Greek had confessedly a low standard, and the goodness that achieved this standard grew proud through such achievement, and accordingly could see in humility only a veritable meanness and slavishness of spirit. Thus lowness of ideal and pride of attainment go hand in hand, even as conceit of intellect and dogmatic assurance are generally strongest where intellectual aspiration and intellectual attainments are weakest. But, whereas the standard in Greek ethics, and throughout the heathen world, was low, the standard in Christianity is a divine one; for therein man is set face to face with God, and so Christian goodness is an aspiration ever straining towards a divine ideal and ever receiving fulfilment in some measure, yet hardly fulfilled ere a higher has dawned upon it. But at every stage fulfilment is at best imperfect. And from this contrast of that which he has done with that which he ought to have done arises the Christian

[1] *Life and Letters*, ed. Huxley, 1900, i. 219.

grace of humility. Divine ideals and true humility are never sundered, and so self-complacence and simple self-content are impossible elements in the Christian life. With each fresh grace won a diviner ideal ever dawns upon the faithful heart and deepens humility as it enlarges aspiration. The Christian man cannot but think lowly of himself, if he would think truly; for he knows that his real worth in the world is that which he stands for—not in man's sight, but in God's.

Such being the nature of humility, the promise given by Christ to the humble in spirit is that even now theirs is the kingdom of heaven: that is, that they are already citizens of God's kingdom: just as St. Paul declares in Ph 3^{20}, 'Our citizenship is even now in heaven,' we are already members of the divine commonwealth, or again in Eph 2^{19}, 'Ye are no more strangers and sojourners but fellow-citizens with the saints and members of God's own household.'

Having now studied the first beatitude, we proceed to its natural sequel: 'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.' If we ask in what respect meekness is related to humility in the N.T., the answer is not far to seek. Meekness is in the main the outward expression of humility, humility being essentially a grace of the spirit or inner man. Meekness, so far as it is a Christian grace, must spring from true humility of heart. It presupposes humility, and presupposing it cannot exist without it. They are in a certain sense the complements of each other. Christian meekness is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of humility. But meekness is more than this: it is humility itself coming into manifestation in the sphere of human life.

Having now grasped the source and inner spring of meekness, we shall best apprehend its character and manifestation by contrasting it with some of its counterfeits. Christian meekness has nothing in common with that constitutional meekness which is sometimes synonymous with timidity, and sometimes with insensibility to insult and affront. It has nothing in common either with weak-kneed irresolution, and certainly nothing whatever to do with that meanness of spirit, that in some popular novels is made to masquerade in the guise of Christian meekness. The meek man in Christ's sense of the word has surrendered himself to the Divine Power that has made and fashioned him. His aim, however faulty he may be in its fulfilment, is to do God's will and not to achieve his own individual rights or vindicate his own individual claims or dignities. So far as he succeeds in realizing the grace of meekness, he becomes forgetful of self and more and more bent on the accomplishment of God's will, whether in the Church, in the State, in society, in the family life, or in the guild or community of which he is a member. The meek herein are the law-abiding, where the law is not a fixed conventional enactment or tradition, but an ever-growing manifestation of God's will and righteousness not only in man's personal life but also in his social and business relations, and in that of his community in its national and international relations. According to the O.T. (Nu 12^{3}), Moses was the meekest man on all the earth as well as the most self-sacrificing, as when he prayed on behalf of rebellious Israel: 'If thou wilt not forgive them, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book' (Ex 32^{32}). It is significant that the meekest and most self-sacrificing man of ancient Israel was also its strongest, at once the most willing and humblest servant of God's will and the greatest lawgiver of the ancient world.

And as of Moses so it holds true of all men: to be truly meek one must be strong; for the meek man has forsworn his own private aims and personal ambitions and resolved to follow God's will at all costs and at all hazards. Thus meekness requires courage, singleness of aim, self-control, self-sacrifice. And to such men the promise of Christ naturally is: 'The meek'—that is, the willing servants of God's will—'shall inherit the earth.'

It is not to the arrogant, the high-handed, the rapacious, it is not to the so-called supermen in this or other lands—the shameless disciples of a demoniac creed—that the earth and all that is therein shall ultimately belong, but to the humble and meek, to those who, having sought first and above all the kingdom of God and its righteousness, find that to this eternal heritage there is added another they did not seek—even the heritage of this world.

Even in the domain of nature this law holds to some extent: 'the meek shall inherit the earth.' The untamable monsters of the historic foretime failed to maintain themselves, and their place was taken by animals of a more amenable type. In the present day this process is still more effectual; for the great carnivora and reptiles that refuse to part with their savagery are being steadily exter-

minated. At no distant date all animals of this contumacious type will inherit—not the earth—but only iron cages in Zoological collections. And should there be certain castes or communities amongst men, hopeless alike in their savagery and morals, they will no doubt inherit in due time—not the earth—but an enclosure in wired reserves or a house of bondage and fetters of steel. But God forbid that there should be any such hopeless class of permanent outlaws from civilization and the kingdom of God. The analogies of the past all point to the elimination of such characters from this world. The ruthless empires of ancient days fell successively before more law-abiding powers, till at last Rome, the most law-respecting nation of pre-Christian times, notwithstanding its severities, became the inheritor of the ancient world. At present the whole world is threatened with a reversion to those old and evil days, when might claimed only too successfully to be right, and when the weak, the few in number, the friendless and the destitute, were helpless thralls of the merciless and the strong. But the promise abideth sure: 'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.'

Of these great words an American humorist made use in order to give point to a jest at the expense of England, when he said, 'The English must be a very meek people, seeing they inherit so large a part of the earth.' But herein Mark Twain expressed unwittingly a great truth. For it is just because Great Britain, despite its many grievous sins of intemperance, impurity, covetousness, and unfaithfulness to plighted word on the part of corporations of employers and employed, it is just because that Great Britain, we repeat, has, in spite of these grievous derelictions, been obedient more than any other nation in the present or the past to the higher light vouchsafed it by God, alike in its internal and its international relations, and has more than any other people striven to be faithful to its covenants, to be just to the weak, a stronghold to the needy in their distress, a champion of the oppressed, that in its case the promise of this beatitude—'the meek shall inherit the earth'—has in some measure been fulfilled and justified.

In conclusion, I cannot sum up better the promise of these two great beatitudes than in the words of St. Paul. If as individuals and if as a nation we learn to be humble in heart and manifest this humility in our conduct and character as willing servants of our God, then we can claim as ours the wondrous promise set forth by the Apostle: 'All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.'

Literature.

CHRISTIAN ORIGINS.

In *The Rise of the Christian Religion* (Macmillan; 12s. net), Dr. Charles Frederick Nolloth has given a full account of Apostolic Christianity—as full at any rate as any man can desire who is not intending to specialize upon it.

He has described the Sources (first Jewish and Pagan, next Christian), and the Preparation (first in Judaism, next in the Dispersion and especially Philo, then in Greek Thought, in Greek and in Roman Religion). He has discussed the modern attitude to Miracles and to History. He has written a Life of Jesus in thirteen rich chapters, one of which explains the doctrine of the Two Natures (so far as we are able to receive it). He passes into the Acts of the Apostles, being first arrested at Pentecost and then astounded at the progress of the gospel throughout the Roman world. He expounds the doctrinal and ethical teaching of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John. He ends with the transition from the Apostolic to the Sub-apostolic Age.

It is an immense subject, but the range is not impossibly wide for one man. Dr. Nolloth, as we know, has made the New Testament the study of his manhood. And he has never lost time by running after barren novelties, never even been tempted to covet the heretic's ephemeral fame. The whole book is sane, the author's own undoubtedly, and therefore original enough—personal experience, as every good work and word must be, but experience tested by the thoughts of other men and of the whole Church of God. It is a strong

healthy orthodox book to be put with confidence into any student's hand, to be read and re-read by clergyman and by layman for edification and growth in grace.

LUTHER.

The last volume has been published of the English translation of Professor Hartmann Grisar's *Luther* (Kegan Paul; 12s. net). It is the last and it is the most engrossing volume. For it deals with Luther's psychology, his death, and the judgments that have been passed upon him. In handling these delicate matters Dr. Grisar is not at his best. Certainly he rejects the stories which were so speedily invented about suicide and the like, and even lays bare the essential immorality of the Catholicism which accepted them. But he fails to appreciate the real greatness of the man whose psychology was capable of such contrasts, and treats the temptations and trials through which Luther passed as though they were expressed in modern scientific language. Do we not all read the story of 'how the devil had twice appeared at the Wartburg in the shape of a great dog and had tried to kill him' with a smile of superiority? Ought we not all to understand that it makes nothing against his psychological sanity or his Christian sanctity? No doubt in judging such incidents or stories just the touch of sympathy or antipathy makes all the difference.

The same criticism must be passed on Dr. Grisar's account of Luther's intolerance. He was intolerant. But who was not? What he did was to make men see the wickedness of intolerance, perhaps also the folly of it, and so make possible our condemnation of some of his own judgments. Moreover, Luther was ever a fighter. He had to be. And a fighter, as we know now only too well, cannot be so merciful as he would like to be, or even so consistent.

Professor Grisar has done a great service to Luther's memory in that he has cleared away the mass of rubbish in the shape of silly gossip and lies which had gathered round his name in Roman Catholic writings. He has also, it is probable, done something to open the eyes of the anti-Protestants outside the Roman Communion to the almost unapproachable eminence of this man and the unique service he rendered to the Christian cause. His mistake has been to estimate the Reformer by the standard not only of morals but even of knowledge of the present day. That fault is due, we believe, much more to lack of historical imagination than to ecclesiastical antipathy. For his recognition of so much in Luther that is after the mind of Christ he has, or ought to have, the thanks of the whole Church.

And now it is necessary to say that the translator, whose name is E. M. Lamond, is all that a faithful sympathetic translator ought to be. We end our notice of this the last volume of a great work by quoting three short paragraphs. They will at least illustrate what has just been said of the translation.

'The Papal Bull of 1520 condemned among the other selected theses of Luther's, his attack on the Primacy and the Councils, though saying nothing of his doctrine of the Church, then still in process of growth. "The Roman Pope, the successor of Peter," so the 25th of these condemned Theses runs, "is not the Vicar of Christ set over all the Churches throughout the whole world and appointed by Christ Himself in the person of St. Peter." And the 29th declares: "It is open to us to set aside the Councils, freely to question their actions and judge their decrees and to profess with all confidence whatever appears to be the truth whether it has been approved or reproved of any Council."

'The originator of principles so subversive to all ecclesiastical order had perforce to reassure himself by claiming freedom in the interpretation of Scripture.

'Hence, for himself and all who chose to follow him, he set up in the clearest and most decided terms the personal reading of the written Word of God, above all tradition and all the pronouncements of the teaching office of the Church; in this he went much further than he had done hitherto in the questions he had raised concerning justification, grace, indulgences, etc. It is easy to understand why it was so necessary for him to claim for himself a direct enlightenment by the Spirit of God in his reading of the Bible; in no other way could he vindicate his daring in thus setting himself in opposition to a Church with a history of 1500 years. At the same time he saw that this same gift of illumination would have to be allowed to others, hence he declared that all faithful and devout readers of the Bible enjoyed a certain kind of inspiration, all according to him

being directly guided by the Spirit into the truth without any outward interference of Church doctrine, though the first fruits of revelation belonged to him alone.'

THEISTIC IDEALISM.

It used to take a theologian to write the Philosophy of the Christian Religion; now any philosopher can do it. For there is so rapid an approach from philosophy to theology that the time seems at hand when no distinction will be found between them. The theologian will interpret Christianity philosophically, the philosopher will be its theological expositor. Dr. James Lindsay has written *A Philosophical System of Theistic Idealism* (Blackwood; 12s. 6d. net). It is just the doctrine of Christ in philosophical language. And that is not because Dr. Lindsay is also a theologian. He is a philosopher first. And he only accentuates a movement that is at the present moment sweeping every philosopher along with it. We have had respite from the scientific agnostic since Huxley passed; now we shall have rest from a far more formidable foe, the unbelieving philosopher, and leisure to commend the truth as it is in Christ Jesus to every man's conscience.

We have one objection to Dr. Lindsay's book, and we shall begin with it. His index, so indispensable to such a work, is worthless. Every page upon which there is the least reference to a subject is noted, and merely noted; there are no sub-sections. We shall quote one example (there are thirty just as bad) that he may never do it again.

'Being, 14, 29, 35, 38, 41, 45, 47, 49, 50, 52, 55, 57, 59, 66, 67, 69, 72, 73, 74, 82, 84, 85, 86–89, 91, 92, 97, 98–109, 111–115, 119, 120, 122, 124, 125, 127, 129, 130, 134, 138, 139, 140, 141, 145, 146, 147–150, 154, 158–161, 164, 165, 167, 168–173, 176, 181–183, 185–187, 189–191, 195, 199, 201–203, 206–208, 211–213, 221, 240, 241, 243, 247, 258, 259, 265, 270, 274, 278, 279, 300, 301, 306–308, 313–315, 337, 338, 342, 355, 360, 375, 382, 388, 394, 399, 402, 406, 407, 417, 424, 428, 434, 435, 442, 449, 454, 456, 457, 458, 462, 468, 472, 491, 502, 503, 510, 511.'

Now to the book. We have called it Christianity. But it is not Christianity as you read it in the Bible or hear it from the pulpit. It is the religion of Christ in the hands of a philosopher, whose pursuit is truth and who uses his whole personality to hunt for it, but especially and finally his reason. That goes without saying. It is also, however, all that has to be said. You may object to the use of such a term as idealism to describe the teaching of Christ, but needlessly. What is the Sermon on the Mount but idealism—idealism from the first word ('Blessed are the poor in spirit') to the last ('Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect')? You may wish more of Christ and less of God, perhaps. But needlessly again. For in Dr. Lindsay's *Theistic Idealism* Jesus stands for God. The Christ of the Gospels is the Creator as well as the Redeemer. This philosopher could easily say, in full accord with his Philosophical system, what Thomas the philosophical doubter was led at last to say, and he could say it to Jesus, 'My Lord and my God.' We do not mean that we should send any one who was under conviction of sin and crying, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' to this book. But we should send the far greater crowd of the indifferent and irreligious. For it is really an apology for Christ and His doctrine, such an apology as Tertullian wrote, and good for the same type of unbeliever.

Dr. Lindsay is a great reader, and he quotes freely enough from his reading. But this book is his own. There is no surprise of felicitous phraseology such as Professor William James would have given us, but there is never-failing earnestness of purpose, orderly thought, adequate expression.

THE RESERVED SACRAMENT.

The burning question of the hour in the Church of England is Reservation. Now the Church of England is a historical Church. For what it believes it must have a basis in history. The success of the Oxford Movement was due to the persuasion that it was no new thing. If the Sacrament is to be reserved as its advocates demand, they must prove that Reservation is of the past.

This service has been rendered by the Rev. W. H. Freestone, M.A., late of the House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, in a volume entitled *The Sacrament Reserved* (Mowbray; 2os. net). And he has rendered it once for all. The literature of

the Church is ransacked with an ardour that knows no weariness, and with a scholarship that is baffled by no obstacle of language or archæology. The 'List of Principal Authorities' which he gives is appalling in its magnitude, but it is no showy list: the book itself makes manifest that every document has been consulted.

And what are the conclusions? The conclusions are these:

1. First, we must recall the fact that from the earliest times *viaticum* was regarded as indispensable wherever it could be obtained.

2. We have seen good cause to believe that from at least the second century Christians were accustomed to receive the Eucharist at home when, by reason of infirmity or other sufficient cause, they were unable to communicate at the Liturgy.

3. So far as direct evidence goes, the earliest method of providing for the needs of such cases was by distribution of the Eucharist from the regular Liturgy.

4. This practice was generally superseded by the habit of private reservation by the laity; the change being brought about by the character of the later persecutions. Private reservation survived among the religious and the clergy after it had been forbidden to the laity.

5. Celebrations in the sick chamber were probably always exceptional. As soon as the Church began to own and to use public buildings for its services, the custom of celebrating in private houses and chapels was restricted and carefully controlled.

6. All other methods of providing for the necessities of the sick were ultimately superseded by constant official reservation, and this arose as a natural modification (due to change of circumstances) of the private kind.

7. It is certain that the Eucharist was commonly reserved in private only under the single species of Bread; and if we are right in supposing that official reservation represents the restriction of the private habit, there is every reason to suppose that originally the Eucharist was reserved officially in the same form. This contention is borne out by the scanty evidence that we have been able to collect on the subject.

8. During the early Middle Ages there was in some areas a pronounced tendency to insist upon the use of both species conjointly for sick communion.

9. Eucharistic doctrine subsequent to the tenth century led to an undesigned return, on theoretical grounds, to the primitive practice of reservation under the sole kind of Bread.

10. Apart from the merely temporary expedient associated in early times with the Presanctified and with the communion of the newly-baptized at solemn seasons, there is no evidence for the existence of any regular practice of reserving the species of Wine.

11. In case of necessity layfolk may act as ministers of the reserved Eucharist.

12. The original purpose of official reservation was purely practical. The development of any *cultus* of the reserved Eucharist was the direct outcome of the acceptance of the doctrine of transubstantiation as the orthodox belief.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Belgian architects are busy with plans for the reconstruction of their country. We also, say Professor Patrick Geddes and Professor Gilbert Slater, must occupy ourselves, even while the war lasts, with plans for reconstructing our commerce, our education, our city and country life — our religious life also, no doubt, but that part of the programme they leave to be drawn up by others. Accordingly these two able and far-seeing social reformers have together written a book with the title of *Ideas at War* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net). It has been written in a style which is bound (as no doubt it is meant) to catch the attention of readers to whom many other prophets and reconstructionists are addressing themselves. And, besides the lively style, the book has facts at its back, facts that are made use of most masterfully for impressiveness.

Perhaps the central thought is that all reconstruction must begin at the top. The spiritual is not only greater than the material, it is earlier. 'When, after the war in which Denmark was crushed under the heel of Prussia, Bishop Grundtvig took up the work of reconstruction, he began at the right end. He did not start by making butter, though every one who eats a pound of Danish butter is a debtor to him; he began by renewing the vital spirit of the people of Denmark through their art and history and their ancient Sagas and Epics; he made them feel that they counted for something in the world, and thus

in the first place he put fresh heart into the people. Next he set to work to give them fresh intelligence; he organized schools for the grown-ups, schools which are now famous throughout the world, and keenly valued by all the people of Denmark, schools which have attained not only the original German ideal of "Lehren Freiheit, Lernen Freiheit," but which also are vitally related to the lives of the people who study in them. The inspirited hearts of the people and their enlightened heads gave a new efficiency to their hands, and Denmark embarked upon a definite policy of draining her marshes, cultivating her heaths, renewing her wastes, establishing her peasantry, and as the inevitable result captured the English market for butter and eggs. To the practical man this result at least seems an important achievement. The butter dealer would be incredulous if you told him that the first step was the writing of new songs based upon the prehistoric Edda, but as an actual and undeniable fact it was so.'

This volume is the first of a new series, to go by the name of 'The Making of the Future,' and to be edited by Professor Patrick Geddes and Mr. Victor Branford.

CHRISTIANITY AND HINDUISM.

The Rev. Arthur H. Bowman, B.D., M.A., L.Th., has been for five-and-twenty years resident in India. And during that time he has studied Hinduism and has lectured in most of the leading University centres throughout India on the superiority over Hinduism of Christianity. These lectures form the foundation, he tells us, of a book which he has now published under the title of *Christian Thought and Hindu Philosophy* (R.T.S.; 2 vols., 12s. net). Mr. Bowman has evidently studied Hinduism to some extent in its own literature as well as in its daily fruits in life and conduct. He has also read the best and most recent books. But his purpose is a purely apologetic one. He describes Hindu philosophy only that he may refute it. He describes Christianity only that he may commend it. On every page this comparative estimate is expressed, so that the book is addressed, as the lectures were, to the people of India. To them it is a sustained and earnest appeal to give up serving idols and to renounce a vain philosophy of life; it is an appeal to them to come and serve the living and true God and embrace the safety of the gospel.

But, this purpose served, Mr. Bowman turns to us. For in refuting Hinduism he expounds Christianity. And the exposition is the more easily understood that it is addressed to the darkened understanding of the heathen. Moreover it covers the whole ground. There is scarcely a doctrine of the Faith that is omitted from its compass. We have in these two volumes an elementary and almost complete account of Christian doctrine and ethics. It is easy, therefore, to conceive of many a reader finding Mr. Bowman instructive, although knowing nothing of Hindu philosophy, and not even deeply interested in the Hindus.

It is not surprising, when we remember the genesis of the book, if sometimes we find a doctrine demonstrated too easily. It is not that Mr. Bowman is impatient of mystery. The simplicity is due to a determination not to introduce distracting ideas. It will sometimes be necessary to supplement the argument a little. When, for example, the author touches upon faith, we see that he looks upon faith as beginning where reason ends. It is just as true, however, to say that reason begins where faith ends. Indeed, that is how it happens with the very illustration used. Science, as well as religion, says Mr. Bowman, is dependent upon faith; and he quotes from Sir George Stokes the statement that before reason, that is, observation and experiment, can do anything with light, it has to *imagine* ether. Then, however, he uses his illustration well, showing that it is about as difficult for science to believe in ether as it is for theology to believe in the Incarnation.

That it is possible to write scientifically as well as popularly on so difficult a theme as our Lord's Second Coming is proved conclusively by a book which has been published at the Abingdon Press in New York by George P. Eckman. The title of the book is *When Christ Comes Again* ($1.25 net). By writing scientifically we mean writing accurately according to the findings of good scholarship. The author says that the doctrine of the Second Coming divides people into three classes—those who think it is nothing, those who think it is everything, those who think it is something. All

those classes are recommended to read this book, but especially the last and largest class, for they will learn to know what it is, as surely as it is possible.

Read the *Proposals for the Prevention of Future Wars*, by Viscount Bryce and others (Allen & Unwin; 1s. net), and be ready. Read the Introduction, which is full of well-digested information, all set in the light of eternity—is it not the work of Viscount Bryce himself? Read the quotations from leading statesmen at the end.

P.S.—Why has Viscount Bryce or any other permitted the mistake of calling Lord Grey 'Viscount Grey of Falloden'? Others do so. The *Spectator* did so for a while. The title is Fallodon.

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has written a volume in support of the movement known as 'A League of Nations.' He does not say so; perhaps he did not deliberately purpose so, but so he has done. For he makes it as clear as clever capable writing can make it that *The Choice Before Us*—that is the title of his book (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net)—that the choice before us is between the League of Nations to secure peace and a fiercer competition than ever before in preparation for the next war. There is no force that will prevent the piling up of armaments or the making of another war except the League. Will the Church be helpless? More than helpless, he says, to prevent; helpful to encourage. These are his bitter words about the Church and this war: 'The attitude of the clergy in the present war has shown that the apparent teaching of the Gospels need not interfere with an enthusiastic support of war by ministers of a Christian Church; and that, in the view of many, the dispensation of Jesus left standing in full authority that of the God of the Jews. The Sermon on the Mount, we have been told in effect, was merely a string of amiable metaphors. The real Jesus Whom we are to treat as our Master was the one who used the scourge of small cords in the Temple, not the one Who bade us turn the other cheek. When He said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friend," what He meant was that we are to kill our enemies. And when He said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," He already by anticipation condemned those who, in the future, in His name, might refuse military service. This adaptability of Christianity, as professed by the Churches, suggests that its forms might still be preserved even in an era of universal militarism. Nor need we be troubled by the fact that Christianity is a universal religion, and that all Christians are supposed to worship the same God. For we have seen also, in this war, that each nation can claim, with the full support of its Church, that its national god is really the universal god; so that Christian nations may not only fight against one another with a good conscience, but each may be sure, in so doing, that it is fighting for the true God, Who is being denied by its enemies.'

If the study of Greek and Latin is to be retained at the Public Schools, it does not follow that it is to be pursued on the same method as before. Great educators like Dr. Rouse of the Perse School, Cambridge, and Professor W. Rhys Roberts of Leeds, are already working on methods that are wholly other than the old. What these methods are Professor Rhys Roberts tells us in his British Academy lecture on *Greek Civilization as a Study for the People* (Milford; 1s. net). They are described as direct, literary, and historical: the point is that they are no longer simply philological, linguistic, or grammatical.

The war, we have often been told, is a war of ideals. Very well; let us see to it that *our* ideals are right. What are right ideals? We shall discover pleasantly if we read *Ideals True and False*, by Florence Edgar Hobson (Headley; 1s. net). Let one pertinent quotation be the book's commendation. 'From among many true ideals a few which are essential and universal stand out in clear relief. Such are: love, service, justice, truth, beauty, simplicity. From the Buddha, who, impelled by love and pity for the unfortunate and unable to enjoy personal happiness while conscious of their sufferings, wandered forth to succour them, deserting his luxurious home for a life of simplicity and service; from the heathen Socrates and Antoninus to the Christ of the Gospels, who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister"; through the long array of saints and mystics to the Ruskins, Emersons and Tolstoys of our own time we find these principles embodied in the life and constituting the very heart and essence of the teaching of every idealist who has ever

lived to shed his light upon the darkness of the world.'

The Rev. Frank Ballard, D.D., has written many volumes, some of them bulky, but we could give them all back to him if he will let us keep a small and utterly unpretentious book, the latest of his pen, which goes by the title of *The Rational Way to Spiritual Revival* (Kelly; 1s. net). Its title is the worst of it. And yet it is difficult to suggest a better. Let us explain. Like all the rest of us, Dr. Ballard has his eye on the world beyond the war. And he sees, as few of us see, that the world then, which will be so ripe for experiment, can be restarted on a great future only if the spiritual is exalted above the material, the eternal above the temporal. He calls his demand a demand for spiritual revival. But that is only half. The revival which is spiritual must also be rational. Is Dr. Ballard against the materialists? He is certainly not less opposed to the irrational, the unreasonable spiritualists. And he is right. He is right to be as indignant as he is with those who call every kind of knowledge devilish except the knowledge of the letter of the English Bible. He quotes two sentences from the *Primitive Methodist Leader* of August 17, 1916: 'No exposures will remedy the proneness to fancy religions, unless the reverent and reasonable study of the Scriptures for their own message is restored. Here is a task that the Church has not taken seriously.' He might have made these sentences the motto of his book. There is much more in it than that, but that is in it supremely.

The only regret one has on receiving *Celtic Mythology and Religion*, by the late Alexander Macbain, M.A., LL.D. (Stirling: Mackay; 7s. 6d. net), is that the book was not issued a few years earlier. Dr. Macbain was up to date, as few men were, while he lived. But some things have changed in the department of Celtic Religion since he died; some subjects in the front row then have been pushed back a little, and other subjects have been brought forward; and just a touch, something that is scarcely more than atmospheric, has made the study of Celtic mythology a little different from that which was known to him.

But when we have said that (and perhaps we have said too much) there is not a word left but praise and thankfulness. The short biography by Professor Watson is enough to gain friends for Macbain who never heard of him, and readers for his essays. It is the memoir of a man.

The essays are three in number—on Celtic Mythology and Religion, on the 'Druid' Circles, and on Celtic Burial. They have all appeared elsewhere already, but only the first in book form. Now they appear together in a fine illustrated volume, and distinctly gain by their companionship. There is, for example, a chapter in the first essay on Druidism which it is profitable to read along with the essay on the so-called Druid Circles.

No doubt it is by his Gaelic Dictionary that Macbain will be remembered, but these essays will at present be more widely read. The editor gives a hint that others may follow. Let it be soon.

All the essays in Mr. Bernard Bosanquet's new volume, *Social and International Ideals* (Macmillan 6s. net), have already appeared in periodicals, except the last, and the last is—a sermon. It is a sermon with a text. The text is, 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?' And so the title is 'The Wisdom of Naaman's Servants.'

Now we wonder if this is the kind of sermon which we are recommended to begin preaching as soon as the war is over. There is not much of the gospel in it. There is not much about God or the Son of God or Eternal Life. But there *is* much about man and this present life. There is also much about states and communities, their rights and their duties. Are we expected to ignore henceforth the love of God, and the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and preach on the nature of the state? Professor Bosanquet gives us no such advice. That is his business; it is not the business of those to whom has been entrusted the ministry of reconciliation.

Yet Professor Bosanquet considers it the duty of every man, whatever his calling of God, to be a good citizen in a good state, to know what a good state is and seek to attain it. We may say that that follows on the preaching of the gospel: let us see then that we make it follow. For if we had not neglected our citizenship as we have, the world would not have been where it is to-day.

The other essays deal with Patriotism, Com-

pensation, Charity, Justice, and other political and social matters of the utmost importance and urgency.

Of the things which have amazed us since the war began one of the most amazing is the beginning of it. For it has been evident for a long time that Germany was gradually becoming 'Deutschland über alles' by diplomacy, and had only to continue her efforts to accomplish her aims. But we have never seen this fact brought out more convincingly than in a small volume by Professor Christen Collin of Christiania University, which has been translated into English under the title of *The War against War* (Macmillan; 2s. net).

Professor Collin quotes from a book, by Paul Rohrbach, entitled *The War and German Policy*, which was commenced some months before war broke out, and was published after it began. This German author asserts that, after the settlement of the Moroccan crisis, England became much more accommodating in her attitude to Germany. Rohrbach, it must be remembered, is a German patriot to the very core. He maintains the assertion of England's 'encircling' of Germany; but he points out that the 'actual encircling' decreased or ceased after 1911. 'Before the outbreak of the War, Germany and England had come at last to an understanding both with regard to the Bagdad Railway and also to the plans of German expansion in West Africa.'

'England,' says Rohrbach, 'no longer makes any objection to the construction of the Bagdad Line which she had so long sought to hinder. The Bagdad Line is to be built, and built with German capital. For a time we had renounced our claims to complete the last stretch of railway line from Bagdad to the sea. We left that to the English. . . . The English, however, have now left to us the completion of this part of the line also. The Bagdad Line is to have its terminal harbour, not at Koweit, which lies within the English sphere of influence, but at Basra, which is indisputably Turkish. The works at Basra harbour are to be undertaken by a company in which German capital is in excess of English. North of the 31st degree of latitude not a single English rail will be laid, nor will any English railway concession be applied for.' So wrote Paul Rohrbach immediately before the outbreak of the War.

Why did the German nation throw the world into war? Professor Collin holds that it was the work of a small militarist section. 'The maddest thing'—these are his words—'the maddest thing of all about the colossal slaughter now going on is, in my opinion, just this, that one of the most industrious nations in the world—a nation excelling in agricultural and manufacturing pursuits, a nation of artists and men of science—has been led, against its will, to carry on against other no less industrious and cultivated peoples a war of mutual destruction, simply because a minority, perhaps a relatively small minority, have been betrayed, not by wickedness, but by a frightful superstition, into willing the War.'

The Free Church Year Book for 1917 (London: Memorial Hall) is a business document. We sorely miss the papers that used to be given verbatim—some of them of lasting value as well as of present inspiration. Yet this volume has two addresses of the finest quality—the President's address, in which Dr. Selbie demands the better recognition and freer operation of the Holy Spirit, and the address of the ex-President, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., on the Union of the Free Churches. Mr. Shakespeare ends his address in this way: 'I went recently into a great Government Department, and I saw over a desk three labels pasted on the wall over three piles of letters, Queen Anne, Micawber, Lloyd George, and I asked the meaning. I was told that the first was a pile of letters which were dead and done with, the second of matters waiting for something to turn up, and the third of things that must be done with promptness and decision. The union of the Free Churches does not admit of delay. I realize the tremendous responsibility of having raised the issue. I know too well what it means if, after the appeal to Scripture, to reason, and to patent facts has been made, the Free Churches show that they are incapable of magnanimity, generosity, and splendid vision—that they are another Ireland, Catholic against Protestant, North against South, Ulster against the Nationalists, and all the while the great waters of indifference and godlessness roll round the isle, that in a new brotherhood might be so fair. There are some things in this world, in politics and in religion, that are so difficult as to be impossible—they cannot be solved by logic, but they can be solved by a great act of generosity—an appeal to all that is noblest

and best in men's hearts. This is my confidence —that the God who led our fathers in the past will in this momentous hour pour into our hearts the very spirit of His Son.'

To the series of volumes entitled 'Murby's Larger Scripture Manuals' there has been added a commentary on *St. Luke* (Murby; 3s. net). The commentator is the Rev. Charles Knapp, D.D., Junior Chaplain of Merton College, Oxford. Dr. Knapp, it will be remembered, wrote also the commentaries on the Acts and on St. Mark in the same series. For this commentary he has written a Preface, in which he tells us that in view of the life we shall have to live when the war is over he has given particular attention to the ethical teaching of Jesus. Does that mean that after the war our preaching will have to be ethical? Some of us think that it was too exclusively ethical before the war, and that the war is due in part to the want of a religious basis for conduct.

However that may be, there is no doubt that this commentary is admirably adapted to its purpose — the training of the more advanced students in the knowledge and practice of Christianity. The Notes explain just the things that require explanation, and never a superfluous word is used. The Introduction is full of interesting matter, all abreast of the latest knowledge. One section deals with the Characteristics of St. Luke's Gospel. They are (1) its universalism; (2) the frequent reference to the Holy Spirit; (3) the Ministry of angels; (4) the Gospel of joy and thanksgiving, and of sacred song; (5) the Gospel of prayer; (6) the Gospel of forgiveness; (7) the Gospel of the Infancy; (8) the Gospel of women.

The Story of Bible Translations has been told, from the Jewish point of view, by Dr. Max L. Margolis (Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Soc.). The 'Bible' is of course the Old Testament. Yet the book is free from anti-Christian bias. So free is it that the author finds welcome place for this missionary anecdote.

'A Malagasy woman, Rafaravavy, went to purchase an idol. The maker had none ready, and asked her to wait while he made one. He thereupon went out into the forest, and cut down a small tree. Of the trunk he fashioned the idol, and kept the branches for fuel. When preparing the evening meal, he used some of these to boil his rice. The woman saw all that happened, and went home carrying her purchase. A day or two later a missionary read in her house some passages of the Scriptures, including the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. "He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the ilex and the oak. . . . Then a man useth it for fuel; and he taketh thereof, and warmeth himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread. . . . He burneth the half thereof in the fire; with the half thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith: 'Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire'; and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it and worshippeth, and prayeth unto it, and said: 'Deliver me, for thou art my god.'" The woman immediately forswore idolatry, and became a devoted Christian. The words of the prophet in the Hebrew Scriptures uttered thousands of years ago approved themselves as potent to convert a far-off African heathen.'

The little book is altogether admirably written for elementary instruction in the principles of Bible translation. It contains a few excellent photographs of manuscripts.

The exposition of the doctrine of *Love in Hindu Literature* which has been made by Mr. Benoy Kumar Sarkar (Tokyo: Maruzen Company) will do little to commend Hinduism to Western readers. A better argument for the supremacy of Christianity could scarcely be found. For the highest conception of love in Hinduism is so far below St. Paul's Song of Love that they belong to different worlds. There ought to be two words; one word to express the deification of sexual lust, and the other to point to the sacrifice of Christ on the cross. The book is scholarly, unbiased, and well written.

Professor Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., Litt.D., of Yale, first made himself a scholar by diligent and unfettered study of the Bible and then began to write. He has lived to write and publish eleven volumes, every one of which is a masterpiece of condensed learning, and an authoritative exposition of its subject. The eleventh volume gives an account of the social ideas that are to be found in the prophetic writings of the Old Testament and in the New Testament. Its title is

The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus (Scribners; $1.50 net).

The first surprise to the reader (if Professor Kent finds such a reader) who has been told that socialism is a modern idea, will be to discover that it is as old as literature. The next surprise will be to find that the Bible is from first to last a social book. Then will come the surprise of the discovery that the best way for a self-respecting and self-denying socialist to obtain all that is worth striving for is to follow Christ.

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Jesus and the Pharisees.

A STUDY IN THE SECOND CHAPTER OF ST. MARK.

By the Rev. Theodore H. Robinson, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in Semitic Languages in University College, and Professor of Hebrew in the Baptist College, Cardiff.

We are so accustomed to think of the Pharisees as being in more or less constant opposition to Jesus, that we do not immediately realize the import of the statement made in Mk 3^6 to the effect that after Jesus had healed the man with the withered hand, the Pharisees went out at once and took counsel with the Herodians as to how they might destroy Him. As a matter of fact, on the surface of things there would seem to be little reason why the Pharisees should have been hostile to Jesus. As far as actual theological tenets went, there was little in the doctrines of Jesus to which they could not have subscribed. They were an intensely patriotic party, but not more patriotic than Jesus Himself. They believed in the Resurrection and in a future life, and they clung with passion to the hope of a Messiah. It is true that they held rigidly to the sanctity not merely of the Law but also of the oral tradition which was based upon it; but in spite of this, their general attitude was far nearer to His than was that of any other party in the Jewish state. Moreover, they had behind them a great and noble history. Coming into prominence as a political faction in the time of the Maccabæan rising, they represented the religious side of that movement. It must not be forgotten that until the appearance of Christianity Judaism was the only faith that presented to the world an ethical monotheism, and that without that as a basis, Christianity itself could hardly have come into being. And it was the Maccabæan revolt which saved this element in Judaism from the attacks of Hellenism, and made possible the supreme revelation of God in Christ. They stood therefore in the direct line of which the culmination was to be found in Jesus.

The Herodians, on the other hand, stood for all that the Pharisees were pledged to try to overthrow. It is possible that the reference in Mark was not to a political or religious party, but to the group of officials who formed the court of Herod Antipas. But whatever may have been the exact signification of the term it is clear that they were attached to the Idumean dynasty. That fact in itself would make them abhorrent to the Pharisees. There had been from the time of the Exile onwards the bitterest hostility in the minds of all Jewish patriots against Edom, originating in the part that people had played in the overthrow of Jerusalem. Further, the Herods were the representatives of the Roman power which kept them in their place, and of the Hellenizing and heathen influences which the ancestors of the Pharisees had fought and died to resist. An alliance between the Pharisees and the Herodians was on the face of it an extraordinary event, yet it occurred at least twice in the life of Jesus. It might have been expected that the Pharisees would welcome one who was to be the fulfilment of so much of their hope and ideal, but when He appeared in their midst He aroused such

hostility in their minds, that they turned to their bitterest enemies to secure His overthrow.

Such an amazing fact needs explanation, and the explanation is to be found in the five incidents which immediately preceded the statement of this plot. The historic insight which Sir William Ramsay has claimed for St. Luke may without unfairness be attributed at least as strongly to St. Mark. He is more than a mere recorder of events; he selects and arranges his matter in such a way as to show not only what happened but why things happened. His account of the life of Jesus is divided into well-marked periods, and events which are typical of those periods are given, always in such fashion as to show how one period arose out of that which immediately preceded it. Thus the sections which follow 3^6 are designed to illustrate the changes made in the life and methods of Jesus by the plot against His life. Instead of public preaching His main activities are confined to the training of the Twelve, who should take His place and continue His work when He was taken from them. The manner of His teaching changes, the parable taking the place of direct instruction, and finally He withdraws from the dominions of Herod till the confession of Peter proved that the Twelve understood enough to be left alone.

The first chapter of this Gospel is devoted to illustrations of the public activity of the earlier period of the life of Jesus. Its keynote is ἐξουσία —authority, a spirit of independence which manifests itself in that freedom from tradition and convention, in that power over difficult elements in life which proves a consciousness of internal resources of ability. This same authority is also manifested in the five events which are included in 2^1–3^5, but it is turned into different channels. It was these evidences of power and claims to authority which first shocked the religious leaders of the people and then threw them into violent antagonism to Jesus.

The first of these events is that of the healing of the paralytic. The narrative is of interest and value from many points of view, but its historical importance lies in the claim of Jesus to forgive sins. This was interpreted as blasphemy, as an offence against the conventions of the language of piety. If sustained, such a charge would have been most serious, and it is quite clear that by claiming the power to forgive sins and so usurping one of the divine prerogatives, Jesus gave a very severe shock to the religious susceptibilities of the theologians. That the great body of the audience did not share the feeling of the Scribes shows that the actual words of Jesus were not necessarily to be regarded as laying Him open to the capital charge. But such language inevitably aroused at least the doubts and suspicions of the ecclesiastical hearers.

The second of these events is connected with the call of Levi. This narrative also is interesting and instructive from many points of view, but its historical importance is to be found not in the call and its acceptance so much as in the meal which followed. To the Western mind there is no particular significance in a meal taken in common. We eat freely in public and in any society. It does not matter to us who shares our meals, unless there are peculiarities of conduct which make an individual's presence objectionable. We do not feel that such a meal involves any particularly close association. In the East the matter is seen differently. To eat with a person there is to identify oneself with him in a peculiarly intimate way. The most obvious instance of this feeling is to be seen in the case of the Hindu Caste regulations, but it exists practically over the whole East, and underlies the well-known laws of Arab hospitality. The result of this feeling was that Jesus would appeal to those who saw Him as deliberately disregarding the ordinary social conventions of religious people. There would have been far less objection to His associating with the publicans as a mere teacher, to His walking with them and being seen about with them, even to His sharing a house with one of their number. It must not be forgotten that they really were not respectable, as we understand the term to-day, and that the average Pharisee would probably be a far more welcome guest in any modern home. Yet Jesus was not content with being their instructor, or with associating with them in ordinary ways, He actually *ate* (mere letterpress entirely fails to do justice to the horrified emphasis that should be placed on the word) with these men, and so admitted a more intimate association with them than could have been reached by any other bond short of marriage itself.

Such an action involves a double claim. The deeper one (which the Pharisees do not seem to have realized) is a claim to a transcendent purity which placed Him beyond the reach of any pollu-

tion. Not only so, but, as His next remark showed, it was an aggressive purity which could not only maintain itself in the midst of impure surroundings, but could also assure the purification of those who had already fallen. The other claim—that which probably did appeal to the Pharisees—was to the authority to control, and if necessary to supersede, all social conventions. He implicitly demanded for Himself the right to decide what rules of conduct should govern His relations with men, and thus inevitably aroused suspicion. To appreciate the light in which the Pharisees probably regarded His action, it is necessary to try to imagine the feelings of a Puritan of the old type on finding that one who posed as a religious reformer was prepared to identify himself with the cause of a 'play actor.'

The third incident is that of the question of fasting. It has often been pointed out that the Pharisees had greatly elaborated the law in this respect. The Pentateuch required only one day's fast in the year, that of the Day of Atonement. But the custom grew up of fasting two days in the week, and the practice was one of the regular institutions of the religious man's life. Here again, it is necessary to see somewhat of the Oriental point of view before pronouncing judgment. Fasting in the West is not altogether popular, nor does it in practice tend to greater spiritual devotion. But with the East the matter is different. The Oriental does find that abstention from food helps to detach his mind from material things. The stress laid on eating and drinking has already been noted, and it has its reverse side in the fast. The most obvious illustration is to be found in the great Moslem fast of the Ramadan. It is sometimes thought that this fast is not strictly observed, and that even in quarters where it is observed, the heavy meals of the evening and of the early morning go far to counteract the abstinence of the day. No doubt there are cases where the rule is not closely followed, but every one who has come into close contact with the Moslem world at any point knows that in the vast majority of cases the observance is strict, and that it does often involve a severe strain on the constitution. Though a certain amount of indulgence can be obtained where weak health makes it necessary, that indulgence is not always claimed, and every Ramadan exacts its toll in the deaths of the old and of the feeble. The Early Church did not eschew fasting, though it observed other days than the Jews, and this in itself is evidence to the value that was—and is—placed upon the practice. It was, in fact, one of the recognized 'means of grace,' and as such was carefully attended to by those who wished to live the higher life. Jesus was challenged as to His disciples' neglect in this matter, and the answer which He gave was unequivocal. As long as He was with them, fasting was unnecessary. In other words, He claimed the authority, in His own person, to be able to control, and if need be to supersede the recognized means of grace. His own holiness, His own intimate contact with God were of themselves sufficient to secure for those who were in close touch with Him all that was needed for the cultivation of the spiritual life. It is possible that the hearers of Jesus would even read into His remark an implied claim to that divinity which the Church has so fully recognized, but if such a claim were suspected it was certainly not allowed by the Pharisees, and it is not likely that the idea of such 'blasphemy' would have entered their minds. Apart from this, the claim was sufficiently startling, and one can well understand that the suspicion which had already been aroused was beginning to deepen into hostility.

The final seal was set on that hostility by the fourth and fifth of these events. Both are concerned with the same thing, the law of the Sabbath. The attacks of Jesus—or what would appear to the Pharisees as His attacks—had hitherto been confined more or less to the outskirts of the Pharisaic position. But in these two cases the object of the criticism of Jesus was the very centre and citadel of their creed, the Law—even the Decalogue itself. And He made it perfectly clear that He claimed the same authority over this as He had over other sides of Pharisaism.

The two incidents differ in one important respect. In the first the collision between Jesus and His adversaries was largely accidental; in the second it originated in a deliberate challenge on His part. The former was the familiar one of the disciples rubbing the ears of corn between their hands. As has often been remarked, there was no question of dishonesty involved. From that point of view they were perfectly justified in taking enough to satisfy their immediate needs. But the rubbing of the ears and the blowing away of the chaff were undoubtedly capable of being construed as threshing and winnowing—a distinct breach of

the Law. Nor can it be said that such an interpretation of the rule was harsher than was contemplated in the Pentateuch, for the case of the man who was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath (Nu 15^{32-36}) shows that the prohibition against work was meant to be absolute. And the action of the disciples did rouse the Pharisees to the utmost pitch of fury. Our versions entirely fail to represent the stress of their emotion. Even the Greek text needs interpretation, and it is only the Syriac—which so often calls us back to the *ipsissima verba* of the Gospel characters—that shows us how the Greek should be understood. The words which appear as a consecutive sentence in the English Bible are really a series of interjections. 'Look what they are doing! On the Sabbath!! Unlawful!!!' In Mark's vivid language one can see the outstretched hands and the horrified expression of the speakers, and hear the indignation rising to a scream. The answer of Jesus is a double one. The first part is an *argumentum ad hominem*. The most perfect hero of the history of Israel had not refrained from infringing legal regulations when his need required it, and others in like case had an equal right to claim suspension of the Law. But the real reply of Jesus goes deeper. It involves the position that the Law in itself is not an end but a means. If there is a provision in the Law which tends to defeat the true aim of the whole, then that provision may be disregarded. In other words, Jesus claims, in virtue of His own personality, to have the authority to control, and if necessary to supersede, even the Decalogue itself.

The last of the five events is the healing of the man with the withered hand. Here, as has already been noted, Jesus issues a deliberate challenge to the Pharisees. Already alarmed, shocked, enraged by His actions and the claims therein involved, these men watched Him. It is possible that they were prepared to suspend their final judgment till they had seen what He would do in this instance. A cure in case of an accident or of sudden and acute disease might have been allowed to pass. But this man might have been healed on a Friday or on a Sunday just as well as on a Saturday. Jesus could easily have said, 'Come to-morrow and be cured,' but He declined to make to His opponents even this concession. Apparently with full consciousness of the import of His action He spoke the healing word. It was the last straw. There were no further words; the Pharisees went out and took counsel with the Herodians as to how they might destroy Him.

The Pharisees are not to be held up as models of conduct in this matter. They made an awful mistake, but before they can be fairly condemned, they must be fairly understood. The pit into which they fell is one which awaits all whose conservatism in religion blinds them to true spiritual life. They had a great and noble ancestry behind them, and they believed that they were the true heirs of the heroes of the Maccabæan age. As far as theology and tradition went they were. But that for which their forefathers had fought was only apparently a set of dogmas. Their real triumph was the attainment of religious freedom for themselves and for those who should come after them. Yet it is ingrained in human nature to see the external rather than the inward, the obvious formula rather than the spirit which lies beneath it. With the coming of Jesus the Pharisees were brought face to face with an absolute alternative. They might not have been able to realize the divine nature of Jesus as He walked amongst them, but they should have had enough spiritual and moral insight to see, as the disciples saw, that here was a being who was supremely good. Had they maintained the right inward relation with the living God, there would have risen in their hearts a response to His character and teaching, they would have acknowledged that His claim to authority was justified by Himself and His acts, and they would have gone further and cast aside their own preconceived notions of what the Messiah was to be like. It is true that the figure on whom their hopes were fixed was another Judas Maccabæus, and that Jesus was as far as possible from fulfilling the externals of this ideal. But others also looked for the same type of Messiah as they, and they found through personal devotion to Jesus that He must be the hope of Israel. The Twelve learnt to know *Him*, and knowing Him knew that however different He might be from what they had expected, He and no other must be the Redeemer of Israel. In the last resort they were prepared to accommodate their ideas of Messiahship to what they knew of Him, and so they found in Him all that Israel, and indeed humanity, needed for salvation. That course was open to the Pharisees also.

The other alternative was to cling, either from timidity or from conservatism, to the dogmas of

their fathers. To do this they must shut their eyes to the obvious goodness of the new teacher, and declare—as they did declare—that the source of His undeniable authority was diabolical, not divine. Their intentions may have been of the best, but it was the second of these alternatives that they adopted. Clinging to the truths of a past age, they flung aside the Truth as it stood before their eyes. No middle course was possible to them; they must either be for Him or against Him. They chose the latter, and in order to stifle this new life which must mean the overthrow of much that they had inherited, they threw themselves into the arms of their bitterest enemies, and took counsel with the Herodians against Him how they might destroy Him.

In the Study.

Hagar.

A Study in Providence.

'An handmaid, an Egyptian, whose name was Hagar.'—Gen. 16[1].

It is delightful to pass from the close atmosphere of our overcrowded life, and to find ourselves in this simple and early world. A fresh air seems to blow in our faces, and a charm of youth to move in our hearts. We marvel at the silence and the solitude. Only a few figures animate the landscape as we stand near the pastoral encampment, and look eagerly at the larger tent, where from Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar the great Jewish and Arab races flowed. We watch the birth of nations. The ways of life are uncomplicated; the government is patriarchal; the characters are natural and noble. Faith is the master of being. A deep impression or a new idea is the voice of God.

I.

The Slave.

1. How or when Hagar first became the property of Abraham and Sarah, we are not told; but the fact that she was an Egyptian suggests that they obtained her at the time when, by reason of the famine, they 'went down into Egypt to sojourn there' (Gn 12[10]), and took her back to Canaan on returning thither. Being a slave, she was absolutely at the disposal of her master, although she may have been happy and contented in Abraham's service; his friendship with God would lead him to show more consideration towards those who were dependent upon him than any ordinary slave-owner into whose hands she might have fallen.

¶ The status of female slaves varied considerably. As in the case of male slaves, the lot of the foreigner was not so favourable as that of a Hebrew or home-born slave. Yet, on the whole, even the foreign captive might enjoy a position of comparative comfort. Note the position of the captive Israelite maiden in the Syrian general's household (2 K 5[2ff.]), the confidential relations that subsisted between her and her mistress, and the sympathy displayed by the former with her master's disease. The genial treatment of foreign slaves in pre-exilian times evidently prevailed among other Semitic races besides the Hebrews.[1]

2. Abraham had no doubt acquainted Sarah with the various promises from the Lord which had been made to him. But she was less disposed than he to await God's own time and mode of accomplishing the purpose He had declared. She desired a son, and a device entered her mind—a device which seems strange to us, but which was probably in conformity with then existing customs, such as still subsist in India and in China. She proposed that Abraham should take her maid as a kind of secondary wife, so that if any children came from this union, they might, as the children of her handwoman, be accounted hers. There was nothing in this that could have appeared wrong to Abraham, though to us it wears an unpleasant aspect; and, in any case, he ought to have waited in faith for the fulfilment of the high promise he had received. It should be noticed, however, that although Abraham had received the assurance of a son, he had not yet been told that Sarah was to be that son's mother; and he may have supposed that the course which was taken was in full accordance with the Divine intention. It is clear that Sarah herself had altogether abandoned the hope of giving birth to a child, and that it was at her urgency that Abraham consented, probably against

[1] Owen C. Whitehouse, in *HDB*, iv. 466.

his better judgment, to become a party to this expedient.

3. The evil consequences of Sarah's scheme became apparent first of all in Hagar. Agur the son of Jakeh says: 'For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear. For a servant when he reigneth, and a fool when he is filled with meat; for an odious woman when she is married, and an handmaid that is heir to her mistress.' Naturally this half-heathen girl, when she found that her son would probably inherit all Abraham's possessions, forgot herself, and looked down on her present nominal mistress. A flood of new fancies possessed her mind and her whole demeanour became insulting to Sarah. The slave-girl could not be expected to sympathize with the purpose which Abraham and Sarah had in view when they made use of her. They had calculated on finding only the unquestioning, mechanical obedience of the slave, even while raising her practically to the dignity of a wife. They had fancied that even to the deepest feelings of her woman's heart, even in maternal hopes, she would be plastic in their hands, their mere passive instrument. But they entirely miscalculated. The slave had feelings as quick and tender as their own, a life and a destiny as tenaciously clung to as their God-appointed destiny. Instead of simplifying their life they merely added to it another source of complexity and annoyance.

4. Hagar's attitude towards her mistress was natural enough, but it was cruel. It was more than cruel: it was mean. God had given her what her mistress had not, and she presumed on the gift to injure another's heart. She used God's kindness as a means of unkindness, that miserable thing which we so often do! Yet, she was young, she felt herself a mother, she was an untrained slave: it was all natural enough, we cannot blame her too much. Then she possessed that quick intelligence and fiery temper which is formed where the glowing sun of Egypt nourishes women like Cleopatra, and we must think of this when we judge her action.

¶ It is ridiculous for a man to go and treat a negro as though he were a demon, and then express surprise that he is not an angel. Even we Missionaries are reaping the harvest of this oppression, for the worst type of convert is a redeemed slave.[1]

5. Then think of Sarah, of her heart, her thoughts, her position; bring the two women together, and we may well imagine how high, how fierce the clashing was. And the quarrel made daily evil in the tent. The mistress used her authority and punished her servant. She also assailed her husband with the language of recrimination and censure, as if he had been faulty in the matter, and laid at his door all the blame of a transaction which was entirely of her own devising. Abraham could scarcely take the girl's part against his life companion; and Hagar fled into the wilderness, unable to bear her life.

¶ George Moore asked Lord Brougham if he thought the Empress of the French had much influence over her husband in Church matters. 'She has just the influence,' he replied, 'that every woman has on her husband: she nags, *nags*, NAGS, till she gets her own way.'[2]

II.

Hagar's First Exile.

1. When Hagar fled from her mistress she naturally took the way to her old country. Instinctively her feet carried her to the land of her birth. And as she crossed the desert country where Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia meet, she halted by a fountain, spent with her flight and awed by the solitude and stillness of the desert.

¶ The place seems to have been somewhere in the north-east corner of Arabia Deserta, on the road from Egypt to Assyria. The word wilderness applied to the region is not therefore used in that restricted sense in which we often find it employed in the Bible, as signifying simply an uninhabited region devoted to pasturage; it was a dreary waste of rock and sand, seared by south winds that came hissing from the great Arabian desert; offering the traveller no better shelter from the scorching sun than now and then the shadow of a great rock; a desolate and thirsty land, with only here and there a fountain where the pilgrim paused to refresh himself and gain strength for the weary leagues before him. It was near one of these infrequent fountains, in the midst of this unfriendly region, that the angel of the Lord found this Egyptian girl.[3]

2. Egypt was farther than she had bargained for. Her strength was fast ebbing away; her slender store of bread and fruit was gone; and, alone in the desert, she felt her own insignificance as she had never felt it before, and flung herself down by this wayside well, there to wait till death put an end to her sufferings. No one cared for her. No one wanted her. Why fight any longer? Let her lie down and die. 'It is enough: take away my life.'

[1] D. Crawford, *Thinking Black*, 195.

[2] S. Smiles, *George Moore*, 279.

[3] Washington Gladden, *Things New and Old: Discourses of Christian Truth and Life*, 153.

¶ Charlotte Brontë, in her wonderfully powerful novel of *Jane Eyre*, describes her heroine as fleeing from her master's house because she felt that to remain would be dishonourable. The circumstances were entirely different, but we can conceive of Jane Eyre's passionate words as having been those of the Egyptian slave girl: 'I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor waking nature. He who is taken out to pass through a fair scene to the scaffold, thinks not of the flowers that smile on his road, but of the block and the axe-edge; of the disseverment of bone and vein; of the grave gaping at the end; and I thought of drear flight and homeless wandering—and oh! with agony I thought of what I left. . . . It was a barbed arrow-head in my breast, it tore me when I tried to extract it; it sickened me when remembrance thrust it further in. Birds began singing in brake and copse: birds were faithful to their mates; birds were emblems of love. What was I? In the midst of my pain of heart, I abhorred myself. . . . Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. . . . I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way: fast, fast I went as one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell: I lay on the ground some minutes, pressing my face to the wet turf.'[1]

3. We are now introduced to that very exalted and mysterious being, the Angel of the Lord. The Angel of the Lord is certainly distinguished from Jehovah; yet the names by which he is called, the powers which he assumes to wield, the honour which is paid to him, show that in him there was at least a special Presence of God. He seems to speak sometimes in his own name, and sometimes as if he were not a created personality, but only a veil or organ of the Higher Nature that spoke and acted through him. Thus he assures Hagar, as if speaking in the character of an ambassador from God, that 'the Lord had heard her affliction.' She should bear a son. Her motherhood should be complete. Nor should he be lost in the multitude. Nay, he should be the father of a multitude, and his name should enshrine for her the sympathy of God. Ishmael—'God hears'—that should be his name. So motherhood, and the great people whom she held in her womb, and the thought of God's tenderness went with her all the way back across the desert, and irradiated her face when again she met the frown of Sarah. What were the harsh words to her, when her soul was companying with these exalted thoughts! And then, to have them, to cherish them within, to believe them, and to live for them—what an education for a woman, what self-development, what power, what a life above the world were hidden in their folds! Hagar was being made.

[1] Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, ii. 146.

'Return and submit!' was the Angel's message. Everything depended upon her obedience; for in Sarah's service and in Abraham's home Hagar's son must be born if he is to be blessed after this fashion. Surely it was worth while to go back and put up with a great deal that was not pleasant when it would mean so much to her child later on. And, besides this, Hagar carried with her the consciousness of having received a direct message from One who had been unknown to her hitherto, 'a God that seeth.'

¶ 'Looking up, I, with tear-dimmed eyes, saw the mighty Milky Way. Remembering what it was—what countless systems there swept space like a soft trace of light—I felt the might and strength of God. Sure was I of His efficiency to save what He had made: convinced I grew that neither earth should perish, nor one of the souls it treasured. I turned my prayer to thanksgiving: the Source of Life was also the Saviour of spirits.'[2]

4. The quiet glow of hopefulness with which Hagar returned to Abraham's encampment should possess the spirit of every one of us. Hagar's prospects were not in all respects inviting. She knew the kind of treatment she was likely to receive at the hands of Sarah. She was to be a bondwoman still. But God had persuaded her of His care and had given her a hope large enough to fill her heart.

III.

Her Second Exile.

1. Although Hagar returned to her servitude with bright visions of coming prosperity, and these helped her to be submissive until the son was born in whom her hopes centred, yet a great disappointment was ahead which she had to meet.

Fourteen years had been spent with Ishmael in Abraham's home, and probably Hagar had long ago made up her mind that her son would always be there while Abraham lived; but suddenly she was sent away with her child, never to return. Another son had been born into that family who would occupy the position she thought belonged to Ishmael.

After Isaac was born, the growing lad Ishmael must also have learnt that the inheritance was no longer to be his own. It was not, however, till a great family festival was kept in honour of the weaning of the heir that his natural chagrin seems to have found open utterance.

[2] Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, ii. 146.

In the manner of its celebration emphasis was no doubt laid upon the fact that though born the younger Isaac was destined to displace his elder brother. Ishmael bordered on man's estate, without the self-control of manhood; and it is not at all surprising that the disappointment he could not fail to experience found vent in unconcealed derision. Under cover of sportiveness, it may be, he jeered at the little master, and the exuberant rejoicing made over him, in a way which betrayed the bitterness he really felt.

Ishmael's conduct stung Sarah. 'Wherefore she said, Cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.' She had probably been meditating some such step, and now she is provoked into uttering what was in her mind. Her child was at a disadvantage alongside of this forward and brilliant boy who had taken such a hold on Abraham's affections. Unwittingly she advised what was really for the good of all concerned: 'God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous . . . for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.' Abraham had given Ishmael a place from which he was unwilling to oust him. He was his firstborn. He had qualities which would fit him to rule a pastoral people. Isaac was as yet but a feeble child. But it was impossible that Abraham could remain divided thus between the one affection and the other; impossible that he should enjoy the lively talk and adventurous exploits of Ishmael and at the same time concentrate his hope on Isaac. And it was not a warlike power Abraham was to found, but a religion. Therefore Ishmael must go. It was good for Ishmael himself: 'also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation.' Isaac *was* the true heir. No jeering allusions to his late birth or his appearance could alter that fact.

Once assured of the will of God, the patriarch no longer hesitated. He 'rose up early in the morning,' and after providing them with such refreshments as they were likely to need on the journey, he sent them away.

¶ It is certain that for living in, and thinking in, I have never since found in the world a place so favourable. And we were driven and pushed into it, as if by Necessity, and its beneficent though ugly little shocks and pushes, shock after shock gradually compelling us thither! 'For a Divinity doth shape our ends, rough-hew them how *we* will': often in my life have I been brought to think of this, as probably every considering person is; and, looking before and after, have felt, though reluctant enough to believe in the importance or significance of so infinitesimally small an atom as oneself, that the Doctrine of a Special Providence is in some sort natural to man.[1]

2. The word translated 'the child' is quite applicable to a lad of Ishmael's age. He is sooner exhausted than his mother, as she would probably be more inured to labour and fatigue than he. She sits down apart, because nothing tortures a parent more than to see, without being able to alleviate, the sufferings of a child. Her grief, and perhaps her resentment, had discouraged and blinded her, for she did not see the neighbouring well till God opened her eyes, and encouraged her by the promise, 'I will make him a great nation.' She was giving up, as if all the promise given her before Ishmael's birth were forgotten, whereas this expulsion was the first step towards its fulfilment. When Ishmael turned his back on the familiar tents, he was in truth setting out to an inheritance far richer, so far as this world goes, than ever fell to Isaac and his sons.

Despairing surrender to fate when effort has reached a certain point—that is in the Oriental character. An English woman would have struggled onward till she died, to save the lad. But Hagar laid the child in the shadow of one of the shrubs, and set her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bowshot; for she said, 'Let me not see the death of the child,' and she lifted up her voice and wept.

¶ The Egyptians had a very definite notion of Fate or Destiny, which was personified as the deity Shai. The word for 'destiny,' *šau*, later *šai* (*shai*), is derived from the verb *ša*, 'decide,' 'define,' the German *bestimmen*; *šai*, therefore, = 'was bestimmt ist,' as in the verse, 'Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath, Dass man vom Bestem was man hat, Muss scheiden, ja scheiden'; *šai* = 'what *must* be,' unavoidable Fate. We find it in this sense always: even the heresy of Akhenaten did not deny Fate, and the word occurs in the inscriptions of his high priest Meriʾa at el-Amarna (1370 B.C.). A prominent example of its use is in the inscription of Amasis describing the overthrow of Apries at Momemphis (560 B.C.):

'The land was traversed as by the blast of a tempest, destroying their ships [*i.e.* those of the Greek allies of Apries] abandoned by the crews. The [Egyptian] people accomplished their fate [that of the Greeks]; killing their prince [Apries] on his couch, when he had come to repose in his cabin.'

Naturally, unavoidable fate was regarded as evil fate, and *šai* can mean this without qualification. In the 'Israel-Stela' of Merenptah (1230 B.C.), which records the ravaging of Palestine by the Egyptians and the destruction of Israel,

[1] *Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle*, ii. 244.

the word is 'determined' by the ideograph of a devouring dog: an evil animal was destiny!

Death was the destiny of all, whether the rich man who built himself a pyramid of granite, or the poor *fellah meskin* who died of heat and labour on the canal-dyke or *gisr*, with none but the fish to see him die. It was an evil destiny, death, and, when one thought upon it, one was disturbed, and tears came to the eyes; the very thought of death was pain and grief; never would one come back from the tomb to see the sun.[1]

3. There was a womanly tenderness in the voice that came to her out of heaven. 'What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.'

The slave-girl, Hagar, when she fled
From master's wrong and wifely hate,
Fell in the sand-waste as she sped,
Heart-sick and lone and desolate:
Sudden a low sweet music said,—
'Why murmur at thy fate?'

Parting the thicket, so to see
Who spoke in pity,—lo, a face
Looked up upon her yearningly
From a well's eye: in ruth and grace
A fond voice said: '*What aileth thee?—*
God is in every place!'

It was her own young piteous gaze
Glassed in the well-depth's mystery:
Low sang the water's sweet amaze,—
'*God's face! He knows, He watcheth me:*
Through trudge of weary nights and days
The Living One doth see!'[2]

4. This was the second crisis and lesson of Hagar's life. And he who told the story knew the human heart, and the wisdom and kindness of the God whom he brought into contact with the woman's life. For, indeed, as we think of the tale, the care of God for Hagar has in it a peculiar delicacy, is full of thoughtfulness for her character. The writer who made the tale must have loved God well.

What men and women God trains in the wilderness! It would seem as if great destinies often had rough beginnings! 'I will make him a great nation,' said the angel of God. We must go down to go up. We must suffer if we would be *strong* with other than a rude, unmellowed power. Why, this is human history repeated in an individual example! Man's story had a rough opening. Adam in blighted Eden was as Ishmael in the inhospitable wilderness.

Hagar expected to die, and she never was so sure of life. Ishmael withered only at the top, not at the root, for out of that root was to spring a great nation. These surprises not only save life from monotony; they keep us, if rightly valued, lowly, expectant, dependent. *They operate in two contrary ways*—lifting up man, and casting him down.

¶ In the best of his books, Jack London tells us that the secret of White Fang's success in fighting other dogs was his power of surprise. 'When dogs fight there are usually preliminaries—snarlings and bristlings, and stiff-legged struttings. But White Fang omitted these. He gave no warning of his intention. He rushed in and snapped and slashed on the instant, without notice, before his foe could prepare to meet him. Thus he exhibited the value of surprise. A dog taken off its guard, its shoulder slashed open, or its ear ripped in ribbons before it knew what was happening, was a dog half whipped.' Here is the strategy of surprise in the wild. Has it nothing to teach me? I think it has. I remember going for a walk one evening in New Zealand, many years ago, with a minister whose name was at one time famous throughout the world. I was just beginning then, and was hungry for ideas. I shall never forget that, towards the close of our conversation, my companion stopped, looked me full in the face, and exclaimed with tremendous emphasis, 'Keep up your surprise-power, my dear fellow; the pulpit must never, never lose its power of startling people!' I have very often since recalled that memorable walk; and the farther I leave the episode across the years behind me the more the truth of that fine saying gains upon my heart.[3]

5. This early family history was meant to be full of significance for the Church of God. And it had to be made clear that in God's spiritual family circle, or within their eternal home, no place can be found for such as are His only after the flesh, bearing on their body, indeed, the seal of His covenant, yet not born again of His Holy Spirit. St. Paul's use of this ancient household is admitted by himself to be an allegorical use of it. Nevertheless it is an allegory which rests on a deep basis in the providential design of the story. It is no more in Paul's hands than the inspired working out of a hint which lay ready for the apostle in the teaching of his Lord. By his super-

[1] H. R. Hall, in *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, v. 785.

[2] J. Laurence Rentoul, *At Vancouver's Well*, 12.

[3] F. W. Boreham, *Faces in the Fire*, 20.

natural conception and birth from parents who received power to give him being at all only through their faith in the promise of God, Isaac was of all men most fit to symbolize that spiritual seed who are born of God, and who display, in virtue of their heavenly birth, a faith like Abraham's. With such an origin his personal character corresponded. He not merely inherited his father's blood; he shared his father's piety. In him, therefore, was appropriately prefigured all the moral family of God, who in every age have walked in the steps of Abraham, and who are summed up in Isaac's antitype—Jesus Christ. No less conspicuously did the wayward boy who owed his birth to Sarah's wilful scheme and Abraham's weakness and Hagar's servitude typify, both by outward position and by spiritual character, all such as stand nominally inside the household of faith, yet have not been born of the Spirit into the free trust and love of sons, but serve God only under a bondman's constraint or with a bondman's fear.

Hagar's God is ours. He speaks to us as plainly as He spoke to Hagar. We have felt Him in the first crisis of our life as the All-seeing, and have obeyed His call to take up the duties of a steady life. Then many years pass by, and monotony lays its withering finger on our life. We need another shock—the shock of the afternoon of life—if we are to grow into something higher. And it comes, awakening us from the commonplace, stirring us to our centre. Cruel and bitter we think it, as we are driven into the desert, leaving behind us all the ancient loves and sorrows. We go forth, carrying with us our last hope, our last aspiration, the child of our whole life, desiring, at least, to save that from the tempest of sorrow. And the misery grows deeper, the thirst for our lost youth, our lost energy, our lost brightness. But we are stirred out of our slavery to earth's monotonous quiet, out of our dead satisfaction with this world—stirred to the very depths. At last it seems we can bear no more. The heaven is brass to our prayer; the water is spent in the bottle. We cast away our last hope and turn aside lest we see it die.

It is then that God makes Himself known as the Ever Near. He bids us take up the hope we have cast away, and embody it in a new life. 'Arise,' He cries in our heart, 'I am with you. Drink of this living water. I myself will be in you a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. You are free from the slavery of the visible and the world; all the freedom of heaven is before you, all the work of earth to be done, no longer for yourself, but for Me and for your fellow-men. You shall be twice the man you were; and I shall be with you, even to the end of the world.'

I looked at life with all-unseeing eyes,
Unable to discern the deeper thing
Or dive below the surface to the spring,
Until thou camest as a glad surprise.
And now to me the smallest bird that flies
Twitters a song which seraphim might sing;
While roadside flowers a sacred message bring,
And teach those truths that make the angels wise.
I cannot tell thee how thy passing touch
Had power the underlying thought to show
Till all the world was changed because of thee:
Nor do I care to measure overmuch
The why and wherefore: this one thing I know,
That I, who once was blind, now clearly see.[1]

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

The Children's Secret Place.

'Create in me a clean heart, O God.'—Ps 51[10].

1. The land of fairies belongs to the little children; so we are often told. But boys and girls who are of school age may enter it too.

[1] Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, *Verses Wise or Otherwise*, 162.

There are, however, certain conditions attached to entering; I shall speak of them later.

Oh, grown-ups cannot understand
And grown-ups never will,
How short's the way to fairy-land
Across the purple hill:
They smile: their smile is very bland,
Their eyes are wise and chill;
And yet—at just a child's command—
The world's an Eden still.

2. Autumn is at the door. I wish I could walk with you along the banks of a river I know, where there are a great many birch trees. How splendid the colours are; they are even more wonderful than the colours of Spring. A company of boys walked along there the other day, and they seemed to see nothing out of the common; they wished, in fact, that the birch trees were hazel ones, and that the nuts upon them were ripe. They chased each other in and out among the birches, crushing the brackens and making a great noise. It made one feel sorry. But a girl was there alone one evening late in September, and she heard and saw things that made her cry out for very joy. All round her there seemed to be little fairy heralds. They did not blow upon trumpets and cry, 'Autumn is coming! Autumn is coming!'; but they hung gold upon the birch trees, and here and there they touched the brackens with colours so wonderful that under the trees it was as if a very gorgeous carpet had been laid. Fairies too ran about among the golden stooks which she saw through the trees, and there was beautiful fairy music. 'Dear little Robin Redbreast,' she cried, 'so you're among the fairies.'

Robin, Robin, Redbreast,
Oh, Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
At the falling of the year.

3. I told you there were certain conditions attached to the entering of this fairy-land. Let me tell you a fairy story.

A long time ago a boy was punished by his schoolmaster and he ran away. He hid in a cave by the river and remained there without food for two days. Two little men came to him, and said, 'Follow us, and we will take you to the Land of Delight.' He followed them through a dark passage into the earth, and then out into a rich and beautiful country. They led the boy to their King, and the King made him the companion to his eldest son.

The King allowed him to go back to see his mother. One day the boy told her about the wonderful treasures of the King's palace, so she asked him to bring some of them to her.

One day when playing with the King's son the boy stole a golden ball and ran with it to his mother's house. But the two wee men pursued him and seized the golden ball and departed. He was then so very sorry that he had stolen the golden ball that he wanted to beg the King's pardon, but he found the passage closed. He never got in again.

That boy had not 'clean hands,' as the Bible expresses it.

Here is another. There was an old shepherd, and he played upon his flute so beautifully that a lovely fairy came and listened to him, and was so delighted that she asked him to go to her fairy palace with her. She put a ring upon his hand, and he immediately became a youth dressed in princely robes. He promised to live beside her and play to her always, but he said that he must first bid his friends in Rome farewell. The fairy fitted him out in grand style—so grand that every one was struck with his beauty. When he arrived at Rome the Queen of the country invited him to her palace. He made her believe that he was free to be her King, and could manage her kingdom for her. As soon as he spoke in this strain he turned into an old, ugly, and ragged shepherd. 'What is this horrible beggar doing here?' cried the Queen. 'Whip him out of the palace.' The miserable shepherd went back to his old country to find the fairy, but she never came to him again, and so he remained a shepherd. That shepherd was not straight: he had an evil heart.

4. You miss a great deal if you never get into the land of the fairies. I have heard of people who felt that the fairy-land of children was not far from God. Even when they had ceased to believe in fairies, they felt that it had been good for them to hear about the world round about them that busy people never see: it always made them think of better things.

What little girl does not love her doll? But the day will come when that doll will be sorrowfully laid aside. She will be glad that she had one, however. Perhaps it was but a broken old thing,

yet she loved it with her whole heart: that broken sawdust doll helped to teach her something of what loving a helpless creature means.

By and by you will be going out into the world, and I feel sure you will sometimes want to bring back the dreams that make you happy now. You may find that they won't come. But there is something better within reach. It is a secret place; but, like fairy-land, it is barred from those who are not straight, or have evil thoughts in their hearts. You may have already been trying to get into it; you have knocked and knocked and got no answer; it was like knocking at the door of an empty house. Your favourite apostle, Simon Peter, was once put into prison unjustly. It was a prison with bolts and bars, and a huge iron gate. When Peter saw that iron gate he gave up all hope of ever getting out; no one, he thought, could ever open it for him. While he waited for the worst to happen, he kept praying all the time; and suddenly there appeared at his side, not his jailer or an executioner, but an *angel*. How it all happened Peter could not have told; it was as if he saw a vision; his chains fell off, the prison doors opened, and the iron gate, that hopeless barrier—why, the angel was all the time by his side, and it just opened!

Peter went on to his friends. What do you think he found them doing? They were praying—praying for *him*. Peter then understood how the iron gate had opened. He had been praying, they had been praying, and they had prayed in earnest.

5. What would life be for boys and girls without God? One cannot bear the thought. But if we are to have His company as a friend—if we are to get into that 'secret place,' we must be straight, and keep our hearts free from evil thoughts—'clean,' as the text says. David found that very hard to do; he felt that he could not do it at all, so he prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' God is willing to do that for you; He has said so; and I give you the words of the text as a little prayer which I hope you will remember to pray to-night:

'Create in me a clean heart, O God.'

II.

The Right Kind of Clothes.

'Be clothed with humility.'—1 P 5^5 (AV).

We have spoken about the right kind of hands, and feet, and eyes, and ears, and tongue, and memory, and heart. Now, after we have got all those right, what do you think we ought to see to next? Well, I think the next thing we should consider is how to get the right kind of clothes. Clothes are rather important things, aren't they? and none of us would like to wear the wrong kind. So will you turn to the First Epistle of Peter, the fifth chapter and the fifth verse, and there you will find your text—'Be clothed with humility.'

Now the word 'clothed' here has rather a curious meaning. The Greek word from which it is translated is used only in this place in the New Testament. It refers to the sort of overall or apron which the slaves wore, fastened round their waists with a girdle. They put it on over their other garments to keep them from being soiled. So the word was connected with the lowliest service of the lowliest people. I wonder why Peter used this word. I think it was because he wanted to tell the people to whom he was writing that they were to be ready to serve each other. They were not to be ashamed of the lowliest service if it would help somebody else. They were to put away all pride and haughtiness and make themselves of no account. And perhaps he was also thinking of the time when Jesus girded Himself with a towel to do slaves' work—to wash the disciples' feet.

Before Jesus came, humility was a much-despised virtue. At the time Jesus was born, the Romans were the great conquerors of the world and the Romans were the proudest people on earth. Humility meant to them something mean and servile. A haughty, overbearing spirit was what they admired. It was Jesus who glorified humility and gave it a new meaning. He came to earth to serve. He was born in a lowly manger, did lowly work, went in and out among lowly people, and died the lowliest and most shameful of deaths. And through all He was meek and lowly in heart, and taught His disciples that, as He had served them, so also they should serve one another.

Now there are two kinds of robes of humility. Some people mistake the one for the other, and I want to tell you about them both so that you may not fall into that error.

1. The first is the Robe of False Humility, and it is a very ugly and unbecoming sort of dress.

The Robe of False Humility is really just a very mean and shabby kind of pride. It pretends to be what it is not. Once there lived two rival philo-

sophers. One dressed in the ordinary way, but the other one wanted to show off his humility, so he went about in rags. And the philosopher who dressed like other people said of his rival that you could see his pride through the holes in his garments. Do you see what he meant? No humility is real humility that wants to make a parade of itself.

There are some people who go about the world pretending that they are worse than they are, or less clever than they are, in order to get others to praise them. These people are wearing the Robe of False Humility. They don't really mean what they say, and if you agreed with them they would be very angry and disappointed. Never wear the Robe of False Humility. It is sure not to suit you.

2. But the second dress is the Robe of True Humility, and it is the best dress anyone could wear. It suits everybody, and fits everybody, and it never goes out of fashion.

And what is true humility? Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer. But at any rate it isn't thinking and making the worst of ourselves. That is a silly thing to do, because God gives us our powers and He means us to make the very best of them. If you know that you can do a thing better than somebody else, it is stupid to pretend that you can't. But the best of us are very foolish, and none of us are very good, and there is no cause for any of us to be conceited about what we can do. To be humble is to have a true and modest opinion of ourselves and never to think anything that is good or right beneath us.

I want to give you three reasons why we should wear the Robe of True Humility.

1. The first reason is that *all our gifts come from God.* Sometimes you hear people chattering about their cleverness, or their wealth, or their fine relations. But they forget that they would have had none of these things if God hadn't given them to them. If we are cleverer than others we should remember that it is God who has made us so, and that He means us to use our brains for the good of other people. If we are better off than most it is God who gives us our riches, and we should be grateful to Him and try to use our money to help those who are less fortunate.

2. The second reason is that *if we want to be of any use in the world we must be humble.* If we go to people with proud hearts and disdainful looks we won't be able to help them.

Once there lived in Persia a good shepherd named Dara. He rose to be head man of his village, and he ruled so wisely and so well that the King made him chief governor over a large province of Persia. By and by strange stories were told of him. It was said that he took money from the people by unjust means and that he stored it in a huge chest which he always carried about with him wherever he went.

The story reached the ears of the King and he determined to find out if it were true, so he journeyed to the city where Dara lived. The governor with a troop of archers met the monarch at the gate of the city. Near by stood a camel bearing a huge chest. When the King saw the chest he was very angry and commanded that it should be opened immediately. His orders were quickly obeyed, and what do you think was found inside? Just an old, ragged shepherd's coat.

Dara's accusers looked very much ashamed, but the King demanded to know the meaning of the coat. Then the governor explained that this was the coat he had worn when he ruled over his native village. It had helped him to rule justly and kindly. He was afraid that he might become proud, and vain, and harsh, but when he looked at the coat it reminded him how poor and mean a man he had been, and it helped to keep him humble and kind.

The highest honour we can have in the world is just to be able to serve somebody else, but we shall never be able to do that unless we put on the Robe of True Humility.

3. Lastly, we should wear this dress because *it is to humble people that Jesus comes.* He cannot enter the dwelling of the proud, and if we want Him as our Friend we must put away all pride and conceit out of our hearts.

The late Principal John Cairns of Edinburgh was one of the humblest men that ever lived. All his life he preferred the lowly to the lofty, the work of a servant to that of a master. And when he lay dying, his last words were, 'You go first, I follow.'

'Me first' can never wear the Robe of True Humility. Those who wear it never really think about themselves at all, because they are so busy thinking about other people.

Point and Illustration.

The Christ we Forget.

Is it pedantry to demand the correct spelling of proper names? In the biography of a Scotsman, written by a Scotsman, which was published recently, the name of Andrew Thomson has a *p* thrust into the heart of it. We take up *The Christ we Forget*, a Life of our Lord for Men of To-day, written by Mr. P. Whitwell Wilson (Morgan & Scott; 6s. net), and on the first page we find 'John Richard Greene.' Is it weakness to be made at once suspicious of the book?

We have got over our suspicion. We have read the book, and lay it down, not without prejudice merely but with an admiration and thankfulness that no words we can use are able to express.

Who is Mr. P. Whitwell Wilson? Turn up the name in *Who's Who*: 'WILSON, PHILIP WHITWELL, Parliamentary Correspondent, Daily News; *b.* 1875; *s.* of I. Whitwell Wilson, J.P. of County of Westmoreland, and Annie, *d.* of Jonathan Bagster, Bible publisher; *m.* 1899, Alice A., *o. d.* of Henry Collins, Pawtucket, R.I., U.S.A.; one *s.* and two *d.* *Educ.*: Kendal Grammar School; Clare Coll., Camb. President of the Camb. Union Society; editor of the Granta, Public School Magazine, 1897–99; M.P. (L.) South St. Pancras, 1906–10; contested Appleby Division, Westmoreland, 1910. *Address*: The Red Gable, Meadway, Hendon, N.W. *Club*: National Liberal.'

No book is named. This is evidently Mr. Wilson's first publication. And he is a layman. The Gospels have not been his professional study, yet he knows unerringly what the study of the Gospels has come to. He has not to preach the Gospel of the Grace of God, yet he makes every chapter a sermon of the most exquisite beauty and persuasiveness. His command of language—language that is simple without attracting attention to its simplicity, language that is hallowed and in harmony with its theme—his command of language, we say, is something. But it is only the instrument of his thought, thought that is disciplined surely by the daily practice of the presence of Christ. We shall quote a single paragraph.

'"*Many*" *and* "*Few*."—There were so many who saw Him and knew about Him; there were so few who followed Him—so many called, so few chosen. That was why He spoke so earnestly of the broad road, where every one walks, and the strait gate, which is so seldom discovered. Ten lepers were healed, as to-day tens of millions are blessed by the material benefits of the true faith; one only returned to the Redeemer Himself, as a grateful worshipper. Yet He did not desire a testimonial, or when first He cleansed a leper He did it, as it were, confidentially, and thought only of the man visiting the priest and regaining his place in society. It was not "the cause" that absorbed His affection. He was ever seeking the individual—taking a dumb man, as at Jericho, away by himself, or a blind man, as at Jerusalem; and, gradually, by symbols of His own devising, evoking love and faith from the isolated heart, until ear heard, eye saw, tongue spoke. Of His words, all of them divine, few have been reported and published. His aim was rather, and still is, to speak to people quietly, so that no one else can hear—to make Himself, not so much a public man, as a particular and intimate Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother, "nearer than hands and feet."'

The Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT., HON. M.A.(OXON.), GLASGOW.

II.

OUR modern symbolism of the priestly function does no sort of justice to the ancient view. When Matthew Arnold says of Wordsworth—

> 'He was a priest to us all
> Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
> Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad,'

we understand that 'priest' means interpreter, one who introduces us to some deeper vision, one who opens up to us, as we say, a new world of ideas. To the author of Hebrews, such was not the ultimate function of Christ as high priest. Dogmatic theology would call this the prophetic

function of Christ. The priestly office means mediation, not interpretation. The function of the high priest is to enter and to offer: εἰσέρχεσθαι and προσφέρειν form the complete action, and no distinction is drawn between the two, any more than between the terms 'priest' and 'high priest.'

The fundamental importance of this may be illustrated from the recourse made by Paul and by our author respectively to the Jeremianic oracle of the new covenant. Paul's use would be admitted by O.T. critics to be more relevant. His main interest in it lies in its prediction of the Spirit, as opposed to the Law. What appeals to Paul is the inward and direct intuition of God, which forms the burden of the oracle. But to the author of Hebrews it is the last sentence of the oracle which is supreme, *i.e.* the remission of sins, 'I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more.' He seizes the name and fact of a 'new' covenant, as implying that the old was inadequate. But he continues: 'If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkled on defiled persons, give them a holiness that bears on bodily purity, how much more will the blood of Christ, who in the spirit of the eternal offered himself as an unblemished sacrifice to God, cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve a living God? He mediates a new covenant for this reason, that those who have been called may obtain the eternal deliverance they have been promised, now that a death has occurred which redeems them from the transgressions involved in the first covenant.' That is, the conclusion of Jeremiah's oracle—that God will forgive and forget—is the real reason why our author quotes it. There can be no access without an amnesty for the past. The religious communion of the immediate future must be guaranteed by a sacrifice ratifying the pardon of God.

This difference between Paul and Hebrews is, of course, owing to the fact that for Hebrews the covenant or law is subordinated to the priesthood. Change the priesthood, says the writer, and *ipso facto* the law has to be changed too. The covenant is a relationship of God and men, arising out of grace, and inaugurated by some historic act; its efficiency as an institution for forgiveness and fellowship depends on the personality and standing of the priesthood, so that the appearance of Jesus as the absolute Priest does away with the inferior law.

This brings us to the heart of the Christology, the sacrifice and priestly service of Christ as the mediator of this new covenant with its eternal fellowship.

Men are sons of God, and their relation of confidence and access is based upon the function of the Son κατ' ἐξόχην. The author shares with Paul the view that the Son is the Son before and during his incarnate life, and yet Son in a special sense in consequence of the resurrection—or rather, as our author would have preferred to say, in consequence of the ascension. This seems to be the idea underneath the compressed clauses at the opening of the epistle. 'God has spoken to us by a Son—a Son whom he appointed heir of the universe, as it was by him that he had created the world. He, reflecting God's bright glory and stamped with God's own character, sustains the universe by his word of power. When he had secured our purification from sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high; and thus he is superior to the angels, as he has inherited a Name superior to theirs. For to what angel did God ever say—

> Thou art my Son,
> To-day have I become thy Father?'

(referring to the ancient notion that the king first became conscious of his latent divine sonship at his accession to the throne). The name or dignity which Christ inherits, as the result of his redemptive work, is that of Son; as the following quotation from the O.T. psalm suggests, the resurrection or exaltation marks, as it does for Paul, the fully operative sonship of Christ. The only way to inherit or possess the universe is to endure the suffering and death which purified human sin and led to the enthronement of Christ. This corresponds to the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, but Hebrews does not here elaborate the human opposition; it rather concentrates upon the fact that this divine being was sent into the world because he was God's Son, and that he freely undertook this mission for God's other sons on earth.

The mission was a will of God which involved sacrifice. That is the point of the quotation (10$^{5f.}$) from the fortieth psalm—not to prove that obedience to God was better than sacrifice, but to bring out the truth that God's will required a higher kind of sacrifice than the Levitical, namely, the personal, free self-sacrifice of Christ in the

body. Even this is more than self-sacrifice in our modern sense of the term. It is 'by this will,' the writer argues, that 'we are consecrated, because Jesus Christ once for all has offered up his body.' No doubt, the offering is eternal, it is not confined to the historical act on Calvary. 'He has entered heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God on our behalf' (9^{24}): 'he ever liveth to make intercession for us' (7^{25}). Still, the author is more realistic in expression than the tradition of the Testament of Levi (3), which makes the angel of the Presence in the third heaven offer a spiritual and bloodless sacrifice to God in propitiation for the sins of ignorance committed by the righteous. Hebrews assigns entirely to Christ the intercessory functions which the piety of the later Judaism had already begun to divide among angels and departed saints, but it also makes the sacrifice of Jesus one of blood—a realism which was essential on the author's scheme of argument from the entrance of the O.T. high priest into the holy of holies.

The superior or rather the absolute efficacy of the blood of Christ depends on his absolute value and significance as the Son of God. It is his person and work which render his self-sacrifice valid and supreme. But this is asserted rather than explained. Indeed, it is asserted on the ground of a presupposition which was assumed as axiomatic, namely, the impossibility of communion with God apart from blood shed in sacrifice. For example, when the writer encourages his readers by reminding them of their position, that they 'have come to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant and to the sprinkled blood whose message is nobler than Abel's,' he does not mean to draw an antithesis between Abel's blood as a cry for vengeance and Christ's blood as a cry for intercession. The fundamental antithesis lies between exclusion and inclusion. Abel's blood demanded the excommunication of the sinner, as an outcast from God's presence; Christ's blood draws the sinner near and ratifies the covenant. The author denies to the O.T. cultus of sacrifice any atoning value, but at the same time he reaffirms its basal principle, that blood in sacrifice is essential to communion with the deity. Blood offered in sacrifice does possess a religious efficacy, to expiate and purify. Without shedding of blood there is no remission. We ask, why? But the ancient world never dreamt of asking, why? What puzzles a modern was an axiom to the ancient. The argument of Hebrews swings from this postulate, and no attempt is made to rationalize it.

In the Law of Holiness, incorporated in Leviticus, there is indeed one incidental allusion to the rationalê of sacrifice or blood-expiation, when, in prohibiting the use of blood as a food, the taboo proceeds: 'the life of the body is in the blood, and I have given it to you for the altar to make propitiation for yourselves, for the blood makes propitiation by means of the life' (*i.e.* the life inherent in it). This is reflection on the meaning of sacrifice, but it does not carry us very far, for it only explains the piacular efficacy of blood by its mysterious potency of life. Competent Semitic scholars warn us against finding in these words (Lev 17^{11}) either the popular idea of the substitution of the victim for the sinner, or even the theory that the essential thing in sacrifice is the offering of a life to God. Now, as far as the Hebrew text goes, this may be correct. But the former idea soon became attached to the verse, as we see from the LXX—*τὸ γάρ αἷμα αὐτοῦ ἀντὶ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐξιλάσεται.* This view does not seem to be common in later Jewish thought, though it was corroborated by the expiatory value attached to the death of the martyrs. It is in this later world, however, rather than in the primitive world of Leviticus, that the atmosphere of the Hebrews-idea is to be sought, the idea that because Jesus was what he was, his death has such an atoning significance as to inaugurate a new and final relation between God and men, the idea that his blood purifies the conscience because it is *his* blood, the blood of the sinless Christ, who is both the priest and the sacrifice. When the author writes that Christ 'in the spirit of the eternal' offered himself as an unblemished sacrifice to God, he has in mind the contrast between the annual sacrifice on the day of atonement and the sacrifice of Christ which never needed to be repeated, because it had been offered in the spirit and—as we might say—in the eternal order of things. It was a sacrifice bound up with his death in history. But it belonged essentially to the higher order of absolute reality. The writer breathed the Philonic atmosphere in which the eternal Now overshadowed the things of space and time. But he knew this sacrifice had taken place on the cross, and his problem was one which never confronted Philo, the problem which we moderns have to face

in our own day and way when we are asked, How can a single historical fact possess a timeless significance? How can Christianity claim to be final, on the basis of revelation at a specific period in history? The writer of Hebrews answers this by explaining that the mediating sacrifice of Christ took place in the eternal order, that his person is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' and that nothing can impair or supplement what has thus been done 'in the spirit of the eternal.'

But while this is the most characteristic feature of the Christology, it belongs to the writer's higher gnosis, and alongside of it we find traces of primitive and popular christologies. (*a*) One of these is the eschatological idea of messiah as the heir, who at the resurrection inherits full messianic power as the divine Son or royal Κύριος. Strictly speaking, this hardly harmonizes with the conception of Christ as the divine Son from all eternity, but it reappears now and then. (*b*) Again, we have a primitive survival in the isolated allusion (2^{14-15}) to the overthrow of the devil by the death of Jesus, an idea which lies quite outside the regular scheme of the high priestly sacrifice and service. 'Since the children share blood and flesh, he himself participated in their nature, so that by dying he might crush him who wields the power of death (that is to say, the devil) and release from thralldom those who lay under a lifelong fear of death.' This would not be so remarkable in Paul. The ruin of the devil by messiah was a commonplace of apocalyptic eschatology, and the connexion of the devil and death was not unfamiliar. But while Paul saw the bondage of the evil power in the sinful desires of the flesh, our author sees it in the fear of death. With the overthrow of the tyrant, his prisoners are freed from the terror of his power. But no explanation is given of how this is effected by the death of Christ. We can only suppose that it alludes to a popular belief in the connexion between sin and death which the author does not develop. Elsewhere, the effect of Christ's sacrifice, which is indifferently described by the verbs ἁγιάζειν, καθαρίζειν and τελειοῦν, is bound up with the axiomatic blood-theory of the ancient world. According to Paul, Christ's death is a sacrifice which expiates the penalty of sin for those whom he represents; according to Hebrews, his death is also due to God's grace and also a representative act, but it is specifically the sacrifice which purifies the defilement of sin. Both work out the primitive idea that 'Christ died for sins according to the scriptures,' but they work it out from different points of view, and Hebrews starts from the sacerdotal. It is strange that Calvin and Matthew Arnold, who do not often agree, think that Hebrews presents Christ as a priest who appeases the wrath of God by a vicarious sacrifice which reinstates the sinner in God's favour. But the O.T. sacrifices to which Hebrews appeals are not intended to avert the wrath of God from offenders without; they imply his gracious attitude to the people and seek to preserve it. The annual sacrifice by the high priest on the day of atonement was to assure the people that the flow of blessing was not interrupted. Christ's sacerdotal function, according to Hebrews, is not to appease the divine wrath but to establish once and for all the final and immediate relation between God and his people. The wrath of God, in Hebrews, is for apostates and renegades.

Entre Nous.

Ralph Hodgson.

The title is simply *Poems*, by Ralph Hodgson (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The poems are refreshingly objective. Mr. Hodgson has an eye for nature and folk—especially gipsy and other unconventional folk. He sympathizes with Eve (abhorring the Serpent) and all her daughters, both the righteous and the sinners. He sympathizes with Adam and all men. His song is

> The song of men all sorts and kinds,
> As many tempers, moods and minds
> As leaves are on a tree,
> As many faiths and castes and creeds,
> As many human bloods and breeds
> As in the world may be.

He sympathizes even with death.

THE MOOR.

The world's gone foward to its latest fair
And dropt an old man done with by the way,
To sit alone among the bats and stare
At miles and miles nd miles of moorland bare
Lit only with last sheds of dying day.

Not all the world, nt all the world's gone by:
Old man, you're liketo meet one traveller still,
A journeyman well lnned for courtesy
To all that walk at dds with life and limb;
If this be he now riing up the hill
Maybe he'll stop anc take you up with him. . . .

'But thou art Death' 'Of Heavenly Seraphim
None else to seek thee out and bid thee come.'
'I only care that thu art come from Him.
Unbody me—I'm tird—and get me home.'

Alan Seeger.

Alan Seeger was an American who happened to be in Paris when warwas declared and forthwith joined the Foreign Legion. He fell at Belloy-en-Santerre on the 4th oJuly 1916.

Alan Seeger was one of the unaccountably numerous educated men and poets whom this greedy war has devoted. He wrote poetry when he was at Harvard and again when he was in Paris. What he wrote has been published now in one truly beautiful volue, entitled simply *Poems* (Constable; 5s. net), and with as truly beautiful an introductory memoir by William Archer. That which was most characteristic of Alan Seeger was his enjoyment of life. He regarded the war as an opportunity for the flest joy in living. This is how he wrote of it to s mother:

'You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances e about ten to one that I will. But if I should ot, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph othe cause whose righteousness you feel so keen. Everybody should take part in this struggle wch is to have so decisive an effect, not only on thnations engaged but on all humanity. There shdd be no neutrals, but every one should bear sompart of the burden. If so large a part should falo your share, you would be in so far superior to her women and should be correspondingly proud There would be nothing to regret, for I could ot have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier.'

Of the poetry Mr. Archer rates highest the 'Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers fallen for France.' It is from that Ode that we make this quotation:

O friends! I know not since that war began
From which no people nobly stands aloof
If in all moments we have given proof
Of virtues that were thought American.
I know not if in all things done and said
All has been well and good,
Or if each one of us can hold his head
As proudly as he should,
Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead
Whose shades our country venerates to-day,
If we've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone
astray.
But you to whom our land's good name is dear,
If there be any here
Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,
Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red
Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,
Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,
And cry: 'Now heaven be praised
That in that hour that most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe
She checked each onset, arduous to stem—
Foiled and frustrated them—
On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave
drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were
ours.'

A. Gordon Mitchell.

The Rev. A. Gordon Mitchell, D.D., has written 'a sequence of sacred roundels' for the benefit of 'all who suffer bereavement through the great war.' The title is *Susurri Viatoris* (Paisley: Gardner). Take this example:

All the way, my Saviour and my Lord,
Keep my soul that is so prone to stray,
Go before, and keep Thy watch and ward
All the way.

That I may be faithful in the fray,
Place within my hand Thy conquering sword,
In the battle be my spirit's stay.

Trusting in Thine everlasting word,
Lightened by Thy boundless mercy's ray,
Safely I the stream of death shall ford
All the way.

Stephen Reid-Heyman.

In his most recent book Sir Rabindranath Tagore tells us why we believe in immortality. It is not because it can be scientifically demonstrated, still less because it can be captured from the whirl of a turning table. It is because the personality of man has more in it than itself. There is enough to live by and something over. And that overflow of personality is consciousness of the infinite.

Without thought of Tagore Mr. Reid-Heyman has *A Vision of Immortality* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) and writes it down poetically. The man in him is not content to eat and to drink, because he knows that to-morrow he will *not* die. His capacity is more than one world can fill.

For the poetry, as pure poetry, take this song:

I hover
Over the heart of a rose,
And over
Every bud of the field that blows,
Every blossom that peeps and springs,
All the beautiful woodland things.
There, where the dappled orchis grows,
Hide I a moment, close, so close,
None but the honey-bee may discover.
Snatch I a kiss from the thyme, my lover:
And, as the tasselled catkin swings,
Dry I at dawn my dew-drenched wings.
Breath am I of the scented clover;
Heart of the bird that mounts and sings;
Soul of all swift and lovely things.
Seek for me, follow me. Where I go
Only the wisest shall ever know.

Eight Writers.

The new volume of Mr Blackwell's series 'Adventurers All' is *At a Venture* (2s. net). It contains poems by eight writers—Lucy Hawkins, Edward Storer, Marian Ranié, Emma Gurney Salter, C. E. Sharpley, Doree E. A. Wallace, Le French, Beatrice Llewellyn Thomas. I offer as example—though it is impossible to make one of these poets represent another—Emma Gurney Salter's

A Woman's Life.

You had not called her life unblest,
She had all care and comfort meet,
Yet still an inward sigh confess'd
The life was dwarfed and incomplete,
It wanted somehow zest.

No poverty her scope coin'd,
No poignant grief had dimm'd her sun,
Faces and speech around were kind—
And yet it seemed her life lagged on
Lonely, and blank, and blind.

For its own bitterness the heart
Knoweth alone, nor stranger may
In its most sacred joy have part;
None cared to know when she was gay,
Nor when her tears would start.

Ah, the lost hopes for which she yearned,
Vain purpose, unattained delight!
Her garden to a desert turned,
All glow and colour faded quite
Where once the halo burned!

The dark, dead waters of her soul
Love's angel came not to bestir,
Love might have made the half-life whole,
But she must fight (ah pity her)
Blind forces that control.

She watched her youth flee from her, year
By year, the way grow still more steep,
Her pilot-stars all disappear,
The lengthening shadows onward creep,
Without or joy or fear.

'O to have drained in one glad breath
Life's rapture—to have known one day,
Even one, of fullest life he saith),
But souls that faint beside the way
Give thee good greeting, Death.'

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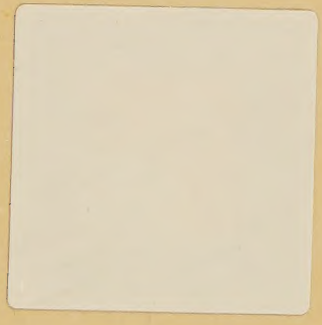

FOR REFERENCE

Do Not Take From This Room

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